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The Canadian Independent.

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

Vol. 27.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, June 24, 1880.

New Series. No. 26.

Topics of the Week.

A PARIS despatch says the Minister of the Interior has told the Prefects to make a clear distinction between the Jesuit and other unauthorized orders. The Jesuits are not to be invited like others to have themselves authorized, but are ordered to dissolve, and by the 30th of June the company of Jesuits must disappear and evacuate their establishment. The other unauthorized orders will receive, before the 30th inst., official summons to declare whether they intend submitting to the decrees.

It would seem as if a wave of suicidal mania were passing over this and other countries at present. There is scarcely a day without its record of attempts of the kind, successful or unsuccessful. And what is strange, the majority of these occurrences seem to take place in the country, where it is generally supposed people are peculiarly healthy, happy, and prosperous. How is this? Has the new philosophy and the decay of vital goodness anything to do with it? Or are all who make such attempts to be regarded as really insane and consequently irresponsible? It shews something at any rate far wrong some way.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Western Christian Advocate," writing from Edwards Co., Ill., tells what it has done in that county. The correspondent writes as follows: "There has been no place for eighteen years where a man could buy intoxicating liquors as a beverage. On a recent visit to Albion, a seat of justice, I learned some facts in reference to the subject that are worth knowing, which would settle some questions satisfactorily to everybody, unless it would be to whiskey sellers and political demagogues. Here are the facts. The terms of court in that county are from two to three days in length. The imprisonments in the county gaol are from one to two persons in a period of five or six years. Only one person has gone to the State prison from that county, and he went outside of the county and got drunk, went home and killed his wife. But little litigation is had before justices of the peace. The people are not in debt. In May, 1879, there were but two mortgages on record in the county. The poor expenses of the county are but \$500 a year, while in a neighbouring county, only half as large, where they sell liquors, it is \$6,000 a year. The taxes assessed and paid are 33 per cent. less than in any county in Illinois. A large per cent. of the citizens are German and English. A very large per cent. of the people are religious. I visited that county last May and saw great evidence of thrift. I found Albion a quiet town, no billiard saloons, no horseshoe pitching, no store-box whittling. When men come to town they come because they have business. I was impressed with the thought that these were good places to live in."

DURING the past two or three years the Swedish missionaries in Abyssinia have encountered many obstacles and much persecution. Many of them have fallen by disease and violence, and the others have been driven from one place to another, and their labours hindered in every possible way. The latest news from the unfortunate mission states that last year Mr. Soensson and Mr. Carlsson and their colleagues had an interview with King John, who received them courteously and provided them with quarters and food. The missionaries presented him—when at last they had permission to state their request—with a watch and an umbrella, with which he was much pleased. But, in response to their request to be allowed to preach the Gospel, he gave an unfavourable answer.

He said he could not allow them to teach in the country, because he did not want two sorts of Gospels. Abyssinia had been Christian 250 years. The Falashes he had assigned to Mr. Flad's disciples; the Comanties and Wantes he was teaching himself. In conclusion, he told the missionaries to return to their own country and teach the Falashes and heathen there. He ordered them away at once and forbade them to stop anywhere along the road more than one night. The missionaries had a long and wearisome journey, and were badly treated by the people, because of the king's contemptuous dismissal of them. They returned to Massowa, the rest of the missionary force residing at Mensa. At last accounts, those at Mensa were fearing an assault by the rebel Waldo Mikael's forces, and those at Massowa a raid by the Mohammedan governor of Hamazan.

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD, the Republican nominee for President, is a striking illustration of the possibilities of American citizenship. Born of poor parents, on the 19th of November, 1831, in the township of Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, with none of the connections, social or pecuniary, with which to facilitate him in life, his early career was characterized by many hardships and heart-burnings. But he was industrious, ambitious, and studious; and, in order to acquire the means of getting an education, worked successively at the carpenter's bench, on the farm, and finally, on the Ohio Canal, the means thus acquired enabling him to attend an academy, preparatory to entering the junior class in Williams College, which he did in his twenty-third year. He graduated from that institution in 1856, and subsequently connected himself with Hiram College, in Portage County, Ohio, as instructor of the ancient languages, and afterwards became its president. While still acting as president of the College, he was elected, in 1860, to the State Senate. At the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he became colonel of the Forty-second Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, an infantry regiment, many of the soldiers in which had been his former students. For his conspicuous military service at the Battle of Chickamauga he was promoted to a major-generalship, and while still in the field, his constituents, without consulting him, placed him in nomination to succeed Joshua R. Giddings in the National House of Representatives. He was duly elected, and took his seat in 1863, where he has remained ever since. He was elected to the United States Senate by the last legislature of Ohio, to succeed the Hon. A. G. Thurman, Democrat, whose term of office expires on the 4th of March, 1881.

VERY serious charges, we are sorry to say, have been made against the missionaries of the Church of Scotland at Blantyre Station near Lake Nyassa, Central Africa. These charges, of which painful particulars are given, have been printed in pamphlet form in London, by a Mr. Chirnside, and have been reproduced in the British press. It is alleged that the missionaries have taken it upon themselves to try and sentence two natives for the murder of a native woman, and that a habit of "horrible flogging and inhuman imprisonment" has been in force at the station. The chairman of the Committee on Foreign Missions has made a statement to the Assembly, giving such facts as are in possession of the Committee. He admitted that the murderers had been tried, Dr. Machlin presided over a jury of head men of the villages, who pronounced a verdict of guilty. The natives demanded the death penalty on the offenders; but the missionaries hesitated to pronounce it until one of the murderers escaped, when the other was shot. The Committee, on receiving an account of these facts expressed the "deepest distress" at hearing that the missionaries

had thought it necessary to take into their own hands the power of life and death, disavowed all responsibility for the matter, and forbade the repetition of such an act. In regard to the charges of flogging and inhuman imprisonment the chairman said: "These charges must be thoroughly sifted. Meanwhile, they were incredible. It is true there have been cases of corporal punishment. The first was in 1877, when Mr. James Stewart was in charge. The Committee believe the instances to have been rare." The Assembly, seeing the gravity of the case, directed that a special commissioner be sent out to make an investigation. The good name of missions is involved in these charges, and if they are established, the missionaries at Blantyre should be immediately removed and their act condemned by all friends of missions and of Africa.

THE eighty-first anniversary of the Religious Tract Society finds that noble organization increasingly prosperous and useful. We learn from the report that during the year the total circulation from the home depot reached 65,616,690, of which 27,216,190 were tracts, being an increase upon the previous year of 5,274,940. The issues from foreign depots were estimated at 12,000,000, making a total circulation of 77,616,690, and of 1,930,958,440 since the formation of the Society. These are wonderful figures. One tract has often accomplished incalculable good. What measureless benefits must have flowed from this vast array! The total amount received from sales, missionary receipts, and all other sources was over \$750,000, and the total expenditure somewhat less, leaving a balance in favour of the Society of about \$13,000. It is worthy of remark that the total amount received from subscriptions and other contributions, amounting to nearly \$125,000, was available for the missionary objects of the society, without any deductions. The missionary expenditure exceeded \$200,000, and consisted of foreign money grants, foreign grants of paper, electrotypes and publications, grants to emigrants, to domestic applicants for tracts, circulating libraries, school libraries, seamen's libraries, prison, police, lighthouse, coastguard, and workhouse libraries, and grants to colporteurs. There is not a single department of Home Missionary work which has not thus received invaluable assistance. The Tract Society has one peculiar and valuable feature. It has two departments, one publishing, conducted on strictest business principles; the other missionary, which is, as in other societies, benevolent. The affairs of the Society are so well conducted that last year the publishing department, after paying the entire management of the Society, yielded \$75,000, which were devoted to its benevolent missionary operations. Besides its work in England and English-speaking lands, the Tract Society is carrying on extensive operations in foreign countries. In France it has published a new series of tracts in connection with Mr. McAll's mission. In Spain it has started a new periodical for the educated classes. In Italy it has published important theological works and distributed large numbers of tracts among the soldiers. It has assisted an Evangelical periodical in Servia, published a work on Christian Evidences and numerous tracts in Bulgaria. In Syria a new illustrated periodical in Arabic has been started. In China, Japan, and India it is doing immense service in forming a pure and Christian vernacular literature. These are but samples of its good works. The press is being nobly utilized. Through its instrumentality Christians are only beginning to awake to a sense of their opportunity and their responsibility in this respect; but there is already grand promise of a future brighter and more powerful for good than any age the world has seen.

PAUL AND NERO.

Paul before Nero! if indeed it was so, what a contrast does the juxtaposition of two such characters suggest the one the vilest and most wicked, the other the best and noblest of mankind! Here indeed, we see two races, two civilizations, two religions, two histories, two *erms* brought face to face. Nero summed up in his own person the might of legions apparently invincible. Paul personified the more irresistible weakness which shook the world. The one shewed the very crown and flower of luxurious vice and guilty splendour; the other the earthly misery of the happiest saints of God. In the one we see the incarnate Nemesis of past degradation; in the other the glorious prophecy of Christian sainthood. The one was the deified autocrat of paganism; the other the abject ambassador of Christ. The emperor's diadem was now confronted for the first time by the cross of the victim before which, ere three centuries were over, it was destined to succumb. Nero, not yet thirty years of age, was stained through and through with every possible crime, and steeped to the very lips in every nameless degradation. Of all the black and damning iniquities against which, as St. Paul had often to remind his heathen converts, the wrath of God forever burns, there was scarcely one of which Nero had not been guilty. A wholesale robber, a pitiless despot, an intriguer, a poisoner, a murderer, a matricide, a liar, a coward, a drunkard, a glutton, incestuous, unutterably depraved, his evil and debased nature—of which even Pagans had spoken as "a mixture of blood and mud" had sought abnormal outlets to weary, if it could not sate its insatiable proclivity to crime. He was that last, worst specimen of human wickedness—a man who, not content with every existing form of vice and sin in which the taint of human nature had found a vent, had become "an inventor of evil things." He had usurped a throne; he had poisoned, under guise of affection, the noble boy who was its legitimate heir; he had married the sister of that boy, only to break her heart by his brutality, and finally to order her assassination; he had first planned the murder, then ordered the execution of his own mother, who, however deep her guilt, had yet committed her many crimes for love of him; he had treacherously sacrificed the one great general whose victories gave any lustre to his reign; among other murders, too numerous to count, he had ordered the deaths of the brave soldier and the brilliant philosopher who had striven to guide his wayward and intolerable heart; he had disgraced imperial authority with every form of sickening and monstrous folly; he had dragged the charm of youth and the natural dignity of manhood through the very lowest mire; he had killed by a kick the worthless but beautiful woman whom he had torn from her own husband to be his second wife; he had reduced his own capital to ashes, and buffooned and fiddled and sung with his cracked voice in public theatres, regardless of the misery and starvation of thousands of its ruined citizens; he had charged his incendiaryism upon the innocent Christians, and tortured them to death by hundreds in hideous martyrdoms; he had done his best to render infamous his rank, his country, his ancestors, the name of Roman—nay, even the very name of man.

And Paul had spent his whole life in the pursuit of truth and the practice of holiness. Even from boyhood a grave and earnest student of the Law of God, he surpassed in learning and faithfulness all the other "pupils of the wise" in the school of the greatest Doctor of the Law; and of the impetuous ardour of his nature, and that commonest infirmity of even noble minds—the pride of erroneous conviction which will not suffer itself to be convinced of error—had for a time plunged him into a course of violent intolerance, of which he afterwards repented with all the intensity of his nature, yet even this sin had been due to the blind fury of misdirected zeal in a cause which he took or for a time thought that he took—to be the cause of God. Who shall throw the first stone at him? Not even these learned and holy men whose daily lives shew how hard it is to abdicate the throne of infallible ignorance, and after lives of stereotyped errors to go back as humble learners to the school of

truth. But, if for a moment he erred, how grandly, by what a life of heroic self-sacrifice had he atoned for his fault? Did ever man toil like this man? Did ever man rise to a nobler superiority over the vulgar objects of human desire? Did ever man more fully and un murmuringly resign his whole life to God? Has it ever been granted to any other man, in spite of all trials, obstructions, persecutions, to force his way in the ver, "ceeth of "clenched antagonisms" to so full an achievement of the divine purpose which God had entrusted to his care? Shrinking from hatred with the sensitive warmth of a nature that ever craved for human love, he had yet braved hatreds of the most intense description—the hatred not only of enemies, but of friends, not only of individuals, but of entire factions, not only of aliens, but of his own countrymen, not only of Jews, but of those who professed the same faith with himself. Shrinking from pain with nervous sensibility, he yet endured for twenty years together every form of agony with a body weakened by incessant hardship. The many perils and miseries which we have recounted are but a fragment of what he had suffered. And what had he done? He had secured the triumph, he had established the universality, he had created the language, he had coordinated the doctrines, he had overthrown the obstacles of the Faith which is the one source of the hope, the love, the moral elevation of the world.

And now these two men were brought face to face—imperial power and abject weakness;—youth cankered with guilt, and old age crowned with holiness; he whose life had consummated the degradation, and he whose life had achieved the enfranchisement of mankind. They stood face to face the representatives of the two races—the Semitic in its richest glory, the Aryan in its extremest degradation. The representatives of two trainings—the life of utter self-sacrifice, and the life of unfathomable self-indulgence; the representatives of two religions—Christianity in its dawning brightness, Paganism in its effete despair; the representatives of two theories of life—the simplicity of self-denying endurance, ready to give up life itself for the good of others, the luxury of shameless Hedonism which valued no consideration, human or divine, in comparison with a new sensation; the representatives of two spiritual powers—the slave of Christ and the incarnation of Antichrist. And their respective positions shewed how much, at this time, the course of this world was under the control of the Prince of the Power of the Air—for incest and matricide were clothed in purple, and seated on the curule chair, amid the ensigns of splendour without limit and without control; and he whose life had exhibited all that was great and noble in the heart of man stood in peril of execution, despised, hated, fettered and in rags—*Farrar's St. Paul.*

DRIFTING.

Some years ago there was graduated from an eastern college a young man of wonderful promise, whom we will call Mr. X. His mind was scholarly, his talents varied, his intellect profound, sagacious, penetrating. Socially he occupied a most desirable position. Early drawn to the ministry, his progress in theological knowledge was rapid. While young in years he was a successful preacher in a large and important city. At this time his religious opinions began to converge strongly towards those entertained by the Broad Church school. Indeed, his mind being characteristically speculative in its tendencies, it is not strange that the ground held by this party should prove attractive. Had he chosen to remain here he would have found saintly lives and godly fellowship. But soon restlessness thought carried him further on until his late associates were left in the background. He could not now conscientiously continue in the Church. He therefore withdrew from its ministry. All the authority of traditional homage to Christ's heritage was thus removed, and buried in thought, pantheistic, materialistic and scientific, the subject of our sketch drifted out upon the sea of unbelief.

Abundant wealth was at his disposal. Art, literature, history, philosophy, all departments of knowledge, were eagerly absorbed. Choice paintings adorned the

walls of his home. The best and latest books were on his study-table. God had generously bestowed all that could make life sweet. But as the months rolled on, faith in God became more and more obscure, until at length the childish fables of Providence and Immortality were dismissed as delusions of the human mind. What was left? An acceptance of that form of materialism which Lewes and Frederic Harrison have expounded to the world. Herein this man rests to-day. Strange to say, he is not unhappy in this belief. His nature is as royal as ever. Generous, sympathetic, charitable, he has many friends. Pure as virgin snow, sincere as sinnerity itself, and stainless in all the relations of life, no man breathes suspicion on his name. A master of logic, evangelical neighbours cross lances with him in vain. An unflinching memory commands the arguments and facts of infidel science with unerring skill. His influence is subtle, direct and powerful.

Sad is the picture I have drawn. Will it serve as a warning? The writer is acquainted with many who stand where this one stood when he began his career as a thinker. Without fully sharing in some opinions which the Orthodox Church jealously sustains, they are yet believers in the grand truths of revelation. What is needed to keep them where these truths will continue to be the profound convictions of the heart? The answer is plain: A habit of conservative thought, coupled with absolute avoidance of the snare which has detained so many intelligent minds, viz., a disposition to demand mathematical proof of spiritual facts. A leader in thought once advised the writer "to cultivate a wise radicalism in all things." In the present state of theological belief the advice does not apply, for in the tug of war between faith and no-faith men gravitate toward the latter side with ease and readiness. Brethren, who are on the verge of that gulf of spiritual negations whose fogs have rolled across the Atlantic from German universities, make no unwise haste toward so-called liberal standards. To be in harmony with the age is not to be *out of* harmony with God and revelation. Feverish desire to keep in the van of advanced religious thought leads men to ignore the evidence for the faith once delivered to the saints. More than this, it often leads men to downright infidelity, when speculation usurps the place of knowledge promised in 1 Cor. ii. 9. When we aspire to the attainment of truth alone, we are on safe ground, if devoutness accompany the searching. Carlyle says: "Thought without reverence is barren." Will those who are beginning to tread the path that leads a little beyond the received evangelical view profit by the lesson of this sketch, and save themselves from drifting, by anchoring to the rock of faith, on which are ever-burning lighthouses of intuition and spiritual consciousness?—*Root.*

"SAY IT AGAIN."

A lady called upon a young man wasting away in consumption. The shadows of death were already darkening his face. He was not a Christian. Like a poor wanderer, he was about journeying into eternity with no House of Refuge for his soul.

The lady sat kindly down by his side and talked of heaven, the bright, beautiful home beyond. He felt that he was not fit for that home. Then she comforted him with the assurance that though our sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.

"Say it again," he said. It was the cry of a soul in its fever-thirst that eagerly clutches at the cool and cold water offered him. The lady repeated Calvary's sweet, sweet invitation and assurance. That night, while the death shadow was creeping nearer and nearer, covering him at last, he repeatedly referred to the subject, saying, "The lady told me so," dying in peace and hope.

I have thought of these words, "Say it again!" They come to me and stay with me, echoing repeatedly in my ears as a ringing motto of duty, as a stirring battle cry, with which God's hosts may fittingly go into the fight against sin.

"Say it again" in the pulpit. It is an old truth with a constantly new power. No doctrine so wins men as that of Calvary. No Gospel so comforts and

cheers as this Gospel of the Cross. It is the string of a harp that rests the weary with its gentle music, and yet a bugle, whose clear, ringing blast stirs the flagging columns again to battle. Let it come out clear, distinct, strong, this blessed truth that Jesus Christ died as the Saviour of sinners.

"Say it again" in the Sabbath school. There is nothing that comes so close to children's hearts as the crimson cross. "The man on the cross," as a little one said to me when looking at a picture of the crucifixion. How he wins the children. How their young hearts go out like tender vines feeling for the support of a trellis.

"Say it again" in your work, on the street, in the shop, from house to house. Tell it to that man at the saloon door, trying to break his chains. Whene'er to the youth wavering before temptation, and stay him up with the cross behind his back. Let it fall on the despairing ears of the aged.

"Say it again"—in that room of sickness, by that bedside of death. "We have the blood of Christ," said the dying Schleiermacher, and into the gloom of eternity he went, as into a night radiant with stars. Said an estimable officer of my church during his last sickness: "My sufferings are now so great I can think of little else. I can only lie and trust. I have been a poor, sinful, unworthy servant of God, and have nothing to look to but the blood of Christ." A friend repeated these words, "His blood can wash us white as snow." He said, "Yes, if it were not for that what could I do now? 'Tis wonderful, wonderful grace that saves a sinner like me."

ON THE SPOT.

On a bitter winter night, many years ago, two persons stood talking together at the corner of a street in New York. One of them (who had been bred as a mechanic) was a warm-hearted Sunday school teacher. He so loved to do good that he never lost an opportunity to say a judicious and faithful word for his Master.

The other person was a young fellow from the country, who had come into New York to earn his living, but was in great danger of falling into the traps of the drinking saloons and the dance halls.

The older man stood and pleaded with the younger one to decide there on the spot to begin a life of service to God. The wind howled through the street and blew the snow in their faces, but the good man held on, and kept saying, "Now is the time, and God is, through my words, calling you to decide."

An hour passed. The storm howled on; but the teacher was so much in earnest that he did not mind the cold. At length the youth said, "Mr. P—, I will decide for God to-night. I will give myself to Christ and to His service."

Nobly did he keep his promise. He not only became a devotedly religious man, but he determined to enter college and prepare to preach to others the glad message he himself had accepted. By-and-by he came back to New York, and was so useful a preacher that nearly two thousand persons were won to his Master by his persuasions. He is an old man now; but when I saw him a few weeks ago he was as happy as a lark. All his long, useful and honoured life has turned on that winter night talk at the street corner, when he decided, on the spot, to heed God's message.

It does not take much time to make a right start when you are in earnest. What that young man did was to give himself to the divine Master. His reason was convinced that he would be a better man, and a nobler man, if he did what it is the duty of every person to do, and this is to acknowledge God's claims for love and obedience, and accept them as a rule of life. It then took him no more time to say yes than it would have taken him to say no. When anything to be done is right, the quicker you do it the better.

One of the greatest generals in the world was asked how he had gained so many victories. His answer was, "By never putting anything off." Young friends, you will conquer evil and win heaven at last, if you will resolve always to obey God, and to do right on the spot.—*Youth's Companion.*

SELF-HELP.

Fight your own battles, hoe your own row, ask no favours of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps, but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another. Men who have their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstruck their hands and touched the public ear. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmamma to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will" and some day you will conquer. Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

JEST AND EARNEST.

During the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great accompanied his soldiers on a mountain march. Count Schmettau was his lieutenant, and a very religious man. The king, impatient over the tedious route of the artillery on foot, up the narrow mountain pass, indulged in jesting to drive away ennui. He liked a little to tease Schmettau. He knew of a confessor in Berlin whom the Count would visit, and allowed a stream of jokes and derision to flow freely.

"Your majesty is more witty and much more learned than I," answered Schmettau, at last finding utterance. "More than this, you are my king! The spiritual contest is in every respect unequal; nevertheless you cannot take from me my faith, and as it now goes you will certainly injure me immeasurably, and at the same time make yourself insignificant."

The king remained standing in front of Schmettau; a flash of indignation came from his majesty's eye. "What does that mean, monsieur? I injure you by taking your faith! What does that mean?"

With immovable tranquility, answered the general: "Your majesty believes that in me you have a good officer, and I hope you are not mistaken. But could you take from me my faith, you would have in me a pitiful thing—a reed in the wind; not of the least account in council or in war."

The king was silent for a time, and, after reflection, called out in a friendly manner: "Schmettau, what is your belief?"

"I believe," said Schmettau, "in a Divine Providence; that the hairs of my head are all numbered; in a salvation from all my sins, and everlasting life after death."

"This you truly believe," said the king; "this you believe is right with full assurance?"

"Yes, truly, your majesty."

The king moved, seized his hand, pressed it strongly, and said: "You are a happy man."

And never from that hour has he derided Schmettau's religious opinions.—*From the German.*

HOW TO TREAT BROTHERS.

Girls, be kind to your brothers. Don't be afraid you will spoil them by shewing them plenty of sisterly attention. They are tiresome chaps sometimes, consequential and overbearing, treating their sisters like inferior beings. But never mind that, girls; carry with you the two bears—bear and forbear. The consequential age generally passes off with the growth of the incipient moustache, and when real manhood dawns upon them, they will realize how gentle and kind their sisters have been. Make home pleasant to them: let them see and feel you enjoy their company sometimes equally as well as that of some other girl's brother. If you sing or play the piano, do your best for brother Will or Bob, or whatever his name may be, and reward him with a smile when he turns over your

music or gives up his seat to you, just as you would any other gentleman. Lay aside your work or book to have a pleasant chat or innocent game with your brother; draw out of him with whom and where he spends his evenings outside of the family circle. Encourage him to speak of his associates. A sister has often more influence with a brother than a parent. If he can confide in his sister regarding his friends and amusements, you need have no fear of how he spends his time away from you. Let him see you take an interest in his studies or his business. When he asks you to sew on a button or mend his glove, don't put on an aggrieved air; do it cheerfully, willingly. He will reward you in his secret heart with wealth of brotherly love, though he may not treat his friends with politeness, even if they are not your style. Throw all the safeguards you possibly can around your young brothers, by sisterly kindness and forbearance. Try to make home the happiest and dearest place on earth.

WHEN Latimer was on trial for heresy, he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was taken down, and he says that he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record-book in which our every syllable is taken down.

WHILE a good many are crying out against the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon to the position of Governor-General of India, a notice of motion has been made in the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Edinburgh to the effect that "the Presbytery welcomes such appointments as a testimony to the principle of religion not being a test of eligibility to civil position," and "as fitted to maintain the peace and consolidation of the Empire, inasmuch as they assure our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects that, however strongly the governing class in the nation may be opposed to their religion, official position in national affairs is yet to be free to them equally with Protestants."

Is the offering of a handbill to a passer on the street a criminal offence? It would seem to be so in Ireland at any rate, for we are told that a tract distributor, named King, was tried recently in Dublin, Ireland, and fined \$5, with the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment, for handing a priest a handbill inviting to a meeting for "friendly discussion." An appeal was taken to the Court of Queen's Bench; but the Court refused to quash the conviction. It was not proved that the man had used offensive language or obstructed the priest; but the judge held that the offering of a handbill of the kind was an insult to the priest, and might have led to a breach of the peace.

WHAT THOMAS CARLYLE THINKS OF DARWINISM.

Carlyle is now very feeble through age, but his memory is still marvellous, and the flow of his talk—doubtless the most eloquent of the age—is unabated. Take this as a sample:

"I have known three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father and son; atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraved with this legend: 'Omnia ex conchis'; everything from a clam-shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him that I had read his 'Origin of Species,' and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far toward persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys.

"A good sort of man was this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in parlour fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and now I stand upon the brink of eternity—the more come back to me the sentences in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper the meaning becomes. 'What is the chief end of man?' 'To glorify God and enjoy Him forever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."—*Exchange.*

THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

All communications for the Editorial News, 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, JUNE 24th, 1880

DURING the absence of the editor in England at the Raikes Centenary, the INDEPENDENT will be in charge of the Rev. J. B. Silcox, who has kindly condescensions for the editor can continue to be addressed as indicated above.

CENTENARY SUNDAY.

A COUPLE of weeks ago we gave a brief sketch of the beginning of the Sunday school work, by Robert Raikes, and now we would ask our readers, especially those who are fellow-labourers in the cause, to join in the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of this important event. We trust that every Sunday school in connection with our body will be put in harmony with the great heart of the Christian world by having special services next Sunday which should be known as "Centenary Sunday." The nature of these services must, of course, depend upon the convenience of the respective schools, and the possibility of the pastor assisting, for we know that in some of our mission churches the pastor is necessarily absent preaching at other stations, but with or without his presence, observe the day. Why? and how? will be best answered by a few extracts from a circular issued by the Sunday School Union of England and Wales. The secretaries say:

The question has been asked, "Why should we celebrate the Centenary of Sunday schools?"

Many answers might be given, let the following suffice:

1. Because such an event as the opening of the first school by Robert Raikes, on Sunday, the 3rd of July, 1780, commencing, as it did, a movement which rapidly spread through the country, until its workers are counted by hundreds of thousands, and its scholars by millions, and which it is universally admitted has conferred immense benefit on the population, was an event of national importance, and deserves to be held in grateful remembrance.

2. Because such a celebration, by drawing universal attention to the Sunday school enterprise, is likely to have an influence in raising it to a still higher level, and introducing it to a career of still greater usefulness.

3. Because it is hoped that teachers will themselves make the engagements of the Centenary a starting point for more hearty consecration to their work, more intelligent study of their Bibles, and more ardent effort and prayer for the salvation of their scholars.

4. Because it will afford an opportunity for increasing the interest of the scholars in their schools, and for enlisting their sympathies on behalf of those children who are as yet unprovided with the means of religious instruction.

If the inquiry is made, what can I do to aid the Centenary Celebration? We reply—

1. Be sure to attend the prayer meeting at your own school on the morning of June 27th.

2. Make an effort to be present at as many of the meetings in your own district as possible.

3. Endeavour to interest your scholars in the objects of the Centenary Fund, especially as to the erection of class rooms, and the efforts made to establish schools on the Continent of Europe, so as to secure a good collection from your school.

4. Obtain a collecting card from your superintendent or secretary, and endeavour to collect, say, one pound, towards the Centenary Fund.

5. Let the Watchword of Raikes be your motto throughout the Centenary year, and during the re-

mainder of your Sunday school engagements: "Try."

We have left in Nos. 3 and 4 of the above, for although they may be supposed to refer to England alone yet we think that it would be a grand thing for the scholars in our Canadian schools to give a something, be it only a little, to the grand work of establishing schools on the continent of Europe.

Let there be a hearty recognition of the great blessing of the establishment of schools—thankfulness for the past begets hope for the future, and our zeal will be fired with our gratitude. Send on word from every school, what you did on "Centenary Sunday," we shall rejoice to receive and record it.

THE GOOD CONFESSION.

TAKING up a Disciple paper recently, we were struck by a short announcement which ran thus: "One made the good confession Sunday night." Reading on, we found that *the good confession* consisted of being baptized by immersion in presence of a gaping crowd of people. We have more than once seen the same term used in the news columns of the "Canadian Baptist," and have found that the reference was also to immersion baptism. It would appear then from the frequent use of this term that the Disciples and Baptists are one in considering that when a man submits himself to a plunge in the baptismal grave, he has made the good confession. As these friends are such sticklers for scripturalness of modes and expressions, they must submit to these tests.

When we went to school, we were taught that the use of the definite article was to emphasize the substantive with which it was connected. It specialized and made prominent the noun in its company. If Baptist grammars are at all like others, then it follows that when they call immersion "*the good confession*," they mean to emphasize it as specially good in comparison with all other good confessions. And that is precisely what they do mean. They represent by their sermons, and by their books, and by the "Canadian Baptist" and other journals, that the good confession is confessing one's faith in Baptist immersion, in pre-eminence over a confession of personal faith in a personal Redeemer. This latter is a good confession, no doubt; but *the good confession* is an avowal of faith in the propriety of immersion. Any one who seats himself under Baptist influence, more especially under close communion Baptist influence, cannot fail to see that there is much more unction and earnestness in talking up baptism than in presenting Christ.

Well, we prefer to make that "*the good confession*" which Jesus Christ represented it to be. In His thought, it was not confession of faith in a rite, but confession of faith in a person, that was good. "Whoever therefore shall confess *Me* before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven." The Divine Christ demands that men shall own Him as a personal Saviour and Teacher and Friend. This is *the good confession*. But he never emphasizes the way in which men are to make the acknowledgment of faith in Him, except in this that it is to be public, outspoken, without a show of shame. He never sanctions by a single hint men's confession of themselves and the quality of their faith either in Christ or in a Christian ceremony. What He does sanction is a personal acknowledgment of faith in a personal Divine Christ. And that, if we understand the letter or genius of His words, is what alone we dare ever call "*the good confession*."

We would not have referred to this were it not that our Baptist friends are such unctuous proselytizers. By their quotation of Scripture phrases specially arranged for the end they seek, they unsettle the minds of many Christians, and persist until they get them under the yielding wave. Such persons should be known and made known, and their methods should be plainly exhibited to those who think Christ to be the safest guide. There is no ground for thinking that Christ sanctioned Ritualism, even though it dubbed itself by the respectable title Christian. A faith in the living, sovereign Christ is preferable to a faith in a rite, even though that rite be the over-rated Baptist immersion.

BETTING.

A STRONG protest against the "time honoured" practice of adjourning the House of Commons for the Derby is uttered by the "Fountain." The editor contends, and we think wisely, that this national recognition of horseracing is an outrage upon Christian propriety:

"To say that it is a national holiday is simply false. How can that be a national event which is attended by but 100,000 persons, or less than one in ten of the adult population of London alone? Moreover, looking at the question more generally, every sensible man knows that the people who are interested in horseracing are a minority, and that they belong mainly to the most disreputable classes of society. Why, then, is this called a "national" pastime? Is it because a few titled idlers, who have more money than wit, are engaged in it? And as to the talk of sporting lords and squires about a "many and noble sport," it is sheer nonsense. One can understand something of the sport of the hunter, but what sport is there in watching a five minutes' struggle of horses and jockeys? Besides, who goes to see the sport? The very life and soul of the thing consists in betting. Take that away and there would be a total collapse. The Turf is an essentially immoral institution, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson used words not one whit too strong when he declared that "the whole system was an organized system of rascality and roguery." By means of betting thousands of lazy villains are enabled to prey upon society, and to exert an influence which is evil and corrupting. This is not exactly the kind of system that ought to be supported by the legislature of a Christian country."

We trust this protest will be repeated by the Christian people of England, and that the British Legislature will cease to countenance this most unchristian amusement. Thomas Hughes, M.P., has more than once lifted up his voice in Parliament against this sin. He says, "Of all the cankers of our old civilization, there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality, to this belauded institution, the 'British Turf.'" These warnings against betting need to be repeated on this side of the Atlantic. There is a canker amongst us. There are not a few "lazy villains" in Canada who get their bread and breadcloth by betting. The men at the head of pedestrian tournaments, boat races, as well as horse-races, belong to this fraternity. Every such saturnalia is a rich harvest to the professional gambler. The philosophy of betting is that you may get something for nothing, that you may win money without working for it. It is attempting to get money in some other way than by honest industry and enterprise. This is wrong. We have no hesitation in classing the man who seeks to get wealth in this way on a level with the professional tramp. The gambler or betting man is first-cousin to the pick-pocket and brother of the sneak-thief. The young men of Canada are being led into this temptation, and a terrible temptation it is. Horace Greeley said, "The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how he can get money without honestly earning it." It is the duty of all good, honest men to set their faces like a flint against this iniquitous practice of betting. The regatta season has begun. Now is the time to utter the warning. Let the pulpits not be silent, and let Sunday school teachers cease not to warn the young of this evil.

We have received a very strong "protest" against the unsober heading of our Union number. If the parties aggrieved will send their papers to the office we will run our pen through the offending line, and return them their paper free of charge. This is the best we can do.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

The following paragraphs from the "Spectator" give the Rev. A. J. Bray's criticisms on the Union meetings just held in Montreal. I insert them here, for I think they are worthy of consideration. In more than one case he hits the nail squarely on the head, though in some cases he is far astray, as, for instance, on the "ring" question. The best answer to paragraph number two is the list of the various committees of the Union. However, I am grateful to Mr. Bray for his criticisms, and am sure the readers of the "Canadian Independent" will thank me for inserting them.

J. B. S.

MONTREAL has been blessed with the presence of

many ministers and representative church members during the past week, and the Conference meetings appear to have gone off in a most satisfactory manner. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists have discussed the different phases of their life and work, and have found sufficient reason to be well content with themselves. But a few things may be noticed as noticeable.

EACH assembly was evidently under the rule of a very limited number of men. The same names occurred again and again. Dr. So-and-so, M.A., etc., was constantly on his feet, while the majority sat and listened and voted as they were directed. The Congregational ministers and delegates appeared to be at the mercy of a "ring." Everything was brought forward cut and dried, and nobody seemed to have the courage to offer a criticism or opposition. Whatever a committee proposed or recommended was instantly accepted, and red-tapism had it all its own way.

I WAS glad to hear the discussion in the Congregational Union of the matter of ministerial education, but sorry to find it all ending in nothing practical or useful. The Rev. Hugh Pedley, of Cobourg, strongly insisted upon the urgent need for a closer study of New Testament exegesis on the part of students. And I think he was right. Ministers are expected to have an understanding of the Bible, but during their college course it is the one book they study least. They give more time to Homer than to St. John, more attention to Caesar and Cicero than to St. Paul. They are not going forth into the world to preach Homer, and the smattering of Greek and Latin they get is of little or no use to them when they leave college—for if they know classics enough to use Elliott and Alford, that is all the majority of ministers require.

ONE gentleman, a layman, and otherwise supposed to be a practical business man, for he holds a responsible position, coolly suggested that the time had come, or at all events, was nigh at hand, when the Congregationalists should only accept as students for the ministry those young men who have gone through a course of training at the university. It does not seem to have occurred to him, that young men who can command such advantages will probably look for some kind of return in the way of social position. What can Congregationalism offer an educated young man in Canada? A start in a small town or village, with a salary of about six or eight hundred dollars per year, and not much chance of winning "promotion by merit."

THE ministry has become a profession; the missionary idea has died out, and the minister has to make his salary just like any other professional man. He must have ability of some sort or he will not succeed; it may be ability to cringe; to hide his own convictions; to pursue a policy of pleasing everybody; to put his manhood down to serve as a hassock in some rich man's pew; or, to bravely assert his right to be true and save his soul from the unpardonable sin of meanness—but ability he must have, for he cannot rely now upon the power of the simple truth he preaches, and the commanding dignity of his office. St. Paul would hardly be considered a great preacher in these days, and St. John's sermons on "love" would have no influence whatever on the individual members of a "Union." A full exchequer is the basis of our unity, and money is our bond of affection. While that is so our laity may as well understand and recognize the fact that the first thing they require in the minister is the knack of making money.

IT seems to me a mistake to educate the ministry much beyond the general run of people. A minister should be a little abreast of his people, but not very much. Any great difference between him and them must result in misunderstanding and trouble. The Congregationalists should consider where their ministers have to work, and train them accordingly. Let them have the kind of education they need for the work they actually have to do. It rarely happens that

an accomplished scholar can succeed as a pioneer. Our first-class classics are not likely to find much friendship in the farming villages and backwoods, and Canada has villages and backwoods to a very considerable extent. It is a waste of time and money to train men for work they will never have to do.

THE one thing neglected in our colleges is the art of preaching. Students are sedulously taught how to construe Homer and Cicero, and answer Strauss or Bauer, but how to construct a sermon, so as to interest and enlighten an audience they are not half taught. That arises from the fact, that often college professors are pulpit failures. For example, there is . . . and some others I could name.

WHAT the minister really requires is this: first, instruction in the positive truth he has to preach; second, as to the errors he has to meet; third, the humanity he has to influence for good; and fourth, the manner in which his work must be done.

ONE thing, however, was made plain at those meetings: the churches of Canada are making progress in matters of religious thought; the old narrowness is giving way on every side. Principal Grant—a man of large heart, liberal ideas, and a cultured mind, just the very kind of man to be at the head of a University—rejoiced in the fact that this is a sceptical age, because scepticism is a proof of thoughtfulness. Dr. Stevenson, as chairman, in his able address to the Congregational Union, was as broad and liberal as broad and liberal can be, even venturing to assert that the time may be, and probably is, at hand, when the theory of evolution will be found in no wise contradictory of the Gospel of the New Testament.

THE Rev. Hugh Pedley, to whom I have already referred—a young man of whom Canadian Congregationalists and others will have reason yet to be proud, I think—in a very able speech pleaded for free thought. Of course, when he spoke of "unfettered Congregationalism," he had the ideal, and not the actual Canadian Congregationalism before his mind—but none the less was his word in season and greatly needful. Mr. Roy made a speech—in every way good—in precisely the same direction. The truth is, and I may as well confess it, that I find myself being left behind in the march of progress. My friends are going fast—I begin to think a little too fast; still, as Principal Grant said, better scepticism than stagnation.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

REV. T. HALL.

MR. EDITOR,—Yesterday I celebrated my twelfth anniversary in the pastorate of the Congregational church in St. John's. Sermons from 1st Cor. ii. 1-5, and from chap. xv. 58. Special prayer meetings, and a collection for the Congregational College of B.N.A., constituted the pleasant exercises of the day. I think we have no reason to be ashamed of the collection. My people know how to give to the cause of God.

Before this reaches you, I expect the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec will be in session in Montreal. I am disappointed in not being able to be among the brethren this year either. I have very pleasing recollections of my visit two years since in your city of London. But though I cannot be with you in person, I will be in spirit. You and I can pray that our Divine Master and Head of the Church may guide your deliberations and prosper His work in your hands.

You have many difficulties and some discouragement; but we are not sent on the warfare at our own charges. What are our greatest difficulties when we have the Spirit of God working with us? We are all

too much given to looking at the one side of our work, and that the human side. If we would only constantly remember that "the Lord of Hosts is with us," we would work more joyfully, and more successfully too. How dishonouring to God is our distrust, ingratitude, and murmuring.

I will anticipate with much pleasure the "full report of the Union meetings." I expect the fathers and brethren will take a new departure this year. There will be steps taken to revive the home mission work. The pastors' retiring fund will have special attention, perhaps a chapel and parsonage building fund will be started, of course the college will receive its share of thought, and we hope to have a cheering report from the publishing committee. I think THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT should be giving satisfaction both to the subscribers and the publishers. I speak for your constituents here; we are well pleased, and would be very sorry to go back to the monthly.

Now, Mr. Editor, since I cannot visit the Dominion this summer, I think some of the brethren should come over and see Newfoundland. We promise a hearty welcome, splendid scenery by sea and land, cool breezes, and the honour of preaching in the metropolis. Come, brethren, the s.s. "Valletta" leaves Montreal about once a fortnight. Mr. Lord, of Peter street, will give a return ticket for forty dollars. The trip is worth twice the amount.

May 31st, 1880.

[Before this letter reaches our readers, Mr. Hall will be in our midst, he having accepted an invitation to preach in Bond street Church for a few Sabbaths. We would like very much to see Mr. Hall comfortably settled amongst us. We all want him.—ED. C. I.]

To the Editor of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

DEAR SIR,—Will you have the kindness to say in the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT that the pressure of other duties, with the large amount of sickness in my congregation (shared in an unusual degree by myself) during the latter part of winter and spring, has prevented the completion of the memoir of "Father Wheeler," which, however, is well on the way, and will be ready for press just as soon as time is afforded to finish it.

CHARLES DUFF.

Speedside, June 7th, 1880.

News of the Churches.

REV. R. MACKAY will preach in the Western Church, Toronto, on the first Sunday in July.

REV. J. B. SILCOX expects to leave on the 28th inst. for a six weeks' visit to Winnipeg.

LISTOWEL.—Rev. W. F. Clarke has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of this church.

REV. A. F. MCGREGOR, B.A., will supply the churches at Frome and Shedden during the month of July.

REV. THOS. HALL, of St. John's, Newfoundland, is announced to preach in Bond street Church on June 27th, and following Sundays.

THE Band of Hope of the Western Church gave a concert on the evening of the 18th inst. It was a success in every respect. This hopeful band consists of between 250 and 300 members.

PINEGROVE.—The anniversary of the Sunday school in connection with this church was held on the 15th instant. The children and friends, of which there were a goodly number, sat down to tea in the beautiful grove surrounding the parsonage. The ladies had made ample provision. The weather was not too hot, and as everybody had made up their minds to be happy, a very pleasant day was spent. In the evening there was a public gathering in the church, when pleasant and instructive addresses were given by the pastor, Rev. R. Hay, and by Rev. Mr. Rowe, Primitive Methodist minister, of Pinegrove, and Rev. W. H. Warriner, of Yorkville. This church is possessed of a valuable property, and has every occasion to hope for a bright future.—COM.

BOND STREET CHURCH.—A special meeting of the members of Bond street Congregational Church was held on the evening of the 9th inst., for the purpose of deciding the question of the Rev. Mr. Handford's re-

lationship towards his congregation. There was a large attendance. The following letter was read from the Rev. Mr. Handford: "My dear friends, After careful and anxious thought, I have come to the conclusion that my usefulness as pastor of Bond street Church is at an end. I, therefore, beg to be relieved at once from the duties and responsibilities of that office. - In grateful remembrance, yours, T. W. Handford." The deacons stated that although they had advised Mr. Handford that they had considered his recent indiscreet course as fatal to his future as pastor, they did not believe that there had been anything beyond indiscretion in his conduct. Mr. Ireson then moved, seconded by Mr. Passmore, "That Mr. Handford's request be not granted, but that he be dismissed from the pastorate of the church." This was lost by 68 to 16. Mr. Law moved, seconded by Mr. Phillips, "That Mr. Handford be relieved from his pastoral duties according to the request of his letter." This was carried by a vote of 75 to 16. The meeting then adjourned.—*Mail.*

HUMBER SUMMIT.—The opening services of their new building were held by the members of this church and congregation on the 6th inst. Those of the morning and afternoon were conducted by the Rev. H. Melville, of Toronto, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Robt. Hay, when suitable and instructive discourses were delivered to large and attentive congregations, a number of the Pinegrove friends who had relinquished their own service being present, and leading in the psalmody of the worshippers. These meetings were held by the banks of the Humber on the farm of J. T. W. Wallis, Esq., an active member of the church and superintendent of the Sabbath school. In the evening, service was held in the new building with a full house, it was conducted by the pastor, who gave an earnest invitation to all to participate in the blessings of salvation, and a brief exposition of the views and principles of the denomination. On Tuesday afternoon tea meetings were held by the river side for the Sabbath school children and congregation, which were much enjoyed by all. The spirit of unity and willingness to help displayed by the people were delightful to witness, the total amount realized by collections and social was \$59, which, with subscriptions to be collected, will about cover their indebtedness. The land on which their building stands (an excellent site) has been generously given by Mr. Topper, a member of the congregation—himself and family warm friends of the cause. Spiritual fruit also was not wanting; one asking the way to Christ, and another seeking religious counsel. May there be many such tokens of the Master's presence with the church at Humber Summit.

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXVII.

July 4. } *THE CREATION* { Gen. i. 1-3
1880. } { ii. 4-8

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—Gen. i. 1.

HOME STUDIES.

M. Gen. i. 1-31. The Creation.
T. John i. 1-18. The Word, the Creator.
W. Gen. ii. 1-25. Man and Eden.
Th. Ps. viii. 1-9. "What is Man?"
F. Prov. viii. 17-36. Divine Wisdom.
S. Rev. xxi. 1-27. New Heaven and a New Earth
Sab. Rev. xxii. 1-21. The New Paradise.

HELPS TO STUDY.

We now enter upon a six months' study of the Book of Genesis.

This book was written by Moses, under Divine inspiration, probably after the giving of the law on Mount Sinai.

It is generally supposed that the Mosaic writings originally formed one book which was at a much later period divided into five. The name Pentateuch (five books) is not Hebrew but Greek, so is the name Genesis (origins).

This book may well be called the Book of the Origins for it gives an account of the origin of the universe, of the human race, of the different nations, and especially of that nation which is so closely connected with the preservation and dissemination of the knowledge of God and the establishment of His kingdom on earth.

In studying the sacred Scriptures, and nowhere more so

than here, it is necessary for us always to bear in mind that it is not a scientific treatise we have in hand, but the history of redemption. Let astronomy, geology, physiology, and cognate sciences have each its own province in ascertaining those facts which are within reach of the intellectual powers bestowed by our Creator; but for a knowledge of "what man is to believe concerning God and what duty God requires of man" let us go to the Bible, for this man cannot "by searching find out," and this is, therefore, the exclusive province of divine revelation. At the same time we may rest satisfied that the book of revelation and the book of nature will not contradict each other if they are both accurately read; and in the face of apparent discrepancies it is our wisdom to exercise a patience which, judging by past experience, will not go unrewarded, for, as a rule, the difficulties raised by the scientific discoveries of one decade have been removed by the more advanced scientific discoveries of the next. The cure for the infidelity that arises from scientific knowledge is just a little more scientific knowledge. That Genesis and geology may be ultimately reconciled is rendered extremely probable by the success of the attempts already made in that direction. (See Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks" and "Footprints of the Creator," and the still more recent writings of Principal Dawson, of Montreal, on similar subjects.)

In our present lesson we find the following topics: (1) *The Universe Created*, (2) *The Earth Prepared for Man*, (3) *Man Created and Placed in Eden*.

I. THE UNIVERSE CREATED.—Ver. 1. The idea of creation—that is the calling into existence, by absolute power, of that which did not previously exist—has its origin in the Bible and there alone. The heathen had no conception of it. The primary idea of their most profound sages was *chaos*. The very first words of the Bible, then, convey to us a truth which otherwise had "not entered into the heart of man."

In the beginning. The Bible neither tells when the creation of the matter that composes the material universe took place, nor fixes the age of the planet on which we live, nor states how much time was occupied in bringing it into its present condition. The expression "in the beginning" gives ample space for an extended archaic chronology, and the opinion is gaining ground, although it is not yet generally accepted, that the six creative "days" represent periods of indefinite length, and that the seventh, the day of Divine rest from the work of creation, is still running its course.

II. THE EARTH PREPARED FOR MAN.—Vers. 2-6. "How do we know anything about creation," says Dr. C. S. Robinson, "so as to be certain that the story in Genesis is true? The answer to that question is found in one most important verse of the New Testament. Writing to the Hebrews, the inspired servant of God declares: 'Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.' We receive our convictions, therefore, by faith. That is to say, the Bible asserts these facts and explanations, and we admit their truth and wisdom without any further questioning. Moses in the Pentateuch never disputes nor argues; he relates and describes, that is all. And the apostle says he believes Moses. But how did Moses know about these things? So far as we can date these events, creation took place full two thousand years before Moses was born; who told him the story with such details and explanations? God told him, most likely. Moses learned his facts of the past just as Isaiah or Ezekiel knew his facts of the future. The Holy Ghost communicated to Moses what transpired two thousand years before, precisely as He communicated to any other prophet in the sacred history what was going to transpire two thousand years later. His gift of knowledge pointed backwards as theirs pointed forwards; that was all the difference, so far as I can see."

Without form. The surface of the earth had not the appearance which it now has. Void means empty—destitute of animal and vegetable life.

The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. "Even from the beginning," says the "S. S. Times," "there was need of the work of the Holy Spirit in bringing order out of confusion. And even from the beginning the Holy Spirit lovingly brooded over the face of disordered nature, to bring harmony and beauty where were discord and unsightliness. The work of the Holy Spirit then, is the work of the Holy Spirit now. What if the elements of our spiritual nature are without form and void? What if darkness is upon the face of our heart-deeps? What if confusion and discord prevail in our whole being? The Holy Spirit is ready to brood dove-like over the face of the dark waters of our gloomy souls, and has power to make a world of beauty out of seemingly hopeless chaos. In the darkest hour of our soul's despondency we 'may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost,' and as we cry for help in our weakness and bewilderment, 'the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.'"

Let there be light. Where could it come from if there was no sun? It came nevertheless, but it was at the voice of Him that "callest things that are not as though they were." What if the sun and the fixed stars are themselves only centres of forces at work for the (say) development of light which has a latent existence independent of them? Again there is no date specified, and if the geologist should ever be able to furnish conclusive evidence that light shone upon the eyes of the megalosaurus and the iguanodon millions of years before man appeared, the Bible says nothing to the contrary.

These are the generations of the heavens and the

earth. Generations here means origins. All the attempts made to trace the phenomena of existence to "natural causes" without a creative hand are utterly futile. "Protoplasm," and "germs" and "simple cells" are just as difficult to create as anything else. The man who first discovered that trees were produced from seeds surely did not jump at the conclusion that God did not make trees; but such a conclusion would not be more irrational than that of the atheistic evolutionist.

III. MAN CREATED AND PLACED IN EDEN.—Vers. 7-8. An old cat chasin has the following questions and answers: "Of what are you made?" "Of dust." "What should that teach you?" "To be humble and mindful of death."

Breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. This is not said of the lower animals. They received life from the Creator but it is not said that *He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life*. Thus was man made, as elsewhere stated, in the image of God. This image or moral likeness is the badge of sonship which was lost in the fall and which is restored in Christ.

The Lord God planted a garden. The name Jehovah is here first used instead of Elohim (the mighty). The "garden" was probably much larger than the enclosure commonly so called. The exact locality of Eden (delight) is not known. The earthly paradise was lost by sin, but a fairer and a more enduring paradise awaits those who through Christ are redeemed from the curse of the fall.

THE MINISTER'S OLD COAT.

"Ministers' sons are very apt to turn out badly," said I to the gentleman who sat next to me in the car. We had met in the train, bound for Chicago, and had struck up an acquaintance.

He stopped me with his hand on my arm and with an earnest look which I shall never forget.

I paused at once in what I was saying, and it seemed for a moment almost as if the rushing train had stopped to listen too.

"Let me tell you a story," he said. "I know it is a common belief that ministers' sons are wild, but this is because people talk about the bad ones, while those who turn out well are taken as a matter of course. I gathered statistics about them once, and found out of a thousand sons of ministers, there were very few who did not grow up useful and industrious men."

"But what is your story?" I asked, settling back in my seat.

"Well," said he, "it begins with a class supper in Boston, a dozen years ago. A number of old college friends had gathered in the evening for their annual reunion. Among them was the rich merchant, J. E. Williston—perhaps you have heard of him—and a poor pastor of a country church in Elmbank village, out in Western Massachusetts, whose name was Blake. A good many of the class had died, and the dozen or so elderly men who were left felt more tender than ever towards each other, as they thought of the bright old days at Harvard, and how soon no one would be left on earth who shared in that happy time.

"The dishes came and went, the lights glowed brilliantly, and at last the friends grew quite gay. But the tender feeling I have spoken of would come uppermost, now and then; and in one of the rousing moments Williston's eye was attracted by something glistening about the coat which his friend Blake, who sat next to him, had on.

"He looked closer, and saw that the black cloth of which it was made had been worn so thin and smooth that it was very shiny.

"Well Blake," said he kindly, taking hold of his friend's arm cordially (which he somehow hadn't thought of doing before) 'how has the world gone with you lately?'

"Blake naturally had a sad and thoughtful face; but he looked around quickly with a warm smile.

"No need to ask," he said laughingly. 'You can read the whole story on my back.' This old coat is a sort of a balance sheet, which shows my financial condition to a T.'

"Then he spoke more seriously, adding, 'It is a pretty hard life, Williston, that of a country parson. I don't complain of my lot, though sometimes I'm distressed for my family. The fact is, this coat I've got on is hardly fit for a man of my profession to appear in; but I'm going to send my boy Sam to Harvard this year, and must pinch here and there to do it. I really ought to be thankful though, that I can get such advantages for him by a few little sacrifices of personal appearance and convenience.'

"Don't you give a thought to your coat old fellow," returned Williston, 'Nobody who knows you will ever imagine that the heart inside of it is threadbare, however the garment may look.'

"Blake was pleased with his kindly expression; and both men after that exchange of confidence felt happier. But, among the various incidents of the evening, this one almost passed out of the minister's mind by the next day, when he started for Elmbank.

"Speedy as his return was, however, something meant for him had got to his destination before him. It was a letter. Taking it up he broke open the envelope, and found inside a few words from Williston, with a check for \$500 to defray the first year's college expenses of his old class-mate's son."

"You are a stranger to me, sir," said my travelling companion, at this point, "but I think you will appreciate the feeling with which poor Mr. Blake stood in his dingy study in the old farm parsonage, holding that letter in his hands, and lifting his faithful eyes in thankfulness to God."

"Yes," I replied. "Williston did just the right thing,

too. And how was it? Did the son shew that he deserved the help?"

My acquaintance looked away from me at the rich country through which we were passing. Then he said:

"Sam Blake was a good natured, obedient fellow enough, and was greatly pleased to have the expense of his first college year taken from his father's shoulders; but his sense of duty didn't go very far. The Rev. Mr. Blake bought a new coat and Sam entered Harvard that fall; and here matters stopped for a while.

"A freshman has a good deal to learn, as you know; but I think the chief thing Sam learned that term was the great difference there is between Harvard and a little village like Elmbank, and the great difficulty of working and playing at the same time.

"Here he had Society meetings to attend, and rooms of his own, with a chum, where a good deal of smoking was done by himself and his friends. And then there was base ball, into which it appeared indispensable for the honour of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his strong legs, wonderful wind and ground batting.

"He could not refuse to go to the theatre occasionally, with his richer companions. Sam took a natural interest in the society of young ladies, too, and had given up some time to its cultivation. He also thought a moderate amount of practice in the gymnasium was desirable, to prevent his health breaking down under the confinement of study. So, on the whole, the actual work that he did in the college course was not very extensive.

"This didn't seem to have any very bad effect until well along in the winter when the habit of shirking work had grown so strong, without noticing it, that he fell easily into reading novels when he ought to have been in the recitation room. Gymnasium, theatre, billiards, smoking—and I am afraid I must say a little drinking—frittered away his time.

"One horribly snowy, sleety morning, when he had got up too late for prayers the postman brought him a note from the faculty—an 'admonition.'

"He dropped the pipe he was just lighting, and bolted off to recitation. But he 'deaded' immediately and that discouraged him.

"He soon began to make light of the warning, and did himself no credit in his studies. Though he managed to squeeze through the examination at the end of the freshman year, he came out far down towards the foot of his class.

"He wasn't quite contented with himself, and thought he'd try to do better the next year. But during the journey home he recovered his usual spirits.

"When he walked up the village towards the parsonage farm, he was thinking that—since he was a sophomore now—he would buy the knottiest and biggest headed cane in Cambridge when he should go back there. And what do you suppose was the first sight that met him at home?

"It was his father out in the field, digging for new potatoes, his coat off and his spectacled face perspiring!

"The sight struck shame into the boy. He vaulted the fence, and running up with hardly a pause for greeting, cried,

"Oh, father, let me do that! I don't like to see you at such work."

"Mr. Blake stopped and looked earnestly and rather sadly at him.

"Well, Sam, I think that's about as good a 'how-do-you-do?' as you could have offered me. There's something right about you after all."

"It hadn't occurred to Sam that there was any doubt on that point before. He blushed as he asked:

"Where's the hired man?"

"I've discharged him. I can't afford one at present, my son," was the answer.

"Sam was rather puzzled and began to reflect.

"They went into the house, and there when the minister reappeared after making his toilet, his son noticed that he wore the old shabby, shiny coat. At this he was more than ever astonished.

"The supper, also, notwithstanding that it was the first night of the prodigal's return, was very meagre. Not a single luxury was on the table, and Sam observed that his father and mother took no sugar nor butter. His own appetite began to fail at seeing this, and his perception was sharpened accordingly. He was now aware that his father looked very thin, as well as sad. Suddenly he laid down his knife and exclaimed to his sister Kitty:

"Sis, what does all this mean?—this going without the hired man, and starving ourselves?"

"His sister looked at him, then glanced at Mr. Blake and her mother, and made no answer.

"I thought," said Sam, petulantly, "that Williston's money was going to make it easy for you, father; and here pinching is going on five times worse than ever."

"I don't own my friend Williston's money," said the minister, quietly.

"Of course not. But the five hundred dol'—Sam stopped suddenly on an entreating gesture from his sister.

"The subject was not resumed. But before he went to bed Sam obtained an interview with his sister alone. He felt secretly that he was responsible for the depression and trouble which seemed to fill the household, but that only made him speak more impetuously. 'Now, sis,' he began, 'can I get any words of sense out of you?'

"Not until you ask politely," she replied.

"Well, then, please tell me what the mystery is."

"It oughtn't to be a mystery to you, Sam, that you haven't done well at college. Papa is terribly disappointed."

"I don't see why he should commit suicide, if he is," Sam retorted. "I haven't cost him much this year."

"Oh, yes, you have. Do you know he actually sold the new coat?"

"Why?" Sam frowned.

"Because he'd been trying every way to save money since he began to get reports of how you were wasting your time."

"What for?" asked Sam, though he began to suspect.

"Well, he—how should I know?—Don't you see? He's afraid to have that money from his old classmate, and he's nearly saved enough, and he's going to pay it all back. There, I was to keep it secret and now I have told you!" and his sister burst into tears. You've nearly broken his heart Sam—poor papa."

"The next day Mr. Blake's son went off directly after breakfast, and was not seen again till afternoon.

"Coming back, he overtook his father coming from the post office.

"I know all about it!" he exclaimed, in his excitement. "Katy told me last night. I wish, though, you'd held on to the new coat a while."

"Why?" asked Mr. Blake, imperturbably.

"Because," said Sam, "I'm going to pay my own way now. I've been off to-day and hired out for the season to Farmer Hedgebottom. You won't send that money to Williston, will you, father?"

"You are too late," was the minister's answer. "I've just mailed the letter to him."

"In fact, next day the kind merchant's eyes were dimmed as he read these words:

"DEAR WILLISTON:—My boy—it almost breaks my heart to say so—has not proved worthy of your generosity. I have decided to return the sum which you sent me for him last year, and you will find a draft enclosed for that amount."

"BLAKE."

Here I interrupted the narrator

"Doesn't this story prove what I said in the beginning?" I asked.

"No; for that isn't the end of it. Sam went down to Boston in the autumn with a few dollars of earnings in his pocket. He had decided to give up college, and so applied to Mr. Williston for a clerkship.

"He told him:

"I proved myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to shew myself worthy."

"Williston gave him a position, and he worked there two years. Then an opportunity offered to go West and take a partnership in—what do you think? The clothing business! Sam jumped at it; and you may believe he sent his father, next Christmas, the finest coat that concern could produce.

"I am a well-to-do man now, sir, continued my acquaintance, suddenly speaking in the first person, and when we get to Chicago, if you will come to my establishment, I will shew you my father's (the minister's) old shiny coat, which I preserve because it was the beginning of my fortune and made a man of me."

"Then," I exclaimed, taking him by the hand, "it is you yourself you have been talking about all this time! You are?"

"Sam," concluded my new friend, nodding and smiling. —George P. Lathrop, in *Youth's Companion*.

SELFISHNESS AND RUDENESS AT THE TABLE.

Among the small things which, if unchecked, would prove life-long annoyances, none are more conspicuous or more disagreeable than the rude, boorish, selfish habits so frequently developed in the conduct of children at the table. Here, as in all that is connected with the early training and education of children, parents should realize that they will be held accountable in a large measure if those committed to their care and guidance grow up with careless and reprehensible table manners.

If parents commence in season it is not hard to teach any child old enough to be brought to the table (and that should be as soon as they can be taught to feed themselves, if only with a spoon, we think), to be quiet, and wait patiently until the older ones are served, instead of allowing the child to call for its portion the moment it is seated, and, if delayed, demand something vociferously, emphasizing its wishes with loud screams and violent blows on the table and dishes. If this mode of gaining its own way is attempted, and the parent removes the little tyrant from the table for a short season of private admonition, the discipline will be found efficacious, and will not require repeating often. Of course, this will interrupt for a few moments the pleasant harmony which should be the crowning pleasure of each meal, but it will not recur often, and is a small price to pay for the comfort and honour of having our children become well-mannered, pleasant table companions.

Neither would we advocate bringing very young children to the table when one has company. That would not be courteous or respectful to guests. But when only the family are present we think the earlier children are taught to sit at the table with parents, brothers and sisters, and behave properly, the more surely will they secure good, refined table manners.

It is not difficult to teach a very young child to make its wants quietly known to the proper person and at the proper time. But what can be more uncomfortable and annoying than to sit at a table where the children, from the oldest to the youngest, are the dominant power, never waiting patiently for their turn to be helped, but calling loudly for whatever they desire; impatient if it is not brought to them on the instant? If attention is not given as soon as the

words are out of his mouth, how unpleasant to see a child standing on the rounds of the chair, or reaching over other plates to help himself to whatever he desires? Parents can, with very little trouble to themselves, save their guests from witnessing such rudeness if they begin when every habit is yet unformed.

As soon as a child can speak he can be taught to ask for what he needs in a gentle, respectful manner, when requiring service of the nurses, or the waiter, or well as of his parents and superiors. "Please push my chair up closer." "Please give me some water." "Please pass the bread." And when the request is complied with, accept it and say, "Thank you." What hardship is there in requiring this from children just beginning to talk as well as from older lads and lasses? It will require but a very few repetitions of the lesson for the youngest to understand that it is the only way by which their wishes will be complied with; and it is surprising to see how soon this mode of calling attention to their wants becomes as easy and natural as breathing. Parents are culpable who do not give their children the advantage of such instruction and enforce it until they have no idea of asking in any other way.

And yet how many give no heed to this duty. How many hear their young charges calling impatiently or arrogantly, "Give me the butter, Jane." "Pass the bread this way." "Can't you hear, Jane? I've told you two or three times to give me some water." Or some may soften their imperious demands a little by saying, "I'll take the bread, please;" or "hand me the salt, Jane, please;" but the "please" is too far off to be very pleasant. It seems an after-thought.

Whispering, loud talking, abrupt calls for any article on the table, beginning to eat or calling to be helped the moment seated, before the oldest are served, is, in the highest degree, rude and vulgar, yet by far too common. Some natural feeling of restraint or diffidence may keep the young more quiet when at a friend's table, for part of the meal at least; but they can lay no claim to refinement or good manners if they use politeness only when among strangers—keep it laid away, like a new garment, to be put on occasionally, and to be thrown off as speedily as possible because not being in habitual use it becomes irksome.

Many other habits creep in and find permanent lodgment if the parents are not watchful of their children's behaviour at the table. Picking the teeth; handling the hair; carrying food to the mouth while leaning back in the chair; rocking, or tilting the chair back and forth while eating; filling the mouth too full; eating rapidly and with much noise from the lips; sitting with elbows on the table—all these, and a multitude equally vulgar, can be met by a careful mother's vigilance before they have time to take deep root, but if neglected will stamp a child with coarseness and vulgarity, no matter how exalted the station he was born into. —Mrs. H. W. Becker.

THE VALUE OF SUNLIGHT.

Whether your home be large or small, give it light. There is no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house, you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because gloom conceals it. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house; and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then, again, light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated. No one is truly happy who in waking hours is in a gloomy house or room. The gloom of the prison has ever been considered as a part of the punishment of the prisoner. It is so. The mind is saddened in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer: the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings. Once again, light—sunlight I mean—is of itself useful to health in a direct manner. Sunlight favours nutritious night favours nervous function; sunlight sustains, chemically or physically, the healthy state of the blood. Children and other persons living in darkened places become blanched or pale; they have none of the ruddy, healthy bloom of those who live in light. Lately, by an architectural perversity which is simply astounding, it has become a fashion to build houses like those which were built for our ancestors, about two centuries ago, and which are called Queen Anne houses or mansions. Small windows, small panes, overhanging window-brows, sharp, long roofs, enclosing attics with small windows—these are the residences to which I refer—dull, red, dark, and gloomy. I am told that their excellence lies in their artistic beauty, to which many advantages that we sanitarian artists wish for must necessarily be sacrificed. I would be the last to oppose either the cultivation of art in design or art in application, and I do not for one moment believe that such opposition is necessary. But these beetle-browed mansions are not so beautiful as health, and never can be. I am bound to protest against them on many sanitary grounds, and on none so much as on their interference with the work of the sun. They produce shade, and those who live in them live in shadow. —Good Words.

THE Gospel teaches a communism which is unselfish; it says, "All mine is thine." But the world's communism is the very opposite. It says, "stand and deliver. All thine is mine." And the difference is infinite. —Doolittle.

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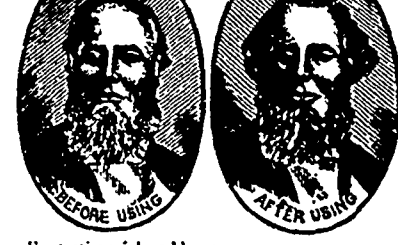
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