

CONG. PROVIDENT FUND.

Montreal, 25th January, 1876.

Received since last acknowledgment :—

Collection at Praise meeting of Sabbath-School, St. John N. B.....	\$6 00
Zion Church, Toronto, Ben- evolent Fund.....	25 00
Lanark Village.....	11 00

And for Retired Pastor's Fund :—

Hamilton Church.....	13 59
Zion Church, Toronto, Ben- evolent Fund.....	25 00

J. C. BARTON,

Treasurer C. P. F.

LABRADOR MISSION.—Mrs. Wilkes, 249
Mountain Street, Montreal, acknow-
ledges receipt since last notice of the fol-
lowing amounts :—

Bond St. Toronto S. School.....	\$8 68
Frome, per J. B. Silcox.....	6 00
Zion Ch. S. School, Montreal....	20 00

Individuals, schools, &c., sending
contributions are entitled, for every ten
dollars contributed at one time, to an
ornamental certificate fitted for framing,
in which such name as may be desired
will be inserted. Applications for these
to be sent to the above address, and they
will be forwarded by post.

Home and School.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE JOY OF INCOMPLETENESS.

If all our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded ;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded :
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness ?
Should we not long for storms and showers,
To break the constant gladness ?

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render ?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender ;
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation ;
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanting.

And yet in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow !
Such unimagined new delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow,

As the poor seed that underground
Seeks its true life above it,
Not knowing what will there be found
When sunbeams kiss and love it—
So we in darkness upward grow,
And look and long for heaven,
But cannot picture it below.
Till more of light be given.

—Sunday Magazine.

BOY LOST.

He was bright-eyed, dark-haired, tan-
ned by the sun and wind, lithe and
active of limb. His shoes were brown
and run over at the heel, his knees
nearly ran through his trousers, his
elbows almost out of his sleeves, his
collar soiled, and his butterfly bow
put on upside down, his hat might
have been under his arm, or crowded
into his pocket. He may have been
on his way into the woods for a wood-
chuck or a weasel, or down to the pond
after bullfrogs, or up on the hills to
see if his trap had caught a grey squir-
rel. He could easily be recognised by
his hearty way of answering if you