

place two of the stations have been supplied fortnightly by Methodist clergymen. During the past summer Mr. Whyte held fortnightly service in each of four stations, viz., Boileau, Brookdale, Wolf Lake, and Rockaway. Much interest was manifested by the people in all the services.

At Boileau arrangements were made for the building of a church. The site was secured in a central position, and the people engaged to prosecute the work as energetically as possible during the winter. After the field was left by the missionary, led by a young man of zeal the congregation agreed to meet for prayer and praise fortnightly throughout the winter. At Wolf Lake there was a small but promising Sabbath School. At Rockaway our missionary assumed the role

of schoolmaster, and taught two days in the week, giving instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Here steps were taken for the erection of a school-house which might also serve for Divine Service.

Mr. Whyte sent a recommendation to the Presbytery of Montreal, to the effect that the field be worked in conjunction with a neighboring one under an ordained pastor. Failing this, he urges upon the Society the maintenance of its work there.

A special meeting was held on Monday evening, the 30th inst., when missionaries were appointed for the Christmas holidays. Mr. W. J. Bell goes to Eardley, and Mr. Whyte to Ponsonby.

[We regret that this report has unavoidably been held over. It should have appeared in the November number. Ed.]

PLEASANTRIES.

"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers said a lawyer," and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn grey first." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains."

At a party a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come; ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. Ten thousand she screeched and stopped. "Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer present.

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A child who had just mastered her

catechism confessed herself disappointed because she said, "Though I obey the fifth commandment, and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am still put to bed at 7 o'clock."

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Hash has saved the lives of a great many people—by their not eating it. Hash is a noun, common—in boarding houses—often passed and frequently declined, neuter gender, singular case. Shakespeare had it in mind when he wrote of "mincing matters." Hash is like a good many