

Mr. Macallum's eldest son has just gone to Oberlin College, Ohio. Intends studying for the ministry. Before going, his Sunday school class presented him with a purse of thirty dollars, as a mark of their good opinion. From many others did he receive tokens of friendship and esteem. Success to him.

Miss Macallum goes to Constantinople to take charge of a school there, under the auspices of the American Missionary Society. Those of us who stay at home cannot honour too much those who thus give themselves to such a work. She will meet with drawbacks and difficulties, and may have to exercise self-denial. But it is a noble purpose, and God sees His workers.

I cannot close without a reference to the Rev. Mr. Peacock. He lives in a little cottage near the church. He cannot go out very often. It did me good to see him, to hear him talk. Such a strong spirit one rarely sees. Such brave words as he spoke were an inspiration. He is a perfect example of a strong soul, hampered by a weak body.

So the time slipped away. College work clamored for attention, and I left for Montreal, carrying with me the memory of a most enjoyable visit. JAMES W. PEDLEY.

Cong. College, Montreal.

THE INDIAN MISSION.

Mr. J. C. Copp, 14 St. Mary Street, Toronto, Treasurer of the Society, intimates to us that the Indian Missionary Society is anxious to secure the services of a suitable person as General Agent, to succeed the late Rev. James Howell. To a suitable minister or other gentleman, well known to the churches, the Society could offer a permanent position, and the opportunity of doing much good.

SUNDAY DINNER QUICKLY PREPARED.

"I've had it on my mind for several weeks to write you something about Sunday dinners. You know when there is a family of five or six persons, more or less, and all want to go to the morning service, and stay to Sunday school, their appetites are pretty well sharpened by the time they get home, especially if there is a ride of two or three miles. I have experimented in various ways that we may have our dinner as soon as possible after getting home, or each one begins to help himself, which causes much confusion and spoils the meal. I find that by leaving the tea-kettle on the stove, and filled, with a little fire, the water is in a condition to boil quickly, and mush is soon prepared. In cold weather nothing is better than oyster soup, which requires but a few minutes cooking. A good meal is quickly prepared by having a chicken made ready over night by dressing and stuffing, and then it is ready to put into the oven when the family sit down to breakfast. It requires little care, and is nicely browned by church-time, and keeps warm in the oven until wanted for dinner. I find it a great help to have potatoes ready to warm over. Often meat is boiled or roasted on Saturday, which relishes well cold. A rice pudding, made without eggs, and left in the oven, is nice with sugar and cream." It is easy by taking thought, especially a day or two before, to so provide that Sunday shall be not only to the family, but to the help, a "day of rest."—*American Agriculturist*.

THE DYING MOTHER.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel the sweet warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure
Scarcely given ere I go;
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears;
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight unto day;
It may leave an angel blessing
When it vanisheth away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles,
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.
If in after years beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music
And her face than mine more fair.

If a cherub call thee "father,"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born, O my husband!
Turn not from the motherless,
Tell her sometimes of her mother,
You can call her by my name
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,
If she errs, O gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath shall stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessing falls.
Then her soft black eye will brighten,
She will wonder whence it came;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here,
One records the ills, but blots it
If before the midnight drear
Man repenteth; if uncanceled,
Then he seals it for the skies;
And the right hand angel weepeth,
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

It will be the right hand angel,
Sealing up the good for heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod;
Love the little jewel given us,
As I loved thee, next to God!