

And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven,
Love finds admission, where proud science fails."

It is now seventeen years since Sunners began his mission amongst the cabmen, and many of them will bless God in time and eternity that ever they knew him. There are converted men amongst them, and all are more thoughtful about divine things. They all sigh for the Sabbath—to use Sunners' own words, "they literally groan for it,"—and professors of religion are the greatest hindrance to their obtaining it.

If church and chapel goes thought more about the fourth commandment, or cared as much for the souls of cabmen as their Missionary does, Sunday cab hire would be almost unknown, and those worthy men enjoy the blessings of the Sabbath day.

It is just approaching forty years since saving grace made Edward Sunners happy. For thirty-four years he has been an abstainer from all intoxicating drink; he is highly esteemed by ministers of all denomi-

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