

THE

UNITED CHURCH
ARCHIVES

Church Miscellany.

AUGUST, 1880.

First Congregational Church,

KINGSTON, ONT.

MEETINGS:

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| Sunday Public Services..... | 11 A.M. AND 7 P.M. |
| Sunday School..... | 2:30 P.M. |
| Church Prayer Meeting, Wednesday..... | 7:30 P.M. |
| Bible Class, Monday..... | 7:30 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."

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

Church Officers and Committee.

PASTOR:

DR. SAMUEL N. JACKSON.

DEACONS:

G. S. FENWICK,

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

J. F. McEWAN.

SECRETARY:

JOHN DRIVER.

TREASURER:

GEORGE S. FENWICK.

GENERAL COMMITTEE:

The Pastor and Deacons, together with—

J. H. MCFARLANE,

HUGH JACK,

THOMAS HENDRY,

THOS. SAVAGE, JR.

WILLIAM D. HENDRY,

JOHN DRIVER,

JOHN BOYD.

COLLECTORS:

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|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| J. H. MCFARLANE | <i>Weekly Offering.</i> |
| W. D. HENDRY | <i>Open Collection.</i> |
| T. SAVAGE, JR. | <i>Open Collection.</i> |
| D. SPENCE | <i>Sunday Collection.</i> |
| E. MORHAM | <i>Sunday Collection.</i> |
| W. D. HENDRY | <i>Sunday Collection.</i> |
| W. RICHARDSON | <i>Sunday Collection.</i> |

CHURCH STEWARD:

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

ORGANIST:

JAMES SMITH.

CHORISTER:

THOMAS HENDRY

USHERS:

ROBERT HENDRY,
H. MILLER,

WILLIAM NEISH,
L. B. SPENCER.

AUDITORS:

ROBERT HENDRY,

DAVID DOWNS.

SEXTON:

E. SANFORD, No. 67 Sydenham Street.

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CHURCH MISCELLANY.

On the 4th instant the Rev. John Burton, B.D., visited this city, and in the evening addressed the Congregationalists present on Our Denominational Work, dwelling mainly on these two questions: 1, Have we, as a denomination, a work to do in Canada? 2. Are we doing that work as well as we can? After listening to his earnest and practical address, all present must have felt that we have a work to do which should draw forth all our energies and for which we should consecrate, more than ever, ourselves and our means.

In speaking of the claims of the *Canadian Independent*, Mr. Burton very forcibly set forth its necessity to the denomination by the following illustration: Suppose a family, brought up together in mutual affections and interests should, in the process of time, separate and scatter, each settling at a distance from the other. If no communication is kept up by correspondence or otherwise, that affection and interest in one another will soon be greatly diminished, if not altogether lost; but on the other hand, if a frequent correspondence is carried on these feelings will go on undiminished, if not intensified. So is it in relation to a denominational paper.

The members of this Church now take thirty-nine copies of the *Canadian Independent* and there are others who should do so, upon whom Mr. Burton had not time to call. Will they not give their names to the Pastor or one of the Deacons? It is a weekly paper, well edited, and the subscription is only *One Dollar per Year*. Each new subscription will help the paper, and thus help the whole denomination, but most of all help the subscribers themselves.

The *Canadian Congregational Year Book*, which has of late occupied much of the Pastor's time and attention, is nearly through the press, and will soon be distributed among the Churches. An effort has been made to give an outline of Congregationalism at large, and it is very desirable that the facts presented should be carefully read and understood. Surely after much pains and expense has been devoted to the issue of such a work, and when the Church presents a copy to each family, those who receive it can do no less than "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" its contents. The editor in his official duties has read it through from cover to cover *four times*, and therefore is in a position to advise all to read it through once at least.

On Thursday, the 5th instant, Mr. Burton, in company with the Pastor, waited on as many members of the Congregation as they could, in the interests of the *Independent*. The result was in every way satisfactory and our visitor expressed great pleasure in finding out a fact so many before him have learned, namely, that this Church is among the foremost of our Churches in the support of denominational enterprizes. The results were as follows: Unconditional subscriptions for the deficit, \$140.76; a subscription on condition that the whole deficit should be raised by the Churches, \$50; the relinquishment of a claim against the Company by a member, \$50: fourteen new subscribers, \$14; total for Kingston, First Church, \$254.76.

Since the last issue of the MISCELLANY the Rev. W. Ewing has visited us in common with other sister Churches in his canvas for funds to assist in building a Congregational Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba. In May last this Church took up a collection for this object amounting to \$26.50, in addition to which Mr. Ewing collected \$71.50, making in all \$98 from us.

So far the following arrangements have been made for pulpit supply during the absence of the Pastor on his vacation : For August 29th and September 5th the Rev. Professor Mowat will preach ; on September the 12th the Rev. Principal Grant will preach. The obligations which both the Pastor and the Church are under to the above-named gentlemen are many and great for like services, always cheerfully rendered.

The Excursion of the Church and Congregation advertised for the 10th inst. does not come off before this number of the *MISCELLANY* goes to press. The arrangements to leave Kingston at 9 a.m. and spend the day on the noble St. Lawrence and at Wells Island, as well as visit Alexandria Bay, are good, and will have the result, no doubt, of attracting a large number. The reunion of members of a church and congregation in this way gives ample opportunity to exemplify the fellowship which forms so essential a part of the Church, and should always be improved by all who can possibly do so.

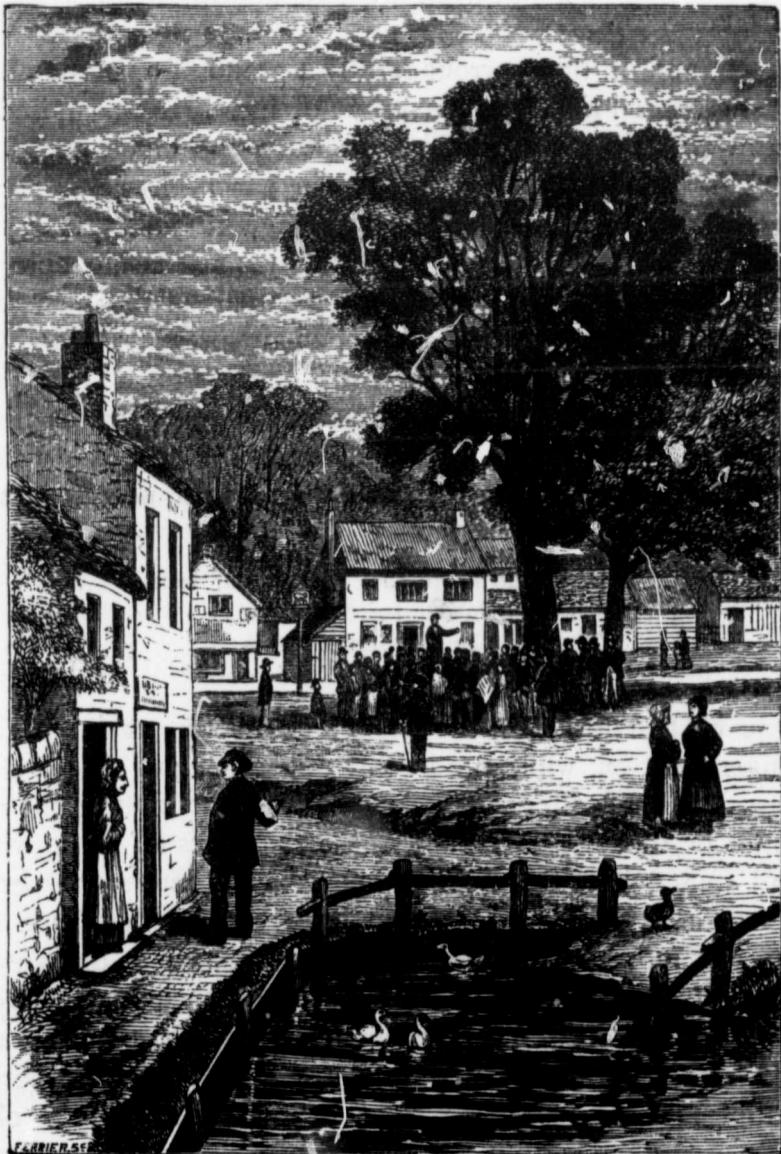
In the *Canadian Independent* it is stated that the Rev. J. L. Forster, of Calvary Church, Montreal, has been deputed to visit Kingston some time in August on behalf of the "Wilkes Testimonial Fund." No word has been received from Mr. Forster as to the time of this visit, and he may "drop in on us" at any time. Whatever the ability of the Congregation may be to meet this further special call, one thing is certain, that all entertain the warmest interest in our venerable Father, Dr. Wilkes, and have the highest appreciation of the sterling services rendered in a long and devoted life to the cause of Congregationalism in Canada. It is unfortunate that this comes to us as a *fourth* special appeal since June, in addition to our own Church claims and the quarterly denominational collections.

The Society for Church Extension proposed at the last meeting of the Union, and to which Mr. Burton adverted in his address, is a long-felt denominational necessity. Not only would it greatly further our progress in Canada but it would also be a protection to our Churches, for then there would be neither the need or the excuse for ministers and others to "go through" the congregations personally soliciting aid for their church-building schemes when a Society existed especially to meet these purposes. Moreover we should have the confidence that the money we thus invest would be under proper supervision in its use, and would not be devoted to the erection of unnecessarily large and fine buildings with magnificent debts attached. As a matter of policy it will pay our city congregations especially to support such a Society generously, and then refuse these special calls, graciously referring all applicants to the Church Extension Society.

The deficit of \$900 which has accrued against the Publishing Company, greatly hindering its work, if not threatening its existence, has arisen mainly through the change of the publication from a monthly to a weekly, at the former price, entailing more than two thirds of an increase in the expense of publication. It was hoped by those who then held the management that the increase in the number of subscribers would warrant this, which hope, so long deferred, has made the heart sick, if a company concern has any heart. In this connection it should be stated that the present stockholders have all given their money, not as an investment, but as a subscription to a denominational necessity. The Company was formed and an act of incorporation obtained simply to save the publication for the churches.

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A Diamond in the Rough.

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.



WONDER what that fellow has to say for himself," said Harry Baynam, as he came out of his mother's house one Sabbath evening, ready for "a lark."

Right before Widow Baynam's house was the village

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green, and on this, surrounded by a group of open-mouthed rustics, stood a man in the prime of life. He was raised a little above the heads of his auditory, and was engaged in singing a hymn, an occupation in which, however, only a few of his audience had the courage to join. It was a well-known one; but hymn-singing was not fashionable in Combe Hadley. Indeed, the greater part of the men and youths gathered around the open-air preacher were far more familiar with the songs sung at the Brown Cow, just opposite; while even the little urchins who played at ring-taw excelled in whistling the choruses. The verse which Mr. Howard, the evangelist, was singing just now was that one so dear to Christian souls:

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

One or two feeble old women took up the strain as the singer went on, while two or three old men put in a faulty bass; so that, after a while, what with the ringing manly tones of the evangelist, and the feeble ones of those who had joined him, the singing was brought to a very respectable conclusion. There might have been an audience of fifty, or more, around Mr. Howard; and, as his quick eye glanced over the motley assemblage, an unspoken prayer went up to the Throne, that he might have grace to speak "words in season" to them. Decrepit age was there, leaning on its staff; for some of those red-cloaked old women and wrinkled old men were nearing eighty. Others were farm-labourers in the pride of manhood, with smock-frocks and pipes, showing more careless *nonchalance* than reverence. Beside them were youths and maidens decked out in their Sunday finery, and casting shy glances at one another; while mingled here and there were little children, and worn, poverty-stricken mothers, whose glances were even now raised inquiringly to the speaker, as if to ask whether he could tell them of any better portion than that

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which fell to their lot in Combe Hadley. A certain degree of want and hardship fell to the share of all, while too many of them knew what brutal treatment and bitter words meant after the Saturday evening visits of their husbands to the Brown Cow.

Widow Baynham was getting old, and dependent for her support on her son Harry. He was about eighteen, and, on the whole, careful of his mother's comfort. All the elder children had gone out into the world in search of work, or service, except two, who had married and settled in the village ; so that the old home was now shared by Harry and his mother alone. Harry was not an agricultural labourer, but a mason, and, as such, ranked a little higher in the social scale than most of his companions. But he was utterly ignorant and uneducated. With great trouble he could put together a few letters, but the labour was more than the pleasure ; consequently he seldom opened a book, except to gaze and wonder at the pictures ; and never, a paper. Very few of these latter, however, found their way to Combe Hadley ; there was no school in the parish, and the religious ministrations were confined to one short service, each Sabbath afternoon, in the little church—a service which most of the audience yawned through, as a matter of duty. Having said thus much by way of introduction, you will readily understand how benighted a place Combe Hadley was, and how it came to pass that Harry Baynham was an ignorant, uneducated, rough youth.

Harry strolled leisurely across the green, hands in pockets, and came up with the crowd. Mr. Howard had just concluded his short prayer by the time he arrived—purposely short, so as not to drive any of his listeners away—and commenced to read. With clear ringing tones he read out a chapter from the sacred story, laying peculiar stress upon the invitation, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ;” for from these words he intended to deliver a short address. The Combe Hadley people listened in decorous silence to the reading

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of the Scriptures—perhaps because so many of them were unable to read it themselves—consequently the sound was infrequent enough to be welcome. Then Mr. Howard gave out, two lines at a time, the good old hymn, “Rock of Ages,” and three-fourths of the group joined in singing. Thus having prepared the way for his message, he, with ready tact, requested the men to protect him from the annoyances of the younger portion of the audience—a request which instantly converted each man into something like a special constable for the nonce, and immensely gratified their self-esteem.

The text was the wondrous invitation recorded above ; and Mr. Howard pressed it home solemnly and kindly upon each conscience. To the young, to the fathers and mothers bearing the burden of life, to the old men and women, drooping beneath the load of infirmity, the evangelist commended this generous offer ; and so earnest and winning was he, that ere he had done, even Harry Baynham stood, all attention, drinking in the wonderful words. His free-and-easy companion, Jim Noble, nudged him to be going ; but no, Harry wanted to hear all that the preacher had to say, and he stayed till the last word was spoken.

“Come on, now,” said Noble. “I see three or four of our chums going into the Brown Cow. They be up for a lark. Let us go.”

“Let them go,” replied Harry, angrily. “I’ll stay just as long as I like.”

Jim was silent. The concluding hymn was that precious one commencing, “There is a fountain filled with blood ;” and Harry, though rather out of time, inasmuch as he was ignorant of psalm-singing, joined lustily in it. Then followed the closing prayer—short, but earnest—and the benediction ; and the little assembly dispersed. Mr. Howard, after thanking those who had assisted him by maintaining order, bade them farewell, and went home, to pray over the seed he had sown that day.

Harry Baynham did not go home, but he went, instead,

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off towards a hill, whither he was accustomed to resort, when disposed for a lounge or a quiet smoke. Jim Noble, perceiving that his company was not desired, quietly took the hint, and walked off in another direction. Harry Baynham went away *to think*.

That journey apart *to think* was the commencement of better days with the young man. Conviction of sin had taken hold upon him, and as he sat alone on the hill-top, all unconscious of the dew and night-damp, he pondered this vital question within his soul : "What must I do to be saved?" The earnest wayside sower of Gospel seed had taken hold of his soul, and he saw himself guilty before God. Yet he could not see the way of pardon. And he sat and ruminated, until the last shadows of twilight had disappeared, when, with his heavy burden still resting on his soul, he returned to his home.

Widow Baynham was not long in discovering that something unusual ailed her son. His new sobriety and quietness of demeanour, his fits of abstraction, and his evident disinclination to go with Jim Noble, and others of that class, to the Brown Cow, told the tale. Yet he kept his thoughts secret. It seemed as if he could not break down the barrier of reserve and silence, and tell another of the conflict which was going on in his own soul between light and darkness.

Just about this time, in God's good providence, better employment was offered to Harry Baynham in Devonshire. With an earnest desire to get away from the temptations of Combe Hadley, he accepted it, only stipulating that his mother should keep her old home, and promising that he would faithfully remit part of his wages regularly toward her support. Widow Baynham was very sorry to part with her son, but recognising in the step a probability of spiritual and temporal good, consented at last, with many prayers and tears, on Harry's behalf.

So to Devonshire Harry went, and ere long began to prosper exceedingly in his temporal affairs. His willingness, bodily strength, and handiness in work, soon made

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him a favourite with the principals of the firm for which he laboured. But, better than all, he found Christ. Immediately on setting foot in his new home he made inquiries for a place of worship, and on hearing of an evangelical preacher, bent his steps on the first night of service towards the church. And ere long the seeking sinner found the seeking Saviour. Harry Baynham could rejoice in the knowledge that he was *saved*. From that day a serener light fell upon his path, and his conscience rejoiced in the possession of that sweet peace which is the fruit of justifying faith.

But his lack of education promised to be a great stumbling-block in his way. With the first dawning of grace came the desire to be able to read the Bible for himself, and the hope that he might, at some time or other, be made the instrument of usefulness to others. But he had no education. He could spell out a few easy words, it was true, but not quickly or easily enough to make the reading of a chapter in the Bible other than a tremendous task. It was this, partly, which caused his long conflict with error, doubt, and darkness of soul. Could he have read for himself the precious promises and invitations of God to poor sinners, repenting and seeking for pardon, he would have perceived the way of salvation much sooner, most probably. As it was, the ministrations of the preacher under whom he sat were simple and full of gospel truth, so that, as I said, he was led, before long, into the fulness of the liberty of the gospel of Christ.

But now, evening after evening, Harry studied his Testament, and a well-worn school reading-book which he bought at a secondhand bookstall. It was wearisome work without a teacher, but still the young man managed to improve in his reading sufficiently to follow the public reading of God's Word, and that in itself was a great gain to him, as well as a great help to his growth in grace.

Ever industrious and frugal, he saved money. Regularly, too, month by month, he remitted a portion of his wages

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

home to his mother, according to his promise, and then all beyond the cost of bare necessaries was saved—saved, in order to lift himself in the social scale, and so acquire means of usefulness.

In course of time he had saved enough to carry him to America, and having heard that land spoken of as a land of Goshen for industrious, sober young men, he determined to seek his fortune there. It was an effort to break loose from home ties in Combe Hadley, and his mother clung to him with all the greater fondness, because of the increased thoughtfulness and kindness manifested by him, but nothing could change his purpose. Leaving a sister to watch over and reside with his mother, and undertaking to send regularly a certain sum towards her support, he sailed for America.

Harry reached America in safety, and obtained employment in a store in New York before long. Here his business qualities displayed themselves, although he was only filling the humble capacity of porter, and the proprietor of the store recommended him to seek education for himself. Harry Baynham's own wishes coincided with this advice, so in the first winter of his residence in New York he entered himself as a student at some evening classes opened there for young men. And where there is a strong determination and a willing mind, as in this case, what wonders may not be achieved! In course of time, with the aid of tuition and private study, Harry Baynham was advanced from this post to one of greater importance under the firm. But, best of all, he was united with the Lord's people connected with the Church of Christ, and laboured zealously as a Sunday-school teacher all the time that he was endeavouring to better his temporal lot. And no temptations or inducements were sufficient to draw him away from what he considered his noblest avocation—the labour in the Sunday-school.

From this time, Harry Baynham's career was a steadily brightening one. "Excelsior" seemed to have been his

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motto, for he was ever striving to climb higher in things pertaining to this life, as well as in that which is to come. His employers noticed this, and they saw, too, that, with all this ambition, there was nothing but the most perfect rectitude of life. He was not one of those who made haste to get rich by dishonest means ; in all his transactions, principle—a right principle—guided him.

What was the consequence ? We will see.

Many years have passed by since then, and Harry Baynham has prospered for both worlds. He is a rich man now, having succeeded in winning the fullest confidence of his employers, and in making himself competent for business life. But, better than all this, he has proved himself one of the most devoted labourers for Christ to be found in New York City. He is always busy in some project for the good of others ; always occupied in some plan for the amelioration of human woe or the diffusion of gospel truth. He is greatly honoured and beloved by those who know him ; but, amidst it all, he never forgets that Sunday evening open-air service on the village green, nor the truths he learnt there. And many a time, when faint-hearted and disappointed in his own works of usefulness, he recalls that labourer and his efforts in the far-back days when he was a careless, godless youth. That service in the still Sabbath evening has been productive of many good results. Harry Baynham owes everything for this world and the next instrumentally to it ; and by him many other poor forlorn waifs of humanity have been rescued from the mire of sin. The humble, plodding, prayerful man, who in the face of persecution and contempt set up a "standard for the Lord" on the village green of Combe Hadley, little imagined what a mighty harvest of good would follow. Many souls have been led and taught by Harry Baynham in the New World who otherwise might never have heard the joyful sound. Is it not an encouragement to "sow beside all waters"—to sow in the morning "the good seed of the kingdom," and "in the evening to withhold not the hand," seeing that the

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sower knows not which shall prosper? And in the day when God's jewels are numbered up, it will doubtless be seen that many a stray word, many a forgotten tract, has been the means of leading some soul, or souls, to Jesus. And this small service is in the power of every Christian. We all may render it, if we will. It only needs the constant prayerful looking for opportunities, combined with the faithful improvement of those opportunities, in order that many more, like Harry Baynham, may be rescued from the paths of sin and shame, to bless the world.

E. R. P.

Sorrow.

A PART, alone 'mid blinding tears,
In the full bitterness of woe,
This great intensity of grief
No other heart can ever know.

Vainly I stretch out trembling hands,
In hope to grasp some friendly aid;
Vainly I call for help to lift
This heavy burden on me laid.

No ear can hear, no eye can see,
No heart my secret sorrow share;
The anguish of this bitter cup
In loneliness my soul must bear.

* * * * *
'Tis always so: the sharpest pain,
The deepest suffering of one's life,
And all the burning tears that flow—
The anguish, loneliness, and strife—

Must all be borne alone, untold,
Too deep for sympathy of speech;
Only one heart can understand,
Only one love the misery reach.

'Tis Thou, my Saviour, who dost know—
Through sorrow's valley Thou hast trod;
The sorest grief that man could know
Was Thine, to bring man back to God.

OLD HESTON.

And this sore grief was borne *alone*:
Alone Thou wentest forth to pray;
Alone the bitter cup was drained
That bore the curse of grief away.

Lord, 'tis enough! the child must be
Into his Master's likeness brought;
In the same footsteps daily led,
In the same school of suffering taught.

Only through sorrow can we be
Made strong to help God's work of love;
Only through grief's refining fires
Be brought to perfect life above.

S. P.

Old Heston.

CHAPTER II.

AND what was the end of it all?" little Annie asked.
"The end is not come as yet," the young man replied, gazing over the tree tops into the pure evening sky as he spoke. "But I know what the end will be. The enemy will be conquered at last, and bound where he can deceive the nations no more; and the earth will be filled with the glory of God, even as the waters cover the sea."

There was silence for a time, and then old Heston said, slowly, "You speak of a sort of fighting that I know but little about. We are plain folk, sir, my little Annie and I, and we can't understand those sort of things."

"My friend, this fighting of which I am speaking is just what every one *can* understand. If I were to march with you, now, against England's enemies, I should make a thousand mistakes in drill, and break many rules in my ignorance; but if your grandchild, there—"

"My great-niece, sir," corrected the old man.

"If she were to join the army of Christ this very day, the Captain Himself would make the way plain before her, and aid her by His own wisdom and strength. The world and

OLD HESTON.

our hearts are full of evil ; the enemy, the devil, goes about seeking whom he may devour. 'The King, our Saviour Christ, laid down His life for our sakes, and lived the life of a man, that He might know just how men feel, and how to help them best. This earth is His kingdom, His own land, yet how few acknowledge Him, and fight on His side against the evil one."

"It is true," old Heston whispered.

"Indeed it is true ! I try to follow my Lord, but I told you I was but a poor, weak soldier ; I try to keep close to His side, and I know that He will not suffer me to be overcome. He will grant me strength to endure to the end, that at last I may lay down my armour and enter into His kingdom."

The stranger's voice faltered. He paused, but no one spoke. Then he added with a smile—

"I know that my Captain will pardon the uselessness and faithlessness of my life ; and when He comes forth as Conqueror He will give me a share in His glory for His love's sake. These things are as real to me, my friend, as the battles in Spain and Belgium are to you."

He rose to go. "Thank you for the resting time," he said. "I am staying in the village ; may I come again and talk over our battles ?"

He smiled as he held out his hand ; and Heston replied that whenever he should come he should be heartily welcome.

"How queerly he talked," the old soldier said, as he watched him walking down the lane.

"But there is something like it in our Bible, uncle," Annie said, hesitatingly. "I read it there one day."

"Is there? Very likely, child. I don't know much about the Bible."

That evening Annie took down the Book from its place on the chest of drawers, where it was kept neatly covered with a bit of crochet-work ; she turned over its leaves for a long time, but she could not find the verses which she dimly

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remembered as being like the story she had heard that day. The Bible had been her mother's, and had scarcely been opened since that mother died.

"I can't find it, uncle," the girl said at last. "There's a bit marked here in red ink, but it isn't about the King."

"Read it, child, anyway," Heston said as he relit his pipe.

So Annie read from the sixth chapter of Romans: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness? . . . For when ye were the servants of sin . . . What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death. But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

As Annie read the lines old Heston looked over her shoulder. When the child had gone to bed the Bible was lifted down again, and his withered finger traced the words as he spelt them through laboriously.

"On which side has Heston been?" he muttered. "A servant of God? or a servant of sin? It's the death-wages I've been earning, I fear me—the wages, the wages of sin."

Long he sat there, pondering over the past, thinking of what the young stranger had said, and turning again and again to the verses which a dead hand had underlined.

The ashes grew white and cold upon the hearth-stone, the stars stole out through the peaceful sky, and still he sat there. "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" he prayed at length.

And God heard, and was merciful.

Not many days passed before the visitor came again. Old Heston welcomed him with a sort of wistful earnestness; and Annie smiled shyly as she responded to his greeting.

Quite naturally he brought the conversation round to the

OLD HESTON.

subject they had talked upon last time, and then old Heston brought out the Bible and showed him the marked words.

"I thought, sir, that maybe they have something to do with the service you belong to," he said.

"Surely they have. Servants of God, soldiers of His blessed Son—that is what we should be, my friend. I will find you the place where the Captain gives His standing orders, and also the place where one of the best of His soldiers writes of the armour we should wear, and the weapons we should use."

He turned to the chapters in St. Matthew's Gospel which give the "Sermon on the Mount," and laid within the pages a spray of flowering grass to mark the place. Then he found the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and beginning at the tenth verse read aloud what St. Paul says there to the ancient Christians about the soul's warfare. He read of the girdle of truth, of the breastplate of righteousness, the standing-ground of the Gospel of Peace, of the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, and the safeguard of prayer.

As he read, old Heston's eyes filled with tears.

"Listen, Annie," he said, "you listen, child, and mind where you will find the words again. *You* must try to serve for the wages of life—to follow the King. As for me, I doubt I am too old to be enlisting in that army now; my best days are gone, and I'm but a poor maimed wreck of a man to offer for the service of God."

Then the young man spoke very gently of the loving-kindness of the Lord, and of how He accepted all who turned to throw themselves at His feet; and then he spoke of the way in which the King covered His servants' weakness and shortcomings with His own abundant righteousness.

Heston listened, but his brow was very sad.

Many times the stranger came stepping down the lane, and over and over again he told the story of the Gospel of Peace. Over and over again he read our Saviour's words of

"I CAN'T DIE LIKE THIS."

pardon to the sinful and weary, and those verses about the "whole armour of God."

Simply as a little child old Heston heard, and with the faith of a little child he learned to pray.

He caught a faint idea of what God's love must be for this guilty world, and he felt that if he offered himself—poor maimed wretch as he might be—that he would be accepted for the Lord's dear sake.

His days of serving an earthly sovereign were over; he could march no more in the ranks of England's army against his country's foes; but old Heston had entered on a higher service, and had taken his place in a nobler army beneath the banners of the Prince of Peace.

CRONA TEMPLE.

"I can't Die like this."

POOR old Clements was known to me for many years, and the history of his experience is a striking proof that—although a man who is professedly an unbeliever in religion and a despiser of the gospel may, to all appearances, live a happy and contented life, when the hour of death comes, if it find him in such a state that he is able to reflect on the past and look forward to the future—infidelity proves but a broken reed on which to lean; and the man who has, while health and strength lasted, mocked at the idea of a future state, is filled with fear lest, after all, he should be plunged into an eternity of woe.

Clements was a working man, with only a very limited education; but he prided himself on his intelligence, and professed to be a free-thinker.

The very mention of religion, or the name of God, was enough to set Clements talking of what he considered the absurdity of believing in a Supreme Being or a future state; as to the Bible, he professed to look upon it as the work of men who, at various times, and to answer their own selfish ends, had compiled it, and palmed it off upon the ignorant,

"I CAN'T DIE LIKE THIS."

as the work of inspired writers, till at length those who could not think for themselves had come to look upon it as a sacred volume.

A year before old Clements died he received into his house as lodger a young man, who was at once assailed with the stock sceptical arguments. The young man appeared to be convinced, and professed to reject the gospel and hail unbelief as a substitute. At the same time the idea of death filled him with horror, and he asked Clements :

" How shall you get on at death ? "

Now this subject happened to be one of the things about which the old man frequently boasted, and his pride was touched in a tender place.

" My boy," he answered, " if you are with me in the hour of death you will see me ' die like a brick.' "

Not long after this boast the time of sifting and testing came : Clements was taken ill, and his end was seen to be approaching. If there were anything supporting in atheism let it now be proved. In the day of health a seemingly firm resolve had been made to meet the last enemy courageously ; the time had now arrived to put the strength of this resolution to the test.

The old man sorely needed comforting support ; for, as he lay upon his bed weak and helpless, he seemed to lack all that was cheering, both as regards this world and the next. Death was at the door : how would Clements meet him ?

Arguments and principles which had fed self-conceit in the day of strength now utterly failed to bring relief to the convicted and terror-stricken soul. Through wakeful nights and days of pain old Clements lay thinking of his sad state, resolving, if possible, to pass away from this world without letting his fears be known to those about him. But he found this impossible, and at length the agony of his heart drove him to exclaim to his young lodger : " I can't die like this." What ! not after all his boastings and professions ? not after having so often declared that he would consistently

"I CAN'T DIE LIKE THIS."

close his long life by "dying like a brick?" No; the language of heart and tongue was: "I can't die like this."

At his request a minister of the gospel was sent for, and when he entered the chamber Clements cried out: "Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you; I was afraid you would not come. Can you forgive me, sir, the many hard things I have often said about you? You know I have mocked you, and called you the 'old Gospel grinder,' and done all I could to hinder your work. Will you forgive me, sir, before I die?"

The visitor at once expressed his forgiveness, and added that God, too, was ready to forgive, if asked from the heart to do so.

"I can't believe it; indeed I can't," sobbed the poor man. "I am like a vessel tossed about on the sea without an anchor." He had been a sailor in younger days, and hence understood well the telling simile of an anchorless ship.

The minister spoke of the gift of Christ and His allatoning sacrifice; but found that in unfolding the gospel it was necessary to begin at the very beginning; for, like thousands of other professed unbelievers, Clements had rejected the gospel without studying it, and really understood next to nothing of the plan of salvation as therein explained.

Clements listened attentively as his visitor explained how God's holy law had been broken, and how the curse was removed by the death of Christ. But it was long before he was able to grasp the idea that one so long a reviler and despiser of God could at last find forgiveness.

"What good news! if it were only for me," he exclaimed, as the tears coursed down his withered cheeks.

"It is for you; it is such as you that Jesus died to save. Hear His own words: 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

Faithfully and earnestly did this servant of God preach the gospel to the dying sinner, and eagerly did the poor

“I CAN’T DIE LIKE THIS.”

man drink in each word ; and at length, some little time before he breathed his last—for he lingered between life and death for a long time—he thankfully accepted the offer of pardon held out to him, and at last found that peace which he might in vain have sought for among the arguments and sophistries of infidelity.

The fearful agony of mind which led him at first to cry, “I can’t die like this,” was exchanged for the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and which enabled this poor sinner to murmur at the last : “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.”

While we can but rejoice when we hear of an instance of a man being brought to the Saviour, as it were, at the eleventh hour, and while we do not doubt Christ’s willingness to save the most hardened sinner who cries for mercy, even from the bed of death, we would solemnly and earnestly urge the importance of seeking God at once. Let nothing induce a man to delay in a matter so important. Now is the day of salvation. To-morrow, for all we know, may be too late. We may never lie upon a sick bed, we may be struck down by sudden death ; who can tell ? And even if we have a lengthened illness before our decease, we may not be able then to repent. We would also urge all, before accepting sceptical or infidel opinions, to study prayerfully and seriously the Word of God, feeling sure of this, that he who does so will be helped by the Holy Spirit to understand what he reads, and will find peace, and pardon for all his sins through the finished work of Jesus Christ. The man who lives in faith on the Son of God, when death comes, will not be obliged to cry, “ I can’t die like this.”

G. H. P.

A Dream of Heaven.

I DREAMT, oh, I dreamt of a beautiful place,
And its streets they were all paved with gold ;
Its walls were of marble transparently white,
Its gates were of jasper, and rubies so bright,
And diamonds most pure to behold.

I gazed, oh, I gazed on this beautiful place,
And I thought, will this splendour e'er last ?
Whence came all this beauty, this light so Divine,
That the sun never need on its turrets to shine,
And no shadow across it is cast ?

And, oh, as I gazed on this marvellous place,
Bright beings came into my view ;
So majestic their form, so ethereal their mould,
So dazzlingly bright was each one to behold,
They could not be earth-born, I knew.

And e'en while in mute admiration I stayed,
Rich sounds on the zephyrs came near ;
And millions of voices, with harps loud and sweet,
Their anthems of praise did together repeat,
Throughout that large city so clear.

And methought, as in ecstatic bliss I stood wrapt,
A touch on my shoulder I felt ;
I turned, and beside me a being so bright,
It seemed that for raiment he'd clothed him with light,
And in awe, and with trembling I knelt.

He raised me, and said, "Come in hither, my child !
Why stand you without these great gates ?
Come, enter our city, and share in our joys ;
Why, surely, you'll never content you with toys,
When the well-spring of happiness waits !

" No cloud ever flits 'cross our calm azure sky,
No sorrow, no suffering comes near ;
The gloom of despair on no countenance sits,
No tear-drop e'er falls, no bright blossom's nipt,
And nothing that's earth-born comes here.

" Each one, ere he enters, secures him the prize,
The Pearl of Great Price to be worn :
Each one too is purchased—redeemed from the world,
By the Lord of the city, whose banner unfurled
Is a Cross, which is hard to be borne."

TWO LITTLE WAIFS, AND THE WAY THEY DRIFTED.

"Oh ! would I could enter this city so fair,
And join in your anthems so sweet ;
But, alas ! I am sinful, alas ! I am vile,
The blight-cloud of sin doth my soul quite defile,
And I dare not pollute your fair street."

He dried all my tears, and he soothingly said,
"With your sins you have nothing to do ;
The Lamb has been slain, all your guilt to remove,
The Atonement is made, and your Father in love,
In Jesus, now looks upon you.

"And now, when in sorrow you're mourning for sin,
Remember the Blood has been spilt :
The price of your dearly-bought ransom is paid,
The work it is finished, and nothing can aid,
And for ever removed is your guilt."

The veil was removed, no longer I mourned,
Such a fulness in Christ I'd ne'er seen ;
My soul was revivified, quickened indeed ;
I turned to my guide¹; he had vanished with speed,
And left me alone in my dream.

H. D. L.

Two Little Waifs, and the Way they Drifted.

CHAPTER V.

DOWN a long, dark alley whence diverge certain ill-looking little streets, with small passages ending somewhere in a confusion of yards and warehouses near the banks of the Thames, dived a thin, squalid-looking youth, breathless, as if escaping pursuit, and after leaning awhile against the wall of a dilapidated tenement, he sank crouching to the ground.

The dingy neighbourhood seemed deserted for the present, but by nightfall would swarm with vice and vileness, in which no one, excepting such as were considered free of the precincts by reason of membership in some form of iniquity, would venture to intrude.

Yet before the refugee could recover breath sufficient to gather himself up to continue his flight, down the same alley came the light, brisk step of a tall, handsome, well-

TWO LITTLE WAIFS, AND THE WAY THEY DRIFTED.

dressed youth, his intelligent face beaming with eager interest, and his hand instantly laid upon that of the dirty ragged creature at his feet. Thus Walter and David, in contrast stronger than ever, met once more.

"Once more I have found you, Davy," said the young man; "you cannot hide out of my search, you see."

"Wal, an' aint yer a fool for yer pains? D'yer see where yer've got to this time?" surlily asked David. "'Spose I just gives a whistle, an' who'll ever find yer again?"

"I know it all, Davy; but I know, too, that you won't do that. I've never forgotten the boy who found me a broom and a crossing when I hadn't a friend in the world. I've searched for you, and found you many a time, Davy, in hope to get you to give up this way of life; but now I'm come for the last time."

"Eh! is yer now? give up old Davy at last, then!"

"I'm going abroad, Davy. I've got charge of a lot of young men from our institution who are going to work on a fine estate, where they'll get homes and wages and honest work, and I'm to see them settled, and then find my sister Maggie. But what are you going to do, David? you don't look comfortable."

"Comfortable!" ejaculated David, scornfully, "why, I'm goin' to do anythink as turns up that I've a mind to—starving to-day, thieving and supper to-night; no good sweeping crossings now, the gemmen allays asking why one ain't at work reg'lar. They knows a lot about it! Why, I might get work reg'lar a looking after their plate baskets afore they knows what's what." And the boy chuckled with something of his former glee.

"David," said Walter mournfully, "I could have a hearty cry over you this minute. I've prayed for you, I've followed you in your sin and wretchedness where nothing else could have taken me, and nothing has kept me from hoping, till now. Must I give you up, David? Will you be the devil's child for ever? Perhaps I shall never see you any more. But, Davy, dear old Davy, don't forget that I've loved you

TWO LITTLE WAIFS, AND THE WAY THEY DRIFTED.

to the last, and it's your own fault that you have no friends but—”

“Wot's that?” interrupted the boy; “loved me, does yer say—loved me, Watty?”

“Yes, David, loved you. But that's nothing. I think of the love of the great God who gave His Son to die for such as you and me! Think of the Lord Jesus Christ who came to take our places, and bear our punishment, that we might be forgiven and made holy and happy for ever! Oh, David, will you never believe this glorious thing?”

“I b'lieves all yer says. I b'lieves you're a goin' to heaven, and wish I was a goin' too. I'se bin very sick, Watty, else yer wouldn't ha' found me to-day, an' I hadn't a bit nor sup fit for a dog, days together; but I ain't goin' to be catched for them as served me shabby, and, sooner than go to prison, I means ter jump inter that river down there, and see what's to do among the dead ones at bottom. That's what I'm going to do when the fit takes me. So now yer knows.”

“And defy God's mercy, and poor Watty's love and prayers! You are finding now that ‘the way of transgressors is hard,’ while I am walking, through God's love and pity, in ‘ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.’ Oh, David, what shall I do? Can I think of you lost—lost, body and soul? Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon him!” and the voice faltered into tones of yearning tenderness; the young head drooped, and a tear, warm and soft, fell upon the forehead of the poor street boy.

“Watty, Watty, don't; I can't abear it!” he murmured, shrinking away. “Why, I ain't seen that since yer tumbled off the carriage and broke yer leg, and then I got one o' them in my own eyes without my leave, yer sees. An' it's a-coming again, and I ain't a going to stand it; so get away, Watty, and good-bye to yer,” mumbled David, in a broken voice, and putting out hesitatingly the thin, dirty hand, which Walter clasped, with a long tearful gaze into the half-convulsed face.

TWO LITTLE WAIFS, AND THE WAY THEY DRIFTED.

The long-sought moment had come ; the hard heart gave way, and with a passionate burst of tears the boy threw his arms round his true and faithful friend.

"Now, David," whispered Walter, when they both grew calmer, "you are coming with me ; I know where to find clothes, and all you want."

"No, no, not yet ; yer'll be ashamed of the dirty ragged feller."

"Not till my Lord Jesus is ashamed of me. He'll soon take away the rags and dirt, Davy, outside and in."

"But, Watty, I might be tellin' some time about the old broom and the crossing, and yer won't like that now ye're a gentleman."

"Tell away ; why, I tell it myself to encourage other poor boys ; and as for being ashamed of having been poor and destitute, why, Davy, the Lord Jesus Christ had nowhere to lay His head, and at last was hung on the accursed tree, and instead of being ashamed of it (of course it was our fault, and not His), He has ordered it to be told all over the world now He's a King in glory ! I'm only ashamed, Davy, of many wicked things I did while I held the broom, and swept that crossing."

"Ah, that were my fault ; yer'd ha' bin a better boy if I'd a let yer."

"The good, kind Lord took me from you, David, made me different, and taught me to try and get you for Him too. And now it's all right, so come along."

"Now I'll tell yer wot I'll do. I'll see yer go, and yer boys, and if I keep in the mind to, I'll swim off to yer ship, and you'll pick me up. I'll come, Watty, for Lunnon won't seem like Lunnon without yer."

"No, David, I don't stir without you ; I've no time to chase you again. It's now or never."

"But, Wat, I wonder ye ain't afeard I'll make yer boys bad—ain't yer now?"

"No, for I shall trust you, Davy. If I hear or see what is not right, I'll give you a look, and you'll say to yourself

MY PARLOUR CLOCK.

in a moment, ‘Watty trusts me. Watty’s own character is in danger if I do wrong, because of bringing me here. I can’t ruin Watty, because he loves and trusts me.’”

“Walter,” said the youth, rising up quietly, “did you ever see a hangel? ’cos I thinks I has !”

* * * * *

Walter’s employers acquiesced in his wishes and plans for his disreputable friend, whom he suffered no one to see until a thorough change had been wrought in his appearance by means of washing and clothing; and then David declared “he didn’t know his-self at all,” and wondered if any one else did, and mightily he’d like to take a turn in a certain thieves’ quarter and try!

But Walter was not to be trifled with, and such was the reverence and affection with which the strange lad regarded him, that his will was law. David made himself useful in his queer fashion at every turn, became as imitative as a monkey, and as devoted as any slave that ever rejected emancipation in the year of jubilee.

Not that he gave his young protector no trouble or anxiety, for often he did both, but Walter had counted the cost, and looked to One who had not spared Himself when the lost were to be rescued and transformed.

L. E. G.

My Parlour Clock.

FIT was rather a favourite little timepiece that had stood on my parlour mantelshelf for many a day, and I felt a kind of affection for it. Besides being elegant in its appearance and having a silvery ring when it struck the hours, it possessed a quality not always to be found in clocks and watches—it was a good timekeeper; so good, indeed, that if I wanted to know the exact time, I trusted to it rather than to any other clock in the house; and when, one day, it suddenly stopped, I felt almost as if I had lost a friend. But stop it did, and no

MY PARLOUR CLOCK.

persuasion of mine could make it go again. In vain I gently shook it ; a few feeble ticks was all the answer that it gave, and then it was quiet again. What could be the matter with it? It didn't want cleaning, I was sure of that, for only a short time before it had been thoroughly done by an experienced workman.

I did not pretend to know much about watches or clocks, but I thought if I opened it and looked at the works I might see the cause of its stopping. But no, the wheels were all so bright and apparently in order that it seemed as if it ought to be ready to perform its work properly, so I shut it up and carefully tipped it from side to side for a moment, and eagerly listened for its familiar ticking ; but it was all to no purpose, it utterly refused to go, and at last I gave it up in despair.

I must take it to the watchmaker some day ; I made up my mind to that, and meanwhile, not to be annoyed by the sight of it, I put it away in a cupboard where it would be perfectly safe till I had an opportunity of taking it to be mended. After a day or two I ceased to miss its striking, and in a little time I really almost forgot it.

One day, nearly three months after this, I had occasion to go to the cupboard in which I had placed my clock, and when I opened the door the first thing that I saw was my old friend. I don't know what made me take it down and look at it again, but I felt as if I must do so, and in doing it I knocked down the key belonging to it. "I will just try the key," I thought; and I did so. Very carefully, at first, I turned it; round it went—once—twice—three times—again and again I turned it, till the clock was wound up, then I put it on the table. Tick, tick, it went, and in a minute or two, it being near the hour, it struck as plainly and clearly as ever.

For a moment I was overcome by surprise, and then I began to think how it could be that the timepiece was run down. Was it possible that, when it had stopped, it had done so for want of winding up? I didn't like to confess

MY PARLOUR CLOCK.

it to myself, but I was obliged to at last, and now I confess it to you, my readers—I had forgotten to wind it up! After all, then, it was my own fault, and not the clock's, that for so long a time I had been deprived of its company.

My little clock has a quick and merry way of ticking—very different from the heavy and ponderous “tick, tick,” of the “old clock on the stairs,” that stands in its case of oak, numbering the moments as they fly, and repeating in awful tones the gruesome song of

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

But, although it ticks so pleasantly, and almost sings the hours when it strikes, it is constantly giving warning; and one of the warnings it gives is this—

“Never lose a friend for want of care.”

Ah! how many a true friend has been lost by carelessness! How many a heart that might have been beating in unison with our own at the present time, has been repelled by some unkind word or even look, and thus has been estranged for ever. Like my timepiece, it only wanted a little attention at one time, but the opportunity was not grasped, and a friend was lost.

Then, again, how many a one has been misunderstood; how many a kind heart hurt and loving nature bruised for want of a little precaution on our side. Can any one of us feel satisfied that he has never misjudged another, as I misjudged my clock, and thought it was broken and useless, when the fault was all my own? My little timepiece was as perfect as ever; it was ready to do its duty by me, if I only did mine by it; but I neglected to wind it up, and so it was silent. And have not friends been driven away; brothers and sisters made strangers for want of the little attention that was so easy to be given, but yet was withheld? And has not that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother been repelled from many a heart at which He has been knocking, and into which He would have entered and

MY PARLOUR CLOCK.

brought with Him life and light, and joy, because of the carelessness of the owner of the heart?

Christ says of Himself, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." He is ready to come in; He is waiting to gain admittance and to fill the heart, now heavy and sad because of sin, with peace and happiness. But, if we would have Him enter, if we would taste His love, there is something for us to do. Oh yes; we must open the door. He will not break it down. Christ never forces Himself into the heart that is closed against Him. He invites us to admit Him; He appeals to us; He even pleads with us to receive Him; but we must open the door before He will enter.

Think of this, dear reader, if you have not yet admitted Christ. He is waiting for you to do so. He is knocking at the door of your heart; how long will you let Him stand without? Why not open your heart and admit Him at once?

"Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell."

Is your heart stained and tainted by sin? Admit the Saviour. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. Are you longing to find the way to God? Are you deplored the deceitfulness of your heart? Do you feel that your soul is dead and cold towards God: dead in trespasses and sins? Open the door of your heart to Jesus, and He who has said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," will enter in, and give you life and peace and joy. And oh! remember this, that as surely as you cannot by any means save yourself from the punishment that your sins deserve, so sure it is that, without an effort on your part, you never will be saved. Christ has died to save you, but it remains with you to accept the salvation offered. Pray, then, that the Holy Spirit may be given to you to enable you to lay hold on the hope set before you, even Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

G. H. S.

Night and Morning.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."*

THREE could never smile the morning
Were it not for sombre night;
There could never be the conquest
Without weary toil and fight;
And ne'er could fall the healing
On the strong man in his might.

Ye who have walked in darkness
Only can tell how fair
Is the loving smile of Jesus
On sorrow's dismal air—
A smile that sets its bright seal
On half-desponding prayer.

When faith has had its trial,
And victory is won
Through the love of God the Father,
Through the strength of Christ the Son;
How ineffable the peacefulness
When the hard day's work is done!

And only he who lying
On depression's couch so low,
The love of the Restorer
In its fullest sense can know;
And love as he loves Jesus
Who has saved him from his woe!

O Master, Saviour, Father,
In Thy most tender grace,
After the rain-storm send us
The light of Thy dear face,
That Thy pilgrim children faint not,
Running the great life-race!

Then even here, while dwelling
In rude tents by the road,
We'll catch the fragrance breathing
From the highway's trampled sod;
Life cannot be all sorrowful
That Thou smilest on, O God.

Contentment.

"Be content with such things as ye have."

WE pray to be contented,
As we march along the road,
Lest in our vain repining
We miss the smile of God !
We see not when we murmur
A thousand blessings sweet,
That are richly scattered round us,
That are lying at our feet.

There never falls a trouble,
There never frowns a care,
But is hushed, and soothed, and lightened
By the very breath of prayer :
To the faintest cry arising
From the spirit's depth of shade,
Floats softly down the answer,
" 'Tis I, be not afraid ! "

Oh would we gain possession
Of the wondrous key of gold,
That opens the great storehouse
Of pleasures manifold,
We must bind around us gratitude
For the sunshine that is given,
And leave joy's full fruition
For the shining streets of heaven !

A Saviour's love is ours,
A Father's watchful care,
God's promises as jewels
Of value rich and rare ;
Through the clouds around, above us,
We can see the distant shore ;
The Eternal Arms beneath us—
Brothers, what need we more ?

Nearer and nearer Jesus
We must ever strive to be ;
His voice to hear—His smile of love
On our pilgrimage to see ;
Then on life's dusty high-road,
With the Master at our side,
In spite of weariness and toil,
We shall be satisfied.

D. L.

G. S. Fen
J. F. McF
J. H. McI
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