

and widely known and respected as the long-time Secretary of the Grand River Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. The home of this estimable farmer citizen, situated between York and Caledonia gave evidence of industrious thrift and clever management of no mean order, but he will be most lovingly remembered in this vicinity for the faithful work done as a Christian to the Sunday School at Sine's Locks and also at St. John's Church. As founder and superintendent he has been true to the work of the Sunday School; whilst as member, communicant, churchwarden delegate to Synod and general supporter, his brethren of St. John's church know not where to find one who will adequately fill his honored place among them.

The Free Masons of York, Caledonia and Cayuga took a prominent part in the funeral arrangements, and the order of United Workmen of Caledonia followed their brother from his home to the church and thence to St. John's cemetery with a sympathetic farewell, and sorrow for the bereaved family, and their own lodge. Probably this funeral was more representative in the county and more largely attended than any for many years. Rural Dean Scudamore preached an impressive and acceptable sermon from the text Rev. 14 : 2-13, which was ended by his reading the following verses :

"HE CARETH."

We grieve Him much !  
The deed so small  
We do not think it sin at all ;  
But just the selfish, heedless sway  
Of one's own will ; the Master's way  
Ignored quite ; His love so true,  
In all His thought for me and you,  
We pass it by and heed it not,  
Our one excuse : "We just forgot !"   
We grieve Him much !

We please Him much !  
The deed so small  
We never think its worth at all ;  
But he looks on with love so true  
In all His care for me and you,  
And sees the loving thought of Him,  
The cup of water, to the brim  
He sees it filled, for His dear sake  
Given another's thirst to slake,  
We please Him much.

He loves us much !  
The moments small  
We do not think He heeds at all ;  
Yet every thought of grief or praise,  
Each smile, each tear, the glance we raise  
While thanking Him for pardon sweet,  
The trust we feel, the power meet  
He grants for service—all are dear  
To Him ; there's naught for us to fear !  
He loves us much.

BEYOND THE DEEP.

Beyond the deep God grant us sleep  
And everlasting peace,  
God grant us rest among the blest,  
And from all ills surcease.

Beyond the night God grant us light,  
And happiness supreme,  
Without a care in castles fair  
By some celestial stream.

Beyond the flood where vapours brood  
God grant we reach the shore  
Of glorious skies in Paradise,  
And joys for evermore.

Our labours done at set of sun,  
Let twilight's shadows come,  
While from afar the evening star  
Shines sweet as we go home.

St. Mark's Church, Seneca.

On Sunday, July 28th, Rev. Rural Dean Scudamore baptized Grace Irene, daughter of Thon as and Phoebe Moore ; Gordon Frederick, son of Frederick William and Ida May Harrison ; and Clara Isabella, Bessie Mabel and Addie Victoria, daughters of Adam and Isabella Cummings.

Since this pretty little church was opened for divine worship in June, the attendance has been most encouraging—never less than 70, and sometimes over 100 worshippers being present. We also report that the collections have been very creditable and have already been gladly utilized in paying some of the smaller building items. No doubt this church will be a great blessing to many families in the neighborhood. Christian prayers are asked that God's name may be magnified here, and many of our brethren blessed.

Messrs. T. Moore and John Harrison have made a personal canvass of the district and have been very kindly received by most of the residents upon whom they called. They report \$90 subscribed and some promises in addition that will be handed in during the next few weeks. They are encouraged to spend another day or two, hoping to reach the century mark.