

A Retrospect.

(Continued from April)

OTHER Missionary efforts have been made by our school. When Rev. E. R. Young left for Norway House in 1868, the school gave a Sabbath's collection to help replenish the library at that far-away mission. Recently the school has been helping a young Japanese, Mr. Kobiashai, who is pursuing his studies at Victoria University. In 1868 the present stone church was built, under the direction of Dr. Rice. The materials were obtained by pulling down the vacated McNab Street Church. Each stone was marked as it was taken down, and afterwards put back in a similar position, to form a similar structure upon our lot. The McNab Street people had, previous to this change, built Centenary Church and moved over there. Our re-opening services were conducted by Rev. Morley Punshon.

The old building had been moved back and was now converted into a Sunday school room, many of us remember its appearance, and just where we sat in that room, the library and class rooms down stairs, the school room proper up stairs, the infant class new with ascending rows of benches to one side, stuck up near the roof, we remember the wall-paper hanging in festoons from the ceiling, the leaky stove pipes with tin troughs and little pails placed at the ends to catch the drippings. We remember, too, how one Sunday, some boys watched their opportunity when no one was looking, and put cayenne pepper on the stove, my, what a time! can we forget it? we tried to sing, but that was impossible, and the school, much to every one's annoyance, had to be dismissed. The boys were not discovered, but they never repeated the offence.

Although this sketch is but an incomplete history of King Street Sunday School, we cannot close without some reference to the annual picnics and anniversaries. Land's Bush or Col. Land's Grove, as solemnly announced by Mr. Stannard, on the Sabbath preceding the picnic, was a place to which all the boys and girls delighted to go. The memory is still green with many of us, oh! the joyous moment when twenty of us were packed into the big red flour wagon of Mr. Morris's, and quivering with delight were driven down King Street, passed the first common, and, at last, over the ditch, bump, bump, around the stumps into the picnic ground. Oh! the visions of lemonade and

ginger cookies, what if Mr. Atkinson's lemonade barrel did look as if it held out at one time. What if Tom Dixon was so engaged getting the swings put up, and the ropes ready for Copenhagen that the boys got at those delicious buns of Bateman's. Oh! those happy days, never have woods and grasses and flowers looked more lovely. We learned to love them then, because we were so happy at those picnics.

Our anniversary, too, was always regarded as a red-letter day. With Mr. Geo. Fletcher as secretary, reading the report, and Mr. R. L. L. Whyte, then, as now, leading the singing. Hymns such as "Shall we Gather at the River," and "In the Sweet Bye and bye" were sung with such effect that King Street school was famous for having the best singing of any of the schools in the city.

A Band of Hope was started in connection with our school by Mr. Douglas Simpson, about the year 1870, in which the triple pledge against tobacco, liquor and profanity, was used. Rev. W. Galbraith, L. L. B. was the first president. The meetings were held monthly, and much good resulted from them. In 1872 Mr. Stannard was succeeded by Mr. Simpson as Superintendent, a position which he held but for a few months, on his removal from the city, Mr. James Mathews was appointed. Rev. W. W. Carson became pastor in 1873, and it was through his efforts that the name of our church was changed from King Street to First Methodist.

Life on the Prairies.

(By Thos. Morris, Jr.)

THE only thing left for me to do, was to get rid of my clothes. I dug a hole, and put them under the sod, then, like Naman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, I went down to the rivers' brink, and dipped myself in the muddy waters of the Red River of the north. My condition was now somewhat improved, and the mistress of the house took pity on me, and I was admitted into the bosom of the family again. I rather gave myself away in this connection: I enquired of the Doctor if the bite I had received was poisonous, and, of course, had to relate the whole matter to him. The Doctor thought it too good to keep, and had the adventure minutely described in the *Morris Herald*. For a long time I was chaffed unmercifully about my nocturnal adventure with the wounded rabbit.