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THE
CHURCH MISCELLANY.

JULY, 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 fail thee, nor forsake thee."—JEHOVAH.

SHANNON & MEEK, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

4
Excess, Deficit
Church Officers and Committee.

PASTOR :
REV. DR. JACKSON.

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

SECRETARY : FREDERICK OSBORN.
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.

The annual Sunday School pic-nic was held on Wednesday afternoon, the 9th instant, on Simcoe Island, and was a very pleasant affair. The day was all that could be desired, bright, yet not glaring, warm, and yet tempered with a fresh breeze. There was a large rally of children and a strong muster of adults, all of whom seemed determined to put in a full half-day of genuine enjoyment. "Maud," the general favorite of the family of boats, conveyed all safely to and fro, leaving Kingston at one o'clock and returning at half-past eight. Boating, swinging and foot-racing were among the engagements of the occasion. Though all had pic-nic appetites, the provision was as usual ample.

The Ladies' Association have resolved upon holding a general Bazaar early in December, and though their monthly meetings are suspended for the summer, doubtless much work will be done by them in their own quiet way during the holidays, to increase their stock of useful and fancy goods. A new departure has been decided upon in having a Young People's Table, the work of which the girls are to supply and dispose of. The Association will resume its regular meetings early in October.

The English Congregational Union will soon enter upon the fiftieth year of its existence. In anticipation of its jubilee arrangements are being made for the delivery and publication of twelve lectures, by as many of its leading men on topics, relating to the origin of Congregationalism in England, its development and growth during the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Georgian period; its influence upon the great evangelical movement of the last century, and kindred subjects. It is also proposed to issue a series of tracts on the distinctive principles of the denomination. It is to be hoped that by some public effort or private scheme of benevolence these publications will be widely circulated throughout our churches in Canada.

It is stated that Prince Galitzin, a young Russian nobleman converted by the Bible given to him at the Paris Exhibition, proposes to build thirty Bible kiosks, and to fit up seven Bible carriages. He intends to travel for seven months in Russia with Mr. Clough, of Paris, whom he has engaged to take charge of these carriages, and says:—"Since Christ laid down His precious life for me, I will give my whole life, and time, and fortune to His service." Such consecration reminds us of Apostolic times, when christians "went everywhere preaching the word." Was there the same devotion of heart, mind, service and wealth manifested generally by christians, what a power the church would become in the world, and how soon would the nations become converted to God.

The Saviour's Forbearance under Insults.—"Then did they spit in his face and buffeted Him, and others smote Him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophecy unto us, Thou Christ, who is it that smote Thee." Overwhelmed with insults and indignities, which the world holds it baseness to forgive, Jesus Christ suffers with a Divine forbearance. Let us therefore lay at the feet of Jesus, thus unworthily treated by His creatures, our erroneous estimate of honor, our sensitiveness of affront; the false delicacy which is punctilious about trifles, which takes fire at everything and pardons nothing; and our demoniacal inflexibility in the resentment of injury. The deeper the degradation which the Saviour endures at our hands, the more worthy is He of our adoration.—*Pasquier Quesnel*.

Sentence has gone forth against the cotton-wood trees standing in front of the church. They have become an annoyance to the public, by yeilding so freely, their fleecy down which not only carpets the streets, but also enters the windows of houses and adorns the person of

the pedestrian. The church has therefore authorized that they be removed before they again return to their bad habits in the spring. If it were as easy to dispose of persons as trees, much annoyance and evil might be easily overcome, but what of the persons cut down. Often is the question asked, "why cumbereth it the ground?" The answer is because of God's love and grace. While the nature of trees cannot be changed, man's nature may be renewed by the Holy Spirit, and he who bore evil fruit and was a nuisance, may bear good fruit and become a blessing.

At the last meeting of the Church Committee the Pastor stated that while taking his usual holidays this summer he would endeavor to secure a supply for the pulpit in so far as possible without expense. Churches feel the hard times in common with secular enterprises, and that which is saved is as good as so much subscribed. Moreover, the Pastor hinted that he had long indulged a hope of being able to visit Europe some time in the future, in which case he would need to crave greater indulgence from the Church than the usual four or six weeks' holiday. On the occasions of our week evening services the Deacons and other members will have an opportunity of exercising their gifts and grace for the edification of the brethren, as it will be impossible for the Pastor to return to the city for these services.

The following are the statistics for June: Baptisms, 3; Open Collections, \$27.13; Weekly Offerings, \$130.60, Collection for an Aged Minister, \$25; Collection for Union expenses, \$23.75; two collections for the Union, amount not reported.

The consumption of opium in England is largely increasing among the working classes. Although its ultimate results are infinitely worse than the excessive use of alcohol, yet its immediate effects are not so disagreeable and it is much cheaper.



The Wedding Dress.

YOU needn't rub a hole in the dress, Mary, before you buy it," said William, as they stood at the draper's counter, intent on choosing a piece of material suitable to grace Mary on her wedding-day, which was fast approaching.

"Oh, never mind," put in Mr. Wiseman, the draper, who

was well acquainted with both of his customers ; had known them, indeed, ever since they were children, and was gratified that they had chosen his somewhat old-fashioned shop to make their purchase in, instead of going to one of the more modern and smart-looking ones which had recently sprung up in the neighbourhood. "Mary is quite right," he continued, "to see that she is buying what she really wants ; when once the dress is made up it will be no good finding fault with it."

"No," said Mary ; "I must choose now ; and what I want, Mr. Wiseman, is something that will wear well. I have not much money to lay out, and I want to have something quiet and durable."

"I think that one will do very well, or that either," said William. But Mary shook her head, and said they were very pretty, but she wanted a more durable colour.

With a great deal of patience Mr. Wiseman unfolded and displayed several pieces before Mary could make up her mind ; but at last she fixed on a piece that just suited her ; it was neat and good, so the draper told her, and so Mary thought.

The purchase completed and the parcel tied up, the bride and bridegroom elect were about to leave the shop, when Mr. Wiseman asked them to step into his little parlour at the back.

"It is not often I have young folks come here for the purpose you have to-day," he said, when they were seated in his room ; "but whenever they do come, and I know it, I don't let them leave the shop without wishing them God-speed ; and if this is my rule with those who are strangers to me, you may be sure I can't break it in your case.

"God bless you ! the Lord bless you !" he continued, at the same time shaking William heartily by the hand ; "May He who alone maketh us to be 'of one mind in a house' be your Protector.¹ And you, my dear Mary, remember your choice : 'durability and quietness.' You've

¹ Psalm lxxviii. 6, old version.

not read your Bible for nothing, I know ; but just let me give you one word of loving counsel. Don't forget there is another wedding garment you must be looking after. If you want durability, that's the one for you ; and as to quietness God's Word says of this garment, it is 'quietness and assurance for ever.'"¹

Other customers now requiring Mr. Wiseman's attention, he again wished William and Mary God-speed, and they left the shop.

They did not, however, forget their old friend's words. Not even the pleasurable excitement of fitting herself with a ring at the jeweller's could efface them from Mary's memory. "There is another wedding garment," kept sounding in her ears until her heart felt obliged to respond, "Have I this wedding garment?" It was an important question, and no wonder that as it kept rising in Mary's mind her face assumed a graver appearance than usual.

"What makes you so quiet, Mary?" asked William ; "I hope you don't repent having bought your wedding dress ; the awful-deed isn't yet done, you know ; there's time to cry off yet, if you wish it."

"No, dear William," Mary answered, "I wasn't thinking about that just then ; I was thinking of what Mr. Wiseman said about the other wedding garment we all need, and must all have, before we sit down at the wedding supper of the Lamb. Oh, William, his words went right home to me, and ever since we left him I have been thinking whether we both of us really possess that garment. Oh that I could feel sure that I did !"

William was not usually a man of many words, but Mary's confession seemed to have loosened his tongue-strings, for, standing still and looking at her in gentle surprise, he said, "Not sure, Mary? Do not say so ! Have you never really and truly given yourself to Christ? If you have, you do possess the wedding garment."

"Yes, William, I do love Christ ; and I feel that He is

¹ Isa. xxxii. 17.

more to me than any one or anything else ; but I should feel happier if I had a perfect assurance that I am indeed fit to meet God if I were suddenly called into His presence."

"If you want that assurance, dear Mary, you must ask for more faith to believe in the precious promises of the Gospel ; and you must not only ask earnestly for this, but for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that you may be enabled to live according to your profession ; and depend upon it our heavenly Father will, in His good time, give you the assurance you long for."

"Well, William, I am sure what you say is right ; and I am very glad that Mr. Wiseman spoke about the wedding garment, because it has made you speak out on a subject I have always wanted to hear your opinion on. You do not think, then, that because I have not yet felt quite sure that I was prepared for death that I have had no saving faith?"

"No ; we cannot all of us feel, as some favoured ones do, directly their minds are opened to receive the truth, that they are indeed safe. But I do think that the more we feel our own depravity and sinfulness, the more shall we fly from ourselves, and seek refuge in the Saviour ; and then we shall be safe, even if we do sometimes feel fearful. And now, Mary, that we have come to an understanding that we are of one mind in the Lord, we must let it be our aim through life to help each other on in the narrow road, by all the means that lie in our power. There will be plenty of opportunity for this ; we can help each other by our prayers and by our example ; and it will be easy, if we each remember that the other is but at the best an imperfect creature, and thus are led to be mutually loving and forbearing."

It would be a happy thing if all young persons commenced their married life with such an understanding as William and Mary came to then. I don't suppose that many couples are married without meaning to bear and forbear, to be kind and affectionate to each other, and to show to their neighbours a model of married happiness. But, alas, how often are these determinations broken, and how soon are

the pleasant dreams put to flight, when the resolutions are made in their own strength, and not built upon the rock Christ Jesus.

Well, not long after the purchase of the wedding dress, William and Mary were made man and wife; and among the little company that assembled at the wedding was their old friend Mr. Wiseman.

Many were the congratulations of their friends, and many heartfelt good wishes did the young couple receive, but there was no one more pleased to see them happy, or more warm in his congratulations than the old draper.

“William,” he said, as he was taking his leave of them, “I think you have followed the example of the Vicar of Wakefield: you have chosen your wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. Quietness and durability are what Mary wanted when she bought her dress; and I believe you will find that Mary possesses both these qualities herself; may you live long to enjoy them. You won’t find it all smooth sailing; you will now and then have to exercise patience and forbearance, for it is quite true what Cowper says :

“ ‘The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.’

That God may bless and keep you both shall ever be my prayer !”

Many years have passed since William and Mary went together to buy the wedding dress, and many changes have taken place since then. Their old friend Mr. Wiseman has passed away, the old-fashioned shop has been pulled down to make room for a more extensive building; and Mary’s wedding dress, is that gone too? No, Mary wore it long; but durable as it was, it at last became too shabby for further wear; but she could not bear to part with it, so she

put it away carefully in some out-of-the-way corner ; and there it is now. Sometimes it is taken out to show as a curiosity to her granddaughters, and a very old-fashioned appearance it has ; but although the girls do laugh at what seems to them the oddity of its make, grandmother always says that it was very pretty when it was new.

“ Ah !” she will say, sometimes, when the dress is taken out of its hiding-place, “ I shall never forget the day when it was bought, nor the words of the kind old gentleman who sold it, nor what your grandfather said to me on that day about the other wedding garment. Some day or other, my girls, if you are spared, you may be thinking of buying your wedding dresses ; but whether that should ever come to pass or not, remember this, there is another wedding garment that you must put on one day, if you would be admitted as a guest at the great supper of the Lamb. Do not delay ; none are too young to put on the robe of righteousness, and none are too old to wear it. More than that, it never grows old-fashioned, and it endureth for ever.”

And what of William ? He is an old man now, but he bears his years well, and looks hale and hearty yet.

He has found what good old Mr. Wiseman told him was quite true, that he would not have smooth sailing all through his life ; but having had a firm faith in his heavenly Father, and having arrayed himself in the Christian armour when he was yet young, he has, by the grace of God, been enabled to wear it all through life, and so fight through many difficulties and dangers which might have overpowered him if he had not been so equipped. And he is now looking forward to the time when he will be able to say, “ I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.”¹

Reader, may you also have grace given you to array

¹ 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

yourself in like armour, and may your life be like William's, a life of faith, which is the only sure way of finding a life of happiness ; and may you wear, as did William and Mary, the beautiful garment of salvation of which the poet sings—

“This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years :
No time can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new !”

Pleasant Places.



LET us come into the churchyard ; it is such a *nice* place ! Come along, Charlie.”

So said little happy innocent voices behind me as I passed up the village street one summer Sunday afternoon. How they thrilled through my heart, the fresh, guileless tones of the children ! for my own were far away ; but childhood is kin everywhere, and the daisies in the grass, the fresh air, and the sunshine, whether in churchyard or in garden, are always rife with gladness to the little ones. Praise ye the Lord !

Often since have those loving, sweet child-voices sounded in my ears, and brought to mind the Divine voice : “ Except ye be converted, and become as little children.” God's children, cleansed by the blood of the Saviour, trustful through the Holy Spirit, even on earth shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; and to the innocence, the simple trust of children, many a place we had thought dark and dreadful will become “ such a nice place.” This seemed the lesson of the little ones.

Say you, it was ignorance, not innocence ? They knew not what was underneath those little mounds on which they sat to play ? Nay, rather, is it not *our* ignorance, which sees not the blest spirits above, that makes us turn away ? “ Come, brother, come and see what pleasures may be even in a churchyard ;” let the little children cry to those who

are wont to shrink from it. Look not beneath the earth, but, like them, gather the flowers God has so richly sprinkled for us above. Asleep; yes, but how?—in Jesus. Is that cold, or dull, or dark? Dead; yes, but blessed in the Lord. Look at the things which are not seen and eternal, till the light affliction of bereavement shall have worked for you too the far more exceeding weight of glory.

Some think to make the churchyard a pleasant place by plucking flowers to perish on the graves even more quickly than the daisies that grow on them. Is it to please the poor remains beneath, or the blest spirit above? Neither, surely, need our earthly flowers. Truly, so fair and pure seem the blossoms God brings forth in their fresh beauty every spring, that we can sometimes hardly help wondering whether there can be lovelier flowers in Paradise. We can conceive nothing more beautiful; but faith will not limit God in these simpler, if not in more glorious forms of being; and at least they fade not there. We cannot wreath our flowers round the immortal brows of our departed loved ones; and if it pleases them to see their tombs thus decorated, let them bring their own flowers of Paradise that wither not. Will they not, perhaps, smile at our efforts thus to please them—

“Or sigh, if saints can sigh, to see
Such trifles please us so”?

If our object is to show that the loved ones are still kept in mind, is not their memory better preserved in the home where their sweet deeds shone? and best at that throne of grace, where we still draw nearest to them, while we commune with Him with whom, in whom, we live, whether we wake or sleep? We can only love them and delight in them still, either as we have known them on earth, or as we believe them and feel them to be in the blest spiritual world. The only thing we would forget is the sin and death from which they are now for ever free. Even the body, both as it has been and as it will be, we can think of with delight,

but not its destruction ; only God, by His promise of resurrection which He gives even in the flowers He causes to bloom over the graves, can brighten that. And so to me it always makes the churchyard look sad, not bright, as if there were a lack of heavenly hope, and only a foreign, sentimental, unreal consolation, when its graves are strewn with garlands, however tastefully arranged. To please the bereaved mother on earth, I have plucked the flowers, and laid them on the grave of her little one, but I have felt as if I were mocking the happy angel-child.

But how many places are there in our lives dark and gloomy because we make them so, and when the heart of a little child would rather call them pleasant places and a goodly heritage, as did David, the single-hearted shepherd boy ! We sometimes look out for the lion and the bear, and fear the conflict, or the loss of one of our little lambs, instead of rejoicing in the green pastures and the still waters provided for us and them, and, even if danger comes, saying : "The Lord who hath delivered will deliver."

In the darkened sick chamber, when the chastening has done its work, and brought God's children in sickness and meekness very near to Him, how are they given "songs in the night," and made, though sorrowful, rejoicing.

And who have not had their faith strengthened by hearing from God's children among the poor of their childlike trustfulness and thankfulness when they have had to walk by faith, not sight ! Their poverty has been a pleasant place.

What a dark, chill place suspense often seems to us ! Even the sunshine of the spring, when God's love in nature's tenderest ways invites us to be glad, seems only to turn one's heart to sickness while we watch each day for the morrow's tidings. Perhaps it would be better, like a child, to let the birds and flowers inspire us with hope. But if the heart is too sad by any effort to listen to nature's sweet voices, yet turn, like a little child, to thy Father. Let Jesus take thee in His arms, like the little child of old. There must be always a pleasant place for thee with Him.

Only let thy sorrow bring thee close to Jesus, and suspense itself shall be a pleasant place. "He satisfieth the longing soul."

Is doubt a dark place to you? It must be so. The childlike spirit doubts not. Become as little children, and the doubts will vanish. Do you fret against what seem to you the mysteries of Divine truth? Jesus said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." And in what is called the dark valley, where earthly glory is most abased, does not God shine in upon His own with heavenly glory? When David walks through it as a little lamb with his Shepherd, "Thou art with me" turns every fearful shadow into pleasant shade; and to the little child the end of the path home is the nicest place of all.

Oh! how sweet is a little child's falling asleep in Jesus! If just old enough to lisp the Name, how undoubting, how joyous the confidence in going to Him! "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

And to the little children, such as St. John describes those who have become as little children, what a scene of peace, or even of triumph, does the dreadful place of death become! Can you not call to mind such places, pleasant even in spite of the pangs of parting? Then, when the wise and prudent strive in vain to swim through death's dark torrent, the babe in Christ finds the cross a secure bridge over the stream, lighted up by rays of glory from heaven's own battlements. Jesus has gone over to prepare, and now comes to each of His children to receive them in the place He has prepared. Then shall we speak of the place in higher tones than our children's lisps here. And when, through the infinite grace of the Redeemer, I thus look down upon the churchyard as the place only to shake off the dust of earth, then, little Charlie and your brother, whoever you are, dear little ones who have so encouraged me, may I meet to thank you in that best place of all!

Our Month's Holiday on the Lago Maggiore.



WE were led to spend our autumn holidays this year on the Lago Maggiore, chiefly at Locarno, at the head of the lake, the station from which the traveller into Switzerland starts for the passage of the St. Gothard.

We were unprepared for the beauty of the situation, and still more for the many lovely and varied walks and excursions in the immediate neighbourhood. Three valleys open out from Locarno; through these flow rapid rivers, now breaking in a succession of falls over the rocks that have fallen from the mountains above, and thus interrupted their progress; now rushing through the deep bed the water has cut for itself through the gneiss, the prevailing rock in this district: this is notably the case at the Ponto Brollo, where the clear green stream is well nigh hidden in its deep and narrow channel. Every variety is found in the mountains around; some gently rounded, and clothed with vines—not the stiffly staked and most unpicturesque vine of France, Germany, and Switzerland, but the graceful, luxuriant vine of Italy, as it is trained in festoons from tree to tree, or rising to the tree-top falls in absolute cascades of beauty and richness, or, again, covers the Pergota, where refreshing shade may be found even from the fiercest sun. Higher up grow the still more beautiful chesnuts, laden with their fruit, while under and around the vine are flourishing the luxuriant crops of maize, whose bright orange cobs, when gathered, are hung to dry on the balconies and under the eaves of the peasants' houses, forming band over band of rich colouring to gladden eye and heart.

Other mountains rise in bare and rocky peaks; others covered with pine and birch, amongst which stand great boulders of granite and gneiss, while far away are seen the snowy summits of the higher Alps. Everywhere on all sides

nestle the villages ; the campaniles of their numerous churches are striking and most picturesque objects, as they stand against the green foliage or the blue sky ; for the smallest, poorest hamlet has its church, which if not always in the best taste, is yet always the largest and best building in the place ; and the frequent ringing of the sweet bells would indeed be a pleasant sound, if they were a summons to the worship of God and of Him only ; but, alas ! Locarno is sunk in the dark superstition of the Church of Rome. Churches, monasteries, shrines, all abound. The church of the Madonna del Sasso, most beautifully situated, is approached by a steep zig-zag, at every turn a shrine—fifteen in all—but they are not witnesses for God ; for Mary, the Madonna, is the great object of adoration.

Once the light shone brightly here. In the early part of the sixteenth century, the free, full Gospel of the grace of God was brought here by those who fled for their lives from religious persecution in Italy, and was gladly received by men of all classes, and spread quickly, for there was a ready obedience to the command, "Let him that heareth say, Come," and no sooner had any one found Jesus as his own Saviour, than he told of Him to another ; and the news reached Rome that Locarno was fast becoming a centre of the "new heresy." Emissaries were sent to ascertain the state of affairs, who found it even worse than they had feared. Then were despatched priests, mighty orators, zealous for the faith, to discuss and argue, and by their arguments extinguish the light ; but they were baffled and discomfited by the champions of the Gospel ; and more stringent measures were resorted to. A diet of the Swiss cantons was held at Basle, where, in spite of the opposition of the Reformed cantons, edicts of banishment, imprisonment, and fines were issued against all who preached or in any way promulgated the new doctrines, and those who attended their services ; diligent search was made for their books, which when found were burned. Still men, women, and children stood firm, and gloried in being counted worthy

to suffer for the cause of Christ and His truth. At length a commissioner was sent armed with extraordinary powers, and with instructions to root out the heretics, and not to leave one in the whole district.

On his arrival he issued a proclamation, summoning all the suspected to appear before him in the great hall of the castle. They came; fifty-five families in all. It was the 1st of March, 1553. The decree was read, that, unless they then and there returned to the bosom of the Church, they must one and all leave Locarno on the third day from that; this time was allowed them—little as they deserved it—that they might dispose of their property as best they could.

The hard and cruel edict was heard unmoved: not one accepted the mercy offered on these conditions; and in silence they returned to their homes to make what preparations they could to leave their homes and country for ever.

On the 3rd of March, amid the bitter wind and driving snow, a long and sad procession, they set out for Bellinzona, not very far off; there they were allowed to remain till advanced spring permitted them to continue their journey over the St. Gothard, and on to Zurich, their new home. Here they were most hospitably received; a subscription set on foot for the relief of their immediate necessities; a district was assigned for their dwellings; a church given to them in which, for the first time, they had the blessed privilege of worshipping God in their own sweet tongue, and according to their conscience. Can we not in some measure imagine the glad hymns of praise that went up from these exiles to their Father in heaven? Surely they found an echo through all the many mansions of that Father's house.

Weil did they repay Zurich for her goodness to them, as well in a temporal as in a spiritual sense, for they brought not only fresh life and increased numbers to the Reformed community, but also established there the silk trade, which still flourishes. All that Zurich gained Locarno lost—some of her very chiefest citizens—the Orelli, Muralti, etc.—all

among them who had received the free gospel of Christ, and who counted "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." They lost their silk trade also; and neither the Reformed religion nor the silk trade have ever taken root there again. The only witness for an open Bible and a free conscience in the entire district is the English service held in the neat and pretty chapel in the Grand Hotel—a first-class hotel, in every sense of the word. Chaplains are appointed during the season by continental and colonial societies. We also found a good man, a native, employed as a colporteur by the Bible Society of Rome—does not the name sound almost like a contradiction? He itinerates through the neighbourhood, and rejoices in some fruit of his labours. But Rome does not like the Bible now better than she did three hundred years ago; and last year the good man was thrown into prison at the instigation of the priests, on the old charge of speaking against the authorities; he was kept there for twenty-five days; till, on an appeal being made, at considerable expense, to the court at Lausanne, and the charge proved to be altogether unfounded, orders were sent for his immediate release.

Such was the scene for our holiday work; surely it must be sowing the good seed, as our Master should give us opportunity. It was the time of the vintage, and very pleasant was the cheerful sound of voices, as whole families were busy in the work of gathering the grapes. As we stopped to speak a few words of greeting or to ask a question, with a grace and courtesy peculiar to the Italian peasant, we were offered the best and ripest clusters from their baskets; money was almost always refused, till we ceased to offer it, but a Gospel, a tract, a card with text prettily printed, were gladly and gratefully accepted, and we loved to leave even a drop of the living waters there, with prayer our Father would give it His blessing.

On board the steamer, too, the tract given to the man at the helm, and to the cabin-boy, who so pleasantly told us names of mountain and village as we passed along the lake,

were shown to one and another who came up half-shyly to ask for a "*ditretto*," till it seemed all the crew had received them.

Then in the shops, with a very few exceptions, the little messengers were eagerly accepted. One day, on giving them in a fruit-shop, the mistress begged our acceptance of two pomegranates, her choicest fruit; not satisfied with any in her shop, she went to her store to select the very best for us. At the wayside inns, where we often stopped for refreshment in our long walks, we sowed many a grain.

But the best of all our opportunities was that afforded us by the great market held every alternate Thursday, when the peasants and farmers came from all the district round far and near, some to sell, some to buy, all to laugh and talk; they came by railway and steamer and every other mode of conveyance, very many on foot leading horse, or cow, or pig. The numerous boats, with their snow-white awnings, came from the various villages on that side of the lake.

The town presented a lively and interesting sight that day. Here groups of people first boiling and then eating their breakfast of *pollenta* under the trees; there an auctioneer with most earnest voice and gesture, setting off his goods, to the infinite amusement of his customers; on this side a woman coaxing and petting and stroking her pig into obedience and good behaviour, a most difficult task when she wanted it to enter either the boat or bag of its new owner. The most perfect good-humour prevailed; we did not hear an angry word all through their rather noisy bargaining, nor did we see one drunken man that evening. Our large supply of Scripture extracts, tracts, and cards was exhausted before we had satisfied all the eager demands for them; and as we watched group after group returning to their often remote homes, we thanked God so many of them were the bearers of a portion of His Word, that which, received into their heart and blessed by His Spirit, was able to make them "wise unto salvation;" and we rested on the promise, "My word shall not return to Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I

please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." For "I believe God, that it shall be even as He hath said."

In distributing portions, we took Miss Havergal's hint, and marked striking and plain declarations of the Gospel with a red pencil ; for we know how, on opening a strange book, the eye is attracted to any passage so marked. We also wrote on the fly-leaf the little prayers so widely known through the teaching of the late revered Alexander Dallas, and so often made a blessing : "O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit. Amen ;" with the verse below : "Ask, and it shall be given you." We found a card with a text very plainly written and a little flower simply but tastefully painted on it, was looked upon quite as a treasure ; the preparing these was happy occupation for a wet day. If our countrymen and women who travel, even if those among them who really are what all profess to be, servants of the Great King, would seize opportunities of working for Him, it is hard to estimate the amount of good that would be done, while a tenfold interest would be given to their own travels. The books given with kind words to the hotel servants, or lent on a Sunday to our own fellow-travellers, who will often read them instead of the newspaper, or left in the hotel, as a little token of gratitude for the pleasure of health there received, will surely one and all prove a blessing, if given in the name of the Lord God of Hosts, in whose strength the stone slung by the youthful David had power against the mighty champion of the Philistines ; for our God "changes not."

Let those of us who would spread the gospel of our God, see that they adorn the doctrine of Christ "in all holy conversation and godliness ;" ever watching against the temptations specially incident to travelling, of which the chief seem to be worldliness, neglect of God's Word and God's day. We have more than once had the pain of finding a whole family who left their Bible at home ; and as to the Lord's day, the breach of it is sadly prevalent ; the journey made with the plea, "We shall arrive at our destination in time for evening

service ;" the day too often spent, at least in part, in sight-seeing, or else counted a weariness instead of a delight. The text so often quoted in extenuation, "The Sabbath was made for man," seems to us one of the strongest arguments on the other side. He who "knoweth our frame," "who knows what is in man," has made it for him. Surely then it must be man's wisdom to observe it ; and never are its sacred hours found so needful and so refreshing as amidst the excitement of a foreign town. "His commandments are not grievous." "In keeping of them there is great reward."

K.

Lost among the Dykes.



MINISTER of Christ once told the writer how he was lost among the deep ditches of water which serve as divisions for the land in one of the midland counties. One Saturday evening he had been visiting some of the members of his congregation who resided at a distance, and on returning to his home a thick fog came on in the twilight, so that he could see but a few feet before him. He soon became bewildered, and knew not which way to go. He wandered round and round again, coming back to the same point from which he started, until he felt it was useless to try any longer. He then sat down upon some dry ferns, rested his head upon his hands, closed his eyes, and prayed to the Lord for direction. When his earnest prayer was finished he opened his eyes, and the first thing he noticed was a light glimmering in the distance. He cautiously made his way towards it, and when he came up to it discovered that it proceeded from a small beer-house by the edge of the marsh. Several men were there drinking who ought to have been at home with their families, and amongst them a young lad of rather an interesting appearance. The minister went up to him, told him he had lost his way among the dykes, and asked him if he would be

kind enough to direct him in the road to his home. The youth looked at him with some little surprise, and told him that when he had finished drinking the beer that was in his jug he would do so. He soon drank off the contents of the vessel, and the two went away together. The youth resided in the neighbourhood, and therefore knew it well. On their way they entered into conversation, and the minister discovered that his companion lived a very careless life, and never attended any place of worship. He then told him that he expected to preach in a small chapel in the village on the following morning, and asked if he would come and hear him. He scrupled about it a little, saying his clothes were not tidy, etc., but finally consented to go. "You are a nice gentleman," said he, "and have spoken to me more kindly than any other minister ever did before, so I will endeavour to be there at eleven o'clock."

The Sunday morning came; the minister reached the hamlet, entered the chapel, and ascended the pulpit. Looking down upon the congregation, he was thankful to see the young man sitting right before him. He lifted up his heart to the Lord that the Good Spirit would graciously apply the word to the conscience of the youth, delivered his text, and preached Christ crucified. The young man never took his eyes from the preacher, whose warmth increased as the Spirit gave him utterance; and he soon saw him draw his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the tears from his face. The two-edged sword was at work, and soon the cry for mercy escaped his lips; his stony heart was broken, and in penitence and prostration he sought the pardon of his sins. All day he wrestled in mighty prayer, and at midnight the messenger of hope came in his own chamber, the chains of the prisoner fell off, and he rejoiced in the liberty of Christ.

Henceforth he became constant in his attendance at the chapel which so mercifully became his spiritual birth-place. He forsook his old companions, and sometimes warned them to give up their wicked courses. His voice might often have

been heard in prayer with God's people, and many took notice of him that he was walking with Jesus. He joined the Sabbath school, where he was soon recognized as an efficient teacher, and by-and-by married the superintendent's daughter. He became respected by his countrymen, rising from one degree of honour to another; and for the last thirty years he has been a preacher of the blessed Gospel; and many through his instrumentality have been brought to the Saviour.

Reader, thou art lost without Christ. Before the darkness encircles thee for ever, call upon the name of the Lord. Give Him no rest till thou hast a sure footing on the Rock of Ages, and art travelling towards heaven. In the wide field of truth there is work for all, and what is sown in weakness is often raised in power. He that winneth souls is wise: and no wisdom is so grand and exalted as the soul-saving reception of this great scriptural truth, that Jesus Christ by the grace of God has tasted death for *every man*, and therefore tasted death for *me*.

The Unchanging One.



HE Lord our Saviour is not only Jesus Christ the ever-living, who "was, and is, and is to come," but He is also Jesus Christ the ever-gracious, who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Amid the mutations of earthly things, and the passing away of earthly friends, and the changefulness of our own frames and feelings, the remembrance of an immortal and immutable Redeemer is unspeakably precious. When we say, "How great is His goodness, and how great is His beauty!" we can cherish the assurance that in these things He is the Lord, and changes not.¹ His "goodness" is no early cloud or morning dew which passeth away; His "beauty" is such as never perishes, and never waxes old.

¹ Zech. ix. 17; Mal. iii. 6.

In order, therefore, to know something of His present grace, and the grace which He has in store for the future, we call to mind what His past grace has been. In order to estimate more gratefully the everflowing fountain, we trace the refreshing and fertilising influences of its life-giving streams.

If we would understand what Jesus Christ was "yesterday," or in the past, we learn it first from the history of His life; from the Gospel records, which not only teach of His holiness, wisdom, and power, but also reveal Him as the loving One, who healed the sick, pitied the erring, invited the heavy-laden, bound up the broken in heart, wept with the mourner, took little children in His arms, and blessed them—thus ever suiting His heavenly mercy to each one's earthly necessity, whether it were a Bartimeus, a Jairus, a Zaccheus, a Magdalen, a Mary, or even a mere "infant of days."

If we would learn what Jesus Christ was "yesterday," we may contemplate the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, which disclose Him as the Saviour, and which unfold the wondrous story of His self-sacrifice, when for our sakes He drank the bitter cup of suffering, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, that He might obtain an "eternal redemption," and bring in an "everlasting righteousness," and "save to the uttermost" all them that believe.

We may note further the story of His resurrection as the Divine conqueror of death, and His ascension to glory as the intercessor and forerunner of His people, exalted to give gifts to men as the King, Priest, and Prophet of His Church.

We must scan His messages of mercy, which endear Him to us as the Promiser; His words of free welcome to "whosoever will;" His offers of a full forgiveness; His legacy of a peace such as the world can never give; and His announcement of the Holy Spirit's work as a Teacher, Remembrancer, Helper, Comforter and Guide.

Let us not forget to recall "that same night in which He was betrayed," and mark the feast of love, wherein He so touchingly bade His followers to hold Him in remembrance from age to age through the memorial symbols of the broken bread and the wine poured out.

We may glean further knowledge of what Jesus Christ was, if we pass on to the experience of the apostles and first Christians. They could attest, because they had tested His grace. "Christ crucified" was their theme. Christ was their hope, Christ their strength, Christ their head, Christ their life, Christ their all-in-all. "The love of Christ constraineth us," says Paul; and "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life," says John, "declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us." "Unto you which believe," says Peter, "He is precious;" "Whom not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Consult the long roll of martyrs and confessors. Not only has Christ been to them so precious that they have esteemed His smile above all earthly favour, His service above all earthly comfort, and His glory above earthly life itself, but in the midst of their sufferings He has been so near to each and all of them,—from the dying Stephen and the imprisoned proto-missionaries at Philippi down to the Madagascar Christians of our own day,—that they have been able to sing in their dungeon, or to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, or to lay down their life for His sake so peacefully that even the martyr's painful death has been a falling "asleep."

Do we ask again what Jesus Christ was "yesterday?" We obtain an answer, as with one consent, from eminent saints in all ages,—men like Rutherford, who could write of Him thus: "Oh, His weight, His worth, His sweetness, His overpassing beauty! If men and angels would come

and look to that great and princely One, their ebbness would never take up His depth, their narrowness would never comprehend His breadth, height, and length; if ten thousand worlds of angels were created, then might all tire themselves in wondering at His beauty, and begin to wonder anew."

Coming down to more ordinary experiences, we find one and the same to be the testimony of all His people, in all lands, in all times, and under all circumstances. With one accord they sing "Worthy the Lamb." With one accord they exalt Him as "the chief among ten thousand" and "the altogether lovely." With one accord they testify that He has never turned away a single penitent sinner, never disappointed a single believing hope, never suffered a single good word to fall to the ground of all that He has promised.

Lastly: cannot some of us bear witness as to what we ourselves have found Him to be? Have we not known how sweet is the voice of His mercy, how cheering the sense of His presence, how sustaining the strength of His arm, how blessed a thing it is to hold communion with Him, to sit under His shadow with great delight, and to be brought into His banqueting-house while His banner over us is Love?

If in these various ways we catch some glimpses of what Jesus has been in time past, let us unite them together into one great argument for the encouraging of our souls. What He has been to us, what He has been to tens of thousands of believers, what He has been to martyrs and apostles, what He was in the "upper chamber," what He was in His promises, what He was in His resurrection and ascension, what He was in His sufferings and death, what He was through the whole of His earthly life,—all this in fulness of grace He still is, and all this He will continue to be world without end.

T. S. E.

Old Susan.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

IT was summer—and summer in a rich and beautifully diversified country means a great deal—I was sitting under the trees of my orchard luxuriating in the sweet scent of flowers, in the song of birds, in the hum of insects. I got into a half-doze, and almost forgot the worries and troubles and trials of this passing mortal life, a life of which we doctors naturally see but too often the darker, drearier side. I say I was sitting dreamily thinking a good deal of God, of His goodness, and of the fearful ravages committed so continually by the arch-enemy Satan. It seemed to be very sad that a world so wondrously beautiful should be so marred, so disturbed, so changed by sin. I never could have much space for day-dreams, for my life was a very busy one, and so, very naturally, my day-dreams now came to a sudden termination.

“Oh, doctor, there you are, sir. I be main glad to see you, for I've a great trouble on my mind.”

I started to my feet, and beheld the tall form of a young farm labourer. Strong, well-built, fair and ruddy, he seemed the very last person to need the advice of the doctor.

“You, Robin! Surely you are in excellent health, or your bright eyes and ruddy cheeks belie you.”

“Well, sir, as you say, I'm all right, but it's poor mother. You remember, sir, how kind you were to her nine months back, when she came from the Leicester infirmary; her mind was that bad then that the doctor thought she'd have to be sent to the 'sylum, but she was a little better for one while—now she's bad again.”

“How is her mind affected, Robin? Is she sullen, as she was before?”

“Yes, sir, only a sight worse; and she skulks about shy-like, as if for all the world she was thinking upon doing some great mischief. We watch her pretty closely, but she's

that cunning and keeps on muttering to herself, we've no peace 'long of it."

" I'm very sorry to hear it, Robin."

" Well, sir, you were so kind before, that in course we'd like your advice, sir, and something must be done."

" I'll ride over after breakfast, Robin; and go you into the kitchen and ask the housekeeper for something to eat—say I sent you."

At eleven o'clock that same day I went to the adjoining village and called on poor old Susan. There she sat in her bright tidy little room, morose, dogged, surly in the last degree.

" How are you, Susan?"

A vacant stare. " What does it matter to you how I be?"

" Oh—why, a great deal. Haven't I always been your friend, Susan? You might as well make a friend of me now. I see you're not well. It's your mind troubles you. Now tell me all about it."

She gave a sort of start, but said nothing. I went on:

" I shouldn't wonder, Susan, if you had very dark thoughts sometimes. You're half-inclined to make away with yourself. Life seems a burden too heavy for you to bear—only you don't know what may happen next."

She shuddered, then fixed her keen grey eyes upon me; there was a wonderful expression in them, a sort of reading of my mind, a look of intense scrutiny. I repeated my question now very earnestly, looking her steadily and steadfastly in the face.

" Susan, did you ever have it in your mind to do yourself a bodily injury?"

She looked hard at me, a long searching, steadfast gaze, then mumbled out, half-surlily—

" You seem to know. Yes, I have. The devil led me down by the stream yonder—the beautiful mill-stream. It's very deep and clear, and he ordered me to jump in—he did."

" And you resisted, did you? I hope you did, for it's nothing short of murder, Susan."

“ Well, I was frightened, and I said, ‘ Another time—another time—not just now.’ ”

“ Never, I trust never, Susan. Surely you must have sense enough not to obey the devil.”

I spoke stoutly and loudly—she quailed, but did not reply. “ Where’s your daughter Rebecca, who lived with me as cook, and was married to Giles ? ”

“ She’s at home ; she lives at Sileby.”

I took my leave, and, cantering homewards, met poor Robin. A very sad expression rested on his fine manly features. He raised his hat respectfully, and smoothing the face of my pretty nag, looked inquiringly at me ; his heart was too full for words ; I understood the mute appeal.

“ Her mind is very much affected, Robin.”

“ Oh, sir, pray do what you can for poor mother ; we couldn’t none of us abide the thought of her being in the lunatic ’sylum—pray, sir, can’t nothing be done, sir ? ”

“ I’ll try, Robin—I will, indeed—it’s a little out of my line, you know ; still, if you will promise to do as I shall prescribe—God knows—may be she may come round. First, then, send for Rebecca. She may be puzzled to leave her small family ; but the case is urgent, if you really are earnest in your desire to keep your mother at home.”

“ Oh, sir, yes ; she’ve been a real tender mother to all of us ; it’s our place now to look to her.”

“ You’ll send immediately for your sister, then ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

Rebecca was at the cottage the very next day—a fair, gentle, God-fearing woman—whom we all had loved and respected in her service in my family.

“ Rebecca, I trust you have made your arrangements at home, so that you can remain some time with your poor mother.”

“ Yes, sir ; she’s been the best of mothers to us ; it’s only right now for us to do our part to her in her affliction.”

“ Quite right, Rebecca—now mind my orders. You must

never leave your mother, night nor day. Wash her scrupulously all over night and morning with the clear fresh water from the running brook close by. After breakfast read ten or twelve verses out of St. John's Gospel—read them very clearly and distinctly—take her a pleasant short walk twice in the day; give her her food at regular intervals; in the evening read again about the same number of verses, continuing the same Gospel; when in bed read a short prayer; be very cheerful and kind, but never be led into explanations or arguments about your reading or anything else."

Rebecca acquiesced, and steadily and faithfully carried out my counsel.

At the end of three weeks there was a very marked improvement. When prayer-time came she said to Rebecca, "Say the Lord's Prayer." Of course her daughter did so, the poor woman joining fervently. At the end of a few more weeks I called—as I had often done in the interval. How well I remember the bright cheery look as she addressed me: "Oh, sir; oh, doctor—we've bet—we've bet—we've bet the devil, sir! I shan't drown myself now, doctor. Oh, no, thank God—thank God—that's all past and gone!" Then, gathering up her thoughts, she said, with beautiful, earnest simplicity,

"The Lord Jesus has preserved me; His mercy and His love have been showered upon me; and the tempter, Satan, the destroyer, has fled away."

Yes, and he had fled, most certainly. The remaining years of old Susan's life abundantly testified to this fact. She tenderly nursed one of her sons, who died of decline, and would beg of me to read those very passages to him which had proved such a lasting comfort to herself, most especially that wondrous chapter, John xvii., so full of tenderness and truth.

M. H. D.

The Cross of Christ our Consolation.

WHEN the heart is weary,
Weary with the strife,
When the spirit fainteth,
Fainteth for the life ;
When thy courage faileth,
Faileth and would die,
To the cross of Jesus,
Sinner, turn thine eye.

When the gourd you've tended
Hastens to decay,
When the hope you've cherished
Fadeth day by day,
When the loves you've lavished
Wrecked around you lie,
To the cross of Jesus,
Sinner, turn thine eye.

When the light is fading
Ere the noon be past,
And the cold dark shadow
O'er thy path is cast ;
And soft spirit voices
Tell thee death is nigh,
To the cross of Jesus,
Sinner, turn thine eye.

All the strength thou'rt needing,
Weary heart, is there,
Hope that never faileth,
Love most pure and rare,
Light above the sun's ray
In meridian sky :
To the cross of Jesus,
Sinner, turn thine eye.

Happy May.

A REAL INCIDENT.

JUST six years old was little May,
Just six years old that happy day,
When she as usual, lovingly,
With good-night kisses, came to me,
But with a sunny, beaming face,
E'en so beyond its wonted grace
I wondered, and, by impulse led,
"What is it, darling?" softly said.
The little face grew brighter still;
With joyful tears my eyes did fill,
For quickly answered little May,
"Oh, Jesus loves me, and to-day
He told me—not out loud, you know—
But just as true He told me so;
And right away I answered too,
'O dear, dear Jesus, I love you!
And I am glad as glad can be
That I love Him, and He loves me!"

With words of my great joy a part,
I drew her closer to my heart;
"Oh, happy little May," I thought,
"So early to such knowledge brought—
So soon in life to find the Friend
Whom she can trust till life shall end!
To her come care or sorrow, ne'er,
Since she has Jesus, need she fear;
To her joys bountiful and pure
His favour ever will insure.
Oh that all little folks might know
As early this dear Saviour! Oh,
How happy each one that can say,
As confident as little May,
"I am as glad as glad can be
That I love Him, and He loves me!"

R. G.

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