

PIC-NIC. FISHER'S GRANT.

Lately the number of Pic-nics has been legion. Here and there and everywhere, they have been cropping up. Our own neighborhood has had a prolific crop. Gairloch, however, has as yet carried off the palm for successful effort. The Congregation there deserves the highest commendation. They have effectually helped themselves.

On the 20th inst., Fisher's Grant followed in the wake of more pretentious doings and came off scarcely second best. The place and time were all that could be desired. No place for pic-nicking could be more pleasantly situated. The hill chosen for holding the assemblage was on one of the rounded knolls on Mr. John Foster's farm, kindly given for the occasion. Art aided nature in assuming her loveliest charms,—a row of evergreens completely encircled the spot, and no little labour was bestowed in gracefully adorning the entrance.

The ladies belonging to the congregation excelled each other, and where all did so well, it would be invidious to particularize any.

It only remains to be added that the day was all that could be desired, beautiful weather put everybody in good humour, and all seemed to enjoy a happy day's outing.

The net proceeds were over \$200, and the whole receipts were considerably over \$300.

The people of Fisher's Grant are to be congratulated. The success attending the Pic-nic almost ensures the speedy finishing of their Church building. People who help themselves deserve the help of others. One thing must be justly said of the members of the Fisher's Grant Congregation, that they carry through perseveringly, and generally successfully, any matter they take in hand. Should they, in future, undertake another Pic-nic, we trust that the generous patronage of outsiders will again encourage them in their every church effort.

THE DOOR BARRED.

"Behold! I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. iii. 20.

A woman in Glasgow got into difficulties. Her rent was due, but she had no money for the landlord, and she knew very well that he would turn her out if she did not satisfy his claim. In despair she knew not what to do. A Christian man heard of her distress, and came to her door with money to help her. He knocked, but, although he thought he could hear some one inside, yet the door was not opened. He knocked again, but still there was no response. The third time he knocked, but that door still remained locked and barred against him!

Some time after he met this woman in the streets, and told her how he had gone to her house to pay her rent, but could not get in. "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "was that you? Why, I thought it was the landlord, and I was afraid to open the door!"

Dear friends! Christ is knocking at the door of your heart. He has knocked many times already, and now He knocks again by this message. He is your best Friend, although, like that woman, perhaps, you think He comes with the stern voice of justice to demand from you the payment of your great sin-debt. If so, you are sadly mistaken. He comes, not to demand, but to give! "The gift of God is eternal life." He knows you can never pay the great debt you owe to God. He knows that if that debt is not paid by you, you are forever lost! He loves you, though He hates your sins; and, in order that you might be saved, He laid down His life a sacrifice for the guilty. And now, he comes! bringing the gift of salvation to the door of your hearts. Will you receive the gift?

D. L. MOODY.