No. 4. Send me a boy able to drivea horse.
No. 5. A gambling saloon has been opened near this. Can you help to close it up ?

No. 6. Tako a stand against desecration of the Sabbath on railways.

No. 7. Left a flannel shirt in my boarding house; please get it ane send it to me.

No. 8. What is subecription to Weekly Mail?
No. 0. Post letters tr me.
No. 10. Should 1 ke to procurea SwedishTestament as agrant.

No. 11. Please try and get me a situation, and write, lettlig mo know if you succeed.

No. 12. What are best books for a beginner in phonography.

We hive done our very best to meet all these demands. If we have failed in any, it has not been lack of desire but inability. But we are not going to give up. By the grace of God the Association still offers itself as a qeneral servant, but all the time we keep in view that "One is our Master, even Christ." He took on Him the form of a servant." Friends, young men, brethren, we count "ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

## SABBATH DESECRATION.

We have received a lengthy epistle from "A Brother in Christ," in which he uses very strong but justifiable language while referring to the hardships of Railway Employees, and the sinfulness of Railway Managers by ordering the running of trains on the Lord's Day. The writer wishes the Association to take some action towards securing the abolition of all traffic on that day. While we admit the force of many of his arguments, we should attach greater iraportance to the letter had the writer given his own name. Brethren never be afraid to write to us making any suggestion; but at the same time never be afraid, when you do write, to let us know who you are. We are ready to second any work for the glory of Godthe salvation of souls-or the maintenance of the sanctity of the Lord's day; but we like to know those who ask our co-operation.

Those who "endure hardness" as good soldiers of Jesus Christ are never alarmed at the pop-guns of adverse criticism. Their chief anxiety is to obey the orders of the Captain of their Salvation.

## A WORKER'S DREAM. (CONDENSED.)

I sat down in an arm-chair, wearied with my work. My toil had been severe. Many were seeking many had found what they sought. The church wore an aspect of prosperity. I was joyous in my work. My brethren were united. My sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers. My church was crowded with listeners.
Fired with my work, I soon lost myself in sort of half-forgetful state. Suddenly a stranger entered the room, I saw in hisface, benignity, intelligence, and weight of character; but, though he was passably well attired, be carried suspended about his person measures, and chemical agents, and implements, which gave him a very strange appearance.
The stranger coming toward me said, "How is your zeal?" I was eased to hear his words; for I was quite satisfied with my zeal. Instantly I conceived of it as physical quantity, and putting my hand into my bosom, brought it forth and presented it to him for inspection. He took it, and, placing it in his scale, weighed it carefully. I heard him say, "One hundred pounds!" I was gratified. He broke the mass to atoms, put it into his crucible, and put the crucible into the fire. When the mass was thoroughly fused he took it out, and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth, exhibited a series of layers or strata; which all, at the touch of his hammer, fell apart, and were severally tested and weighed. When he had finished, he presented his notes to me, and gave me a look of compassion, and saying, "May God save you !" he left the room.
I opened the "notes," and read as follows:-
Anatysis of the zeal of Junius, a candidate for a Croicn of Glory.
Weight in mase, ... .100 lbs
of this. on analysis, there proves to bo.-


When I looked at the figures, my heart sank as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the correct-

