

appetizing a list of contents as you furnish us with each successive month. I would like to second your correspondent's appeal for help, particularly as there are many matters on which I think our people require a little more light. I do not refer now to purely congregational topics, although I cannot help thinking there could be a good deal of profitable discussion upon some of these. Of course an Editor cannot MAKE NEWS; and he has to depend, for his information, upon whatever sources are nearest at hand; and here I would like to say that I have rarely seen a line in its columns from my own pastor. It savors very much of indifference when one man is thus allowed to be burdened year after year, whose only reward, besides the consciousness of faithful duty done, is a vote of thanks after giving his annual report at Synod.

Without saying more on that subject at present, I would like to remark that every well-organized church, large or small, has its Statistical Returns. Is the Kirk in Canada an exception? Why should it be? If it is numerically small, so much easier will be the task of collecting the data. If it is large, so much the more need of publishing the results of its work. No people can take an interest in an organization of whose condition they are in ignorance. In Pictou County, of course, everybody is aware of the existence of the Kirk; but in other parts of the Provinces, few will believe there is a Body known as the Church of Scotland, with the exception of one or two congregations. And we have little means of combating such statements, so at least as to demonstrate its strength. It is, moreover, a very great source of encouragement to both pastor and people to see the grouping together of the various influences of the whole Church. Without taking up too much of your space just now, allow me to ask you to give, through your columns, as early as convenient, the Statistical Report, so that we may know what is our membership, how much property we are possessed of, how many Elders, adherents, Sabbath scholars, and all other details that an intelligent Kirk people would certainly like to know. Of course I refer to the Kirk in Canada as a whole; but at any rate let us know how we stand in the Lower Provinces. Perhaps I have asked too much; but at any rate I will await your reply with interest.

Yours, faithfully,

ENQUIRER.

[These enquiries are cogent, and should do good. I trust our Pastors will profit by them. They have such confidence in the Editor that they trust him to attend to almost everything.

But the danger is, that they trust him with too much for one mortal to complete. The cure of this is, to make them take their turn as Editor. The Statistical Returns were good, and well approved by Synod, but did not come to the Editor's hand; probably by some Post Office oversight. We trust the future will amply rectify all these particulars. —ED.]

HAPPY WHO ENDURE.

"It's of no use, wife," said the Rev. Mr. Goodyear sadly one day, "I think the only thing left me is to resign my work here and go to some other field. I seem to have stirred up an evil spirit among the congregation lately, although I have acted with the very best intention. There has been such an illfeeling between many, such little bitter words and looks! It is bad enough in any case, but when this feeling enters the church it seems to me it is time to attempt a remedy. But it has only made matters worse. I saw Deacon Jones to day in the store, and he said I am stirring up contention and strife in the church with my untimely preaching. I have no doubt the deacon spoke for my good, but others have not spoken from the same kind motive. Miss Green says the choir are mad and refuse to come next Sunday; that Miss Susan Grey says it makes no difference what I say, she won't speak to that stuck-up judge's wife; and the judge's wife says Miss Prudence misunderstands her; and Jim Smith felt called upon to tell me that no one in this pulpit had raised such dissension as I with my old-fashioned sermons." Mrs. Goodyear sighed softly as she set down the watering-pot and turned the exquisite white rose she was sprinkling toward the warm sunlight streaming through the small south window of the parsonage sitting-room.

"My dear," she said, "don't worry about it. The Lord will bring it all out right; he always does for those who do their best for him. Come here and look at this pure white rose unfolding, and all your doubts will disappear. You could not look into the heart of this blossom without finding peace. Carrie says it rests her like sweet music. I want it to be quite perfect when she comes home on Saturday. School-teaching is so tiresome, even if one does love children, and Carrie deserves all one can do to please her."

"She is a good daughter," said her husband thoughtfully, "The Lord has blessed us in that, Mary."

"In that!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodyear, turn-