

ing arrangement, one who has proved himself so energetic and useful as Mr. Murray has in all his fields of labour. We wish him success in all his undertakings.

Chipman.

In the Presbyterian Church at Salmon Creek, Queen's County, the company of Loyal Crusaders held a gospel temperance meeting on Friday evening, 6th August. The choir rendered some very fine music. Speeches were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Steeves and Clark, and Messrs. Baird and McDonald. Miss Baird presided at the organ.

Monday Morning.

Every morning is a new beginning. It is not only the beginning of a new day, but it is a point at which each individual begins, or may begin, anew the business of life. He not merely resumes work : he starts as if in some sense he were commencing for the first time—as if he himself were new. Night is a great renovator—a kind of death that gives new life. A man may find his work in the morning just as he left it the night before ; but the work does not so find him. The work is unchanged but the worker is not. He has gone back and yet forward. He has receded and yet gained by the retrogression. He has retreated from the exhaustion induced by yesterday's labour, but comes forward with recovered vigour for the toils of to-day.

Morning is the offspring of Night and the parent of Day. From the

secret womb of darkness it comes forth a new creature, swaddled in dawn and re-robed in sunbeams, while all nature rejoices over the advent. And it comes not for itself, nor for the day, but for the world on which it rises. Dawn dies with the latest star ; day climbs to the zenith in the wake of its king, and thence, without a pause, descends towards the western horizon. We see the latest sunbeam kiss farewell to the tallest tower or the highest hill-top, and the diurnal display is over. In the whispering zephyrs we hear the maternal lullaby, and the mantle of night falls gently over our recumbent consciousness. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer" begins her recuperating operations, and the succeeding morn finds her work accomplished. Then we again begin to be, and to do.

But our mornings, although in fact a continuous and unbroken series, have received a particular classification, which punctuates their progress. Too many for us in the mass, we have bundled them up in sevens, and thus each gets its numerical position as well as its distinctive name. Quakers recognise only the former, while most other Christians accept the heathen nomenclature, finding it suits the purpose just as well as any other. For my own part, I rather prefer it, and this for the very reason on which others found their objection. It reminds us of our pagan ancestry, or rather perhaps of the paganism which once prevailed in the past history of our race, but the