

iniquity of the streets that excitement by which regrets and remorse may be deadened. If she is too strong in principle, too pure and elevated in tone thus to sink down to one of the pitiable fallen women of the streets, she may find herself in some cold garret, lonely, overworked, despondent and miserable. Better remain at home than risk the failure which attends so many girls who go to the city in pursuit of high pay for light work. It is the saddest of all ventures, forsaking a country home for the illusions and deceptions of a large town."—*Times*.

OUR CHURCH AND COUNTRY.

NOVA SCOTIA.

PICTOU.—Much regret is felt that the Messrs. HERDMAN, Bakers, are about to leave our city, of which they and their people deserve so well at a recent session of Pictou Lodge, I.O.G.T., the following address was presented to Mr E. G. Herdman, who is leaving his native town for the North-West. Mr. Herdman has been a most earnest and devoted worker in the interest of temperance, and this lodge in particular. He carries with him to his new home, the good wishes of all who have ever been acquainted with him.

TO MR. E. G. HERDMAN :

Dear Sir and Brother,—Having learned with regret of your decision to leave this your native Town for a new field of labor in our great North-West, we take this opportunity of expressing our regret at losing so good and efficient an officer and member; one who has always taken a lively interest in the affairs of this lodge and in the temperance cause; who has always been faithful and prompt in the discharge of duty; affable and courteous to all. We shall miss you in our councils and deliberations, and in our social amusements. Please allow us to express our very best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness. We recommend you to the kind favor of our Brethren who are to be found in all countries. That Almighty God the Ruler and Governor of all things will ever watch over and protect you, is our earnest prayer.

Signed in behalf of Pictou Lodge,

A. R. WATT, C. T.

W. MACDONALD, Secy.

Mr. Herdman made a feeling reply to the above, after which several of the members and visitors spoke, complimenting Mr. H. upon his past efforts, and all united in sincere regret at his departure. Refreshments of a substantial nature were then passed around and thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. H. has left for the West.

ST. ANDREW'S KIRK is undergoing extensive repairs and improvements.

PRINCIPAL A. H. MCKAY of Pictou Academy has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Science, Literature, and Art, of London, England, in recognition of his services and attainments in the cause of Science. This is a very high honor to be accorded to a Colonist, and a compliment to the well-known ability of our worthy Principal. In addition to the titles of B. A. and B. Sc., which Mr. McKay already holds, he will thus have this newly acquired one of F. S. Sc. Mr. McKay's very able and original paper on "the Sponge" has been received with interest by scientific men everywhere, and is attracting much attention at present in the United States.

IN MEMORY OF KENNETH JOHN MCKENZIE, WHO DIED IN BOSTON, AUGUST 2, 1886.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And oh! the steps of that message boy
Still seem to resound in my ear;
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sad feelings of loneliness glide:
My heart and eyes are full, when I think
Of my Kenny, sick, far from my side!

Ah, soon and sad the next message came:
"Return to your home; he is dead:
Your darling boy will be brought to you,
Prepare him his last lowly bed!"
How did I return to my lonely home?
My husband afar off at sea,
Not knowing his darling boy was dead:
But God looked with pity on me!

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As in marble calmness he lay,
And think what a lively boy he had been,
And how soon he passed away.
Oh death, thou lovest the beautiful:
In the woe of my spirit I cried:
The eyes were dim, but lovely the face
Of my darling boy that died!

I shall see his sister and brother again,
With their playmates round the door,
And I will watch them in their play,
As I never have done before.
And if in the group I see a boy,
Like my own Kenny, laughing eyed,
I'll love the darling face of him,
For the sake of my boy that died!

We shall all go home to our Father's house,
Where the many mansions rise,
Where hope and joy can have no blight,
And our love no broken ties.
We'll roam beside the river of life,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be,
Our own dear boy that died! M. C.

SCOTCH HILL.—The Rev. Eneas G. Gordon, A.M., Parish Minister of Kingskettle, Fife, Scotland, is on a visit to his friends at Scotch Hill. Soon after Mr. Gordon was