

the last three months. Mr. Thomas Hutchings, well known in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, has done good service to the cause of total abstinence in this colony. He is well adapted for the great work to which he has consecrated his life. He is the uncompromising foe of the drinking customs of society, and of the iniquitous liquor traffic; besides, he is just as strongly opposed to the dirty practice of using tobacco in any form. For our part, we have no faith in the temperance advocate whose breath is fouled, and whose person and surroundings are polluted by the filthy Indian weed. We are rejoiced to hear that Mr. Hutchings has been as faithful in denouncing intemperance or moderation in tobacco as in strong drink.

His labours have been confined to the northern portion of the island from Bets Cove. He has succeeded in instituting several new divisions, and in organising a number of Bands of Hope.

Next year it is expected that the success of our brother may be secured to visit the southern parts of the country.

We may add, respecting our esteemed brother, that he has given the Grand Division the utmost satisfaction, and our intercourse with him has led us to form a high opinion of him, not only as a temperance advocate, but as a *servant of our Heavenly Master*.

THE MANSE FUND.

We hope it will not be necessary to say any more to impress the members of the congregation with the importance of contributing according to their means towards liquidating the debt on the minister's residence. It is our earnest desire to leave for our successor and successors, a comfortable residence free of debt. It is not on our own behalf we undertake this good work; therefore we have no hesitation in pressing the subject on the attention of the friends of Congregationalism in St. John's and elsewhere. Contributions, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged. For about five hundred pounds sterling the congregation will be in possession of a residence which will be suitable and comfortable for the pastors of Queen's Road Chapel for the next century, should the present dispensation last so long. Let all have a share in this important work.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

TOWARDS THE MANSE FUND.

Miss E. M. Good, per L. T. C. ... ..	£5	0	0
Wm. Rutherford, Esq., Belfast ... ..	2	8	0

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

What means this gaping, laughing crowd of men, and girls, and boys,  
 Attracted by some wondrous sight amid the city's noise?  
 Draw near and see the dreadful sight, 'twill fill your eyes with tears,  
 And cause your pulse and heart to throb with many anxious fears.

A fair young girl from country home, unable quite to stand;  
 Oh, that our eyes should see such sights in this a Christian land!  
 Her sister, full of shame and grief, throws her white arms around,  
 And tries with all her little strength to keep her from the ground.

What is amiss? what ails the girl? has cab or drag o'errun?  
 Surely it can't be accident that boys should deem such fun!  
 Yet how she reels! then senseless falls upon the pavement's brink,  
 Alas! alas! this fair young girl is overcome by drink.

Police-men bring a stretcher round, and bear the senseless heap  
 To the cold cell of station-house, to have its drunken sleep;  
 The broken hearted sister tries to hide her face for shame,  
 As following in the crowd she goes to tell her sister's name.

Whose child is she? that poor young girl—somebody's child, 'tis true;  
 Has she a mother living still?—a mother good and true?  
 Her clothes are neat, and clean, and good, as we may plainly see;  
 Oh! pity this young woman's fall, somebody's grief 'twill be.

Whose is the sin? who tempted her to take the fatal glass?  
 Which, lacking strength of mind enough, alas! she could not pass;  
 Oh! did her tempter ever think to what that glass might lead?  
 How somebody might rue the day her child fell with such speed?

O parents, friends, don't tempt the young to sport on danger's brink;  
 The risk's too great of soul and health—they do not need strong drink.  
 Think of the lives thus sacrificed, of mothers made to weep,  
 And as you near your children's cots, and watch their placid sleep,

Think of the agony you'd feel should some one tempt your child  
 To the sad sin of drunkenness, and its mad folly wild;  
 And standing there, ask help of God to work with might and main  
 To free poor helpless, fettered souls from this great Satan's chain.

H. D. ISACK.

Times of great affliction are ordinarily times of great temptation; and it is usual with Satan to charge us then with more sins than we are guilty of, and also to make those things to be sins which upon impartial examination will not be found to be so.