

several of the ministers sent out by the mother church. His name will be long held in reverence in Nova Scotia, and his life will form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the Church of Scotland.

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To Collectors.

WE have lately met with the following hints which may be of service to a class that labour in gathering in the offerings of the Church, and to whose exertions we are so much indebted for exercise and liberality. They may ponder them and prize and do their work better in consequence.

1. Do your work as a religious duty. It is Christ's cause for which you are canvassing and collecting. You seek nothing for yourself, but that good sentence of "Well done, good and faithful servant!" If you go to your duty in this spirit you will be proof against all rebuffs and cool receptions. Give your time and tongue then to Christ in simplicity and godly sincerity.

2. Do not feel any annoyance at being refused. Perhaps the person asked *could* not give; and he may be extremely sorry for his inability. Perhaps his heart is hard; still, any indication of temper on your part will serve yet more to harden his heart. Tell him rather, that you will call again; ask him to think the matter over carefully; talk gently and kindly with him.

3. Do not judge a man according to the amount he gives. A shilling from one is as much as twenty shillings from another. Do not be satisfied with receiving precisely the same amount each time you call. Ask the subscriber, if the Lord has not prospered him sufficiently to allow of an increase? Ask him if his heart is not larger than it was? For, in truth, every Christian ought to be growing in the grace of liberality as in every other.

4. Do not despise the pennies of the young and the poor. A shilling, or five shillings from the head of the family should not content you. Let the members of the family give each a little, however small. Call on the poorest members of the congregation. You have no right to pass them by: you do them a gross injustice if you do not afford to them an opportunity of contributing of their poverty to the Lord's treasury. The pennies of the poor are as welcome in the sight of the Lord as the pounds of the wealthy; and they are often given as cheerfully and as devoutly.

5. Be active in your work. Your office is one of much practical moment to the Church. Stipends, Schemes, Educational and Missionary enterprise, are all dependent on your exertions, while deficiency, shame and bankruptcy accompany your neglect. Let not then the Church go back through your remissness.

6. Go your rounds regularly. By doing so you will find the work delightful. Friends will expect you and be prepared to receive you. You will be hailed as a messenger from God, affording an opportunity of giving something to God. Drop words of comfort and counsel where you can; and speak and think mainly of the work you have in hand. Be not discouraged with the small results that may attend upon your first efforts. You can carry the germ of a mighty oak in your pocket: you could dam with your foot the source of the St. Lawrence! Go on; for you do not know what increase the Lord may give; or what good may flow from your efforts, insignificant as they may appear to yourself.

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Rest: An Ode.

"GIVE US, O, GIVE US REST!"

BENEATH the hill
The lake lies still;
A single cloudlet sailing to the west,
Moves in the boundless blue,
Moves in that mirror too,
With motion most like rest.

Beside the stream
The blue flowers dream;
On banks grass-muffled, mute
To tread of any foot,
The trees stand back, that so
Their murmurs may be low;
Leaning together, by one whisper stirred,
To drown the voice of that audacious bird.

The great sea lies,
By tender skies
Embraced, till, lowering his foamy crest,
Up to the shore he slips,
A murmur on his lips,
As he too prayed for rest.
"Give us, O, give us rest!"

In vain,
Nature, upon her child,
With her fair face hath smiled!
She cannot ease his pain:
She has no balm
The throbbing heart to calm.
Or drive thought's hurrying crowd from that distracted brain:
The mournful mother rocks him on her breast,
She cannot give him rest.

For rest
Have all men laboured, all the centuries round:
O quest!
By all men followed and by none yet found:
The task-like spell, by wicked wizard bound,
Grows with the labour; with the boon the need;
The distance seems to lengthen with the speed:
The goal still to recede.

The camel kneels,
With mute appeals
In her mild eyes, against the crushing load;
At the sharp-pricking goad,
The ox, with mighty strain,
Lowers his broad front in menace vain,
His strong, fierce neck is tugging at the yoke;
And quivering to the stroke,
Upon the mission speeds the fiery horse,
Nor spares his generous life to close the headlong course.