

taking up my pen to write this sketch, the forms of those who walked the streets of Ottawa forty years ago rose before my mental vision, so, in laying it down, do the faces of the dear friends with whom I was so long associated on the Orphans' Home Board meet me with their pleasant smiles and greetings. Once again, in imagination, I seem to be sitting in my old place beside the President, listening to the discussions and deliberations; again I see, in a circle around me, each in her accustomed seat, those who, with their earnest endeavors, first guided the affairs of this institution, not one of whom bears me company to-day. They are all gone, called now to higher service. But, though they have passed away, I see to-day many of the daughters of my dear, old friends, who have risen up to fill the vacant places. It shows the strong hold this institution had upon the affections of its early promoters, to find that so many of the second generation have esteemed it a pleasure and a privilege, in their turn, to take up the work as it dropped from their mothers' hands.

Many changes has time wrought, both in the City of Ottawa and in our Orphans' Home, but amid them all the good hand of the Lord has been with us. Shall we not, then, remember the motto of our association, and in "Faith, hope, and charity," go forward in the work set before us, feeling assured that "as Christ ever cometh with the coming years," so He will give even richer blessings in the future than have been vouchsafed in the past.