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POETIC GEMS FROM WHITTIER.

LONGFELLOW and BRYANT are accounted the greatest poets of America. But the fame of the truthful and manly Quaker Poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, is steadily growing and bidding fair to rival both. He deserves to be better known among us. We give here a few select verses from his works.

THE "MAGNA CHARTA" IS SACRED.

Whoso lays his hand on these,
England's ancient liberties,
Whoso breaks by word or deed
England's vow at Runnymede,
Be he Prince or belted Knight,
Whatso'er his rank or might,
If the highest, then the worst,
Let him live and die accurs'd!

GOD'S WORD HAS LETTER & SPIRIT.

In Thee the mystery of life is read,
In picture-writing of the ancient seers,
The myths and parables of primal years,
Whose letter kills, by Thee interpreted
Yield healing meanings fitted to our needs,
And in the soul's vernacular express
The common law of simple righteousness.
Hatred of cant, and doubt of man made Creeds
May well be felt the unpardonable sin,
Is to deny the WORD of GOD WITHIN!

EMIGRANTS GOING WEST.

Upbearing like the Ark of God
The Bible in our van,
We go to spread its truth abroad
Against the fraud of man.

ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Did we dare
In our agony of prayer
Ask for more than God hath done?
When was ever his right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now, beneath the sun!

ROOTS OF WAR AND WOE.

Before the human Mart I stood
And saw the Christian mother sold.
With children in their locks of gold,
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood
I shut my eyes, I held my breath,
And choking down the wrath and shame
That set my Northern blood aflame,
Stood silent,—where to speak were death

JESUS, THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.

In Him, of whom the Sybil told,
For Whom the Prophet's harp was toned,
Whose need the Sage and Magi owned,
The loving heart of God behold,
The Hope for Whom the Ages groaned!

TRUE PRAYER IS UNSELFISH.

What am I, that I should press
Urgent prayers of selfishness?
Should I try to mount to heaven
On my neighbor's unforgiveness?
If there be some weaker one!
Aid me LORD, to help him on!
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee!

THE WICKED DESTROY THEMSELVES.

Forever round God's mercy-seat
His guiding Lights of Love shall burn;
But what if, habit bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn?

Oh, doom beyond the saddest guess!
While God's eternal ages roll,
To find thy dreary selfishness
The prison of thy soul!

To doubt the Love that fain would break
The fetters from thy self-bound limb,
And dream that God doth thee forsake
As thou forsakest Him!

TO BE SAVED IS TO BE GOOD.

He findeth not who seeks his own,
The soul is lost that's saved alone,
For to be saved is simply this—
Salvation from our selfishness.
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, CHRIST lives to-day!

BRITISH PROVERBS.

ALWAYS do your best: This will bring you rest. Better to make sure, than to sor-
row too late. Command your passions with
due discretion. Dare to do right, though all
others may slight. Envy is an elf punishing
itself. Fowls of like feather flock together.
Give a rascal rope, he will hang himself.
Hope for the best, but provide against the
worst. Injure no one, but be good to every-
one. Jealousy describes green through jaun-
diced eyes. Kindness conquers more tru-
ly than war. Love rules in heaven; fear