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THE  
**CHURCH MISCELLANY.**

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OCTOBER, 1879.

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**FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,**  
**KINGSTON, ONT.**

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**MEETINGS :**

Sunday Public Services.....	11 A.M. AND 7 P.M.
Sunday School.....	2:30 P.M.
Church Prayer Meeting, Wednesday.....	7:30 P.M.
Ladies' Devotional Meeting, Friday.....	4 P.M.
District Prayer Meeting, Fortnightly, as Announced.	
Young People's Association, Fortnightly, as Announced.	
Ladies' Aid Society, Monthly, as Announced.	

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The Church is the House of God and the services are free to all.  
The entire revenue is derived from voluntary offerings.

"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."—JESUS.  
"I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."—JEHOVAH.

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SHANNON & MEEK, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

28-1153. K5 Front 200. 101.  
**Church Officers and Committee.**

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**PASTOR :**  
REV. DR. JACKSON.

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**DEACONS :**  
G. S. FENWICK, GEORGE ROBERTSON.  
J. F. McEWAN.

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**SECRETARY :**  
JOHN DRIVER.

**TREASURER :**  
GEORGE ROBERTSON.

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**GENERAL COMMITTEE :**  
The Pastor and Deacons, together with—  
J. H. McFARLANE, FREDERICK OSBORN,  
THOMAS HENDRY, THOS. SAVAGE, Jr.  
WILLIAM OSBORN, A. PIPER,  
JAMES REID.

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**COLLECTORS :**  
J. H. McFARLANE..... *Weekly Offering.*  
W. OSBORN..... *Open Collection.*  
T. SAVAGE, Jr..... *Open Collection.*  
D. SPENCE..... *Sunday Collection.*  
R. HENDRY..... *Sunday Collection.*  
J. DRIVER..... *Sunday Collection.*  
W. RICHARDSON..... *Sunday Collection.*

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**CHURCH STEWARD :**  
JOHN F. McEWAN.

---

**ORGANIST :**  
PROFESSOR J. SMITH.

**CHORISTER :**  
THOMAS HENDRY.

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**USHERS :**  
PERCY CLARK, WILLIAM NEISH,  
H. MILLER, \* W. D. HENDRY.

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**AUDITORS :**  
WILLIAM OSBORN, JOHN DRIVER.

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**SEXTON :**  
E. SANFORD, No 67 Sydenham Street.

## CHURCH MISCELLANY.

Our Sunday School is among the most important for good of our Church agencies, and now that the holiday season is over, and parents, teachers and children are home once more, it is to be hoped that all will work assiduously for its greatest success. Like everything else, the Sunday School is just what we make it, a thing of form, or an institution of spiritual power. While we do not ignore the responsibility of the Pastor, the Superintendent, or the Parents, we have no hesitancy in stating that the chief responsibility rests with the Teachers. The number and interest of the school depends upon the classes, and the classes depend upon their respective teachers. The influence of the teacher upon the class is not because he or she is a teacher, but because of what the teacher is personally to every scholar in the class. The teacher who, without prayerful study of the lesson, and without an intensity of purpose to do good, goes through the routine form of duty in a perfunctory manner, is not only doing no good, but, on the other hand, doing much harm. From such teachers and teaching, let us all say, in the words of the prayer-book, "Good Lord deliver us." One of the essentials to a successful school is the personal visitation of each scholar in the class by the teacher, especially when any are absent from the school. We hope we are mistaken in the statement, when we say it is to be feared this is greatly neglected in our school. If it is so, let us not allow it to be said justly again.

If our faith stops in Christ's life, and does not fasten upon the blood, it will not be a justifying faith. His miracles, which prepared the world for His doctrines; His holiness, which fitted Himself for His sufferings, had been insufficient for us without the addition of the Cross.  
—Charnock.

Book 12  
Rev. Ben. A. P. 1930  
4000 5 110

The Congregational Association of the Eastern District will meet in this Church on the 5th of November. Among the exercises there will be a public service on Wednesday evening; essays on the examination and reception of candidates for Church membership, also on preparation for the Ministry; Review of Dale on the Atonement and an Exposition of Hebrews vi. 1-6. There will be a collection in behalf of the Association at the public service.

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The good news also comes to us that the \$800 of debt, which hung like a weight upon the Missionary Society, has been removed by the taking up of one hundred shares of eight dollars each among the various churches. It is to be hoped that this will be followed by generous missionary subscriptions this winter that the treasury may not be empty.

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The following is a synopsis of recent denominational news: The Rev. J. Cuthbertson, has decided to relinquish his charge at Frome, Ont. A Congregational Church was organized at Winnipeg, on Monday, August 28th, under the pastorate, the Rev. Mr. Ewing. The Church at Burford has been improved and reopened. Rev. D. McGregor, has resigned the pastorate of the Church in Liverpool, N. S. The Rev. E. Ireland, has become pastor of a church in Richmond, Michigan. The Rev. W. Manchee, has given notice of his intention to resign the pastorate of his church, in Guelph, Ont. The Rev. John Brown has resigned his charge in Lanark, Ont. The Rev. John Burton, late of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, has been installed pastor of the Northern Church, Toronto. The Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, formerly pastor of the Northern Church, Toronto, has accepted a call to the Union Presbyterian Church, Galt, Ont. The Rev. Robert Hay has resigned the pastoral office in the Church at Forest, Ont.

It is said that a heathen king was so struck with the sentiment of the Golden Rule that he ordered it inscribed on his palace wall and sought to make it the guide of his life. Our Lord, whose name we bear, has inscribed it upon his imperishable word: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." He would have this truth hid in our hearts that it may be manifested in our daily life. By such a life we shall fulfill the Law and the Prophets, we are told. Before we speak about others, or do anything affecting them, did we test our words and actions by this rule, what a modifying influence would it have. True it is much easier to profess the principles of Christianity than to practice them, but "not every one who says unto me, Lord Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that **DOETH** the will of of my Father who is in heaven."

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The annual convention of the Y.M.C.A. of Ontario and Quebec will be held in this city beginning on Thursday, the 23rd inst. The public welcome meeting will be held in this Church on Thursday evening, and will no doubt be an interesting meeting.

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Congregational churches throughout the Dominion will rejoice in the fact that Dr. Wilkes has been enabled to complete the College Endowment of \$20,000. Of this sum \$5,000 was pledged some years ago by a gentleman in Montreal so soon as the balance was secured. Considering the depressed times through which this work has been carried on its final success is all the more marked.

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THE trial of faith is the greatest and heaviest of all trials. For faith it is which must conquer in all trials. Therefore, if faith gives way, then the smallest and most trifling temptations can overcome a man. But when faith is sound and true, then all other temptations must yield and be overcome.—*Sayle*.

**STEP BY STEP.**—A saint should follow the Lord's will step by step, as it is manifested to him, in simplicity, but he too often wants to walk by sight, not by faith; when he clearly sees the first footstep, he still says, "I do not see my way clear," for he wants to see where it will lead to; whereas the Lord's way is to tell him, "Trust in Me, put your foot there and confide in Me to lead you safely to the next, and the next;" This is real, simple faith in Jesus. He only promises to lead us step by step. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

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"**THE** more you feel your weakness, the more you should cleave to Jesus, who is your strength; let the ivy be your example, and as that cleaves to the oak, so do you cleave to Christ; he that doeth this shall never fall. What is cleaving to Christ? Turning the thoughts, desires, affections, hopes, and fears to Him continually, running to His throne with all things, on all occasions."

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Many sudden and sad disasters have occurred throughout the Dominion the past summer, teaching in an emphatic manner the lessons that, "in the midst of life we are in that death!" and that "there is but a step between us and death!" Recently a joyous holiday party left the Island Park for an excursion to this city in two small steam yachts. All was brightness and life, when suddenly through an untoward accident one of the vessels sank, and five of its precious living freight found a watery grave. In a moment darkness and the shadow of death eclipsed the bright joy of the glad party, and the voice of rejoicing was turned into mourning. Well might the Master leave word for us to "watch for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

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The following are the statistics for September: Baptism, 1; Open Collection, \$30.86; Weekly Offering, \$144.35; Weekly Offering for August, \$86.02.



“ Stormy Wind fulfilling His Word.”

A RECOLLECTION OF A RECENT GALE.

**M**y uncle George was usually of so cheerful a temper that, “as cheerful as Uncle George,” was our highest idea of what a person should be who aspired to perfection in this pleasant virtue. It was no wonder, therefore, that when he entered the break-



fast room one morning with a clouded brow and smileless lip, that we evinced some surprise, though we were wise enough to express it in looks only; we saw at a glance that something had "gone wrong," as it is called, and that Uncle George was not inclined to talk.

We partook of our morning meal in all but silence; the dishes and plates seemed to move about of themselves, so quietly did we pass them round the table; but this was not to last long. Uncle George suddenly broke out into the following exclamation, as he laid down his knife and fork:

"Why, George Miller, have you forgotten that the Lord is as honest as yourself?"

As may be supposed, we all started and stared at Uncle George, as though he had suddenly gone mad; the more so as he generally spoke of God and holy things in so reverential a manner that his voice and tone would always solemnize, if not awe, us.

"Ah, my children, you may well look astonished. I was doing what the Bible calls 'answering a fool according to his folly' when I spoke so to myself. I had just asked myself this more than foolish question, 'Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?' and then out burst those words you heard me utter."

"Oh, it was only that one word, *honest*, that sounded so queer, uncle, because you usually speak so respectfully," said Joe, who, though the youngest of our party, always acted as spokesman of our thoughts when we were too timid to speak out for ourselves.

"Right, Joe, my lad; it did not sound well; but I meant it in sober earnestness, because it was myself I was charging with folly. My mind and spirit were grumbling together this morning over a circumstance which makes me a considerable loser; and the one was accusing the other of being weak and too soft for helping a friend in his trouble, when I knew he would not be able to repay me, when I suddenly remembered that it was to the Lord I had done it, and not

to man, and that if my poor friend could not meet his debt, the Lord was bound to by His own promise.”

We all leaned forward eagerly, and our uncle, pleased at our sympathy, asked in his own clear, cheerful tone, “Come, now, which of you can tell me what text it is that makes me look to the Lord to make good this loss?”

Joe shook his head, but Maggie replied, “Do you mean that beautiful one, ‘God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love’?”<sup>1</sup>

“No, Maggie; it is stronger even than that, inasmuch as it shows an obligation, and not only an act of gracious acknowledgment of service done. Shall I tell you?”

We all assented, when Uncle George said, “‘He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again;’<sup>2</sup> so you see, my children, if I did not expect to receive from the Lord again that which I lent one of His suffering people, should I not dishonour Him more than I should dare to dishonour a fellow-creature by casting a reflection on his honesty? No, no! we shall never lose by lending to the Lord. When you know anything about getting interest for your money, you will know what I mean by saying that we shall gain by lending to Him.”

“I know about compound interest. I’m learning it now,” said Joe.

“Compound interest! Why, my boy, that is only what brass is to gold compared to what the Lord gives when He pays back what we lend Him!”

“You don’t mean in real money, do you, uncle?” inquired Beatrice, our elder sister.

“Certainly I do; where real money is needed, then real money, and nothing else, should I look for; but if it was bread I wanted, or raiment, it would be the same thing if I had the flour sent me to make it, or the money to buy it, or the coat all ready for use or the cash to purchase one. I should believe the Lord would keep His word with me,

<sup>1</sup> Heb. vi. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Prov. xix. 17.

not only because I am bound as a Christian to do so, but also because that, during the long years I have served Him, I have never known Him to break faith with me, though, alas——" Here Uncle George's voice faltered, and we could only guess what further he would have said on this subject ; but presently, as if to turn it altogether, he asked us if we had slept through last night's hurricane. Well, we had ; but not liking to own to such childlike indifference, we began to make excuses for our good night's rest, urging over fatigue, a heavy supper, and other natural causes as reasons for our undisturbed slumber ; but no need, Uncle George was only too glad that we had not shared in the alarm which had kept himself and other members of his family awake and on the alert whilst the storm was at its height. In fact, we had not the slightest notion how fearfully the wind had raged, until we saw for ourselves the devastation it had caused, even within our range of vision.

"Uncle, dear, but will not all this mischief make your loss still heavier?" I ventured to ask, as we walked together round the farm and its surroundings.

"Not heavier than I deserve, Milly. One such thought as I had this morning deserves a thorough good thrashing ; it would have been ungrateful enough in any one, but in me, who knows what the Lord's goodness is by experience, it was simply base !"

"But, uncle, if you are looking out for Him to pay you back, perhaps He will now, if you really want it."

I do not know that I spoke in any particular manner, but uncle seemed to think I did, for he turned so kindly towards me, and said, "Thank you, Milly ; that's right ; keep me up to the mark, for though it does not look very promising, all this damage here, yet I must trust Him, and remember those lines——

'The stormy wind and tempest fulfilling of His word ;  
The thunderbolt His cannonry, the lightning-flash His sword.'

And it is my pleasant task to tell you that, in spite of all

its fury, this last night's storm was the means of fulfilling God's word of promise and hope to dear Uncle George. It seemed to fulfil it to the very letter, or, as he himself says, as though he had had what he calls an I O U given him for the sum of money he had lent his friend, and now it was paid off with all its interest. I did not understand these matters at the time as I do now. *Then* I thought it a miracle when a little later in the day Uncle George told us that the wind had been the servant the Lord sent to bring back his money, and it had paid and overpaid the interest as well. But now I see that the Lord, without moving from His glorious majesty, had in the most natural and every-day manner restored to my uncle all he had lost by the loan which he had made in His name to a Christian friend in trouble. The storm was the means, and in this way.

My uncle's glebe land was thickly wooded, and though he had no right to cut down any timber, yet any tree or trees that blew down were his property to dispose of as he chose. But heretofore there had been no windfalls to enrich his purse—he supposes he did not need it—but this memorable storm blew down a number of fine trees, which even at a rough estimate taken on the spot would turn into a similar sum to that which he despaired of ever seeing again, with full interest, and a small balance to cover all expenses.

This story needs no comment, except this: What God has done for His children He can do again, and what He can do He surely will do, for “He cannot deny Himself!”

“Man may fail us—the Lord never.”

### Our Own Way.

**N**ow I should like to have my own way,” said a young maiden just budding into womanhood. “I would never be so uncomfortable as I am now, busy from morning till night, attending to the wants of our large family, and then, just as I am going to rest a little

and read an interesting book, mamma tells me the basket of stockings which require mending seems to increase instead of diminish; down goes my book, and I have to darn till I am tired of it. I would employ some one else to do all this. And we would not be cramped up in such little rooms, either. Now I pity papa when he comes home weary, and has to put up with the noise of four boys; yet he seems contented. Well, I am not! There seems to me nothing so pleasant as plenty of money. You can hold up your head, and feel you are as good as any one else—dress well and enjoy life.”

Poor Louie! she often had much to try her; but she little knew that wealth did not always bring happiness and a contented spirit.

What an odd place this world of ours would be if every one could have their own way! How surprised we should be at our neighbours, and they at us! “Ah, but,” says some noble-hearted creature, “I would only do good, and carry in my hand ‘healing arts;’ the sick one should again see the bloom of health on his wasted cheek; sorrow should flee away at my presence. I would be like a ministering angel; go where I would, all should welcome me.”

Pleasant picture enough. Don't wait any future events, but set about it at once, and help to paint it in reality, humanity being the canvas, and kindly influences, wisely used, the lovely colours painted on it. You cannot cure the sick, God alone can do that, now the day of miracles is over; but you can cheer and add to their comfort. The sorrowful you can soothe; a wound can be dressed and comforted, though it may never entirely heal; and genuine sympathy does much for the down-hearted; and if you cannot alleviate the wants of all, surely there are a few within your circle who would rejoice were you to show them timely aid, or interest others in doing so.

This would indeed be a pleasant way. Would that selfish people could but learn the lesson, and then practise it. How much brighter and happier they would be. Sleep

would be more balmy, rest more refreshing, and they would find life more interesting ; for the less we brood over our affairs, comforts, and interests the better for us, unless we so manage them as to be living above them. I simply mean, the person who is wrapt up entirely with his own little doings is the most uncomfortable creature to live with, just the same as a narrow-minded Christian—one pities him.

How often God has to correct His children because they do all in their power to have their own way, even though conscience faithfully tells them it is not the right way. Christ may well call Himself the Good Shepherd, for we need leading, nay, sometimes, even, being carried in a very different direction to our own desires ; but our Guide is such a sure one, there is no need for us even to tremble as He leads us over rough and steep places ; so long as our heart is His, and our hand placed safely in His, there is nothing to fear. Marvellous power, that gives faith to the fearful, strength and courage to the weak. No earthly influences can do this to perfection : God's Spirit alone can reveal hidden things.

In a day's journey how many people we meet, and how few out of the many seem to understand that God would have His people keep in the right way always, and without murmuring. He deals with us as we do with our children ; does not lead us into the path of holiness one day and sin another, or how could we implicitly trust Him ?

Mysterious Providences overtake us, but we must submit to them—a very difficult thing to do, as Jacob found—yet hidden behind the seeming ill, good may arise, as in his case.

Let us no longer fight for our own way, but meekly cry, “Not my will, but Thine be done.”

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene, one step's enough for me.”

H. W. P.

## Fight out of Darkness.

### CHAPTER II.

**S**IX weeks had passed since Susan wrote to her father—six long and dreary weeks they had seemed, and no reply had come. Susan was driven nearly to her wit's end to know what to do; her husband was still unable to work, and what she herself could earn was little enough to support the whole household. Should she make another effort to awaken her father's sympathy? Should she write once more to him and implore his help for the sake of her little ones, if he would do nothing for her own sake? No, she could not; she had some of her father's pride about her, and could not bear to humble herself even to her own parent. She would rather work herself to death, she would rather starve than ask him again for help. So, in her anger, Susan thought.

During William's illness, he had not been without sympathy from others besides his own wife and little ones. His neighbours and some of his fellow-workmen had been very kind in their inquiries after him, and once the latter had got up a subscription between them, and out of their weekly wages had collected a nice little sum of money for him; the amount thus raised was forwarded to William by one of their number, a man whom he had not much cared for; he was a quiet fellow and a good workman, but there was something about him reserved and shy, and William had always rather disliked him than otherwise. But this feeling was forgotten when he came to see William; there was a kindly sympathy in his manner that was grateful to the sick man and made him forget his prejudice.

After having delivered the money that had been collected and made inquiries about William's health, he spoke of trials that he himself had passed through, and of the effect they had produced in him. "Before I was afflicted I went astray," he said; "but I trust I may say that since my affliction I have kept God's law. Perhaps your trials may be

sent for your good—who knows?" He said a good deal more to William, and before he went away had obtained a promise from him that he would think of what he had said, and while he was confined to his room would make a study of God's Word.

William was surprised to hear his fellow-workman talk in this way; he had never known him to say anything of the kind in the workshop, and if he had, perhaps William would have been inclined to put it down as cant; but the conversation had a good effect upon him; it made him think more seriously than he had done before of religion, and opened a way for the entrance of the full gospel light which was soon to illumine his soul. It made him more patient, too, and resigned. Since William had taken to read his Bible regularly, and to think of what he read, he had become more gentle and patient; he did not like to hear Susan speak hardly of her father, but rather blamed himself for not having at an earlier time more earnestly tried to appease Mr. White.

One day while Susan was wondering what she could do to earn more money, and just as she had made up her mind that she would not again apply to her father for help, there was a loud knock at the door.

"Run down, Maggie," she said to her little girl, "and see who it is at the door."

Maggie did as her mother told her, and on opening the door found an elderly-looking stranger waiting outside.

"Does Mrs. Marshall live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Maggie; "will you walk in?"

"Is your name Marshall?" asked the old gentleman as he accepted Maggie's invitation.

"Yes, sir, Maggie Marshall," was the answer. "I will tell mother you want to see her, and she will come down."

"No, I will go upstairs to your mother; show me the way, my dear."

Maggie looked hard at the speaker, and wondered who he was; she was about to object to taking a stranger upstairs,



but something in his look and manner made her feel that she must do as he told her, and she began to ascend the stairs followed by the gentleman.

Maggie's astonishment may be more easily imagined than described, when, upon opening the door of the room where her mother sat at work, the old gentleman ran forward and caught her mother in his arms, calling her, "Susan, my dear Susan!"

"Father, father!" cried Susan, "is it really you?" and Mrs. Marshall burst into tears—not of sorrow, but of surprise and joy to meet her father again thus unexpectedly.

"And are these my little grandchildren? Come and give me a kiss, Maggie; you were but a little child when I saw you last. And this is the youngest; what is his name, Susan?" Mr. White drew little Charley to him as he spoke. "Charley, is it? What, named after his old grandfather, is he? God bless you, little Charley!" he said, releasing the child, who toddled away, half frightened and half pleased, and hid himself behind his sister. "And where is William?" continued Mr. White; "and how is he?"

Susan went into her husband's room to prepare him for so unexpected a visit, and in a few moments Mr. White was at his bedside.

"We must get you out of this, William," said he, as he shook hands with the invalid. "You mustn't stop here, or you will never get well. I'm come now, William, to make all the amends I can for my past unkindness; and one of the first things I must do will be to get you a change of air."

William was nearly as much overcome by surprise as Susan had been; but he managed to say how glad he was to see Mr. White, and how grateful to hear him speak so kindly; but Mr. White would not let him say much.

"You mustn't talk too much, William, or you will knock yourself up. Presently, when we have had some tea, we will talk a little quietly, and I will tell you all about myself, and how it comes about that I am here. Susan," continued he, "just let's have a nice tea, my dear, as soon as you can.

I'm wanting something after my journey ;" and Mr. White handed his daughter some money, and whispered to her to be sure and have a nice cake for the little ones.

It was a pleasant tea they had together. William was able to get up and come into the little sitting-room ; and there, while sitting by the window enjoying the warm rays of the setting sun, his wife seated by his side, and his father-in-law opposite him, he heard all the latter had to tell them, explaining why he hadn't answered the letter, and why he had come now. It was a strange story, but it was a true one, and everything was so pleasant and happy now that all hard thoughts and unpleasant feelings were forgotten.

"I didn't have your letter till yesterday, Susan," he said.

"Not till yesterday, father ! why, I posted it over a month ago."

"Yes, I know you did ; but it has been a long journey ; it has been to America and back."

"America !" exclaimed both William and Susan.

"Yes ; it was yesterday morning, just when I was thinking about you, and wondering how you were getting on, and feeling miserable because there was something between us, and yet too proud to try to make it up."

"Never mind that, father ; it is all made up now, isn't it ?" said Susan.

"Yes, thank God, it is ; but I was saying, it was while I was thinking about you that a visitor was announced ; and who should come in but Mr. Thompson from the Grange. He had been to America for ever so long—four or five months, I dare say—and had come home the very day before. Well, he came in and shook hands with me, and then he took a letter out of his pocket. 'Here is a strange thing, Mr. White,' he said ; 'one of the strangest things that ever I knew ;' and he handed me your letter, just as you had sent it. Mr. Thompson then told me that it was a day or two before he was going to start home that he received a newspaper from England ; and as he was busy getting ready for the voyage, and couldn't look at the paper

just then, he put it in his pocket unopened, and didn't think any more of it till he was on his return voyage. Then, when he unfolded the paper, out fell your letter. By some means or other it had got pushed in under the newspaper wrapper, most likely when they were jumbled up together in the letter box, for his paper had been sent from this town; and there hidden from sight it had been carried to America. He was very much surprised to find the letter directed to one of his neighbours, and was vexed to think he hadn't opened the paper before he started away from America; then he would have posted the letter, and it would have reached me a little sooner; however, there was no help for it now, and he brought it to me almost directly after he arrived home. Then he said that perhaps it was for some providential reason that the delivery of the letter had been delayed. You know his way of talking, Susan; he always makes out that nothing happens by chance, but that all things are ordered by Providence; and although I have always laughed at him till now, I begin to think he is right. Well, when Mr. Thompson was gone, I read your letter, and then I found out how things had been going with you, and here I am in answer to it."

"How strange! How very strange!" said Susan.

"Yes, it is strange indeed," replied Mr. White; "and it has set me thinking whether Mr. Thompson is not right about things being ordered by Providence. Do you know, I am almost ashamed to tell you what I did with your other letters you sent me, Susan; but I have determined to make a clean breast of it. I burnt them, my dear; burnt them without even reading them; and I don't know but what if the last one had come to me six weeks ago, as it would if it had not been miscarried, I should have done the same with that. But within the last few weeks, since your letter has been knocking about, I have been uneasy about you, have thought of you a great deal; and then, when the message came in such a strange way, I was obliged to read it; and I am thankful that I did."

We have not much more to tell of William and Susan ; but what we have to tell is more happy and cheerful than what has been told.

Mr. White stayed some days in the town, and when he returned to his farm he did not go alone. No ; William and his wife and little ones were with him ; and there they stayed for a long time, all through the beautiful spring-time and glorious summer. They stayed there till William was quite well and strong, and Susan and the little ones lost their sickly, pale looks, and grew robust and hearty. Then, when William went to work again, it was for a new employer, one who lived in the neighbourhood, so that there could be a constant intercourse and a frequent exchange of visits between his house and Susan's old home.

Nor was this all. It is pleasant to tell of worldly prosperity, but pleasanter to tell of the prosperity of the soul ; and if William and Susan found health and enjoyment in the old home, they found peace and joy there, too. The words that William's fellow-workman had spoken to him were not forgotten, but they bore precious fruit, and then the frequent visits paid to them by Mr. Thompson of the Grange, who took a great interest in them since the accidental finding of the letter, proved beneficial to them all. Mr. White quite gave up ridiculing Mr. Thompson's ideas about religion and an overruling Providence ; and after a little persuasion from Susan, the regular reading of the Scriptures was instituted in the household, and the means thus employed God saw fit to bless ; and we are thankful to be able to say that from this time there was no more united family in the country than was that of Mr. White. No man ever had a kinder and more devoted daughter than Susan was, to cheer him in his old age, and to speak words of comfort to him when the time of his departure drew near ; and no daughter ever had a more loving and considerate father. As to Maggie and Charley, they grew up to be fine and bonnie, and, what is still better, they grew in grace as they grew in stature. So out of darkness came

great light, and out of sorrow and heaviness came great and lasting joy and happiness.

One of William's favourite hymns, the one that he frequently sang at family prayer-time, was one by Cowper, commencing thus :


"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm ;"

and his favourite verse of the hymn was this :—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face."

C. K. S.

### "I haven't Lived as I ought."

OT many months ago, a minister of the Gospel was called to visit a poor man who was dying. His life had been a godless one, but he appeared to be quite unconscious that he had failed in any duty, and when spoken to very pointedly by his visitor, who urged upon him the need of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, he was much surprised as well as annoyed.

"I am sure I do not see why I should repent," he said ; "I have never done any one harm ; my life has been honest and respectable ; and God is merciful. I am not afraid to die ; I've been as good as others."

In vain did the servant of Christ endeavour to set the truth before him ; it was only too evident that the words of warning fell on heedless ears. Alas ! poor man ! like too many other sin-sick souls, he knew not that he was sick. How, then, should he care to hear of the Great Physician ? He knew not that he was thirsty : how should he seek the

living waters? He knew not that he was naked: of what value was the robe of Jesus' righteousness to him? He felt no load of sin: how should he apply to the Sin-bearer?"

"Shall I pray for you?" asked the visitor before taking his leave. He felt, sadly enough, that his only hope for him was in prayer.

The invalid signified his consent; and earnestly did the cry ascend to God on his behalf. It was especially asked that the Holy Spirit might be given, to convince him of sin and to show his need of Jesus. Truly God is the hearer and the answerer of prayer! Whilst yet pleading on behalf of the dying man, a deep groan reached the ear of the minister, and when he rose from his knees there was a look of intense suffering on the face beside him.

"Are you in pain?" was the first question.

"No."

"Then, my poor friend, may I ask the meaning of that groan?"

Again came that long deep sigh from the sufferer as he answered:

"Oh, sir, I haven't lived as I ought!"

Who **can** doubt that in answer to prayer the Holy Spirit had actually, there and then, convinced the dying sinner of his guilt in the sight of God, and laid bare before him the lack of his life? Ah, it was an easy thing *now* to tell the story of the cross, to tell the tale of the glorious redemption purchased once for all by Jesus, through His blood.

It was easy *now* to make known the glad tidings of salvation, for here was one whose eyes had been opened to realize that he needed something better than his own righteousness to shield him from the justice and the wrath of an offended God.

May we not confidently hope that he who at the eleventh hour learnt his need, was also taught by the same blessed Spirit to lay hold of the fulness that dwells in Jesus? May we not trust that the message scorned at first, was in very truth welcomed now, and that by saving faith in Jesus, the

dying man was freed from the condemnation which was his before?

We may indeed hope that it was so ; God only knows ; for no space was granted for testing the sincerity of the desire for salvation, no life remained in which to bear testimony to change of heart ; the history of that death-bed experience was soon closed for ever to mortal eyes.

Now, the experience of that poor man has been repeated hundreds of times. If you, reader, know anything of the depravity of your own heart before the light of God revealed its darkness ; if you know anything of the blindness of the natural man until the Spirit of God removes the scales from his eyes ; if you know what it means to become "a new creature in Christ Jesus," then you will not wonder at this little story. True, your experience may be very different from his ; but although God has numberless ways of bringing sinners to Himself, yet in every instance it is alike true that the polluted heart knows not its corruption until it is revealed by the Holy Spirit.

Not until *that* light shines into the inmost recesses does the vileness become apparent.

How many say—or if they do not *say* they *think*—that they are no worse than others, and that because they have never been guilty of any flagrant breach of the moral law, they are therefore without need of pardon.

Alas, they forget that they with their own hands destroy their title to God's mercy when they thus excuse themselves. They forget that the Son of Man came "to seek and to save that which was *lost*,"<sup>1</sup> that He came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."<sup>2</sup>

Oh, my reader, beware of placing yourself *without* the rank of those whom Jesus calls ! Beware of the snare which Satan lays for your feet when he tells you that there is any mercy for the self-righteous, so long as they continue in that state. The mercy of God can only reach us through Christ ; and when we seek to claim that mercy through our

<sup>1</sup> Luke xix. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Luke v. 32.

own morality or any merit of our own, we in very truth reject Jesus, and scorn His sacrifice. The Gospel message is full and free and joyful; it is indeed "glad tidings of great joy." But it is sent to *sinners* only, and until you take the sinner's place, it has no music for your ears.

## Bread for All.

### CHAPTER III.

**M**ORE than a week elapsed before the minister could again visit John Lawton. The disease had made rapid progress; but in proportion to the decay of the outer man was the renewal of the inner man.

"Oh! sir," was his first greeting, "I've thought it all out, and it's as plain as A B C. I know I've got the true Bread, and I'll tell you how I know it, if you'll be pleased to hear."

"How? I'm anxious to know."

John turned to his young daughter, and said, "Jennie, read the parson the text you read me to-day."

Jennie opened the Bible, and read—"Thy words were found, and I did eat them."<sup>1</sup>

"There, sir, that was what the Holy Spirit taught me when I was a bit uneasy about your question. I told Jennie one day to try and read me to sleep. When she came to this text, says I, 'That's enough, Jennie; put in the mark there till the parson comes.'"

Then, with a look of supreme content, he said,

"If eating bread is not having it to eat, I don't know what having it is!"

"True, John. But what have you to do with that?"

"Why, sir, I've found the words of my dear Saviour; and they are sweet unto my taste—they are more than my necessary food. I couldn't get on without them, any more than my poor body could without its daily bread."

"Proof one and two together that he has got the true

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xv. 16.



bread," thought the minister; but, instead of saying so, he asked, somewhat abruptly,

"Oh! John, I'm distressed to hear that you have some wretched infidel books in your possession; if so, will you hand them to me?"

Poor Jennie looked frightened, as if her father was in for a scolding, for she knew all about them, and thought surely the parson was going to take him to task for what he had done with them. But her look was nothing to be compared to John's. His whole face became crimson, whilst it expressed shame, mingled with a sense of duty done at last, and horror blended with peace—that is to say, if such incongruities could possibly meet in one countenance. The clergyman had to repeat the request, when John said:

"I heard you sir; but I was thinking what Moses did with the golden calf when he found the people'd got it—how he took it, and burnt it, and ground it to powder, and then made them drink it."<sup>1</sup>

"But what has that to do with your wretched books?"

"Why, just this, sir. I did pretty much the same with those wicked books, when the Lord opened my eyes to His own blessed truth. I said to myself, 'I cannot repair my sin, for sin is never repaired; but I can repent of it.'"

The perspiration stood in heavy beads on the sick man's forehead as he spoke, thus showing how deep was his feeling. Then, after a pause, he added:

"Thinks I, those books have done more mischief than I can undo; but they shan't do no more. So, sir, I told Jennie to make up the biggest fire she could, and then I had them all brought down, and I set 'em all ablaze, one by one, till they were all burnt. Then says I to the children, 'Not even the ashes of those bad books shall stay in my sight; take them out-of-doors, Jennie, and blow them to the four winds; and when you've done it come back to me.'"

Again he stopped, and a sweet smile of serenity overspread his face as he said:

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xxxii. 20.

"Sir, when she came back and said, 'It's all gone, father,' I gave a great shout, and cried, 'O, God! for Jesus' sake, so may all my sins be blown away.' But please, sir, don't for a moment think I'd made any sacrifice in destroying them. I hated the sight of 'em; they are now like a load off my soul and a plague out of my house."

In spite of John's exhaustion, a faint attempt at a laugh here broke from him; and then, in explanation, he said:

"When the neighbours smelt the burning, they came knocking to ask what 'twas; and they thought I'd gone cracked when I said I'd been setting fire to my blackest enemies. I did right, didn't I, sir?"

"Most certainly," said the minister, thinking as he said so, "There is proof three, indeed!"

He afterwards learned what John's humility had withheld—that the first thought of destroying what he truly called those "wicked" books arose from his daughter's asking him to sell the books, as they were of no further use, to procure a few necessaries of life. Did not this add sincerity to the act?

Nor was there wanting in John's case the greatest proof of not only having the bread of life, but also of having grown thereby into a man in Christ—the proof of anxiety for the souls of others. His feeling in begging them to come to Him was, "I don't care how bad they think me, so long as, like me, they learn to know and find the great Saviour of such sinners—they may blame me, so long as they will praise Him!" He especially sent for Boon Bill, and, after beseeching him to give up the wicked habit of Sunday fishing, instead of attending the means of grace, he said to his former companion,

"Bill, do you mind the bread-day, and what I promised you if I got some?"

Bill tried to smile as he answered,

"'Course I do. I was to have a slice out of it." He was about to add, "But as you didn't get it, I didn't expect to share it," when John handed him one of those cheap

copies of the New Testament that had been given him, and said,

“There it is. I’ve kept my word, and saved it for you!”

Bill stared; he was too surprised to speak. But John earnestly said,

“Take it, man—take it. That bread was the means, through God’s blessing, of saving my poor starving life, and it may yours too.”

The last proof of John’s possessing the true bread was that of his renewed temper. It had been irritable and sour. Now his children would remark, “Father is quite different: he is never cross, and never drunk; and,” as a climax, “he never swears.”

A few days before John Lawton’s death, the clergyman asked him if that “Bread Sunday” was the only day on which he had been to church, and received this memorable reply: “No, indeed, sir! I was there many a Sunday, unbeknownst to any one, for I felt as if I’d no business there, and used to hide myself behind the pillar. But my Saviour found me out there, sir; He had set His dear love upon such a worthless soul as mine, and came to fetch it.” He then added, with a look of happy recollection, “And once I got there on a Wednesday. Ah! that fairly clinched the nail. You preached on the prodigal and on the bread again. You said in our Father’s house there’s bread for all—yes, for all. ‘Then,’ says I, as I walked home, ‘I’ve done with the choking husks that I’ve fed on these twenty years; for this true life-bread is the only bread for me. There’s enough for all, as my Jennie said of the baker’s loaves.’”

In attestation of the truth of his statement in regard to having attended church, he frequently referred to the texts preached from.

John Lawton was all but dying when the clergyman last saw him. As he entered the room he heard Jennie whisper,

“Father, you are not afraid to die?”

Then the answer: “Afraid! No, my love; why should I

be? Jesus lived and died for me. It's all glory now. Oh! Jennie, do meet me in heaven!"

Here his voice failed, his head dropped on his child's arm, and, with the scarcely audible murmur, "Come, Lord Jesus, come!" the soul of John Lawton passed away.

\* \* \* \* \*

I leave this true story of John Lawton to speak for itself. I will, dear reader, only remind you of three points in it, namely:

Have you got this true bread?

How it is to be obtained.

Are you hungering for it?

"Lord, evermore give us this bread!"

## Lost and Found; or, an Oxford Curate on a Yorkshire Moor.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

**S**OME years since I held a curacy in Oxford under the kindest and best-beloved vicar a curate could desire. It was the Long Vacation, and the very hottest "Long" under which that glorious Oxford ever gasped and panted and was weary. The heat and the work together proved distressing; and then I received a fresh illustration of how kindness and a charming imperiousness can go together. My vicar took away my work, and absolutely commanded me to go away and get some fresh air. Away we went, my wife and I, and after a day or two of the overcrowded gaiety of Scarborough, we determined to get as far from the bustle and the band, the Saloon, and the unquiet sands, as we easily could.

Having procured a first-rate little pony and a side-saddle, we stowed a very few necessaries into a satchel and a botanical

box, and started for "the Moor." It was early in the morning on the last day of July, and my wife's strong grey cloth riding-habit proved none too warm. When we had got a little way out of the town our enterprise began to commend itself to us as the most sensible and delightful fun in the world. The fashionable folk had not yet begun breakfast, and we seemed to have the roads and the hedges and the sweet-breathing country all to ourselves. Passing uncanny Stone-Hags (better known to poachers than to parsons), we skirted Seamer, and going through Forge Valley reached Hackness at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The grey morning seemed unwilling to make way for brighter weather ; but we were by no means disconsolate on that account. True, the sunshine would have made everything look more glorious, and would have lighted into beauty many a bit of tangle and copse and fern and branch that we missed seeing, yet I doubt not the husband's walking and the wife's riding were better done because the sky was overcast and the sun unable to break through.

When we had got past Hackness we found ourselves in entirely new and unfrequented country ; and in the early afternoon we arrived at a scattered little hamlet called Langdale End. A funny and very limited wayside "public" promised tolerable accommodation, and in the matter of food, the accommodation, both there and everywhere else, meant ham and eggs. Now ham and eggs make a very good dish for breakfast, and are tolerable for dinner, and may be very welcome for a late tea or for supper ; but to have ham and eggs, ham and eggs, and nothing else but ham and eggs for breakfast, dinner, tea, supper, on Wednesday, on Thursday, on Friday, on Saturday, and a little more, is a larger and more constant allowance of those delectable viands than, for my part, I am able to find relish for. I could not help wondering how the people themselves fared, and came to the conclusion that they ate three times as much bread, and drank three times as much milk, as people of the same class in towns.

Strolling along the top of Langdale Ridge later in the afternoon, we were rewarded for a stiffish climb by the most glorious moorland views I have ever seen. At first, the far-reaching heather and distant hills seemed dun and drear. There was something stern and solemn about them rather than beautiful. Their vague and vast extent too, seemed almost like a veto on all curious approach. It was a sort of relief to withdraw our eyes from them and gaze down into the valley below the ridge. And then something came with a swift demand that we should again look up and forward. It was the triumph of the sun over the clouds which had so long hindered him. The far, far moors were bathed and flooded in the glory of his unmeasured light. The purple of the heather and the hills gained a softness that would have made a painter despair. The deep dark green of the gorse patches looked hardly less sombre than before, but everything besides was simply transfigured. It was good, very good, to commune with Nature and with God and to be still. Not yet, however, had we had all our banquet of delight, for as the evening advanced we were rewarded with most beautiful "cloud effects," as the artists call them, in pale green stretches of sky of exquisite delicacy of tone, and made all the lovelier by their surroundings of the deepest blues and of crimson and fretted gold.

It was just dark when we got back to the silent but hospitable "Moor Bird," and that night how sweet was our well-earned rest! Nor did it disturb us that an old brown curtain of something like serge was the only division betwixt ourselves and all the rest of the house.

The next day brought some nondescript weather, in which walking was not so easy. "Charlie," however, was as "fit" as pony need be, and went with a will. Making our way from Langdale End, we traversed a long wood—said to be a remnant of primitive forest—and after a heavy walk, arrived in time at Cross Cliff House, at Blakey Moor, at Salter's Gate. After a not very prosperous attempt to dine again off the inevitable ham and eggs, we made an afternoon

excursion to the cleanly village of Levisham, returning to Salter's Gate for the night. I have nothing to tell about Levisham, and mention it only to give due emphasis to my statement that, on the long roads we traversed and the two moors we crossed, we met only a single human being during the whole of the day. We had got "far from the madding crowd," and no mistake. Our solitariness indeed became occasionally a little painful.

The day following brought us the little adventure which is the reason of my writing. Notwithstanding our great weariness, we slept but badly, and were fain to wonder what the skins of some of our fellow-creatures must be made of. Did our landlord think that a day of labour should be followed by a night of penance? I don't know, but I fancy he was new to his business, and had not got his rooms fully furnished, for, though a decent man enough in his way, he gave us a bed that was hard as a board and prickly as a furze-bush. I never in my life touched its equal, and was fain to try the floor for a change. After the usual breakfast next morning, we consulted our landlord on the route forward. The chief part of our expedition was still before us. We were bound for Ella Beck (sometimes written "Eller"), Lilla Cross, Burn How, Evan How, and so to the Flask Inn on the turnpike road between Whitby and Scarborough. The good man was perfectly scandalised at the audacity of the projected route. He had sheep pasturing on the borders of that wonderful moor—a piece beyond "No Man's Land"—but he had never crossed the moor in his life, nor had any one about the place. And the idea of taking a lady there! Such a thing had never been heard of. He knew the roads or tracks very well, however, he told us. He was quite familiar with the moor as far as it was safe to go; and when we got to Ella Beck we were above everything to be sure and turn to "the right hand." He appeared to know very well what he was talking about, had perfect confidence in his knowledge, and delivered and repeated himself accordingly. He warned us,

moreover, that the expedition was dangerous, if not impossible, and thought we should be glad enough to get back again, if only we could. There was that terrible "May Moss," too! We bade him good-bye, my heart trusting hardly less in my wife's extraordinary gift for finding her way, than in an ordnance map and a mariner's compass I carried in my pocket. Still, what are compass, map, or instinct, when balanced against local knowledge, against actual experience?

"Turn to the right hand" was still ringing in our ears as we lost sight of the last gables and chimney-pots of Salter's Gate, and we had a thoroughly enjoyable tramp as far as Ella Beck. The morning was sweet and fresh, the air most reviving and delicious, and the heat not in the least degree oppressive. We passed at some distance two persons loading a cart with cut peat, much used for fuel. They looked at us with that kind of wonder which, as soon as it escapes from fear, is found very much the same as contempt. Arrived at the little brook or beck—Ella Beck—our landlord's often reiterated direction to turn to the right was not forgotten, and, in spite of some misgiving, we felt bound to try to follow it. We made out one or two faint tracks near the beck, and followed first one and then the other till they were lost as completely as if they had never been made. Were they the attempts of some who had tried those moors before us, and who, as soon as convinced of their being out of their course, had carefully retraced their own steps? After many failures to find the way, we determined at last to run the risk of separating. The rider charged straight for the top of a long ridge that seemed to divide the moorland for a long distance, and from which it was hoped her keen, far-sighted eyes might discover somewhere something like a probable road. I on my part groped carefully round in every direction, anxiously scrutinising turf and heather, grass and moss, hoping to find tracks. My stick fixed upright in the ground, with a white handkerchief at the handle, served to mark the point of departure and return.



In half an hour (what a long half-hour it seemed!) we met again, and not without difficulty, the waste was so trackless and deceptive, and the surface of the ground so varied and uneven. We felt it would not do to lose much more time in this way, so determined, come what would, to strike out boldly "to the right" from Ella Beck. I have walked in Derbyshire, in Scotland, in Germany, in Switzerland, but, except actual mountain climbing, I never met with anything better adapted to "take it out of you" than that Yorkshire moor—the turf frequently too soft to afford the least spring, and the heather higher than the knees, and requiring a prodigious straight-up lift of the foot at almost every step in order to clear it.

### Autumn Leaves.

AUTUMN leaves, autumn leaves,  
 Ye hasten to decay;  
 Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
 How fast ye fade away!  
 One day upon the topmost bough,  
 The next upon the ground;  
 To-day found waving in the breeze,  
 To-morrow strewn around.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
 What gorgeous hues ye wear!  
 Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
 Why leave you tree so bare?  
 Ye are the sport of every wind,  
 As seared and dry ye lie;  
 Or rustle 'neath the buoyant step  
 Of every passer-by.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
 What lessons do ye teach?  
 Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
 What sermons can ye preach?  
 Ye teach that beauty will not last,  
 That it must fade and die,  
 All that adorns man's mortal part  
 Must seared and withered lie.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
Ye teach that rank is naught;  
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
This solemn truth ye've taught:  
He who is high must be brought low,  
That "pride must humbled be;"  
That rank and wealth will not avail  
To save from misery.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
Ye say that summer's gone;  
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
Old winter's frost will come:  
And we with ye were in the spring,  
As blithe, as gay, as free;  
And though not in our summer age,  
May not the winter see.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
Ye shadow forth man's doom;  
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
We're hastening to the tomb:  
To-day we're buoyant, light, and gay,  
We're active, healthy, proud;  
To-morrow sees a clay-cold corpse  
Wrapped in its burial shroud.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
Ye'll pass and be forgot;  
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
Man is remembered not:  
He lives and breathes a little space,  
A short ephemeral day;  
Then passes—and oblivion sets  
Her seal upon his clay.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
Spring will return again;  
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,  
Ye ne'er shall rise again:  
But man, through Christ, shall pass safe o'er  
The river Death's cold tide;  
Yea, he shall rise above the tomb  
Immortal, sanctified!

## Might have Been.

**I**NTO some sunless human lives—ay, into most, I ween,  
Has shone a glimpse of Paradise—a radiant “might have been;”  
A Paradise so sweet and fair—ah, me! so wondrous fair,  
With yearnings infinite, the heart uprose to enter there.

But, lo! before the portal stood an angel grave and stern,  
In vain all pleading tears and prayers, he would not, might not  
turn ;  
Trembling, amazed, the longing heart waited in dread and doubt,—  
My beauteous dream, my Paradise, so near, and yet without !

Our Father is all merciful, and Him I will obey;  
But *can* it be His messenger that barreth thus my way?  
Poor, doubting mortal, cease thy fears, and trust thy Father's grace,  
Bethink thee, is it good that thou shouldst enter this sweet place?

In such an earthly Paradise that first fair couple fell ;  
They were more good and pure than thee—oh, more than words  
can tell,  
Thou art but sinful, weak, and frail ; subtle the foe would be,—  
An earthly Paradise, be sure, is no meet place for thee.

Weary and dark thy way outside ; heavy and hard the soil,  
Sharp thorns and weeds where flowers should be, much labour,  
thankless toil.  
But, mortal, One there was most pure, perfect, and true and good,  
Who toiled there long and patiently ; thou art where He has stood !

Is not that Life most beautiful? How canst thou then repine  
To work where the great Master worked?—is't this thou wouldst  
decline ?  
Nay, give thy labour, tears, and pains—a willing sacrifice ;  
The tender Master leads thee to a heavenly Paradise.

H. P.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**Superintendent:**  
GEORGE ROBERTSON.

**Librarians:**  
HENRY SAVAGE, EDWARD CRUMLEY.

**Secretary:**  
FREDERICK OSBORN.

**Teachers:**

G. S. Fenwick,	W. D. Hendry,	Mrs. Hendry,	Miss M. Folger.
J. F. McEwan,	D. Spence,	Mrs. McEwan.	Miss Moffatt,
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