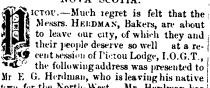
iniquity of the streets that excisement by which regrets and remorse may be deadened. If she is too strong in principle, too pure and elevated in tone thus to sink down to one of the pitiable fallen women of the streets, she may find herself in some cold garret, lonely, overworked, despondent and miserable 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.



town for the North-West. Mr. Herdman has been a most earnest and devoted worker in the mit rest 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:

Hear 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 hively interest in the affairs of this lodge and in the temperance cause; who has always been buthful and prompt in the discharge of duty: Mable and courteous to all. We shall miss you n our councils and deliberations, and in our ocial amusements. Please allow us to express ar very best wishes for your future prosperity nd happiness. We recommend you to the kind wor of our Brethren who are to be found in all ountries. That Almighty God the Ruler and overnor of all things will ever watch over and rotect you, is our carnest prayer.

Signed in behalf of Pictou Lodge,

A. R. WATT, C. T. W. MACDONALD, Secy.

Mr. Herdman made a feeling reply to the tove, after which several of the members and stors spoke, complimenting Mr. H. upon space efforts, and all united in sincere regret his departure. Refreshments of a substandardure were then passed around and oroughly enjoyed. Mr. H. has left for the est.

St. Andrew's Kirk is undergoing extensive repairs and improvements.

PRINCIPALA. 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.

Messis. Herdman, Bakers, are about In Memory of Kenneth John McKenzie, to leave our city, of which they and 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 derling 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 Gop 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 wee 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 bes'de 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.

his departure. Refreshments of a substanlinature were then passed around and omughly enjoyed. Mr. H. has left for the est.

Scotch Hill.—The Rev. Eness 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