

that some valued and worthy members of the Society have passed away to their reward during the year. Their names will not soon be forgotten, nor their generous liberality to the St. Andrew's Society, in behalf of its benevolent work. We trust that as one after another falls out of the ranks, others as kindly and faithful will take their places, and help us in caring for God's poor. Meanwhile we would proffer the sympathy of the members of the Society to the bereaved families of our members who have gone from us, and desire for them the Divine comfort in the hour of their sorrow.

But our gift is not enough. It should be followed up by personal sympathy. In giving, one has the general satisfaction that good is being done that suffering and poverty are being relieved. But beyond that, one experiences no sense of blessing. He only receives this, when he ministers personally to the poor; when he goes into the chamber or tenement where they dwell, shakes hands with them, hears their tales of sorrow, speaks kindly to them, interests himself in their circumstances, and tries to bear their burden for a little, and bring cheer into their lives. True, it involves some sacrifice; it takes time, and it takes something out of one's life, but it is time well spent, it is energy well bestowed, it is loving your neighbor as yourself, it is Christ-like, it is grand! It is, in one sense, the lowliest of earthly duties; in another it is the highest work under heaven. Let him, who will, strive for the honour and praise of the world, through scholarship, through heroism, through discovery, through courage; as for me, let me be found by my Master's side, among the suffering poor, helping to lighten their sorrows, to share their burdens, to heal their ills, and to dry their tears. Let me hear at last the welcome: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom.... For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." For, "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

"Do something do it soon, with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest,
And God Himself inactive were no longer blest.

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Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—
Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above:
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

It is matter for thankfulness that the St. Andrew's Society, with its sister, the Caledonian Society, is carrying on the good work which, sixty-one years since, it was organized to do. The record of all the good it has done would be a very long and worthy one, and inspiring as well. On us has fallen the mantle of our predecessors. Let us wear