

“Time like an ever-rolling seream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.”

And if death was busy all those years, so was life. Six hundred and fifty little children were baptized. Many of them have married and grown o'd in the church where their fathers worshipped God. Many have wandered into other lands, and many have found an early grave. Frequently the minister looks down upon the fifth generation of his first communicants present in the house of God. So far as he knows, only one is left of all who sat down at the table of the Lord at the first communion. Possibly he has preached about eight thousand sermons, and he never was ashamed of any sermon. He simply did his best, put his strength into it, and left it with his God.

There were three Elders in the congregation at the beginning, Jas. Macallum Wm. Tinline, and James Burns. Additions were made to the Session from time to time. There are eight now, A. J. Macallum, S. Jamieson, Duncan Cairns, James Cairns, Robt. Gellatly, John Burns, James Ross and Alex. Bryson. Eleven members have been removed by death, and two are living in Toronto. So this page in the story of St. Andrew's closes. What will the next fifty years bring it? Looking back, the Presbyterian Church has made wonderful progress. Will the progress in the next half century be greater still. One hopes so, prays it may be so, and that at the end of 50 years St. Andrew's, King, may be more full of life and hope than ever before.