

interest in missions, with a substantial increase in the amount given for this good cause. Among the visitors to the city were: Rev. Dr. White, Superintendent of Missions for the Province; Rev. G. W. Dean, of Salt Spring Island, who spent last summer as the Missionary on the "Thomas Crosby," the Methodist Missionary boat; Rev. G. H. Raley, Principal of Colqualeetza Indian Industrial School at Sardis; and Rev. Peter Kelly, of the Nanaimo Indian Mission. There was a general exchange of pulpits, and some representative laymen assisted by taking services. The result of the anniversary and appeal was most encouraging.

"Mak' Siccar" (Make Sure)

Note: The author of the following "lines" mentions that they were suggested by a story told by the Rev. Alex. MacInnes in the course of a recent address—to this effect:

"An old Scots Elder lay a-dying, while the winter storms were howling round his thatched dwelling. In great physical agony, 'the house of his earthly tabernacle was being dissolved.' Seeing the old man was nearing his end, his grand-daughter asked if she would read a chapter to him. In much bodily suffering he replied: 'Na, na, lassie; I theekit ma hoose in the calm weather.'" "The lines," adds the writer, "are an attempt to depict the story and some of its lessons in rhyme."

It may interest some of our readers to know that the author of the lines is the father of Mr. Andrew Milne, organist and music teacher, Vancouver.—Editor.

An old Scottish Elder on his death-bed was lying,
While round his thatched dwelling the storm-fiends were crying;
The blast of their thunders, man's efforts disdain—
Build your house on the "Rock"—storms rage there in vain.

A Bible unopened lay near to his bed,
"Shall I read you a chapter?" his grand-daughter said;
"Na, na, ma lassie; ma heid's licht's a feather,
But I theekit ma hoose i' the fine calm weather!"

"Plenty of time!" say the youth and the maiden,
"Our life's springtime with pleasure is laden."
"Plenty of time!" say the proud in their prime,
"It isn't convenient—there's plenty of time!"

Death knocks at the door of the young and the old;
He cannot by you or by me be "controlled";
So get your "hoose theekit" before it's too late—
You may be left shelterless—pitiful state!

It isn't the "time" when the senses are reeling,
To tackle the question, man's destiny sealing;
Now, is the promise, oh, *now* is the time;
Neglecting salvation is sin's blackest crime!

Can you bargain with Death, as to *when*, or to *where*
You may "hand in your checks" and pass over *there*?
Can you say, when you've come near the end of life's tether—
"I theekit ma hoose i' the fine calm weather"?

—George Milne, Glasgow.