

WHAT CATHERIN DID

Catherine's shining new penny was safely tucked away in her little white glove when she started for Sunday-school—at least mama thought it was safe, for Catherine always carried her pennies so, and she was a very careful little girl, and had never lost one. But just as she was going up the church steps that morning a sudden whirling wind came round the corner and caught the skirt of her dainty white dress, and blew it right into her face. And while she was trying to hold down her dress with one hand, the wind snatched her "Bo-peep" hat by its lace frill, and tried to jerk it from her head. She reached with her other hand to save the hat, and the smooth new penny slid quietly out and hid itself in a tangle of ivy growing beside the church door. Catherine was so busy fighting the wind that she did not notice the penny's running away.

The lesson that morning was about the building of the tabernacle. The teacher told how anxious all the people were to help build God's house and how those that had no money to give took the bracelets from their arm and the gold rings from their fingers and gave them instead.

Catherine always looked earnestly at the teacher, and seemed to be listening to every word, but she was such a little thing no one expected her to understand much of the lesson stories, and when she tried to say the golden text with the rest, she could not pronounce half the hard words. So every one was surprised at what happened a little later.

"And now," said the teacher, when she had finished the story, "we are going to give our pennies today to help build a house of God—a church we call it—in a place where there are many little children who have never been to Sunday-school. I am sure you will all be glad to help, and I hope no one has forgotten his penny this morning. Here comes the basket for them now."

Catherine smiled, and felt of her glove. Then she looked sober and frightened, and began to pull it off. When the basket came to her she held the glove, and looked with anxious lips at her empty hand. "Where could her penny have gone? Suddenly her face brightened, and she began to tug at her left sleeve. No one noticed her until she held her uplifted hand toward the basket, which was going away. Then she dropped into the basket—not a penny, but a fine gold watch that she and her mother had given her for her name. The words "God's house" engraved on the inside reached almost around the world circle.

"Oh, Catherine! what did you do that for?" whispered the boy who sat next her.

"I lost my penny," she said, and her face grew very red.

The man with the basket picked up the ring to give it back to Catherine, but the teacher whispered something in his ear, and he dropped it among the pennies again and went away.

"Catherine understood the lesson," said the teacher, smiling brightly into the little red face.

The teacher went home with Catherine, and while the little girl went upstairs to take off her hat and gloves, slipped the ring into Mama's hands and told her the story.

Pelonhet's Select Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons are so well known as to require no words of commendation at our hands. The volume for 1906 contains everything to the proper study of the Sunday school lessons during the coming year. The teacher possessed of Pelonhet needs no other "helps." The Upper Canada Tract and Book Society, Toronto.

A FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

Hephzibah Church, Williamstown, Ont., was crowded to the doors on the occasion of the designation of Miss Elizabeth McLennan, B.A., of Williamstown, Ont., to the work of foreign missions. A large number of the ministers of the Presbytery of Glangarry and members of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, were present. The chair was occupied by the Rev. J. Matheson, of Summerstown, a former pastor of the congregation, who called on the Rev. R. McKay, of Maxwell, to open the meeting with prayer. The General Assembly's foreign missionary committee was represented by the Rev. Dugald Currie, B.D., of Perth, Ont., who delivered a suitable address applying his words both to the congregation and Miss McLennan. The designation prayer was offered by the Rev. Arpod Govan, of Williamstown. Appropriate solos were rendered by Miss Tena M. Fraser and Miss Minnie McLennan, both of Lancaster, on behalf of the W.F.M.S., presented the outgoing missionary with a Bible, and then, on behalf of the members of the section of the Presbytery to which Miss McLennan belongs, also presented her with a well filled purse as a slight token of their affection and esteem. Mr. Matheson referred briefly to Miss McLennan from the time he received her into full membership of the church during his former pastorate, and also to the high Christian character of the family from which she comes. Miss McLennan is an honor graduate in Arts of Queen's University, and followed this course with a year's study at the School of Pedagogy in Hamilton, and a term in the Ewart Training School, Toronto. She goes to the foreign field admirably equipped for the work. Addresses were also given by Mr. Elder, an elder of that congregation, who had been Miss McLennan's Sunday school teacher for a number of years; the Rev. Arpod Govan, of Williamstown; the Rev. J. U. Tanner, of Lancaster, and the Rev. A. G. Cameron, of Apple Hill. The meeting was concluded by singing the hymn "God be with you till we meet again," after which the whole congregation took the opportunity of bidding the missionary an affectionate farewell. She left on Friday evening for Lancaster, where a large number of relatives and friends met at the G.T.R. station to bid her God-speed.

DO NOT SHIRK FROM DUTY.

No duty, however hard and perilous, should be feared one-half so much as failure in the duty. People sometimes shrink from responsibility, saying they dare not accept it because it is so great. But in shrinking from duty they are really encountering a far more serious condition than that which they evade. It is a great deal easier to do that which God gives us to do, no matter how hard it is, than to face the responsibility of not doing it. We have abundant assurance that we shall receive all the strength we need to perform any duty God allots to us, but if we fall out of line of obedience and refuse to do anything which we ought to do, we find ourselves at once out of harmony with God's law and God's providence, and cannot escape the consequences of our failure.—J. R. Miller.

Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been established to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words in keeping back harsh judgments, in abstaining from speech, if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then looks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.—Humane Journal.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The foundation of a new U. F. church at M'Donald Road, Edinburgh, was laid the other day by Mr. Wm. Anderson, who has been 45 years an elder.

Lord Southesk, whose guest Mr. Carnegie was at Kinross Castle, Forfarshire, recently is the chief of the Carnegie Clan—assuming that the Carnegies are a clan—and he and Lady Southesk are occasional visitors at Skibo Castle.

Rev. Dr. Watson ("Jan Maclaren"), who preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, the 15th ult., as minister of Salford Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, was on the 12th ult. handed a cheque for £2,600 as a parting gift from his congregation, and as a thank-offering for his 25 years' pastorate.

Rev. James Buchanan, senior minister of St. James's U. F. Church (Glasgow) and of St. Leonard's on Sea, on the 10th ult. He preached the late, Deceased Deacons of Glasgow as ministers of St. James's and the two ministers cover the pulpit from the Dominion to the present time.

The congregation of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, of which the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst has been pastor for twenty-five years will soon take possession of the new church building at the northeast corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth street. The old building is being removed from the outer walls and finishing touches are being given to the interior.

At a synodal conference held in the Merchants' Hall, Edinburgh, on the 16th ult., the Commissioners appointed to deal with the Church cases intimated to representatives of the Free and United Free churches the lines on which their inquiry will proceed. Statements are to be heard by the respective Churches, and should any question of principle arise on these occasions will be heard by the Commissioners, whose meetings will not be open to the public.

The death took place on the 18th ult. at Invercaddan Manse, Musselburgh, of the Rev. J. Sharp, who for seventeen years has been parish minister of Invercaddan. He was in his forty-sixth year, and leaves behind him seven children. Deceased was a native of Seona, and before going to Invercaddan had been assistant minister under the Rev. J. H. McCulloch, North Leith Parish. He was captain of the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club for two years. He was also an enthusiastic oarsman.

The freedom of the City of Edinburgh was on the 16th ult. conferred on the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour M.P., Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. It was resolved by the Town Council some time ago to admit Mr. Balfour as a freeman of the city in testimony of the respect and esteem in which he is held by the members of the Corporation and the community not only for his personal character but as a distinguished Scotman and neighbour, and in recognition of his eminent services as a statesman and man of letters. The ceremony took place in the Synod Hall, Castle Terrace, which was crowded, the demand for tickets having far exceeded the accommodation of the hall. Prior to the presentation Mr. Balfour was entertained to luncheon by the Corporation, but this function was strictly private.

"If every one would be only half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be."

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow strong or we grow weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

No sunrise, mountain-top, or June of blossom is so inspiring by its beauty as human faces at their best. A smile is the subtlest form of beauty in all the visible creation, and heaven breaks on the earth in the smiles of friendly faces.—Wm. C. Gannett.