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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 28.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, July 15, 1880.

New Series. No. 3.

Topics of the Week.

SWEEPING conclusions are drawn from mere isolated facts. Because a prominent church member here and there proves dishonest, men impute it to the teachings of orthodoxy. The tens of thousands of Christian professors, who walk in the fear of God and bring no dishonour to their profession, are not taken into account. The reasoning is based solely upon the score or two who prove recreant. It is as if it should be urged that the teachings of Christ produced treachery, because there was one traitor among the apostles; or that Peter, John and James must have been traitors because Judas was. It reminds us of a law student, who was disclaiming against all ministers as hypocrites; and upon being asked how far his acquaintance with ministers extended, confessed that he was only well acquainted with a single one, and that he was a very good man.

BISHOP HERZOG had a sad report to make to the Swiss Old Catholic Synod at Geneva of the condition of the Church. In the Canton of Berne twelve parishes and ten priests were lost the past year, through the operation of the parish election laws, the Roman Catholics electing their priests and thus getting the State subvention. In three of these parishes, where the minority is strong, Old Catholic priests are supported by voluntary contributions. In two cases where elections were held the Old Catholics were victorious. It is expected other parishes will be lost during the coming year. The whole number of priests is now fifty-nine, against seventy-three last year; but five students are ready for ordination. There are forty-eight parishes in possession of the Old Catholics. The Synod adopted a Book of Common Prayer, compiled by Bishop Herzog from an Anglican manual, and made it the official manual of the Christian Catholic Church. An Anglican states that the book is "essentially both orthodox and evangelical, purged from Romish superstition and never for a moment favouring sceptical or unbelieving negations."

DEAN STANLEY asserts that what are in Scotland called irregular marriages—which by many persons are regarded as excessive instances of Protestant laxity—are in fact the relics of the ancient Catholic system. In modern times what is called civil marriage (that is, a marriage before witnesses without religious services) has been condemned by high Roman authorities as hardly deserving the name of marriage at all. But this form of matrimony is that which before the Council of Trent, in all Continental Christendom, was regarded by the Catholic Church not only as a *bona fide* union of man and wife, but as a sacrament. The consent of two persons in the presence of a witness was sufficient to constitute a valid marriage. It was not till the Council of Trent that the intervention of the parish priest was considered necessary; and even then, not as himself performing the marriage, but as a witness. The celebration of the sacrament is not vested even now in the person of the priest who gives the benediction, but in the person of the man and woman who makes the solemn agreements in his presence. Scotland merely followed the practice of the Continent, where any witness was sufficient.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Daily News" writes: "Not the least interesting among the signs of the times is the new religious movement in St. Petersburg. This movement, which has made a marked advance during the last winter, dates back some seven years to the summer travels of certain

Russian ladies in Switzerland. There they attended evangelical services conducted by Lord Radstock and other Englishmen, and by the French pastors, M. Monod and M. de Pressensé. Some of these ladies invited Lord Radstock to visit St. Petersburg during the following winter. He came in the winter of 1874, and renewed his visits in 1875, 1876, and 1877. The evangelical meetings thus commenced have been well sustained by M. Pashkoff, Count Bobrinsky, and Count Korff at the house of M. Pashkoff and others. Meetings of a more or less public character have been held during the past winter several times each week, with preaching on Sunday evenings. They terminated for the present season at the end of May. The interest they excited is shewn by the fact that at the last meeting upwards of a thousand persons assembled in the mansion of M. Pashkoff on the Gagarin Quay. On this and several occasions overflow meetings were held, and many hundreds were unable to obtain admission."

A CIRCULAR is being issued by the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association in opposition to the two motions now before Parliament for opening museums on Sabbath, which gives the opinions of the late and the present Prime Ministers on this question as follows. The Earl of Beaconsfield, in voting against the Sunday opening of museums, said in the House of Lords: "Of all divine institutions, the most divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner stone of civilization, and its removal might even affect the health of the people. It (the opening of museums on Sabbath) is a great change, and those who suppose for a moment that it could be limited to the proposal of the noble baron to open museums will find they are mistaken." The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., has always voted against the Sabbath opening of the British Museum, etc., and in reply to a deputation in March, 1869, he said: "The religious observance of Sunday is a main prop of the religious character of the country. From a moral, social, and physical point of view, the observance of Sunday is a duty of absolute consequence." In a letter dated 13th January, 1876, Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows to Mr. C. Hill: "Believing in the authority of the Lord's day as a religious institution, I must as a matter of course desire the recognition of that authority by others. But, over and above this, I have myself, in the course of a laborious life, signally experienced both its mental and its physical benefits. I can hardly overstate its value in this view, and for the interest of the working men of this country, alike in these and in other yet higher respects, there is nothing I more anxiously desire than that they should more and more highly appreciate the Christian day of rest."

It seems that Italy, quite as much as France, has a title to call itself the modern "Land of Miracles." The Roman correspondent of the "Deutscher Merkur" says that he was assured by a Cardinal that no week passed in which not less than two or three new miracles, at least, were reported to the special Roman Congregation which is entrusted with the examination and verification of such phenomena, and that the accounts are always signed by a number of clergymen of out-of-the-way parishes. How inventive the agricultural clerical mind is in this province may be gathered from the amazing story of the "Madonna of the Vians"—*Madonna delle Galline*. Three years ago at Pagani—a significant name for the village not far from Naples, on the 4th of April, the day dedicated to "The Seven Sorrows of Mary," a hen belonging to the family of Tortora laid an egg which exhibited an

unusual and noticeable unevenness of surface upon its shell. The family conceded that there was a sign of supernatural intervention in this perfectly natural phenomenon, and called a priest to their counsel. This worthy cleric, after carefully scrutinizing the egg-shell, perceived that the roughened surface was nothing more or less than a bas relief, not very artistically executed, of the Lady of Sorrows holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Such a piece of supernatural sculpture could not remain in private possession; it was taken to the church and laid upon the altar for the veneration of the faithful. Each succeeding year the parish has held a three days' devotion in honour of the *Madonna delle Galline*, and the miraculous egg laid by Signora Tortora's hen has been exposed for the consolidation of the faith of Roman Catholics in an age of unbelief and revolution. This year, for the first time, a great procession in honour of the marvellous egg was organized. The peasantry flocked to Pagani from the surrounding neighbourhood, and a number of offerings were made to "Our Lady of the Egg."

WE are not to suppose that the danger to Republican institutions in France, from the presence and teaching of the Jesuits in that country, is merely imaginary. Jules Ferry in a recent debate in the French Senate gave a summary of the works, especially the historical ones, put into the hands of Jesuit pupils. Among others he cited the writings of Père Courval who "arranged" "The History of France" by Père Loricquet, and the works of Père Gazeau who imitated Père Courval. The school inspectors find these books distributed and taught everywhere as standard classical works. They attack the Revolution and glorify the revocation of the edict of Nantes. They abuse such moderate men as Necker and Turgot; protest against the idea of national sovereignty and proclaim in the most forcible manner that France was beaten in the last war because she deserted the Pope. In fact their books and the whole course of Jesuit teaching attacks the very foundations on which the present state of things in France rests, and wish to be countenanced in teaching what, if believed and followed, would overturn the Republic. The struggle, in short, is between the lay spirit and the theocratic; between the Syllabus and the Revolution, and in such a life and death struggle it is not surprising that the black soldiers of Loyola should, as in other days, receive notice to go and at once. If an organized and powerful body of ecclesiastics were to proclaim to all their pupils, and in all their text-books, that Queen Victoria was a usurper and that whoever assassinated her would do a work excellent and meritorious in the eye of Heaven, we doubt if either Canada or Britain would be at all a comfortable place for the permanent residence of these ghostly fathers. The Jesuit opposition to, and hatred of, all Republican institutions in France are practically not much less than would be implied in the case we have supposed. When it is a struggle for existence, nations, like individuals, may be excused if they take measures of a degree of vigour which in less exciting times might be thought extreme. Still the very life of popular institutions is free discussion, and it is a risky business to resort to physical force, when as Guizot used to say, "those who stand by the tongue ought to be put down by the tongue." It is said that there are 158,040 members of different monastic orders in France. Of these there are 127,753 women and 30,287 men. Of 416 associations of men only thirty-two are authorized, but the latter are by far most numerous. Only 21,000 persons belong to these unauthorized fraternities, and these must either submit or leave France. But the Jesuits must leave in any case.

SINS AGAINST CHILDHOOD.

It is related that when a conquered city was sacked and a brutal soldier was striking down all before him, a child cried out, "Please, sir, don't kill me, I am so little." He must be a brute that would not respect the feebleness of a child. It is one of the fiendish features of alcoholic drink that it often maddens a parent to maim and to murder his own offspring. There is a poor crippled lad in this neighbourhood whose spine is maimed for life by the drunken father who hurled him down stairs, in a debauch. Let us be thankful for the organization of "societies for the prevention of cruelty to children." They might adopt for their motto Reuben's counsel to his brethren: "Do not sin against the child."

There are many other sins against childhood besides brutal blows or the slow starvation which drunkenness occasions. Nor do they spring from wanton cruelty. Many of them grow out of carelessness, or ignorance, or utterly false views of parental duty. Fully one-half of all the parents in the land need to have the solemn caution whispered in their ears: Beware how you sin against your child! Parentage involves a tremendous trust. God puts into our hands the most susceptible and receptive creature on the globe when he entrusts to us a young immortal mind. No photographic plate takes impressions so readily or retains them so surely. In geological museums you may see stone slabs which shew the prints of birds' feet or of leaves, which were made in the stone when it was liquid pumice, centuries ago. In like manner we detect the finger-marks and foot-prints of parental influence upon the character of their adult children. Very ugly are some of these footprints, too.

1. You may sin against your child by seeding his mind with false teachings. It lies open before you like a garden or a field in May, waiting for either the precious seed or the poisonous weeds. A bad principle dropped in will sprout. A sneer against the truth of God's Word, or a sly sceptical thrust will insinuate itself into a boy's memory and prepare him for early infidelity. Much of the cavilling criticism indulged in by parents after they come home from church completely neutralizes all the good influences of a sermon. If the Holy Spirit has inspired the minister's faithful message, then the foolish derision thrown at that message is not only a sin against the children, but a sin against the Holy Ghost. In a vast majority of cases religious errors are hereditary. Dishonest practices descend in the same way from father to son. Parents often corrupt their children by taking them to impure places of amusement. While the father is laughing at the play, the lad beside him is inflamed by the indecent costume or the lascivious movements of the actress. The daughter's purity is soiled by the licentious ballet or the immoral innuendoes of the stage. These impure sights and utterances breed salacious thoughts. It is bad enough to smutch your own soul; but, we beg you, do not sin against your child.

2. Nothing breeds so rapidly as *example*. We all know how tendencies to character, either good or evil, spring from natural descent, and the chief element in moral heredity is the force of example. There is a monotonous uniformity in the history of the Jewish kings. Each one "walked in the ways of his father who caused Israel to sin." Observe that word "ways." The father made the path, and the son trod in it. This is as true now as in ancient days. The most difficult cases which are brought to our inebriate asylums are those of hereditary drunkenness. I have worked hard lately to reform two inebriates, both very interesting characters; but have about given up in despair since I discovered that their fathers were slaves of the bottle.

Outbreaks of passion have a terrible influence on our children. A man of culture, yet of most violent temper, pleads as his excuse, when he gets enraged: "I can't help it. My father was just so; his boys are all so. We cannot live together in peace; we never did. We are all possessed of the devil." This is a frightful indictment for a living son to bring against a dead parent. And what a penalty these living sons pay for the sins committed against their childhood by

parental example! Often, when I see a young man bringing disgrace upon himself, I think: "That youth was as much sinned against as sinning. He is walking in the path in which his parents put him. Thorn-bushes never yield grapes, and figs do not grow from thistles." The very word "iniquity" means something twisted. It is something bent or wrung out of a straight line; hence the word "wrong." Now this ugly twist is too often given by a father's or a mother's hand. The wrong which the child does proceeds from the wrong done to them by an evil example. Then comes the swift and inevitable reaction, when the reckless and disgraced son becomes the punisher of the parents' sin and wrings their heart with agony. "Be sure that your sin will find you out," is not more true in regard to any class of wrong-doings than those which parents commit against their own offspring.

3. It does not require that we be cruel in disposition in order to sin against our children. The foolish fondness which pets them and gratifies every selfish whim and pampers their pride is even worse in its influence than harsh brutality. No more fatal sin can be committed against your son than to let him have his own way. Pride will grow fast enough in your daughter's heart without your adding fuel to the flame with extravagant fineries and fulsome adulation. It is a curious fact that praise when bestowed on noble conduct humbles and sweetens a child; but praise lavished on mere externals—like beauty or dress—only puffs up and inflames selfishness.

Parents, do you always make an especial study of the peculiarities of each child? Joseph was a very peculiar lad from his very excellences, and when his partial father rigged him out in his "coat of many colours," and he began to have dreams of his brothers "bowing down to him," it is not strange that their coarse natures grew jealous and revengeful. Father Jacob sinned against that pure, sensitive boy before the churlish brethren began their villainous outrages. Some children are picked at and scolded, until they become sullen. Others are ridiculed for their deficiencies or deformities, till they grow desperate. Harshness always hardens, and then parental phariseism prays that God would soften the boy's hard heart! To train up a family wisely and for the Lord requires more sagacity than to write a book and more grace than to preach a sermon. It is the highest trusteeship in the world. The family underlies both church and commonwealth. Wherefore, O father and mother, for thy own sake, for God's sake, for the sake of the immortal soul committed to thee, do not sin against the child.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

THE SUPERNATURAL IN CHRIST.

We take that miracle which is existing and operating yet before our eyes and in the midst of us—the supernatural in Christ—and we find in the establishment of that, the proof that the mighty works here recorded are credible.

I base my argument, here, on two facts which are patent to every observer. On the one hand, we have in these gospels, the miracles for the time being altogether apart, the record of a life of which the external surroundings may be thus described. In the most degenerate age of Jewish history, when immorality was undermining the foundations of the Roman ascendancy throughout the world, a young man born in Bethlehem, and educated after the ordinary fashion of his nation, in a district which was proverbial for its coarseness, and a village which was proverbial for its wickedness, wrought as a common carpenter till he was thirty years of age. Then for three years and a half he wandered up and down his native land, claiming to be received and listened to as a teacher and having as his immediate attendants a few fishermen, tax gatherers and men of no liberal education. For a time he had a large following among the common people; but the incisive sharpness of his moral discourses so cut the hearts of the rulers, that at last they laid hold of him, and with the connivance—say rather, through the instrumentality—of the Roman governor of the province, they secured his crucifixion. These are facts which not even the wildest scepticism has ever attempted to deny or call in question.

On the other hand it is equally uncontrovertible, that the history of that young man as written by his followers, has been the most powerful force in human history ever since its promulgation among men; and that his name is to-day worshipped among millions, while even by those who stop short of worship it is venerated as that of the greatest of the sons of men. Before four centuries had passed away, and that too in the face of repeated persecutions of his followers by the Imperial power, the spiritual might of that history made itself felt throughout the Roman Empire and took possession of the Imperial throne itself; and to-day, before our own eyes, ever at the distance of eighteen centuries from the events, it is more active than ever, and seems gathering to itself new energy for yet grander triumphs than any which it has yet achieved. All through these successive years that history has sat among men like its great subject by the well of Sychar, telling them all things that ever they did, discerning the very thoughts of their hearts, and leading them to a higher life than without it they had ever dreamed of entering upon. Under its influence the drunkard has become sober, the thief has become honest, the adulterer has become chaste, the selfish has become disinterested. It has gone into the homes of men and turned, there, the water of mere earthly fellowship into the wine of spiritual communion, making each household, where its supremacy is recognized, like that of Bethany, a dwelling place in which the studies of the Maries are hallowed because they are carried on at Jesus' feet; and the ministrations of the Marthas are dignified because they are rendered unto him. It has taken the little children into its arms and blessed them; recognizing their existence with its smile and marking their importance by its attention. It has been to society—excuse the illustration, for I can get nothing but a miracle that really resembles it—like the tree which Moses cast into the bitter fountain, and has sweetened and purified all the relationships of man to man. It has gone into political life, and by that great word, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's," it has contended successfully for liberty of conscience while upholding human government, and thereby it has laid also the foundations, broad and indestructible, of civil freedom. It has stood between class and class as the good Samaritan of humanity, and has succoured and revived those who had been maltreated and all but murdered by the grasping avarice and cruel mammonism of their fellows. It has, in fine, been the consoler of the race amid all the cares and sorrows to which men are heirs. It has wiped the tears from the eyes of the mourner as he stood by the grave that was soon to cover in the remains of one he tenderly and truly loved; it has soothed the pain of the afflicted one—as he lay on his bed of anguish; it has given a song to the oppressed in the dark night of his imprisonment or slavery! and, as the death damp has stood upon the brow, and the glaze of dissolution has dimmed the eye, it has given not only peace but positive triumph to untold multitudes of men.

These also are facts which no man will deny. We have seen them ourselves. Some of us have had personal experiences, which are their best attestations. Any man who cares to go to the right places to seek for them may witness them to-night in multitudinous instances in the cities of our land. Nor have they been confined to any one age or class or country. The power of this story has been proved in every century. It has been as manifest among the erudite and the elevated, as among the illiterate and the lowly. It has lost nothing by its reproduction even in the rudest languages, but its efficacy has been demonstrated among the Hindoos and Hottentots, the Chinese and the South Sea Islanders, as really as among the Anglo-Saxons of Europe and America. Its influence is over men, as men, and wherever among men that influence has begun to work it has had a distinctive and peculiar effect, like to nothing else that has ever been operative among them. It has quickened them, intellectually, morally and spiritually, so that it may be well said to have put a new life into them. But lest you should think that, with my inevitable prepossessions, I am exaggerating in speaking

thus, I shall fortify myself here with a quotation from the writings of one who is at least above all such suspicion in that regard. I mean Mr. Lecky, who, in his "History of Morality from Augustus to Charlemagne," has written thus: "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love, and has shewn itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions, has not only been the highest pattern of virtue, but the highest incentive to its practice, and has exerted so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and than all the exhortations of moralists. This has indeed been the well-spring of whatever has been best and purest in the Christian life. Amid all the sins and failings, amid all the priestcraft, the persecution and fanaticism which have defaced the Church, it has preserved in the character and example of its Founder an enduring principle of regeneration."

Now, taking on the one hand the external surroundings of the life of Jesus, as I have set them before you, and on the other the influence of that life on humanity, I ask, Have we in the former, viewed simply by themselves, and as destitute of any supernatural element anything like an adequate explanation of the latter? If Jesus was only a Jewish artizan who died at thirty-three, how could His life record have thus revolutionized all history? We are commonly supposed in these days and in this country to live more in a brief time than the ancients did in one that, reckoned by days and years, was longer. But which of those who have done anything to shape the course of our history would have had even the opportunity of doing so if he had died at the age of thirty-three? Not Washington, not Webster, not Lincoln. No matter, therefore what a man's other advantages may be; nay, even in connection with the highest human advantages, a sufficiently long term of life must be recognized as essential to the exercise by him of such an influence as shall make its mark deep and permanent on the character and history of a nation, much more of the world. How, then, shall we explain the fact that the mightiest regenerative force which has been exerted on our race came out of a life which was cut off almost in youth, and whose public work was performed in the space of three years and a half? From the distinctive character of the effects produced by it I am warranted in concluding that there was something peculiar and unique in the personality of him by whom they were produced. They are such effects, not only in degree but in kind as no other man's life before or since save as connected with his, has generated. They have amounted on Mr. Lecky's own shewing, to a regeneration of mankind, and therefore I am compelled to infer that he who is the regenerator of men is something more than a man. There must have been more in him than in the race, else he could not have thus told upon the race. Water cannot rise above its source; immorality cannot produce morality; that which is hastening to decay cannot renew itself, and its renewal must be the result of the introduction into it of something higher, nobler and more powerful than itself.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

LUTHER'S DEATH.

Luther says: "Oh, if only the heart would remember this word," (God so loved the world,) "in the time of conflict, neither devil nor hell could have power to terrify it, and it must needs exclaim with joy, Of what shall I be afraid? I have the Son of God given to me by the Father! and for a witness thereof He gives me the Word, which I know to be His Word; that will not lie to me any more that He can lie or deceive."

Luther did remember these words in the time of conflict, and they were so precious to him that he once called them "the Bible in miniature." When he was dying, and Justus Jonas was wiping the cold sweat from his forehead, he was heard praying thus: "O Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord

Jesus Christ, Thou God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou has revealed to me Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and confessed, whom the wretched Pope and godless persons dishonour, persecute, and blaspheme; I pray Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, let me commit my poor soul into Thy hands! O Heavenly Father, although I now must leave this body, and must be torn away from this life, yet I know and am sure that I shall abide forever with Thee, and that no one can pluck me out of Thy hands"—and then, as if he were grasping hard after the ground of such certain hope, he repeated aloud this passage (in Latin, as he had learned it when a child), "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

—*Besser.*

THE CHILDREN.

FORM FOUND IN THE DESK OF CHARLES DICKENS AFTER HIS DEATH.

When lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night," and be kissed.
O the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
O the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go:
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild—
O there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of household,
They are angels of God in disguise—
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams from their eyes—
O those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant as others have done,
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself,
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod:
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee
The growth on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
And bid "me good-night" and be kissed.

CHARACTER THE ONLY FOUNDATION FOR REAL SUCCESS.

There may be a show of prosperity when principle is wanting, but if it cheat others it never cheats one's self. The player himself, behind the scenes, thinks very differently of the stage effects from the spectators; he knows the other side of the painted shams,

and that what is gold to the audience is tinsel at hand. Our happiness must be within us or nothing can give it. What the world calls good fortune is often the worst for peace and enjoyment. It is not possession, but desire of it that gives pleasure; without the spur of hope or ambition the mind loses its energy, and falls back on itself in listless satiety. It is the chase that delights, not the capture; and what looks bright in the air is often poor enough when we get it. Byron's figure of our enjoyments being like plucked flowers, which we must destroy to possess, is as true as it is striking. They are the painted butterflies which a touch defaces. A clear conscience sings in the breast, like a bird in a cage, and makes a heaven wherever it be; but honour, or money, or place, without it, are children's toys. Mere getting is not success; there are many poor rich men, and many rich poor ones. To have a soul, like a sun, gilding everything round it, is the true prosperity—to have our wealth in the bosom as well as the bank.

Still, while it is thus true that character is success it is more; it gives an open door to whatever advancement or qualifications make possible. To be merely upright and trustworthy is, of course, insufficient; for the porter may be as good a man as his master, and yet could not take his place. But, with due qualifications, a good name is the best means of either attaining or keeping any promotion. Honest worth goes far of itself, with very humble abilities; for mere common sense and good principle count far more in the market than we suppose. A young man may have any capacity, it will weigh nothing if confidence cannot be put in him. Interest has keen eyes, and soon appraises its servants at their true value. Appearances may deceive for a time, but, once detected, the game is over. It is nothing that there be many good points; character alone gives them value. A slip may be condoned, but even the suspicion of anything serious is fatal. The finest fleece goes for nothing if we see the wolf's muzzle, and we settle the wind by a very small feather. Want of confidence, like a rotten foundation, rocks and brings down whatever may rest on it, be it ever so good in itself. A look, or a word, may let out a long masked hypocrisy, and no one can act and forecast so perfectly as to be never at fault. Many things, of course, may hinder advancement—slowness, idleness, want of judgment, incurable trifling, want of interest in a calling—but many of these will be borne for long, and patiently striven with. A flaw in the man, however, is deadly; one whiff of a moral taint is enough. To be steady, dishonest, untruthful, or in any way unreliable, is hopelessly capital. An unfaithful servant is worthless to God or man. Character is the young man's "Open Sesame!" before which the treasure-houses of life stand wide for his entrance.

TAKING COMFORT IN LIFE.

Sooner or later, friends, the time for folded hands will come to us all. Whether or not we cease from hurry and worry now, we shall one day shut our eyes upon it, and lie still, untroubled by the stir and the fret of the things about us. Why not take comfort as we go on? You, proud mother of a beautiful, active boy, of what use will it be to you by and by to remember how exquisitely fine was his raiment, how daintily spread his bed, and how costly and profuse his toys? What the child needs is mothering, brooding, tender resting on your heart; and he needs it every step of the way from baby days to manhood. Take the comfort of your opportunities. Never mind though the dress be coarse, and the food plain, and the playthings few, but answer the questions, tell the stories, spare the half-hour at bed-time, and be merry and gay, confidential and sympathetic with your boy. And you, whose graceful young daughter is just blushing out into the bloom and freshness of a wondrously fair womanliness, do not be so occupied with your ambition for her, and her advancement in life; that you let her ways and your own fall apart. Why are her friends, her interests, her engagements, so wholly distinct from yours? Why does she visit here and there, and receive visitors from this and that home, and you scarcely know the people by sight? You are losing precious hours, and the comfort you ought to take is flying fast away on those wings of time that are never overtaken.

A ROME despatch says a strong anti-clerical demonstration has been made there. It included all the working societies, who raised shouts of "Down with the clericals," "down with the priests."

THE receipts of the eight principal missionary societies of England the past year make an aggregate of \$3,542,710. The grand total of receipts for foreign and home missions, Bible, and educational societies, etc., was \$8,647,095.

THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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

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

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 15th, 1880

THE Rev. John Burton, B.A., will take charge of the INDEPENDENT until the editor returns from England. Communications for the editor to be addressed as indicated above.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON OUR DENOMINATIONAL PAPER.

THERE are such things as denominational duties. The support of a denominational paper is one of those duties. They who look the paper over, compare it with others, shake their heads and say, "It isn't worth it," forget there are values other than those whose standard is the dollar. They who most thoroughly appreciate our work, as part of the great Christian Church, know that the stopping of a denominational paper is a blow too serious to be calmly contemplated. This paper has not the support it deserves, and, therefore, it has been issued continually at a financial loss. *The printer has not been paid.* We admit an Editor's responsibility. It is our duty to lay before you weekly news of the churches, missionary items, and food for Christian thought, to be above clap-trap and slang, and to afford a common ground of communication between our Canadian churches. Let the record of the first five months of the year tell how faithfully and unselfishly this has been aimed at. There are corresponding duties on your part. From Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island you need to be up and doing, dear reader, or this paper must be silent. Our subscription list is not large enough to pay the cost of publishing, and the shareholders, so far from receiving dividends, have paid the capital to keep up running expenses, and still we are behind. We need, and must have, the following or an equivalent: (1) An increased subscription list, with prompt remittance. Will our patrons, each one, from the Lower Provinces as well as from Ontario and Quebec, take this matter seriously in hand. Brethren, if denominationally we are to grow—believe me, I know what I affirm—this is just as necessary as it is that you should have buildings to preach in.

(2) We need a guarantee fund for three years, say fifty individuals, \$10 per annum each. Surely we can obtain this. Let it be done at once or—well I do not like to write the alternative.

Let this be done and we on our part pledge ourselves to spare no pains to raise the paper in your estimation and to render it effective in extending the interests of Christ's kingdom through our denominational agencies.

Since writing the above, the annual meeting of the shareholders has been held, assets and liabilities fairly balanced, doubtful assets counted out. As a result we find our liabilities over and above all assets to be about nine hundred dollars. Our pressing claims are some fifteen hundred dollars. It is absolutely necessary that, at once, assets should be made available and a fund created to meet the deficit. Printer and paper manufacturer must be paid.

An increase of the subscription list is also requisite. Every two subscribers *must* be supplemented by another one or the paper be subsidized.

The meeting adjourned without re-appointing the new directors, as it was determined to place matters upon a sure basis or cease to issue, ere a new directorate should be elected. A Committee was also appointed for the purpose of canvassing the constituency of the paper so as to secure the needed aid and subscriptions. The Committee, which has power to add to its numbers, at present is: Rev. H. D. Powis, S. L. Jackson, M.D., J. Burton, Messrs. J. C. Copp, S. Davison, and D. Higgins.

Now, kind readers all, we do not intend to return

to this unwelcome subject, we would not do you the injustice to believe that where, as in the present case, denominational honesty, as well as *prestige* and prosperity are at stake, an appeal, based on a simple statement of facts, can possibly be made in vain. There must be no evading responsibility, nor faintness of heart when duty calls. Ichabod is not yet written over our portals, but it will be if these appeals are vain.

THE ROBERTSON-SMITH CASE.

IN the present re-issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" appeared articles on Angels, Bible and Canticles. The tone of these articles appeared at first sight to be "rationalistic," e.g. "there is no reason to think that a prophet ever received a revelation which was not spoken directly and pointedly to his own time." Again of angels it is stated that the reality of such beings is in the Old Testament "matter of assumption rather than of direct teaching," with certain statements affecting the supposed authorship of the books of the Pentateuch. These articles bore the initials of W. Robertson Smith, Professor in the Free Church Theological College of Aberdeen, and at once drew the attention and challenge of the courts of the Free Church. A libel for heresy and heretical tendencies was served, and for two years, in Presbytery, Synod, and Assembly the case has been discussed with a tediousness common to both legal and ecclesiastical procedure. The first of the above quotations is at once rendered innoxious by the qualification "to their own time *about the future* (e.g. Messianic) time," and the second may be made in accord with strictest orthodoxy by explaining that even the existence of God is taken for granted in the Bible as a first and necessary truth. In the course of the proceedings therefore the most of the charges were found irrelevant, but more serious ones remained, e.g. Deuteronomy is a "prophetic legislative programme which the author puts in dramatic form in the mouth of Moses," and parts, by no means inconsiderable parts, of Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers, also are of later date than Moses. Indeed, Deuteronomy in its present form belongs, in all probability, to the time of Josiah and it is at least probable that part of Leviticus is of still later date. The question whether these views are in accord with the Westminster Confession of Faith must be settled by those who are holders of the bond; 299 against 292 in the Free Church Assembly declare they are at least within the spirit, if not within the letter thereof, though that can scarcely be held as settling the question, seeing there is a movement towards secession from the Free Church by the more rigidly orthodox, and others hope to reopen the case *de novo*. However, beyond the knowledge of the fact, that aspect of the question need not delay us. But there is a wider question which gives us an interest therein, viz.: Will the old bottles of our reformed theology bear the ferment of the new wine of the "higher criticism?" Can such free handling of the Old Testament and New Testament be, and the Bible still maintain its place as the revealed will of God? Prof. Smith says yea, and from his known integrity, reverence, and scholarship we may at least listen to his reasoning. There is, whether formulated or not, a general consensus among the reformed churches regarding Scripture, that it is inspired of God, and that, irrespective of any theories as to the human agencies by means of which the book assumes its present form, because (1) the revelation of God and of His will as preached through the Spirit by the apostles and prophets, is therein reduced to writing; and (2) because the witness of the Spirit assures us that therein *God still speaks to us*. "The same spirit," writes Calvin, on 2 Tim. iii. 16, "which assured Moses and the prophets of their vocation, now also beareth witness in our hearts that he used their ministry in order to teach us." Following these principles, the argument for the authority of Scripture thus stands: Because God is truth itself, His Word is infallible, and because He is sovereign, it is authoritative.

But Scripture is (*i.e.*, records or conveys) the Word of God. Therefore Scripture is of infallible truth and divine authority. But inseparable from this is the

Spirit's witness by which "to disciples as to teachers God is manifest as the author" of revelation. But over and above this, urges Prof. Smith, the Bible is a *part of human literature* as well as the record of divine revelation, and as such is open to those rules of fair criticism to which all literature is subject, and the adoption of critical conclusions thereon cannot diminish the historical value of the Bible as the record of God's revelation to His people, but rather set that revelation in a clearer and more consistent light. And thus strenuously contending for the infallibility and authority of Scripture, he does freely apply the critical faculty, maintaining that it is, not matter of faith but of fact *when and by whom* the books recording God's revelations were written, how often they were changed, added to, or re-edited, what vicissitudes have affected the integrity of the form in which those records have come down to us. In this position, no doubt, the Reformers stood; Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, men who above all others maintained the integrity and supreme authority of Scripture, expressed themselves with a freedom bordering on rashness, on questions of Biblical criticism. The Aberdeen Professor has evidently fallen into following their example; and this will lead us to our closing sentences. Criticism is keen edged and needs a trained as well as a reverent hand. It is indispensable for the removal of excrescences and the laying bare of hidden truths. It requires patient and earnest preparation, and a recognition of its dangers. In no field of research does the caution stand more needed,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Prof. Smith has drunk deep, but all specialists are in danger of riding their hobby, and his is no exceptional case; should his main arguments be well founded, we can do nothing against the truth—let us not try; if his conclusions are hasty, as some undoubtedly are, time and candour will prove their falseness; in the meantime we, who have little or no time for critical study, can rest securely upon his declaration, which in this particular is level to us all:—

"If I am asked why I receive Scripture as the Word of God, the only perfect rule of faith and life, I answer with all the fathers of the Protestant Church: Because the Bible is the only record of the redeeming love of God; because in the Bible alone I find God drawing near to man in Christ Jesus, and declaring to us, in Him, His will for our salvation. And this record I know to be true by the witness of His Spirit in my heart, whereby I am assured that none other than God Himself is able to speak such words to my soul."

Here we may rest, and rest securely, for in the busy round of life it is only the few that can read the arcana of the higher criticism, nor do we need very much to weep thereover.

EXTENSION.

THE thoughts and facts brought before the Union by Rev. R. W. Wallace's paper on Church Extension demand more than a passing notice. We offer no apology for intruding them upon our readers, especially those who have some interest in our Congregational expansion. Mr. Wallace urges the formation of a church extension society with a building fund at its disposal, and as that matter was before our readers last week a few of Mr. Wallace's reasons and arguments may, with his assent cheerfully given, be presented here. An actual and typical case is given: Friends, effort to establish, and failure, where another denomination entered, virtually without friends, and succeeded! the difference simply being that in the latter case there was denominational backing, in the former, friends were left to struggle on alone. That denominational backing took largely the form of building a neat and commodious church, and as is truly observed, to start a meeting in a dingy town hall, or a dingier temperance hall is to invite "probabilities that are overwhelmingly against success. Now were a society organized purely and simply for denominational interest instead of private speculation, money might then be advanced at a very low rate—even

free in some cases—which would be an immense boon. And whereas, now, money is made out of our churches, money would be saved and thus made for them."

Attention is directed to the fact that an average contribution of fifty cents from each of our members would realize \$3,500 which, if continued, would give us a fair start in this new direction. Surely we shall not be found wanting in this hour of pressing need. Of course Mr. Wallace anticipates objections, such as "You are unduly multiplying denominational objects," but no objection should for one moment stand against denominational need, and that need is pressed when we are reminded that "in other lands our friends do not consider themselves thoroughly equipped without such a society as is here advocated."

Our sympathy is also with Mr. Wallare when he gives as partly the reason why our schemes are not better supported, the lack of explicit information. Let our ministers not be afraid of plainly presenting the Church's need, let the daylight in and the shadow will flee. Nor need we fear a humble beginning; "the imposing is not always the most real or useful. There are snug little barques skimming over Atlantic billows which pay their stockholders better than the Great Eastern with all her majesty. And a society such as that pleaded for, limited though it might be, because our means and opportunities in Canada are limited, would still be a great help to our churches."

The Boston "Congregationalist" writes:—

"That is a significant fact which Dr. Brown tells of the zeal of our Presbyterian brethren to maintain their young churches until the power of self support has come. The Congregational Union had to make over two little churches to the Presbyterians because it had not the funds to help them. The representative of the latter denomination, when talking about the transfer, said: 'We are not fools enough to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.' He was right in urging us to give liberally for church building. These little churches, if maintained, will be giving freely themselves in a few years. We need them, every one, but none can survive long *houseless*. Fill up the coffers, brethren."

Will our friends "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," that our efforts in this direction may be the opposite of failure.

CONGREGATIONALISM AND ITS SORRY FRIENDS.

WE commend the following, from the Boston "Congregationalist," to our croakers. Some sorely tried brother too may find comfort therein:—

When I left the seminary a score of years ago, I started West in the very positive conviction that the polity in which I was reared was Biblical, and for that reason better adapted than any other for the whole human race whenever made obedient to the Gospel. It seemed as if every influence I at first encountered was in league to dislodge that idea. The very first acquaintance I met, born in the same town and nurtured in the same Congregational church, responded to inquiries after a field like this: "O well, you want a Presbyterian church. The fact is, Congregationalism hasn't any adaptation to the West, you must have a strong church government there. All the best men from New England become Presbyterians." I pondered and said nothing. I was invited to preach to a church. Two of the three who composed it admitted that they were by education and preference Congregationalists, "but then you know," they said, "this Presbyterian form is so much easier to get along with." I pondered and said nothing as before. Presently I encountered on a Mississippi steamer, a Doctor of Divinity from the East, travelling for pleasure. As acquaintance grew between us, I inquired his denomination. The father in the ministry replied: "Presbyterian, (hesitating) *out here; at home I am a Congregationalist.*" Still I pondered and said nothing, but I *did* look at the tables and found this D.D. a pastor of a strong church in Connecticut!

My next experience was in an ecclesiastical body, which I will not name, in whose deliberations I was invited to participate as an honorary member. It seemed from the current of its long and heated discussions that it had more to fear from the rivalry of its sister denomination than all others combined. At length a remark was dropped derogatory to Congregationalism which naturally aroused my indignation, and I avowed my identity with the aspersed polity, and defended it from the insinuations made. The response was eager and almost tumultuous: "O we do not mean Congregationalism *East*, it is the *loose, unworthy* counterpart in the *West* that we deprecate." The fact came out that two-thirds of all that body were educated and ordained in New England in the church polity of the Pilgrims. I returned to my field only to find a letter from a valued friend, pastor of one of the strongest Congregational churches in Massachusetts outside of Boston, "to never mind about ecclesiastical forms but to join Presbytery, as in my private ear he would whisper that Presbyterianism was the best form of Church gov-

ernment ever adopted." Such left-handed encouragement could hardly be very stimulating to a young man strong in the purpose to adhere to the grand old polity of the fathers everywhere and through life. Then I asked haven't I something behind me to keep me in line, stronger than all these "miserable comforters" can bring to afflict me? Yes, there was the 18th chapter of Matthew, there were Prof. Parks' Lectures. I obtained Dr. Wellman's admirable monograph, "The Church Polity of the Pilgrims," and a pertinent pamphlet by Dr. Dorus Clarke. By and by came the Boston council with its stirring sermon by President Sturtevant, while all the time the weekly issues of the "Congregationalist" contained much to keep a man staunch and cheerful while planting our simple polity on the frontier. No need to be faint and flag, with all this line of help behind him. Now the point is that against such influences as those above mentioned Congregationalism has grown strong in the West. Apparent friends have seemed indifferent to its progress, or active in diverting the materials for its growth elsewhere. Emigrants from New England who belong with us have drifted to other Churches drawn by the subtle influences of prestige and social affiliation, being industriously taught that really it is the best way, and the language of our friends quoted to verify it. Other churches are loud in claiming priority of occupancy to our exclusion, if they have the shadow of a claim to it, yet thrust in their organizations where ours are firmly planted, and then bravely propose to absorb us on the ground of the "survival of the fittest!"

We have enough and to spare of similar half-hearted friends, and more, we have men who by their own obstinacy or wilful mismanagement worked irretrievable mischief in some of our churches, and then leave, "disgusted with Congregationalism," which they have done their best to drag through the mud. Think of a pilot abandoning passengers on a vessel he has himself blunderingly dashed upon the rock.

Take heart, timid brother, you have behind you plenty of strong hearts and vigorous utterances. Your progress is watched with no indifferent interest. Besides this, you have the Saviour's declaration recorded by the Holy Ghost. *He* cares whether as a church you die or live. The thin edge of the wedge enters the tough beam slowly; hammer away, it will drive faster by and by, till it rives the heart of oak.

Shut your ear to the croaker, and let the false friends go.

WANTED.

WE take the liberty in the present state of our columns to present, in an abridged form, a paper under the above heading by Rev. Duncan McGregor, M.A., of Guelph, commending its thoughts for prayerful consideration.

Wanted (1) More decided personal manifestation of the mind and Spirit of Christ, a more Christlike Christianity;

(2) Denominational power by manifesting our denominational principles to be truly Christian principles;

(3) A protest against "Liberal views" and the "Free thought of the age," by practical proof that the "old paths" are the better; this to be done by using our liberty "as the servants of God";

(4) Loyalty to truth, and honesty even though supposed interests and associations suffer. About these wants no two opinions can exist, may we have grace for their implementing.

Our friend adds a fifth, affecting us specially as a denomination. "We want more interest to be taken in our College." In this connection allusion is made to "a widespread dissatisfaction with its present condition" about which we would venture to say that if such exists it should manfully and in a spirit of felt responsibility before God make itself heard in such a way as will ensure attention. We cannot fight shadows, and to be continually haunted by them is, to say the least, very disheartening. We need each other's counsel and sympathy and "faithful are the wounds of a friend." These are evidently Mr. McGregor's sentiments. If there is a wrong let us right it, if only a ghost let us put it to flight.

In this connection our correspondent expresses a conviction that the standard should certainly not be lowered as to the curriculum, for whilst freely admitting that "a sanctified common sense," is above all college lore, yet there is manifest need for the Church to be able to meet the world in intelligence and knowledge coupled with piety and love.

Let us have confidence in each other and our work; pecuniary difficulties will then soon disappear.

For those of us who have indulged the hope that Papal Rome learns and makes some progress towards enlightenment the following from the Quebec "Morning Chronicle," is not reassuring. Our readers' attention is drawn to two revelations therein made.

(1) The constant claim to be superior to all law. Canada, by her statutes, forbids lotteries, but the Roman Catholic episcopate assumes higher authority and quietly invites its followers to set at defiance the laws of the land, *for purposes of gain*. (2) We are taken back to the middle ages, when Leo X. hawked indulgences to raise funds for his building schemes. Here is the advertisement:—

THE LOTTERY for the RIMOUSKI SEMINARY, will be held on the 19th August next, and following days.—250 prizes. Lots of ground, house, etc., etc. 600 Masses for the Living and the Dead will be at the disposal of the holders of tickets.

(Address) THE SECRETARY
Jun. 16, 1880. of the Bishop of Rimouski.

Who can say, when thus the wheels of time are rolled back, St Bartholomew is an impossibility?

Literary Notices.

ST. NICHOLAS AND SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for July, from Scribner & Co., are to hand, full as ever of varied and valuable matter.

HARPER'S MONTHLY keeps up its reputation, which is saying a good deal. We hope to draw attention ere long more specially to these serials, which are fitted for parlour or rail, study or leisure.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, Boston, still maintains its position among the literary excellences of the day. Its second July number, just to hand, has among others, a most suggestive article on suicide, which has ever played, and is still playing a startling part in our civilized countries. The writer accepts apparently the position towards which statistics point, that suicide is, within certain limits, a social resultant having a constant automatic average, a product of the general condition of society rather than of individual action; a form of social disease rather than of social guilt, up to certain limits. Attention is drawn to the fact that under ecclesiastical influence in Europe suicides decreased, for whilst the Roman Empire invented the maxim, *mori licet cui vivere non placet*, the Churches gradually set it under their ban. Gibbon bears testimony to the fact that Christianity, even under its most corrupt form, discouraged and minimized suicide; we venture to express the conviction that thereby a decided advance was made. We have, however, entered upon another phase of the question. It is estimated (the article speaks of Europe only) that the rate of suicides has increased five-fold since the middle of last century, and that Europeans are killing themselves at the rate of one in five thousand, or at a yearly average of sixty thousand. A review is made of the predisposing causes. Only one-fourth of suicides are women, and we would ask for how many of these may a just God record a verdict of "wilful murder" against some deceiver? No profession can be said to predispose, but, urges the article, instruction does. "Not only has the revival of suicide almost exactly coincided, *in time*, with the modern extension of schooling, but suicide is now most abundant *in place*, in the very regions in which schooling is most expanded. The records establish this beyond all doubt." After reviewing the various modes employed and the apparent preferences, our author points his conclusions, and to the following we invite attention: "The changes which have taken place in the religious aspect of modern thought, suffices, by itself, to explain the modern growth of suicide, the removal of religious hindrances in both highly and lowly educated consciences—especially in the latter—is incontestably emancipating Europe from restraint in this matter of suicide, *as in a good many others*, and is leading a perpetually augmenting number of us to pitch away our lives, as if we were throwing half-pence to a beggar." Let Agnosticism be learnt by its fruits.

RECEIVED toward the Labrador Mission, by Miss H. Lyman, Montreal: American Church, \$24; A. Friend, Newburyport, \$3.—B. WILKES, Treas.

News of the Churches.

OUR friends at Burford have been enjoying a garden party on the beautiful grounds of J. M. Charles, Esq. Socially and financially it is reported a success. The respected pastor is Mr. Hay.

WE are glad to learn that the Rev. R. Wrench has been directed by our revered Dr. Wilkes to Whitby, where he is labouring with much acceptance. Rev. J. F. Malcolm has just closed his labours there. We wish our few, but persevering, friends at Whitby a future of comfort and success.

IN the absence of the Revs. J. Roy and A. J. Bray, for the next four Sabbaths, Zion and Wesley churches will unite for worship, in the morning at Zion and in the evening at Wesley. The Rev. W. J. Cuthbertson will conduct the services of the united congregations. Mr. Cuthbertson's address is Thomas Robertson, Esq., 114 Union Avenue, Montreal.

A NUMEROUSLY signed petition was presented to Mr. Salmon requesting him to withdraw his resignation as pastor of the Embro Congregational church, and promising him hearty co-operation and support in his work in the event of his remaining among them. It was furthermore stated that the church would sustain serious injury were he to leave at the present time. Under these circumstances Mr. Salmon consented to withdraw it for the present.

TORONTO.—The Congregational Sunday schools, of this city, celebrated the Sunday school centenary by a union service in the Northern Church, on the 29th of June. The day was eagerly anticipated by all, not alone because of the interest attaching to the fact that a century of Sunday school years was gratefully commemorated, but also because it gave an opportunity for the manifestation of that hearty sympathy and love which happily reigns among us. We had hoped for a cloudless sky, but were disappointed, for about noon heavy clouds gathered, followed by occasional showers, which settled at last into a steady rain, swelling at times into a perfect torrent. Most of the children had gathered before the rain had commenced. The Don Mount and Western schools were detained altogether. The Zion, Northern, Yorkville, and Chesnut street schools were well represented, altogether there must have been about six hundred scholars, and a very pleasant sight it was to see such a goodly number gathered together. Mr. Currie, of the Don Mount Mission, opened the exercises with reading of Scripture and prayer, after which Rev. J. Burton gave the children a history of the birth of Sunday schools in Gloucester a hundred years ago. The Rev. H. D. Powis spoke to them as little travellers to a better country, and of their need of Jesus for their guide, while Rev. W. H. Warriner, in the concluding address, spoke of the privilege which both teachers and scholars enjoy in attending the Sunday school. The attention of the children throughout was most admirable, and the hymns which had been printed specially for the occasion were heartily sung by all. As to-day we look back on that gathering, we ask must these schools wait for another centenary before they meet again? Why not have these union meetings oftener? We are sure the scholars would enjoy it and we should all be benefited.—COM

THE MANAGEMENT OF A WATCH.

- 1st.—Wind your watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day. Care should be taken to avoid sudden jerks.
- 2nd.—Be careful that your key is in good condition, free from dust and cracks. It should not be kept in the waist-coat pocket, or any place where it is liable to rust or get filled with dust.
- 3rd.—Keep the watch while being wound steadily in the hand, so as to avoid all circular motion.
- 4th.—The watch when hung up must have support and be perfectly at rest, or when laid horizontally, let it be placed on a soft substance for more general support, otherwise the action of the balance will generate a penurious motion of the watch, and cause much variation in time.
- 5th.—The hands of a duplex or chronometer watch should never be set backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence, but to avoid accidents it is much better to set them always forward.
- 6th.—The glass should never be opened in watches that are set at the back.
- 7th.—Keep your watch-pocket free from dust or nap, which generally accumulates in the pocket when much used.

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXX.

July 25. } THE COVENANT WITH NOAH. } Gen. ix. 1880. } 8-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth."—Gen. ix. 13.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Gen. v. 1-32. From Adam to Noah.
T. Gen. vi. 1-22. The Flood Foretold.
W. Gen. vii. 1-24. The Flood Sent.
Th. Gen. viii. 1-23. The Ark on Ararat.
F. Gen. ix. 1-18. The Covenant with Noah.
S. 2 Pet. iii. 1-18. Not Willing that any should Perish.

Sab. Rev. iv. 1-11. The Rainbow about the throne.

HINTS TO STUDY.

After the events of our last lesson God gave Eve "another seed instead of Abel whom Cain slew," and she called his name Seth (the gift or compensation). His descendants for several generations lived a simple, orderly life, and held fast their allegiance to God.

Cain went to a land which he called Nod (flight or banishment) and became the progenitor of an enterprising and inventive, but a godless and lawless race.

These two branches of the human race intermingled, probably in the seventh generation; the whole race, with few exceptions, became corrupt; "the earth was filled with violence;" Cain was by this time probably dead, but instead of one Cain there were many; one generation received, in vain, a sign of God's disapproval, in the translation of His servant Enoch from among them; wickedness still increased, and after ample warning, the whole human population was destroyed by the flood, with the exception of one household, at the head of which was Noah, he alone having been found a just man and perfect in his generations."

With Noah and his sons, and through them with us, their descendants, God made the covenant which forms the subject of our present lesson. It may be taught under the following heads: (1) *The Covenant*, (2) *The Token*, (3) *The Brotherhood of Man*.

1. THE COVENANT.—Vers. 8-17. A covenant is an agreement. It implies the consent of two parties to a contract. The covenant made with our first parents in Eden was called the covenant of works. By its terms they were promised eternal life on condition of perfect obedience. That covenant was broken; no human being ever attained eternal life on its terms. But there is another covenant, called the covenant of grace, under which alone any sinner of the human race ever was saved, and under which salvation is freely offered to all; its terms are "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The covenant made with Noah was neither the covenant of works nor that of grace, but was almost identical with the covenant of temporal blessing afterwards made with the Israelites (Numbers xxvi. 4-13).

1. *God to be trusted as the God of nature.*—The experience of many centuries handed down from generation to generation has taught us that the laws of nature are constant. Depending upon this fact the farmer sows, the mechanic labours, the navigator commits himself to the deep. But how were Noah and his sons to know it? They had just passed through a terrible experience to the contrary; and, without this covenant, how could they tell that their fields would not be again devastated and their lives endangered by a repetition of the deluge? Now they had the word of the covenant-keeping God for it, and they could pursue their agricultural operations with full confidence. We also have the same sure word, and it is something much more substantial than what we call "the laws of nature." A law is nothing without an active, energetic power behind it, to keep it in operation. To the Christian philosopher "natural law" means nothing more or less than the rule by which God works.

2. *God to be trusted as the God of grace.*—The God of nature is also the God of grace. The laws of the kingdom of grace are as constant as those of the kingdom of nature—in other words, the covenant made with Christ and His people is as sure as that made with Noah; and as we avail ourselves of the seasons, knowing that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease," so should we avail ourselves of the means of grace, and betake ourselves to God's way of saving sinners, as that way is opened up before us in His Word.

II. THE TOKEN.—Vers. 12-17. The Bible does not say that there were no rainbows before the flood. Our English translation, even as it stands will bear the sense that God adopted, as the sign of His promise, a natural phenomenon already existing; and some interpreters say that the Hebrew in ver. 13 strictly means, I have set my bow in the cloud.

III. THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.—Vers. 18-19. God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of all the earth" (Acts xvii. 26). We are all descended from Noah—Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, black, white and copper-coloured. Climatic conditions, acting through long successions of generations will account for the differences between the various branches of the human family. The most recent and trustworthy researches in philology and ethnology lead to conclusions in full ac-

cordance with the simple statement of our lesson, of them (Shem, Ham, and Japheth) was the whole earth over-peopled. These differences are not now urged by infidels as arguments against the Bible so loudly as they were a quarter of a century ago, perhaps because they are as nothing compared to the differences which some of our modern scientists find themselves called upon to account for in following out their theories of the origin of man.

THE REFINER.

'Tis sweet to know that He who tries
The silver takes His seat
Beside the fire which purifies,
Lest too intense a heat—
Raised to consume the base alloy—
The precious metals, too, destroy.

'Tis sweet to think how well He knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal through which it goes;
And that, with skill and care,
He'll take it from the fire when fit,
With His own hand to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to know that He
The work He has begun
Will not forsake till He can see
The blessed work well done:
An image by its brightness shewn
The perfect likeness of His own!

But oh! how much of earthly mould—
Dark relics of the mine,
Lost from the ore—must He behold!
How long must He refine
Ere in the silver He can trace
The first faint semblance of His face.

'Thou Great Refiner! sit Thou by,
Thy purpose to fulfil—
Moved by Thy hand, beneath Thine eye,
And melted at Thy will,
Oh, may Thy work forever shine
Reflecting beauty pure as Thine!

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

Sit by the window and look over the way to your neighbour's excellent mansion which he has recently built, and paid for and fitted out, saying, "Oh, that I were a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbour and think that you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself: "When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself: "I wonder if he will ever pay that note?"

Think that everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt as to its being genuine until you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Put confidence in nobody, and believe everyone you trade with to be a rogue.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that at no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all its horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these recipes strictly and you will be miserable to your heart's content, if we may so speak—sick at heart and at variance with the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you—nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart.

IN the studio of the artist, and in the shape of man or woman, there stands a figure, the first sudden sight of which strikes most with surprise, and some with fear. Is it dead or alive? Supplied with joints that admit of motion, attired in the common garb of men or women, seated in a chair, or standing in an easy attitude on the floor, it might pass for life but for that still and changeless posture, those speechless lips, and fixed staring eyes. It is a man of wood. Cold paint, not warm blood, gives colour to the cheek; no busy brain thinks within the skull; no kind heart loves, no fervid passions burn within the breast. The lay figure that the artist dresses up to represent the folds, the lights and shadows of the drapery, it is but death attired in the clothes of life; and, like a hypocrite or formalist in the sight of God, is rather offensive than otherwise.—Guthrie.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

DIED.

At Quebec, June 24th, of diphtheria, Lucy Pauline, youngest daughter of Rev. E. C. W. MacColl, aged six years and four months.

"There are being mounds where the hopes of earth
Were laid, 'neath the tear-wet mould;
But the light that paled at the stricken hearth
Was joy to the upper fold.
Oh! the 'white stone' beareth a new name now
That never on earth was told,
And the tender Shepherd doth guard with care
The lambs of the upper fold."

MRS. CROFTS' DILEMMA.

"Mrs. Crofts, Ma sent me over to ask how much money you would contribute to the missionary-box, 'sides clothes?" Freddy Barton burst in upon Mrs. Crofts, in her sunny kitchen, and delivered himself of this speech in a breathless manner.

"Missionary-box! What missionary-box, Freddy?"

Mrs. Crofts was rolling out a flaky pie-crust, that was to cover a pie destined for the dinner-table that day, and it was growing late; but, notwithstanding that fact, the rolling-pin came down with a soft thud and her hands rested idly upon it as she continued to stare steadily at Freddy, while the answer to her question fixed itself upon her mind, and fell, at length, from her own lips.

"So they have decided upon sending money and the box, after all?"

"I reckon they have," said Master Fred, wondering what made her stare so.

"You tell your Ma, sonny, that I will contribute just what I promised, three months ago, when that box was mentioned—clothing, nothing more. I have just been baking some gingerbread men. Take one! Benny declares gingerbread is so much better baked in this way," laughed Mrs. Crofts. "He always begins at the toes and eats up. Thinks that way tastes better too."

Freddy laughed merrily at Ben's conceit; and, pocketing the gingerbread man, ran homeward, calling out from the gate: "You are to hurry up."

Mrs. Crofts was not given to long, elaborate sentences in making her opinions and decisions known, nor to useless argument. She invariably held an opinion, however, upon most subjects discussed in her hearing, and expressed them in a brief, concise manner, when directly appealed to.

This missionary-box had been talked up months ago, and all had consented to contribute clothing; but many refused money. In fact, those opposed to the money scheme were in the majority; but the other party were decidedly the most influential—that is, as Deacon Day once mildly observed, they talked the fastest and loudest and carried the day invariably, in other matters besides missionary-boxes.

Mrs. Barton had at that time remarked oracularly: "There ought not to be a dissenting voice." It was positively wicked that any church member should refuse money to so laudable a cause. She could not see no possible reason. If there existed one, could it be stated? "Mrs. Crofts, is there a plausible reason for it?"

"I believe so."

"Will you state it?"

"Certainly. The debt upon our church, a large amount of which must be furnished very soon, and those who are really suffering here in our midst. The poor fund is exhausted."

"Dear me! Certainly. We have a debt upon us, I know; but so have many churches who still give largely, all over. Don't you know that?"

Mrs. Barton entirely ignored the latter part of Mrs. Crofts' speech.

"I do; but they pay their interest, or shoud. We do not."

"Yes, I—well, we did feel obliged to ask help this year."

"And last also," supplemented Mrs. Crofts.

"Yes; last year also."

"By sending money in another direction, just at present, we are taking it from those to whom it rightly belongs. Besides, there are those here amongst us who are almost starving!"

A dead silence had followed Mrs. Crofts' truthful, plainly-spoken words, and no further allusion had been made to sending money or a box to foreign missions; and that same night, Mrs. Crofts, after the children were in bed, had delivered herself of a speech of unusual length to worthy John Crofts, who had the utmost faith in every word she uttered, concluding with:

"I do believe, John, in sending to foreign missions. Heart and soul I am interested in the work and am willing to do all my hands find to do; but just now, considering the state of our church financially, I believe it is wrong, and in the face, too, of the fact that we can't raise enough to relieve the wants of one single needy family among us."

Mrs. Crofts had believed the matter abandoned, until Freddy Barton so unceremoniously announced it in progress.

Forgetful alike of pie and rapid flight of time, she remained standing where Freddy had left her, turning the matter over in her mind, and wondering why she had not heard of the fresh move in that direction before; and evidently the plans were in an advanced state considering Fred's parting injunction "to hurry up."

The old eight-day clock in the corner roused her from her reverie, at last; when she charged at the white crust with more spirit than was usually displayed in pie making by this worthy lady.

Upon the whole, Mrs. Crofts was too charitably disposed toward all erring humanity to feel aggrieved any length of time; therefore, when Ben and Bessie came in from school, with rosy cheeks and eyes like stars, she forgot directly that a missionary-box existed.

"Mamma, Fred Barton said you gave him one of our gingerbread men, and it was the very goodest he ever ate, and he began at the toes too, 'cause I do; and, Mamma, he said, if he had just another, he would begin at the head, and then he could tell 'actly which way tasted the best. Can I take him another?"

Mrs. Crofts laughingly assented, and a few moments later with Mr. Crofts, they were seated around the table, all

trace of the momentary vexation removed from the good little lady's face, and enjoying the meal as every meal was enjoyed in the Crofts household.

"I want bright faces at the table," worthy John Crofts always said. "Don't bring your grievances there, of all places."

And Mrs. Crofts saw to it that no one did. Mr. Crofts invariably had a good, wholesome, bright story to tell of something that could interest Ben and Bessie, and Mrs. Crofts never failed to make the most of every pleasant little event; and so it came to pass that the three daily meals in this household were the jolliest part of the day. Old Miss Frink, the village seamstress, who was there a whole week at one time, declared she like to died every meal-time, "owin' to the amount of laughin' at the Crofts' table."

This digression has no special bearing upon our story, unless it may be seen from it that indulging in harmless, innocent mirth at proper seasons is conducive to a healthy state of mind, and the Crofts were in the enjoyment of this state to a large degree.

The table was cleared at last; Ben and Bessie had run off to school half an hour ago; and Mrs. Crofts, in a soft, dark, clinging cashmere dress, with a dainty white apron, took up her sewing beside the sitting-room window, with the intention of accomplishing considerable before supper-time. Her nimble fingers were moving rapidly, when, to her consternation, she saw Tacy Shepherd shuffling slowly up the walk.

Tacy was the village tatter; at least that was the name she had striven with all her energies to earn, and she honestly owned it. There was this excuse for her, however, she lived with an aunt who retailed gossip for a livelihood. In plainer parlance, she rarely lost by telling a good story, reflecting credit upon her author, and in nine cases out of a dozen returned to her whitewashed hut, just out of town, the richer by a loaf of bread, a pie, and other substantial, chuckling inwardly at the success of her story, of which a quarter rarely that—ever possessed a grain of truth.

This was poor Tacy's bringing up; and, having been an apt scholar, at the age of twelve she was a dread and a pest in every well-regulated household.

Mrs. Crofts saw with dismay it was Tacy, and wondered what it could be that brought her, as she so rarely came.

"Well, Tacy?"

"Good-day, Ma'm. Ben and Bessie off to schol?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Crofts, inwardly thankful.

"Mis' Barton's goin' to send off a box and money to them folks in—in Ingy."

"So Freddy told me, this morning."

"I've come for your donate, Mis' Crofts."

"You, Tacy!"

"Yes'm. I've been goin' around all day after the things."

"Is that so? Very well, then, I will look up mine."

Mrs. Crofts ran up-stairs, fearing to leave Tacy long alone, and hurriedly gathered together the garments she had intended to give, and, rolling them into as small a compass as possible, hastened back to the sitting room, finding Tacy seated just where she left her, craning her long neck for a view of her new hat in the mirror.

"I know you don't mean to give money, as most of the ladies are doin'. And Mis' Barton says them as don't give are mean stingy. And Mis' Blair, the wife of the man who owns the 'Weekly Chronicle,' she is goin' to give ten dollars; and I heard Mis' Blair say her husband was goin' to publish all about it and tell the names of all that give; and she said, too, if it could be made known it would almost oblige folks to give, 'cause they would be 'shamed to be left out; and Mis' Blair—"

"Well, Tacy, that will do. Run along with your bundle now. The ladies may be waiting."

"All right, ma'm."

Tacy ran off, wondering if Mrs. Crofts cared (she didn't look so), and then concluded to report to that effect, which she accordingly did; and, in consequence, Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Barton added two dollars extra each to their subscription, thereby benefiting the missionary cause, for which let us overlook the motive that prompted it.

Mrs. Crofts' work again lay idly in her hands. A bright spot burned in either cheek, and there was an ominous sparkle in the soft brown eyes, that rarely shone there, except under strong emotion.

"Shall I send over that money I have put by?" She spoke aloud, and the canary above her head set up a song that almost drowned her voice. For two months I have been gathering that together for the poor creatures, and intended spending it for them to-morrow." She was quite unconscious she was speaking her thoughts aloud.

"I do wonder what my duty is. Whom does this money belong to? Two weeks from to-morrow there is to be a subscription for lifting a portion of the church debt. John is ready for that, and I could send this money to Mrs. Barton, only it was saved from my household expenses, at a sacrifice too, for the Stover family, who are suffering, really suffering, and are members too of our church. Mr. Stover is slowly dying of consumption. Mrs. Stover ails constantly—starvation, John declares—and has the entire care of the sick man and that poor crippled girl, so she can do absolutely nothing of consequence toward the support of the family; and that burden rests solely upon ten-year-old Davy, poor boy! so hollow-eyed and starved-looking, working all day in the factory and trudging around at night with papers, and always a ready smile. It makes my very heart ache to watch him. It might be my Ben, now. Dear me! I did so hope to help lighten his burden; and I could almost see, in anticipation, the happy, hopeful smile upon the pinched, white face, and the bright flash in the sad eyes. Poor Davy! This money was his. Ought I to take it from him?"

Mrs. Crofts continued to talk aloud, until the canary, with a seeming determination to do so, quite drowned her voice; but above the song could still be faintly heard only this:

"I can't do it! They may send, and they may proclaim it in a dozen papers. This money is not mine to give them."

And so the box was sent, together with a large amount of money (Mrs. Blair's plan had worked famously), and the "Weekly Chronicle" did proclaim the fact in stunning capitals, and Mrs. Blair's and Mrs. Barton's names led all the rest.

Two days later, unseen save by "that all watchful Eye," the Stover household rejoiced over a good supply of substantial, that promised to keep the wolf from the door for several months, and Davy, with tears in the sad eyes, kissed the hand of his benefactor, so full his heart was of thanksgiving; and, as a tear dimmed her own eyes, she silently thanked God that only for a moment she had harboured the wicked desire to give where it might be blazoned abroad, remembering Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Mrs. Crofts' gift to the Stover family might never have reached Mrs. Barton's ears, save for Ben's defence of his mother, a week later.

"I say," said Freddy, "I like your ma, some way, on 'count of the gingerbread men; and I don't like to hear her called stingy. I heard Mrs. Blair say she was, yesterday."

"Look here! Stingy? What do you call stingy, hey?" Ben assumed a pugilistic attitude. "Your ma and Mrs. Blair never bought a barrel of flour, and lots of sugar, and tea, and lemme see groceries, and mush for poor folks all in a pile, as my mamma did for Davy Stover's folks, the other day, hey? Did your ma? I guess not. If my mamma didn't give any money for that old box, I reckon she thought it wasn't of any 'count. She knows what she's about."

Fred, being considerably alarmed at Ben's vehemence, observed a discreet silence, and proceeded homeward, telling his mother, directly as he entered the house, Mrs. Crofts couldn't be stingy, for she must have bought as much for the Stover family as Mrs. Blair's old box was worth.

"To think," mused Mrs. Barton, "she really had the money to give, after all, and didn't care a fig about seeing her name in print! I never did quite understand her peculiarities."

Freddy remains a staunch friend of Mrs. Crofts, enjoying numberless gingerbread men, without being able to determine, however, if it is the upward or the downward way of eating them that tastes the best.—*N. Y. Independent.*

JOHN BROWN, OF HADDINGTON.

For the "heroic" old man of Haddington, writes Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," my father had a peculiar reverence, as indeed we all have—as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty, we dated from him, and he was hedged accordingly by a certain sacredness of divinity. I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife, in a remote hamlet among the hop gardens of Kent, if I was "the son of the Self-interpreting bible." I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd-lad, got from the professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him if he could read a verse; and he has, in his beautiful small hand, written what follows: "He (John Brown, of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which classical learning could confer on him, the capacity of reading in the original tongue the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St. Andrew's, a distance of twenty-four miles. He reached his destination in the morning, and went to the bookseller's shop, asking for a copy of the Greek New Testament. The master of the shop, surprised at such a request from a shepherd boy, was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the bookseller to bring the volume. He did so, and drawing it down, said: 'Boy, read this and you shall have it for nothing.' The boy did so, acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his Testament, and when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock on the braes of Abernethy."

I doubt not my father regarded this little worn old book, the sword of the Spirit which his ancestor so nobly won, and wore, and warred with, with not less honest veneration and pride than does his dear friend James Douglass, of Cavers, the Percy pennon, borne away at Otterbourne. When I read his own simple story of his life—his loss of father and mother before he was eleven, his discovering (as true a *discovers*; as Dr. Young's of the characters of the rosetta stone, or Rawlinson's of the cuneiform letters) the Greek characters, his defence of himself against the astonishing and base charge of getting his learning from the devil (that shrewd personage would not have employed him on the Greek Testament), his eager indomitable study, his running miles to and back again to hear a sermon, after folding his sheep at noon, his keeping his family creditably on never more than £50, and for long on £40 a year, giving largely in charity, and never wanting, as he said, "lying money"—when I think of all this, I feel what a strong, independent, manly nature he must have had.

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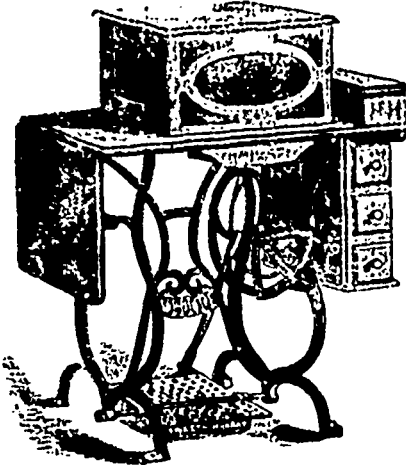
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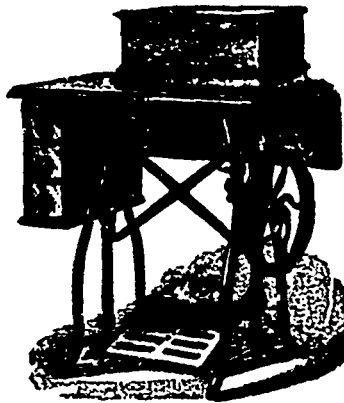
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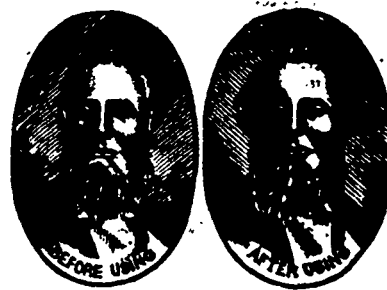
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