

escape from death by timely aid and effort; this drug should never be taken but with the advice and attendance of a physician.

Iron articles will seldom rust if they have been cleansed from oil by hot soda-water, and afterward dipped in hot lime and water and dried.

Collodion, spirits of turpentine, and the common salve called oxide of zinc, are each an invaluable remedy to apply to burns and scalds before a physician can arrive to do better, if better is to be done, and sweet-oil and lime-water beaten up together make a strong and healing ointment for them as good as any medicament known.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

### PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'n't any use of fretting,  
An' I told Obadiah so,  
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,  
We'd jest got to let 'em go.  
There were lots of folks that'd suffer  
Along with the rest of us,  
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while  
To make such a drefille fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,  
An' corn an' pertaters scarce.  
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap  
But water—an' apple-sass.  
But then—as I told Obadiah—  
It wa'n't any use to groan,  
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he  
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! ef you'd only heerd him,  
At any hour of the night,  
A-prayin' out in that closet there,  
'Twould have set you crazy quite.  
I patched the knees of those trowsers  
With cloth that was noways thin,  
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out  
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little  
Of the thorny way we trod,  
But at least a dozen times a day  
He talked it over with God.  
Down on his knees in that closet  
The most of his time was passed,  
For Obadiah knew how to pray  
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrairy  
That ef things don't go jest right,  
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high  
An' gittin' ready to fight.  
An' the giants I slew that winter  
I ain't goin' to talk about;  
An' I didn't even complain to God,  
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle  
I druv the wolf from the door,  
For I knew that we needn't starve to death  
Or be lazy because we were poor.  
An' Obadiah he wondered,  
An' kept me patching his knees,

An' thought it strange how the meal held out,  
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,  
"God knows where His gift descends;  
An' 'tish't always that faith gits down  
As far as the finger ends."

An' I wouldn't have no one reckon

My Obadiah a shirk,  
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,  
And others the gift to work.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

### Official Notices.

THE Quebec Association of Congregational ministers and churches will meet with the church at Granby on Tuesday, September 7th, at 2 p.m.

Papers to be read by Revs. Messrs. Hill, Sanderson, Purkis and McIntyre. Members and delegates intending to be present are requested to address Rev. J. I. Hindley, Granby, Quebec.

GEORGE WILLETT,  
*Scribe.*

### CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

The Forty-eighth Session of the College will be opened with the usual public service in the Assembly Hall of the College, at 8 p.m. of Wednesday, September 15th. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Principal Stevenson, Dr. Wilkes and others, and a collection will be made in aid of the Library. Students of the College and accepted candidates for admission are expected to be present at this service. Candidates for admission are requested to forward their applications to me, addressed 177 Drummond Street, Montreal.

GEORGE CORNISH, LL.D.,

Secretary C. C., B. N. A.  
Montreal, August 12th, 1887.

### YEAR BOOK FOR 1886-7.

DEAR SIR:—Will you allow me through the columns of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT to inform our friends that we are pushing the YEAR BOOK along as fast as possible—we cannot get it out as soon as we hoped, but confidently expect that this month will see it finished.

In view of the value of the Book and its exceedingly low price, we hope to receive large orders. I want to thank the students for the orders they have sent in, and am only sorry that the book will not be in their hands for distribution before they return to College.

Yours, &c.,

W. H. WARRINER.

Bowmanville Sept. 1st, 1886-7.