

Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home:
 Ye wanderers from a father's face
 Return, accept his proffered grace.
 Ye tempted ones there's refuge nigh
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But, if you still this call refuse,
 And all his wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will He from you sadly turn,
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
 "Too late, too late," will be the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

MR. SPURGEON SOLD.

Mr. Spurgeon, it is well known, spices his sermons on Sunday with his experiences of the week. On a recent Sunday his story was about a dog. It seems, going into his garden he found "a canine brute" there. Thinking him a bad gardener (*sic*) he essayed to drive him out. He hastily took up a stick and flung it at him. Being a bad shot he missed. The dog bounded after the stick delightedly, picked it up and put it in the hand of the great preacher. "Do you think I could hit him with it?" Mr. Spurgeon asked. The question brought tears into the eyes of the ladies. The orator proceeded to draw from his narrative the highest and deepest spiritual lessons.

LORD BLESS MY PENNIES.

A little girl six years old, was desirous of putting her pennies into the missionary box with others. When saying her prayers at her papa's knee she hesitated a moment, and then added, "Lord bless my two pennies for Jesus sake, Amen." After the child had gone to bed her father asked his wife, "What made Gracie say that?" "She has prayed thus every night since giving her pennies to the missionary box," was the mother's reply. Do you, dear young reader, pray, "God bless my pennies," when you give your mite to some ragged school? If not, pray earnestly for the blessing, and you will soon find that prayer will do more than your pennies.

The Rev. Dr. Porter, in *Zion's Herald*, tells the following story: Said a superintendent to his scholars one day, "I want each of you to bring a new scholar to the school next Sunday." "I can't get any new scholars," said several of the children to themselves. "I will try what I can do," was the whispered response of a few others. One of the latter class went home to his father and said, "Father, will you go to Sunday-school with me?" "I can't read, my son," replied the father with a look of shame. "Our teachers will teach you, dear father," answered the boy, with respect and feeling in his tones. "Well I'll go," said the father. He went, learned to read, sought and found the Saviour, and at length became a colporteur. Years passed on, and that man had established *four hundred Sunday schools*, into which *thirty-five thousand children* were gathered.

Acknowledgments.

MANITOBA MISSION.

St. John's Church, Brockville.....	\$23 10
St. Andrew's Church, Scarborough.....	25 00
Chatham and Grenville.....	20 00
St. Mathew's Church, Montreal.....	17 00

FRENCH MISSION.

Huntingdon, Rev. J. B. Muir.....	12 00
Erin, Rev. Donald Strachan.....	5 00
Pricerville, Rev. Donald Fraser.....	6 00
A Friend, Montreal.....	20 00

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