

ALEX'B BAILLIE, ELDER, COLLECTOR.

Alex'r Baillie, Elder,	\$1 00.
Alex'r Baillie,	25.
Alex'r Baillie,	10.
Alex'r McKay,	25.
William Baillie,	25.
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	\$1.85.

MISS MAGGIE A. SUTHLAND, COLLECTOR.

Widow William Sutherland,	50.
Widow Donald McLeod,	50.
William Baillie,	25.
William McLeod,	25.
Paul McDonald,	25.
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MISS JESSIE M'LEAN, COLLECTOR.

Kenneth McLean,	50.
Angus Sutherland,	50.
James Matheson,	35.
Alex'r McKay,	25.
Robert McKay,	25.
Daniel McKay,	25.
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\$2.10.

 \$13 70.

COLLECTED BY ROBERT BAILLIE, FOR THE SUPPLEMENTING FUND, SALT-SPRINGS CONGREGATION.

Robert Baillie,	\$1 00.
Roderick McKenzie, Red,	1 00.
Daniel & D. Chisholm,	1 00.
Alexander McDonald,	50.
John Fraser,	50.
James Sutherland,	50.
Alexander McKenzie,	50.
Alexander Short,	50.
Robert Elliott,	25.
John Campbell,	50.
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COLLECTED BY JOHN MUNRO, BROOK-LAND.

Henry Munro, Elder,	\$1 00.
Angus Munro, Elder,	1 00.
Murdoch McIntosh,	1 00.
John Munro,	1 00.
Hugh Ross,	35.
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	\$4.35.

RECORD MONIES.

Daniel Graham \$1 00

Margary McMillan	2 00
Joseph Hart	1 50
Wm. McKenzie	0 30
Wm. McLeod	2 00
Neil McDonald, C. B.	3 00
Samuel Fraser	1 50
Mrs. Bella McDonald	0 30
Alex McDonald, Roy, B ville	2 00
John Grant, J. M.	1 50
Hugh McIntosh, Elmsdale	0 50
Ruv. D. McGregor, Halifax	1 00
Allan McQuarrie, C. Mabou	0 50
Alex. Urquhart, Bridgeville	0 25
Wm. McKenzie, do	0 25

MONEY FOR RECORD.—Rev. N. Brodie. Glengarry Ont., for 1878. \$8.00.

SUPPLEMENTING FUND.—Neil McDonald, C. B. \$1.00.

WANTED.—A file of the MONTHLY RECORD from the date of its first appearance in its present form. Any one having such, and willing to dispose of the same, will please write to Rev Wm. McMillan, Bridgville, Pictou; stating terms.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
 But a little cloud appears;
 There's never a life so happy
 But has had its time of tears;
 Yet the sun shines out the brighter
 When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a way so narrow
 But the entrance is made straight;
 There's always a guide to point us
 To the "little wicket gate;"
 And the angels will be nearer
 To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
 But will some day bow and kneel;
 There's never a heart so wounded
 That the Saviour cannot heal.
 There's many a lowly forehead
 That is bearing the hidden seal.