

In time of trouble there is none to flee to like God.
Happy the heart that responds to the voice of God.
Earthly friends may fail us, the Lord never will.
Those who wait on the Lord, shall be helped in His own right time.

The past has a voice to the future, telling of trust and confidence in God.

Main Lesson.—The great ground of our confidence, the faithfulness of God—Deut. 7: 9; Num. 23: 19; Josh. 23: 14; Psalms 114: 89, 90; Matt. 24: 35; 2 Tim. 2: 13; Heb. 6: 18; 10: 23.

MARRIED.

At Belleville, July 4th, in the Congregational church, by the Rev. Wm. Stacy, assisted by the Rev. D. Mitchel, the Rev. Geo. Robertson, B.A., pastor of the Congregational church, Melbourne, Quebec, to Kate Georgina Hopkins, third daughter of William Hopkins, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y. and niece of the late Geo. Ross, Ameliasburg.

Children's Corner.

EVENING PRAYER

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers,
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

NONE OF THEM DRINK.

A lady living in Wake county writes to a female relative in Greensboro', whom she had not seen in a number of years. Both of them have raised families of children, of

whom several are now grown up young men. In such a case a letter would be wanting in completeness that failed to include an account of the young men. So the letter, besides relating many family incidents of the family life, refers particularly to the young men; and this very expressive sentence is given: "None of my sons drink."

This is certainly a very favourable account, but it suggests a very grave thought. If these young men did not furnish something of an exception to the general course, the statement that "none of them drink" would scarcely be relevant. So when this proud mother writes thus of her sons, it is the same as to say that they avoid the common practice. "Other people's sons drink, but mine are an exception."

We have called the woman a "proud mother," and she had a right to be under the circumstances. Mothers are apt to be proud of their sons, but oftentimes, alas! the ground to stand upon is very narrow. We have somewhere seen an affecting poem, every verse of which began with,

"He makes his mother sad."

We can almost take the risk of saying that the larger half of the sadness of the world is borne by mothers, and that these are the mothers of wayward sons, sons that do drink.

Some of these mothers, away back near the cradle scene, were once proud of these same sons. The breath of childhood is sweet as the fragrance of the new-mown hay as it exhales from under the morning dew, and gives to the mother sweet promise of an uncontaminated life—a promise not always realized, for, in instances fearfully frequent,

"He makes his mother sad."

Poor, disappointed mothers. What a long train of mourners they would make along the street of any city. How well fitted to this place is one of the brief sayings of the Wise Man—"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." This inspired writer never uttered a saying, perhaps, that is more frequently realized than the one quoted above. It is not