

HUMBER SUMMIT, (per Miss MacKillop).—Collection at S. S. missionary concert, \$11; Miss MacKillop's S. S. class, \$7; L. Wallis' S. S. class, 50c.—Total, \$18.50.

Lancaster, Mrs. Glennie, \$1; Vankleek Hill, collection, \$3.72; Lanark First, collection, \$10.00; Brockville, collections, \$3.50.

T. B. MACAULAY,
Treasurer.

Montreal, Dec. 21, 1885.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Contributions since last acknowledgment: Stratford, \$8.90; Ulverton, \$6.70; Rev. Thos. Baker, \$25; Manila, \$15.60; Yarmouth, N.S., \$47; Woodstock, per Rev. T. Hall for supplying, \$30; Watford, per Rev. T. Hall, collection, \$1.40; Warwick, per Rev. T. Hall, collection, \$2.36; Rev. John McKinnon, \$5; Henry W. Laing, Hamilton, \$20; Ottawa, \$50; Martintown, \$6.00; Maxville & St. Elmo, \$3; Cowansville, \$128; Brigham, \$24.83; Estate Geo. Robertson, \$1,950.17; Sarnia, \$46; Guelph, \$22.24; Toronto, Northern, \$75.

B. W. ROBERTSON,
Treasurer.
Kingston, Jan. 4, 1886.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Ebenezer Ireland, died at Mt. Pleasant, Texas, Aug. 12th. He had been ill for some time of fever, but had so far recovered that he preached twice Aug. 9th. The next day he was brought down with a renewed attack which proved fatal. Mr. Ireland was born in England in 1839, and came to Canada in 1873, where he labored for six years. In September, 1879, he settled with the Congregational church in Richmond, Mich., remaining two years. He then accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in Mt. Clemens, in the same county. He removed to Texas, where he joined a Presbytery, in connection with which he died.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

—It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble, and meek persons; but he who can do so with the forward, wilful, ignorant, peevish and perverse, hath true charity.

—John Wesley says: A will steadily and uniformly devoted to God is essential to state of satisfaction; but not a uniformity of joy, or peace, or happy communion with God. These may rise and fall in various degrees; nay, and may be affected either by the body, or by diabolical agency, in a manner which all our wisdom can neither understand nor prevent.

—A Boston paper gives an anecdote of Longfellow and James T. Fields that is worth re-telling. The two were making a short pedestrian tour some years ago, when, to their surprise, an angry bull stood in the pathway, evidently determined to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think," said Mr. Fields, "that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin." "Yes," replied the poet, "it appears to be a disputed passage."

The Family Circle.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
In the noisy, crowded way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause where now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel to the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling;
If we knew what lips are parching
For the water we could bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew, when friends around us
Closely press to say good-bye,
Which among the lips that kissed us
First would 'neath the daisies lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears;
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives are darkened
By some thoughtless word of ours,
Which had ever lain among them
Like the frost among the flowers:
Oh, with what sincere repentings
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
We would cry, "Forgive! forget!"

If we knew! Alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our neighbor's garden grow!
God forgive us! lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear him say:
"Careless child, I never knew you,
From my presence flee away."

—*Christian World*.

GERHARDT'S HYMN OF TRUST.

One of the most finished, ornate and peculiarly beautiful poems, full of trust in God, and in His providences, is that hymn of Paul Gerhardt's, the much-enduring Lutheran preacher:

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands.

As the sweetest strain of poetry, learned at his mother's knee, Schiller loved it, and perhaps it did more for the young poet than anything else, toward filling his mind with spiritual images, and exercising a religious influence over his unformed genius, an influence that lingered like rays of distant splendor amid the mysteries that somewhat darkened his declining years, even up to his latest hour, when for the last time he saw the sun go down on his own beautiful Weimar!