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THE
CHURCH MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

KINGSTON, ONT.

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.	

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 fall thee, nor forsake thee."—JEHOVAH.

SHANNON & MEEK, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

LP Ex 7153, Sept 1879, Sept

Church Officers and Committee.

PASTOR:
REV. DR. JACKSON.

DEACONS:
G. S. FENWICK, GEORGE ROBERTSON.
J. F. MCEWAN.

SECRETARY:
JOHN DRIVER.

TREASURER:
GEORGE ROBERTSON.

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

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.*

CHURCH STEWARD:
JOHN F. MCEWAN.

ORGANIST:
PROFESSOR J. SMITH.

CHORISTER:
THOMAS HENDRY.

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

AUDITORS:
WILLIAM OSBORN, JOHN DRIVER.

SEXTON:
E. SANFORD, No 67 Sydenham Street.

CHURCH MISCELLANY.

Quite a number of the members of our congregation have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure relaxation and change during some part of the summer months. Several, returning to patriarchal simplicity, have been camping at the Island Park, while others have adopted the same mode of life, only in its nomadic form. A number have been dwelling by the great sea, enjoying its breeze and bath. Others have gone into the God-made country, in preference to the man-made town, there to sojourn; while more have been scattered over the land, some in this Province, and some in the United States, visiting relatives and friends. Gladly are all welcomed back to their homes and to the Great Father's house once more. Truly grateful should we all be, that in our wanderings and various places of sojourn, the unseen but ever-present hand has protected all from accidents and dangers.

The "History of Our Own Times," is the title of a book recently written by Justin McCarthy. The period which it covers is, from the accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress, and, among many other matters, deals with the Condition of Canada, Chartism, the Opium War, the Irish Repeal Agitation, Free Trade, the Famine, &c. All these questions we have heard our fathers talk about, and constantly do we have reference made to them now, hence the importance that our young people should avail themselves of the opportunity to become thoroughly conversant with them. Not only has volume I and II been published, but it has also been reprinted in a cheap form in the "Franklin Square Library," and may be obtained for twenty-five cents. We would earnestly urge all to secure a copy and study it well, that there may be a thorough understanding of our own times.

Seldom does the death of a young man evoke more sympathy than that which has so recently occurred in our

Rect / C P
Franklin Sq
1950
4000

congregation. John Jack, who, in the eighteenth year of age, was drowned in the St. Lawrence, near Wells Island, by falling from the tug "Frank Perew," on the 27th ult., was a young man of more than ordinary interest and promise. He possessed unusual intellectual power, an unblemished moral character, and much manliness of disposition. It was his great desire to acquire an education, and for this purpose was he carefully saving the fruits of his summer's toil. Though he was not a member of the Church, we believe that he was a Christian through acceptance of that salvation which he so well understood, and through love to that Saviour whom he held in so high honour. We remember that during the special religious services held by our Church last winter, he was in constant attendance, evincing deep interest in the meetings. As a member of the Congregation and Sunday School, he was attentive and earnest. In that he was the son of our venerable and highly esteemed City Missionary, additional sorrow is caused by his seemingly untimely death. If there can be any satisfaction to the bereaved father and family in the thought that they have the deep sympathy of the whole community, then that satisfaction is theirs. But we commend them to the Comforter, who speaks as never man spake.

The A. B. of C. F. M. These letters do not stand for any Most Grand Worthy Grandmother of a secret society, but for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a society which has done more than any other on this continent to give the light of the Gospel to the dark places of the earth. The *seventieth* annual meeting assembles in Syracuse, N. Y., from Tuesday, Oct. 7th, to Friday, October 10th. This is the Great Feast of American Congregationalists, and is well worth attending by all who can make arrangements to do so. Donations to the Society should be sent to Langdon S. Ward, Esqre., Treasurer, 1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Word has been received of the death of the Rev. Dr. Mullins, Foreign Secretary of the London (Congregational) Missionary Society. Some time since, at his own earnest request, he was sent out with a band of Missionaries, to establish a mission on Lake Tanganyika, in Central Africa. A telegram from Aden, dated August 23rd, announces his death.

The Rev. Newman Hall, of London, England, for years has had to bear a domestic burden so great, that it is a mystery he has sustained it so long. Now that he has arisen to shake it off, in harmony with the laws of God and man, he is assailed on every side by lying and insinuating scandal. Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler writes in the press as follows: "I have felt no small satisfaction in reading the announcement that my beloved friend, Rev. Newman Hall, of London, has succeeded in obtaining his divorce. For many years he has patiently endured the keenest suffering rather than to incur the scandal of a public trial, and to put the indelible brand of adultery publicly upon the brow of the wife of his youth. She was always a flighty and eccentric woman; but the painful history of her last ten years has been such that charity might well wish to hide from the pitying gaze of the world. Having *known well* the interior facts of this wretched case, I do not hesitate to say, that Brother Hall has been a very *long-suffering*, as well as a sorely suffering man. Of his conduct under this affliction, none of his friends need be ashamed."

The abundant harvest which it has been our farmers' good fortune to gather into their barns, gives occasion for great thanksgiving from us all, for the fruit of the soil furnishes all alike with our daily bread. Especially have we occasion for thankfulness in view of the fact that throughout England the outlook in this line is so dark, for not only have we plenty, but we may also help furnish our kinsmen across the sea to a portion. In the good harvest

we may also see God's helping hand, in bringing us nearer to the long-looked-for "better times."

The following are the Church statistical statements for August: Additions to the Church, 3; Weekly offering, \$—; Open collection, \$24.28.

The Pastor will be absent for a few weeks' holidays after Sunday, the 7th. The pulpit will be supplied on the 14th by the Rev. A. B. Nichols; on the 21st, by the Rev. Principal Grant, and on the 28th, and the 5th of October, by the Rev. Professor Mowat. On this date, the Professor will administer the communion. On the 31st ult., owing to the Pastor's sickness, the Rev. Vice-Principal Williamson preached in the morning, and the Rev. Mr. Crozier, agent of the Stanstead College, in the evening. As a Church, we are under great obligation to these gentlemen, who so readily and efficiently give us their assistance.

During the month, the annual collection for our College will be made. Last year, the amount raised for this purpose was \$330.80, which amount, it is hoped, will be equalled, if not exceeded, this year. Next to the Missionary Society, the College is the strongest claim, of a denominational nature, which we have. While, on the whole, our subscriptions for this and like objects are satisfactory, there is one thing which is to be regretted, namely, that there are not more small subscriptions; not that we want fewer large subscriptions, but more small ones. Why should not every member of the congregation do something, and not let the claim pass unnoticed? With God's ancient people, every one was compelled to present a gift; if he had not a lamb, then he could bring a dove or pigeon. Paul, in writing concerning these things, said: "Upon the first day of the week, let **EVERY ONE OF YOU** lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gathering when I come."



The Kings that must be Beggars.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

BUT one must keep up one's position, you know," said Mrs. Wingate, smoothing down the folds of her handsome purple silk dress. "I'm sure, in these levelling times, when everybody thinks himself as good as everybody else, it is only right to hold up one's head and exact respect—*exact* it, mind you."

Mrs. Wingate was one of the grandest ladies in the town. Her husband, a gentle, meek, little man, had been partner in the firm of Lorton and Wingate, the principal drapers in the place, but he had retired now, and had built himself a villa just on the "edge of the country," where his wife managed her servants and kept her pony carriage.

"One must keep up one's position," said Mrs. Wingate.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied her niece, Mary Maine, in a puzzled and rather weary tone. "But you see, aunt, you require a good income to do that, and Frank and I——"

"What about Frank?" cried a cheerful voice, as a tall, well-built young fellow entered the room, and coming up to Mary, leaned over her chair. "What are you two talking about?"

Mrs. Wingate turned towards him. "I want Mary to understand," she said, "that because she is going to marry you, and settle in a strange place where no one knows anything of the style to which she has been accustomed"—and here Mrs. Wingate glanced with complacency around the well-furnished room—"that because she is going amongst entire strangers, she must assert herself a bit, and keep her head up, and make the most of herself. Don't you agree with me, Frank?"

The young man looked at Mary's downcast face with some amusement.

"How do you mean to set about it, Mary? Buy a peacock, and try to copy its airs and graces, eh?"

"Now you are laughing, Frank," said Mrs. Wingate, half offended. "And I am sure I only speak for Mary's own good."

"Laughing, ma'am? By no means. If I was smiling, it was because I was thinking of the kings of Siam."

"Kings of Siam!"

"Ah. Didn't I ever tell you about the kings of Siam? There are a pair of them, both living and reigning at this present time. When I was on board the *Thistle*, we were

ordered to Bangkok, the capital of the country, and while we were there we saw a good many queer things. But these kings interested me more than anything else."

"But what have they to do with Mary's position?" demanded Mrs. Wingate.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all, except they believe exactly the contrary of what you have been saying, ma'am," returned the young sailor, with a most gallant bow. "They believe that a man is respected—and a woman too, I suppose—for what he is, not for what he appears to be."

A frown gathered upon Mrs. Wingate's brow; she did not exactly like Frank's tone; was he ridiculing her to her very face?

He noticed the shade, and began hastily to talk again. His sailor stories were a great resource.

"There is the first king, now, his very imperial majesty, who lives in the grandest house, and has a double number of guards, and twice as much gold plastered about the ceilings and the walls of his palace as his rival can show. He wears a crown nigh upon a foot high, shaped something like that candlestick, and glittering with jewels. His ministers approach him by crawling along the ground like snakes, kissing the carpet as they come."

"It is horrid to think of human creatures degrading themselves like that," said Mrs. Wingate.

"Yes, it is, particularly when one remembers that the man on the throne and the men creeping in the dust are made of the same sort of stuff by the Creator in heaven."

"And what about the second king?"

"Well, he isn't quite so grand. But he has a throne, and golden basins, and gilded ceilings, and all the rest of it; only everything is a little bit inferior to the state which surrounds the other one. Yet in one thing they are alike. They both have to be beggars for a bit."

"My dear Frank," said Mary, in surprise, "what do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say, my dear," he answered. "Their

majesties of Siam, like every other man in the country, have to pass through the order of the priesthood. The Siamese priests are a curious lot ; they take a great yellow wallet on their shoulders, and start off in the morning to beg their daily bread. They don't speak a word, but go pacing along the streets, and every householder gives them something. Sometimes a rich man will bestow a fowl or a joint of meat, sometimes they receive nothing but a few spoonfuls of rice or some fruit ; but all, both rich and poor, are ready to give, and by the time the priest reaches the end of his morning's walk his wallet is pretty heavy. Every man, from the king to the peasant, has to go through this sort of thing, day after day, for three or four months, I believe."

"But why?" asked Mary Maine, gently.

"To teach them humility, they say. The poor souls go barefoot and bareheaded, and look forlorn enough as they walk along, dumb as door-posts. A few days of that sort of work would take the pride out of *me* pretty soon."

"They are ignorant savages," said Mrs. Wingate, with a little toss of her head.

"Not they, ma'am ! They have laws and customs which would astonish you. They have splendid dresses, woven and embroidered with silk ; they value old china, and give prices for it which would be called large even in London. They send their sons to England now and then to be educated. But, however grand these young folks think themselves, on their return they have to take their yellow wallet, and do their turn at begging."

"Such queer notions !" murmured the aunt.

"But there *is* sense in the plan, don't you think?" urged Frank. "Mary, my dear, you are going to honour me and bless me by marrying me, so it is only fair to tell you that I am like-minded with the kings of Siam, inasmuch as I admire people who have learned to think humbly of themselves. So if, when we settle down together, I get 'up-ish' by reason of my good fortune, and forget that I am but an inferior officer waiting for a ship, just make me a yellow sack,

Mary, and threaten to send me out for a turn with it; will you?"

She laughed, but Mrs. Wingate looked uncomfortable. "Your idea seems to be the very opposite of what I was saying to my niece," she remarked. "*My* notion is that unless you respect yourself you will get nobody else to respect you."

"But," said Mary, gently, "King Solomon, the wisest of men, said, 'Before honour is humility.'"

"And King David himself sang, 'The meek shall inherit the earth,'" added Frank.

But Mrs. Wingate was not convinced yet. "It was easy for Solomon and David to say so," she muttered, "for they had all the riches and the respect they wanted; had they been poor, now—"

The young sailor stood silent for a minute, and then he said reverently, "If we are Christians, and the term means anything at all, we are pledged to follow Christ, who trod the earth in humbleness. The Lord Himself was a poor man, and He echoed David's words when He opened His mouth and taught His disciples, saying, 'Blessed are the meek.'"

Guidance.

IF I knew what I really ought to do, I would try and do it; but it is so very hard sometimes to find what is God's will."

So said Mary Manley to herself as she sat down by the fire-side in the one quiet half-hour which she could secure in the whole day.

Her long morning's hard work finished, the table set, the pot boiling, she waited for the return of her husband and children for their dinner. It was her time for reading and prayer and meditation; a very blessed time, when she was alone with Jesus, and held sweet communion with Him, lifting up her heart in glad praise for His goodness, in

humble believing prayer for all she needed. The calm and generally cheerful look and words with which she welcomed home the husband and children were due to the holy influence of those hallowed happy minutes.

Oh that all who know and love the Lord would so use the quiet intervals, be they long or short, that occur in the very busiest lives, or that would occur, if we were not too fussy, too hasty, to watch for and seize them.

Yet Mary was perplexed to-day; circumstances had arisen requiring immediate action, and she could not see her way clearly.

As she sat and pondered, the words seemed whispered in her ears, "I will guide thee with Mine eye;" and with the precious promise flashed through her mind all she had been taught of its meaning, as years long past she had kept loving watch beside her mother's dying bed.

That mother had been attacked by paralysis; most unexpectedly her life had been prolonged for months, and there was a full return to consciousness; but she never recovered the power of speech. Mary and her sisters nursed her lovingly night and day; and it was a wonder to all who entered that sick room, how, without a word spoken, or a hand raised to point to what she wished for, that mother's desires were understood by the sisters. "How is it?" asked their kind minister, one day. "Just what the little verse says," she replied, "'I will guide thee with Mine eye;' we keep very near her, and watch the expression of **her eye**; and then it is not so hard to see if what we are doing pleases or displeases her, whether she quite likes what we bring to her; her approving smile or grave, pained looks are very easily read by those who love her."

The sister who spoke those words had long ago followed the mother—gone within the veil, to see face to face Him whom, not having seen, both had loved and rejoiced in, with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Yet, long past as it was, the whole scene came as if it had been only yesterday, and Mary exclaimed, "Yes, that is just it; if I really and

earnestly desire to do His will ; if I keep being near Him, looking up lovingly for His guidance, His word is sure, He cannot lie, and He will guide me, not once nor twice, not in one difficulty and not in another, but always ; for another of His sweet promises is, ‘ I will guide thee continually.’ ”¹

Mary well knew the bright pure joy it is to look up and catch a smile of loving encouraging approval on the Father’s face, in the Father’s eye. She opened her Bible, and read the whole passage in which these simple words occur : “ I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go : I will guide thee with Mine eye. Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding : whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee. Many sorrows shall be to the wicked : but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.”² Mary remembered how, long ago, the minister had talked over those verses with her ; and observing a reference in the margin of the Bible to Psalm xxv. 9, she turned to it and read, “ The *meek* will He guide in judgment : and the *meek* will He teach His way.”

“ Yes,” she said, “ these promises are to the meek, to those who are willing to give up their own way and walk in His. How often have I had a way, a plan of my own ! may it not be so even now ? While I was asking my God to show me His way, I had made up my mind to have *my way*, and so was like the horse and mule, obstinate and self-willed ; and my Father loved me too well, and knew too well what was good for me, and so He had to use the bit and the bridle. He sent some trouble, some disappointment, to hinder and stop me. Often it has been a hard struggle ; but He is strong as well as loving, and at length I have yielded myself to Him, and He has indeed led me by the right way : but as I look back I see how very different my life would have been if I had done so at once. Often when I see a mule or a donkey pulling violently, the master compelled to use, not only a bridle, but whip, too, I say to myself, ‘ That’s

¹ Isa. lviii. 11.

² Psa. xxxii. 8-10.

just like you, Mary, in the old time.' It is blessed to be even compelled to take His way; but how much more to be led by the tender, gentle, loving glance of a Father's eye; and that is the promise here.

"If I am indeed His child, bought at such a price, even the precious blood of His dear Son, washed and justified, sanctified by His Holy Spirit, chosen to be an heir of glory, and a co-heir of God and joint-heir with Christ, He will keep me near Himself, He will keep me following His Son along the narrow path, so that I may never again oblige Him to use bit or bridle; why should I? Are not His ways 'ways of pleasantness and paths of peace'—a path that shall shine 'more and more unto the perfect day?' No; I will indeed strive to have no will but His, to fulfil, as far as in me lies and in His strength, that petition in prayer divinely taught: 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' And I will try and keep so close, so very close, to Him, that I shall not fail to learn that blessed will, for His promise is sure, 'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'"

Bread for All.

CHAPTER II.

SEVERAL months after the distribution of bread written about in our former chapter, the minister was summoned to visit a sick man, and on entering this man's room he immediately recognised in John Lawton (for it was none other) the attentive listener of that well-remembered Sunday. Since then he had often tried to find him out, but could gather no information about him; and as Lawton was always absent when he paid pastoral visits in that part of the parish, he had never yet met with him. But one day, when describing the object of his search to a district-visitor, she said, "You surely mean that miserable John Lawton?" The minister described him once more.

"Yes, that certainly is the man; and nothing but the

bread-bait would have brought him to the house of God, for he is an avowed infidel, and will tell you himself that Tom Paine has been his idol for the past twenty years. Why, when his favourite child was buried, even, he would not attend the service, but merely looked down on the coffin when the sexton was filling in the grave."

The minister could neither accept nor decline the truth of this statement, but gladly accepted the visitor's offer to conduct him some day to the cottage, though she did not think he would easily gain admittance if this Lawton was the man he sought, for he always left orders with his children not to admit either missionaries, visitors, nor parsons.

But the Lord, in His mercy, had fixed an earlier date than that most uncertain of all days—*some day*; and very soon after this conversation with the lady the minister received the before-mentioned summons, which, as we have seen, he at once obeyed.

John Lawton had been anxiously waiting for him, indeed, had set a child to watch at the window for him; and no sooner did the child cry out, "Here he is, father!" than the sick man tried to raise himself, and stretching out his arms, exclaimed,

"Oh, sir, bless God for that loaf of bread! You gave it to feed our perishing bodies, but God made it the means of my soul being fed with the Bread of Life."

He then, with the simplicity of a child, admired the way in which he had been led to place his foot within the walls of the church that was to prove such a house of blessing to him. "Throughout eternity," he said, "I shall have to praise the Lord for it."

"But father keeps on forgetting, sir, that he never had one of the loaves; he's always talking as though he'd had the very best of 'em," said his daughter Jennie.

This was not said by any means rudely, but was intended as an apology for her father's seeming mistake. John quickly caught up the words, and as quickly replied with a beaming face,

“No bread! No bread! Why, what’s my Jennie talking about? No bread! Why, I came away with my arms full, and the best bread too.” Then lowering his voice to deep solemnity, he looked stedfastly at the clergyman, saying, “It was the true bread, sir—the Bread of Life—that I came away with; and whilst I was wondering at it, I forgot all about the bread that perisheth, and never thought of it again till I came home, and the childer asked me what fish I had caught without my rod.”

The minister’s soul was bounding with delight at news that seemed too marvellous for immediate acceptance; yet, as this poor man could now, by reason of his nearness to eternity, never bring forth the after-fruits that are the only real fruits of repentance,¹ he was anxious to ask the reason of the hope whereon he was evidently resting in the prospect of speedy death. He therefore, after lifting his heart in silent prayer to God for power to probe without wounding the soul before him, asked John Lawton three questions:

First. “What do you understand the Bread of Life—the True Bread—to mean?”

“Sir,” replied John, “I won’t answer in my own poor words, but in the Lord Jesus Christ’s blessed words, when He said to His disciples, ‘I am the Bread of Life.’ Sir, it is soul-bread.”

“Have you, then, got this true bread—this bread which came down from heaven?” the minister further asked.

“Bless God for ever, I have, sir! It came from heaven; but you were the hand appointed to offer it to poor scoffing Jack Lawton. You offered it to me, and I took it; and now, oh, how I feed on it in my heart by faith!”

The third question seemed unnecessary after this simple declaration of his faith in the Lord’s willingness to save him, yet the minister thought it best to ask it:

“How do you know you have got this true bread?”

A look of deep distress passed over John’s countenance, and he remained silent for a minute, as if in thought, then,

¹ Matt. iii. 8.

with a voice of inquiry, he said, "I never thought about that, sir; but you are quite right in asking me such a question. God's knowing it is quite enough for my eternal safety; but I ought also to be sure of it for my own satisfaction and happiness, didn't I, sir?"

The agitation caused by this question was so great as to heighten the hectic flush on his face, and produce such huskiness as to make him call for a sup of water; the visitor therefore told him that he had talked enough for one visit, and that, please God, on the morrow they would renew the subject, when, doubtless, the Holy Spirit would assist him in replying to this all-important point.

As he held out his hand to bid farewell, the sick man grasped it fervently, saying, "This much I can tell you at once, sir: when God's children ask bread He never gives them a stone."

"Yes, my friend; and saying that we have asked is, in the matter of salvation for our precious souls, just equal to saying that we have received, for our Heavenly Father cannot deny Himself, and is far more willing to give, than we are to ask——"

"For the sake of His Son our Lord," added John, who seemed jealously to guard the Divine Source whence all our blessings stream down to us poor hungry souls.

True Christians.



TRUE Christians resemble those flowers which shut themselves up during night, and hang down their heads devoid of perfume; but no sooner are they touched by the first ray of the genial morning sun, than they again open their bosoms, stretch upwards, expanding their refreshed petals to the monarch of day, and again stand like lovely altars, which diffuse nothing around them but fragrance and refreshment.—*Dr. F. W. Krummacher.*

Salvation:

ITS MEANING, FROM DISTINGUISHED SOURCES.



ALVATION—not by works. “Observe what happens when the cry rises at sea—‘a man overboard!’ With others on the deck you rush to the side, and leaning over the bulwarks, with beating heart you watch the place where the rising air-bubbles and boiling deep tell that he has gone down. After some moments of breathless anxiety you see his head emerge from the wave. Now, that man, I shall suppose, is no swimmer—he has never learnt to breast the billows, yet, with the first breath he draws, he begins to beat the water; with violent efforts he attempts to shake off the grasp of death, and by the play of his limbs and arms to keep his head from sinking. It may be that these struggles but exhaust his strength, and sink him all the sooner; nevertheless, that drowning one makes instinctive and convulsive efforts to save himself. So, when first brought to feel and cry, ‘I perish,’—when the horrible conviction rushes into the soul that we are lost, when we feel ourselves going down beneath a load of guilt unto the depths of the wrath of God, our first effort is to save ourselves. Like a drowning man, who will clutch at straws and twigs, we seize on anything, however worthless, that promises salvation. Thus, alas! many poor souls toil and spend weary unprofitable years in the attempt to establish a righteousness of their own and to find in the deeds of the law protection from its curse.”—*Guthrie*.

Salvation—by faith and grace. “Faith saves, and grace saves; faith as the instrument, and grace as the Divine efficacy; faith the channel, and grace the heavenly stream; faith the finger that touches the garment’s fringe, and grace the virtue that pours from the Saviour’s heart. Faith cannot scale the dreadful precipice from which nature has fallen, but

it can lay hold on the rope which grace has let down even into his hands from the top, and which will draw up again with all the burden which faith can bind to it. And this is all the mystery of faith's saving. Christ reaches down from heaven, and faith reaches up from earth, and each hand grasps the other, one in weakness, the other in power."—*Dr. Hodge.*

Salvation—but one and for all. "The gospel river of life does not branch out into divers streams. There is not a broad sweep of water for the rich, the intellectual, and the cultivated, and a little scant runnel where the poor may now and then come and get healed by the side of its precarious wave. There is no costly sanatorium beneath whose shade patrician leprosy may get by itself to be healed. Naaman, with all his retinue watching, must come, and dip, and plunge like common men in Jordan. There is no sort of salvation except the one ransom and deliverance that is purchased for rich and poor together by the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the poor beggar, his garments ragged from the havoc of a hundred storms, and his flesh bleeding from the ulcers of a hundred wounds, may dip eagerly into the same Bethesda, and emerge unscarred and comely as a child."—*Dr. Punshon.*

Salvation—in Christ. "Our salvation is in Christ and with Him. When a bank-note or a gold coin is put into my hands, my money is in that, not apart from it. When a deed is signed, sealed, and recorded, and delivered to me, my title is in the deed, and not apart from it. My bank-note or gold coin will pay my debt and pay my journeying expenses. My deed will insure me my farm. Even so in Christ I have my debt cancelled, my journeying support, and my heavenly inheritance secure."—*Broadman.*

Salvation—for whom? "If I were to come as an accredited agent to you from the upper sanctuary with

a letter of invitation to you, with your name and address on it, you would not doubt your warrant to accept it. Well, here is the Bible—your invitation to come to Christ—it does not bear your name and address, but says, ‘whosoever,’—that takes you in; it says ‘all,’—that takes you in: it says ‘if any,’—that takes you in. What can be surer and freer than that?”—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Salvation—free. “Shall the husbandman, for the sake of the harvest, waste his strength and bear the burden and heat of the day, and then, when the ripe corn tempts the sickle, in very wantonness refuse to reap, and let it be destroyed? Shall the Lord Jesus undertake to suffer for us—shall He actually toil, and groan, and grieve, and die for us—and then let the fruit of His suffering be lost, and leave us to perish in our sins? No, it cannot be. It is impossible to exaggerate the certainty and freeness of that salvation that is in Christ for all who will but lay hold of it. It is impossible that anything in the universe can lie between you and eternal life, if you but accept it as the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”—*Dr. Caird.*

Salvation—the danger of neglecting it. “Simply ‘neglect the great salvation,’ and you will make your everlasting ruin sure. Many foolish, faithless parents have stood by the grave of a child which they dug with their own hands. How? Did they administer slow poison, or strike an assassin-knife through the young heart? No; but they killed their child just as surely by simple neglect of the first laws of health. Many a father, too, has wrung his hands in agony before the prison cell which held a ruined son, or over the letter which told him of his son’s disgrace, and on those very hands rested the guilt of that boy’s ruin. Why? Had they led that son into Sabbath-breaking, or theft, or profligacy? No; but they had let the youth alone, and left him to rush into them unrestrained. Neglect was the boy’s ruin. There is no need that the man in a skiff amid Niagara’s rapids

should row towards the cataract ; resting on his oars is quite enough to send him over the awful verge. It is the neglected wheel that capsizes the vehicle, and maims for life the passengers. It is the neglected leak that sinks the ship. It is the neglected field that yields briars instead of bread. It is the neglected spark kindling near the magazines whose tremendous explosion sends its hundreds of mangled wretches into eternity. The neglect of an officer to throw up a rocket on a certain night caused the fall of Antwerp, and postponed the deliverance of Holland for twenty or more years. The neglect of a sentinel to give an alarm hindered the fall of Sebastopol, and resulted in the loss of many thousand lives."—*Dr. Cuyler.*

SALVATION ! Oh melodious sound
To wretched dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

But oh may a degenerate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so Divine ?

The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears,
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

My Saviour-God, no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise ;
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.

My Saviour-God, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

DODDRIDGE.



Light out of Darkness.

CHAPTER I.

LOOK out of window, Maggie, and see whether the postman is coming. I hope we shall have a letter to-day."

"I don't see him, mother," said Maggie, after looking wistfully down the street. "I don't think grandfather can have had your letter, or else he would have written."

"Perhaps we shall have an answer presently," replied Mrs. Marshall. "And now I want you to go to Mrs. Clark, and ask her if she has any more work for me; tell her Charley is not quite well, or I would have come myself."

Maggie was soon ready, and in a few minutes was on her way to Mrs. Clark's. Her mother watched her down the street as long as she was in sight, and then turning her attention to the little one on her knee, she wrapped him up carefully and laid him in his bed. Just then she heard the voice of her invalid husband calling to her from the next room, and in a moment was by his side.

In order that the reader may understand my story, it will be as well here to give a short sketch of the circumstances which made it necessary for Mrs. Marshall to work for her living, and what it was that made her anxious to receive a letter on that day.

Fourteen years previously, Susan White had married William Marshall, and had done so in opposition to her father's wishes. In all respects she had been a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and up to the time of her marriage had hardly ever thwarted her father in anything.

How far she was to blame in marrying Mr. Marshall, or how far she was justified in displeasing her father, the reader must judge for himself. When first Susan was engaged to Mr. Marshall he had "expectations;" an old relation, with whom he had lived from childhood, and who was very much attached to him, had promised that he should be heir to his small property on his decease; but when the old gentleman died he left no will, so the property went to another and nearer relative than William.

Although this circumstance made no difference to Susan's love for William, it made a great deal of difference to Mr. White's thoughts of him as Susan's future husband. And instead of welcoming him to his house on all occasions, as he hitherto had done, he became cool towards him, the coolness gradually developing itself into churlishness, and

culminating in positive dislike and an attempt to break off the intended marriage. It may appear strange that a man so respected as Mr. White was for his general kind and just behaviour to all, should have allowed himself to be thus affected by a change of circumstances; but the reader must know that Mr. White had not always been in as good a position as that which he now held; he had known in his early days the meaning of the words "privation" and "poverty," and remembering as he did how hard these were to be borne, he shrunk from allowing his daughter to expose herself to them by an imprudent marriage.

As I said before, Susan married William Marshall, and in so doing gave offence to her father; not that at the time of the marriage there was a real quarrel between them, but a coolness sprang up, which increased rather than diminished when his daughter left the neighbourhood and went to live in a town some distance from her old home. William, although he proved a kind and affectionate husband, and spared no pains to make his home a happy and comfortable one, was not altogether successful in his business; his health was not so good as it had been, and this prevented his earning as much as he would have done had he been strong. Although this was really no fault of William, it was looked upon as such by Mr. White, who blamed him for having married Susan when he was not quite sure of being able to provide for her in a comfortable manner. Both William and Susan resented this, and the result was that the coolness which already existed between Susan and her father became a downright quarrel: so incensed, indeed, was he that he declared he would have no more to do with his daughter. And up to the time when our tale commences he had kept his word. Susan had written to him more than once, but he had not answered her letters.

Besides William's ill-health, other and heavy trials had visited the family, sickness had fallen upon the little ones, and death had taken away two of their number, and at the time of which I write, the parents were left with only two

children—Maggie, the eldest, and little Charley, the youngest of the four that had been lent to them.

The expenses caused by these bereavements had been comparatively great, and as William had not been able to earn much for some time, it may be easily imagined that the small savings of the Marshalls were exhausted. To avoid positive poverty Susan had recently taken in needle-work, and by dint of great industry had managed to keep the wolf from the door; but now William was quite laid by, and Susan was unable to procure for him the nourishing food and drink that had been ordered him by the doctor; this distressed her so much that she determined to write to her father and make an appeal to him for help. This she accordingly did, and it was an answer to her letter that she was so anxiously looking for when she was called to William's bedside.

Day after day had passed by and brought no reply from Mr. White. It was long before Susan could bring herself to believe that her parent had indeed given her up; she not unnaturally thought that his fatherly instincts would be touched when he heard of the circumstances in which she was placed, and that he would come or send to her assistance; but now both she and her husband had begun to despair of receiving help from that quarter. How much consolation and strength might they have found in their present trial if they had known Him who has invited all those who are weary and heavy-laden to come to Him, and has promised rest and comfort to all who do so. How much easier would it have been for them to bear their burden if they had cast their care upon Him who cared for them, and who has promised to be a God, a guide, and a comforter to all who will trust Him; but, alas! neither William nor Susan had yet learned to put their confidence in God. They had lived moral lives, and had conformed to the outward show of religion; they had been regular attendants at a place of worship on the Sabbath day, and had been kind and affectionate parents, and these things they had considered enough; they

had not been brought to place themselves, body and soul, in the hands of their Heavenly Father.

In after days, when they looked back upon the trials they were now passing through, and upon the dark path they now trod, they did so, not with regret, but with heartfelt thankfulness, for they recognised God's hand in leading them through the fire of affliction to bring them out purified and made fit for the Master's service.

William's first question was whether there had been any letter from Mr. White; and on being answered in the negative, he seemed for a moment to lose all hope, but seeing how distressed his wife was, he endeavoured to speak cheerfully and raise her spirits:

"I may be better soon," he said, "and able to work again, and then all will be right, and in the meantime we must do the best we can."

It was not much comfort that William could give Susan; but, like a kind husband, he did all he could to put things in a bright light.

That evening, when Susan was sitting at work, she thought of her dead mother, and remembered how, when *she* was in trouble of any kind, she had recourse to her Bible, and how she always found help and comfort in that book; and she reached down *hers* from the shelf where it had too long lain unnoticed, and, turning over the leaves at random, she stopped at the hundred and third Psalm; she had caught sight of the word "father" in the thirteenth verse, and that word attracted her notice, and she read the verse through, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Having read the verse, Susan closed the book with a sigh.

"Like as a father," she said, "not more than that? Oh! if God has no more pity on me than my father has, what will become of us? And then it says He pitieth 'them that fear Him.' Can I say that I fear God? If not, I have no right to expect His pity." And arguing with herself in this way

Susan found little consolation in the verse she had read. Nor was it likely that she would. We have no promise that we shall find comfort in our Bibles at any moment that we choose to take them up. The Word of God, when applied by the Holy Spirit, has power so to work upon the heart that even under the most distressing circumstances we may be calm and trustful. But to suppose that to take up a neglected Bible and to read anything that first meets our sight, is at all likely to comfort, or in any other way to do us good, is a great mistake, although one that is far too common. If we would really find help in time of need, comfort in sorrow, strength against temptation in God's Word, we must make it our constant study, our familiar friend and our trusted guide. Only he who can say with the Psalmist, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee," has any right to expect to find comfort in that Word.

Having put down her Bible, Susan sat musing about the present straits in which she and her husband were placed, and thinking gloomily of the still darker future which her fears foreshadowed. Her thoughts very naturally turned towards her old home, and very bitterly did she think of her father and of the way in which he was treating her. "He might, at any rate, have answered my last letter," she thought; the one in which she had told him of her husband's illness, and had asked for his help. But, no, he had forgotten her; forgotten his only daughter, and refused to aid her in her distress. Little did Susan think at that very time her father's thoughts were with, and his heart yearning towards her; little did she think that had he known her present distress he would only have been too glad to come to her assistance, and delighted to have been reconciled to her. But as it was, Susan's letter had never reached her father; it had, by an accident that shall hereafter be explained, been carried miles away from its proper destination, and had come into the hands of a stranger in a far country.

The reader may ask, why, if Mr. White felt kindly towards

his daughter, and longed for a renewal of the confidence that had once existed between them, he did not make an effort to bring this about; why he did not write and tell her of his forgiveness and wish to be reconciled! To this question the answer must be, that Mr. White was too proud to acknowledge himself to be wrong, and to make the first advances towards a reconciliation. He thought much of Susan now, and felt that his conduct towards her had been harsh and unjust; but pride kept him from acknowledging it. He wanted his daughter to make the first advance, and admit that she had been wrong, and then he would have been ready to forgive and forget.

How much of the misery and wretchedness that exists in this world might be avoided, if that enemy to happiness, pride, could be overcome! How many an aching heart might be healed, and how many a tear wiped away, but for the pride that prevents the kind word being spoken, or the loving forgiveness of a fault tendered, even if unsought.

How Mr. White was induced to battle with, and strengthened to overcome this pride, and what were the results of his so doing must be told in another chapter.

G. H. S.

"Only our Crumbs."



"WHAT an odd title!" exclaimed a merry-looking girl:

"'Only our Crumbs.'"

"Very uninteresting," replied her sister, a sleepy-looking individual.

"Read the paper before you make more comments," chimed in the mother.

"What an infliction!" drawled Lily.

This little family party were enjoying themselves around a cheerful-looking fire, which blazed away and could be replenished without the anxious thought, How are these

coals to be paid for? The Darneleys were people very well off; they had made money, and now enjoyed many luxuries.

Gertrude, the merry girl, drew near the fire, cleared her voice, and read aloud :

" 'A lonely woman sat by a cheerless fire working away at her needle ; her room was scantily furnished, but remarkably clean, and she herself looked calm and patient, though sorrow was no stranger to her.'

" I told you so," said Lily ; "'tis a miserable tale. I hate those kind of things."

" Order," said the mother, laughing ; and Gertrude continued reading :

" ' Presently, with a bright countenance she went to the window and watched. She was not naturally an inquisitive woman, prying into her neighbours' affairs ; but, of late, at this house you might have seen her with interest looking out. Yes, she said to herself, there is the kindly hand remembering the homely sparrows ; and see how naturally they expect their crumbs, waiting patiently, but never being forgotten. Are ye not of much more value than they ?

" ' Birdies' voices were singing grace ; but this desolate widow had no dinner placed before her, yet her faith failed not. She sat down again at her work ; thoughts would enter her mind : once her home had been so bright, not what is called handsomely furnished ; it was simple enough, but having a cultivated mind and delighting in all that is beautiful, it naturally happened that order reigned there, and better than all, pure love. Little pattering feet, too, had made music in that home ; but now, through sad reverses and death, the past was like a beautiful dream ; yet this woman dared to be happy, though she was passing under sharp discipline. God had taken her dear ones ; but she had no unpleasant reflections concerning the sainted dead, having been a devoted wife and mother, too much so, some people had said. Tears gathered and fell as she folded her work ; they were a great relief, and after a little struggle to overcome

them, she prepared to go out, hoping this journey would be a successful one.

“ The cold air refreshed her, but she felt how ill-dressed she was for such weather, and reaching a house not far distant from her home she knocked, and entering a well-furnished hall, was soon shown into a snug little room. Seated by the table sat a young lady who was busily engaged writing.

“ The widow was about to tell her she had done the work she desired, and opened her basket. I will call mamma, said the young lady; oh, no, I need not, I can attend to you without troubling her; so, taking up the work she examined it and candidly said, I only wish I could work like this; why, 'tis beautiful; and looking up into the sad face she smilingly asked what money was due to her.

“ When the sum was named, she looked astonished. What, she said, it can never be so little? you must have made a mistake.

“ No, indeed; replied the widow, I have done many things for your mamma for less.

“ Effie was about to say something, but she bit her lips instead, and taking out her purse, she asked the needle-woman to accept also a trifle from her, because, she said, I am soon going to be married, and the work you will be doing will be for myself, and I object to wear clothes ill paid for.

“ This was a bright day for the widow; not only the money so needed in her condition, but the gentle kind-hearted girl's manner warmed her heart, and she returned home grateful and feeling better. This was not all that happened, for Effie sifted into the matter and called upon her, and begged to learn how to work so neatly; this was partly a little excuse for again calling; she wished to cheer the lonely woman; for Effie was about to marry a clergyman, and she felt she ought to interest herself in such cases as these, and she also wanted to be expert in cutting out clothes.

“ ‘Poor little Effie ! hers had been a very expensive education, but she was sadly ignorant in many respects ; she desired to be useful as well as accomplished ; a really good wife—so she learnt many an excellent lesson from the poor widow, and greatly cheered her during her visits.

“ ‘Ere many weeks passed Effie’s marriage took place ; and she left London to live in a quiet town, her new home being the vicarage, a rambling old place.

“ ‘What a wonderful change of scene this was to the young girl ! Her husband seemed to have so much to attend to, and interested her in those around ; but he often found her in a state of wonderment ; she wished to superintend the domestic arrangements, but the two servants soon saw how incompetent she was, and many busy, clever, unamiable women were ever on the alert to trip her up in some little work she was engaged in in her husband’s parish. Fortunately, she knew who could comfort her, and great was her joy when her husband proposed her sending for her poor friend the widow to be a kind of housekeeper ; and he dryly remarked, Then, when I am deep in my subject you will find it less dull, having a sensible woman to chat to sometimes.

“ ‘You can easily imagine how the widow had missed Effie, and received the offer with gratitude. For the last time she watched the sparrows flying to the opposite window to partake of their crumbs.

“ ‘How often this sight had cheered her and strengthened her faith ; now her heart was full, a useful life was before her ; she was naturally a bright, clever woman, sorrow for a time had crushed her spirit, she had found that poverty was not so hard to bear as loneliness. She packed her few things together, sold her scanty furniture, and prepared her wardrobe, for Effie, with a thoughtfulness worthy of her, had sent her the means to replenish and make a respectable appearance. And never did she repent : she soon learnt the mysteries of housekeeping, her husband praised her ; and every loving wife well knows what that means.

“ ‘Long did the widow remain in this happy home ; she

became nurse to Effie's children, and never in stern winter did she forget to save the crumbs for the birds. Go, dear reader, and do likewise.' ”

“ Not so bad or so gloomy, after all,” said Lily, who had not fallen asleep, and daily might, after this, have been seen gathering up crumbs, and often cutting off a little from the loaf and spreading the same on the window-sill, much to her brother's amusement.

The reading about that widow was the making of Lily ; she seemed to awake out of her dream and forget herself in thinking of others. “ Only our Crumbs.” Ah ! how tiny the things which are God's Spirit can convert into marvellous use !

How also one bright loving spirit in this world of ours uses influences that spread !

Sometimes the most simple events lead to grand results.

It is just the same with evil, one sin often leading to utter ruin. But we prefer dwelling upon the bright side of human nature, and would urge all to trust in God under all the adverse circumstances of life ; and surely, if our bodies need bread to strengthen them, and God gives it to us daily, so will He much more give us His Holy Spirit if we ask Him, for our souls require large blessings ; and if we would bless others we must first be blessed ourselves.

H. W. P.

Miracles.



WHAT an age was the age of miracles ; and how much there was in that age to awaken the attention, to astonish the mind, to impress the heart, and confirm the faith of those who witnessed them in the Divine mission of those who wrought them. Every miracle had a voice, and it was the voice of God. It proclaimed to the world that those who wrought miracles had the presence of God, and were sent by God, and were divinely com-

missioned to reveal His character and to make known His will. The Jewish system of religion, appointed by Jehovah, was connected with miracles and miraculous events, and thus was demonstrated the Divinity of its origin. The first miraculous event recorded in the Old Testament was the translation of Enoch; and the last was the preservation of the prophet Daniel in the lions' den. Miracles and miraculous events then ceased. Centuries rolled over our world, generations lived and died and mouldered into dust, mighty empires had arisen and flourished and declined and fallen; and during those centuries and generations not a man lived who had ever seen the performance of miracles. They had existed as great and Divine realities; but they existed only in the records of inspired history and in the remembrance of multitudes who had long passed into the eternal world.

Another age of miracles, however, was destined to dawn, and not only to dawn, but to shine. Short in its duration, but brilliant in its light, was Messiah's day; and His day was a day of miracles. We do not know how many miracles He wrought, any more than we know how many sermons He preached, and how many prayers He offered. Frequently, how many do the Evangelists group together in one brief expression, in one short verse. In His miracles we behold the sovereignty of His power, and the supremacy of His control over every department of nature. His miracles were Divine in their origin, important in their object, great in their number, diversified in their character, most of them instantaneous in their production, public in their performance, well attested as to their reality and fact; and whilst they were demonstrations of His Messiahship, and displays of His power, they were bright manifestations of the kindness of His disposition and the benevolence of His heart.

On receiving some Leaves from the Mount of Olives.

E'EN as when some sweet strain is heard
A thousand memories are stirred,
So, while on these frail leaves we gaze,
Rise holy thoughts of bygone days.

Days when beneath the olive shade
At midnight's hour the Saviour prayed,
When rose upon the silent air
The whisperings of fervent prayer.

They mingle with the night winds' sigh,
Which stir the leaves, and wander by,
Unknowing of the wealth they bear,
The echo of a Saviour's prayer!

The stars look down with watchful gaze,
The hours pass on, yet still He prays;
Till night's dark curtain is withdrawn,
And stars grow pale in early dawn,

And once again we see Him there,
Kneeling in agony of prayer,
While death's prophetic shadows throw
Across His soul dark clouds of woe.

Oh, wondrous sight—oh, mystery!
A God in human agony,
Holding in deep and sad dismay
The cup which might not pass away.

Sleepless and weary is the eye
Which yet hath pierced eternity!
Faint is that voice with mortal dread,
That wondrous voice which raised the dead!

It was for *us* 'neath sorrow's cloud
His sinless soul was meekly bowed;
For *us* He knelt, for *us* He prayed
In anguish 'neath the olive shade.

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