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THE
CHURCH MISCELLANY.

JUNE, 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.

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SHANNON & MEEK, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

BX 7153, 45 Feb 1879, Jan

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 :
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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.

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CHURCH MISCELLANY.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec has just been held in our midst. The number both of Pastors and Delegates who were present was not so large as we anticipated, nevertheless there was a fair representation from Churches in the various districts in the two Provinces. The interest in the devotional meetings, the business sessions, and the public gatherings, was well sustained throughout, and cannot fail to be fruitful of much good. As is usual with us, the widest christian liberty was given to brethern in the statement of their views on questions before them, which liberty was freely used, in the consciousness that "One is our master even Christ and all we are brethern." The accommodation afforded for the guests by the Congregationalists and their friends in the city was ample and highly appreciated. There were many places in hospitable homes which could have been filled had more come.

The Welcome Meeting given on Thursday night was in every sense a success. The transformation of the Lecture Room into a Dining Hall, decorated with evergreens, chinese lanterns, flags and banners numbering many a score, seemed at once a translation to fairy land; while the spread with which the ladies burdened the many tables was all that could be desired by any Christian of any kind. Add to this the "feast of reason and flow of soul" which followed, together with the sweet strains of music and the sacred songs interspersing all, and but little was left to be desired. The addresses of Colonel Twitchell, the American Consul, of Principal Grant, with his genial catholicity, of H. D. Powis, the honoured pastor of Zion Church, Toronto, and by J. F. Stevenson, Chairman to the Union, who never wants for

words and whose words always clothe worthy thoughts, were excellent in the superlative degree. Besides the ministers and delegates of the Union, and the members of our congregation, invitations were extended to nearly all the ministers of the various churches in the city many of whom were present.

The excursion given on Saturday afternoon was well patronized and greatly enjoyed. Successive visits were paid to Rockwood Asylum, the Penitentiary, the Royal Military College, and to Fort Henry. Those in charge of these institutions kindly afforded every possible opportunity for a thorough inspection. Through the liberality of a deacon, whose modesty is only equalled by his generosity, for which reason his name is not mentioned, the expenses of the excursion were wholly provided for. On the return trip the Professors of the College and the Alumni landed opposite "Elmhurst," where a very enjoyable evening was spent amid the liberal hospitalities afforded.

The annual meeting of the C. C. Missionary Society was looked forward to with many forebodings by the friends of the Society, for it was known that half of the past year's expenditure was unpaid, and the treasury was empty. There were fears that with this incumbrance the amount available for appropriation on the present year would be so small as to necessitate the closing of some of our Missions. Immediately on the assembling of the General Committee the matter was referred to a special committee, who reported on the Society's condition, the causes of the deficiency, and the needed remedies. Among other suggestions one was made that an immediate special effort should be made to raise the amount of the April quarter, long due, by one hundred subscriptions of eight dollars' each. The result was that between five and six hundred dollars was at once pledged

in amounts ranging from five dollars to one hundred. Some of the larger sums were given on the condition that the whole amount should be raised, which it is hoped will be done by the churches. Of the amount already pledged for this purpose \$212 was subscribed by Kingston, and it is likely there will be more to follow. The applications for grants this year are fewer and smaller than usual, so that on the whole the claims of the Society will be fairly met.

The public meetings in connection with the Union were of a high order. Many said they did not remember more successful public services in connection with any former assembly of the Union. All the pulpits of the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists in the city and its suburbs were supplied by our ministers on Sunday the 8th. The united communion service on Sunday evening was a hallowed season. It was attended by the members of the Union, by members of our own and of the sister church as well a representatives of other christian communions. It was a pleasure to the Pastor to be assisted in the service by his predecessor in the pastorate of this Church, the Rev. Professor Fenwick, and also by his successor in Toronto, the Rev. H. D. Powis. A special collection of \$25 was made for assistance to an aged Minister of the Gospel in the western part of this Province.

The closing act of the Union was the passing of a very hearty vote of thanks to the Pastor, Church and Congregation, and to the members of other Churches who gave so generous entertainment during its session in this city. Special mention was also made of the service rendered by the Choir in the service of song, and thanks voted to its members. One of the Toronto Pastors writes as follows: "You Kingston people gave the Union a most kind

and hospitable entertainment. All speak of your hospitality in most grateful terms.”

Now that our attention has been directed to the possibility of having a new school-house in connection with the Church, all seem to feel more than ever the great need there is for such a building. Do what we will with basement rooms they are still, dark, damp and chilling, and at the same time opposed to both physical and spiritual health. There is no doubt but that the interests of our Sunday School and week-day gatherings would be greatly enhanced by the proposed new building. If the following suggestion would be of any use it might be acted on, namely, that the Ladies' Association should appoint a committee from the Church and Congregation, who should consider and report as to the nature of the building needed, its cost, the manner of securing the balance that may be required, and the time when operations should be begun in the erection of the building. Such a step would certainly do no harm and it might do much good.

There is some probability that Dr. Wilkes will be induced to write and publish his "Life and Times." It is certain that such a work would be received with great favor, not only by our entire denomination but also by very many in other communions. It would cover our denominational history in Canada from its beginning to the present as the life and times of no other individual would, owing to the Doctor's intimate and influential relation to all our churches and societies. The value of such an autobiography would be vast, and we hope the churches may receive the heritage.

The following is the statistical statement for May: Additions to the Church, 4; Open Collection, \$22.25; Weekly Offering, \$97.15.



The John o'Groat Shell Gatherer.

My first visit to John o'Groat's was made in the summer of 186-. Strolling leisurely along the dazzlingly-white beach from the little inn at Huna, I arrived at the traditional site of the eight-sided house, with its eight doors and octagonal table

within, which John de Groot built to settle the dispute about precedence which arose among his seven brothers.

Three miles across the Pentland Frith—the dangerous strait which unites the Atlantic and German Oceans—is the pretty island of Stroma; and, further along the shore, the rock and “stacks” of Duncansby Head rear their grotesque and lofty forms like huge and hoary Norse giants, comrades of Thor and Odin, appointed to keep watch and ward at the gate of the North Sea.

Soon my attention was attracted by nearer and humbler objects. They consisted of a bunch of flowers, chief among them the rare and beautiful *Primula Scotica*, or Scotch primrose, found only on these northern coasts, a basketful of cowrie shells, locally known as “Groatie Brickies,” and a small book, which proved to be a Greek New Testament. On examining this last and most unlikely item of the collection, I found that it was awarded, “with a sum of money,” as the first prize at the Macdonald Greek competition; and the inscription further bore that the successful competitor was Charles Dunnet, Toftbrims, in the parish of Canisbay.

The guardian, if not the owner, of the property presently came upon the scene. She was a ruddy-complexioned, blue-eyed peasant girl, apparently about fourteen years of age. She approached from the beach with a fresh consignment of shells, and had been concealed from view by the overhanging bank. I had heard that shells were sold to visitors, and I assumed that this was one of the traders.

“That is a pretty basketful,” I remarked. “What value do you put upon it?”

“I don't know; I never sold any,” she said, with a slight flush deepening the natural crimson of her cheeks.

“Oh, they are not to be disposed of, then. I thought such things could be bought without the trouble of gathering them.”

“Yes, they can be bought; and I ought to have told you

that these are gathered to be sold. But I never sell any myself."

"And have you no share in the profits of your labour?"

"Well, what you call my labour is a pleasure; but it does bring me some profit. Widow Baikie, who lives in that cottage with the bourtree at the door, sells them, and divides the money with me. It brings something to her, and helps me to buy books."

I was now getting quite well acquainted with the maiden, who was possessed of that natural dignity and self-possession which are characteristic of the Scoto-Scandinavian as well as of the Celtic race.

"Yes," I said; "I see you are fond of books—so fond of them that you make them your companions sometimes when you do not know what they say."

"Oh, you mean the Greek Testament. Well, I don't know a good deal that it says; but I understand some of it."

"What! you mean to say that you can read Greek!"

"Perhaps I should not say that I can read it, but I can spell through some of it. I can read John a little; but my brother Charlie says it is all he can do to master Luke and the Acts."

"But how came you to attempt such a difficult study? What good will Greek do you?"

"Oh," she said, "you have not heard of Captain Macdonald? The captain wants everybody who can to read the New Testament in the language in which it was written, and he gives prizes, which are competed for every year at Wick and Thurso; and a good many girls, as well as boys, try for the prizes. Besides, I want to become a teacher, and to be able to teach everything that people—or at any rate women—have to learn."

"But women are not usually expected either to learn or to teach Greek."

"Not often, perhaps; but Charlie, who is now studying at Edinburgh, sends me all that people are writing and

saying about what is called the higher education of women ; and that is the kind of education that I want, if I am to be educated at all. I would hire myself as a servant, or work at the herrings, rather than spend all my life in teaching the alphabet and spelling. I want to be a teacher of grown women."

"And that is why you want to learn Greek?"

"Yes, that is the reason."

"And not for the sake of being able to read the words of Christ and His Apostles in the language in which they were written?"

"Well, and that too, of course. Still it is learning for its own sake that I am most anxious about. You see I must get on and learn a very great deal, if ever Charlie's wish and my own fond dream and daily desire are to be fulfilled."

"And in the meantime the highest education of all—the training of your soul for God, and for an endless life when all is done with here—must be postponed, put off till a more convenient season."

"I hope not," said Esther Dunnet, for that was the ambitious maiden's name. A cloud came over her bright beaming face, and she appeared to be anxious to close the interview. Something further was said, however, which seemed to arouse her interest as well as deepen her thoughtfulness ; and when we parted she promised not to forget the concluding subject of our conversation.

* * * * *

Two years afterwards I was again, in company with some friends, on the shore of the Pentland Frith. One of the first things I did was to call at the widow Baikie's little shop and inquire about Esther Dunnet.

"Esther, sir," said the widow, "is a sair afflictit lassie. A year syne, this very month, she fell ower the rocks when she was gatherin' flowers, an', puir thing, she hurt her spine, an' the doctor says she'll be an object for life. That means," continued the widow, observing that I did not quite

catch her meaning, "that means that she'll be a helpless sufferer a' her days."

I soon found myself at Esther's home, which was about two miles distant. Her father combined the callings of fisherman and small farmer, and her mother, a cleanly, kindly-looking woman, was driving the cows to the pasture when I approached. She did not seem to consider me a stranger when I told her my name and the purpose of my visit. Entering the house, I found poor Esther thin and pale, and with the marks of suffering imprinted on her features. She was lying on a couch near the fire-place, and three or four children ranged in front of her.

"Gang awa' hame noo, bairns," said the mother, "an' dinna come back the day again. Esther's ower ill to be able to be fashed wi' ye."

Esther appeared to be about to remonstrate, but as her eye followed the children she caught sight of me. She immediately recognised me, and we exchanged some greetings, which on my part were full of regrets and expressions of sympathy.

"Oh," said Esther, "it has been a very happy time for me. It was long my wish that there was some college that I could go to, and I am passing through one now, and, I hope, learning something."

"And yet the fulfilment of your wish is very different from what you hoped for."

"Yes, no doubt—very different; but also, I am sure, much better. Oh yes, I hope I know a little now of what, you remember, you called the highest education."

A very delightful conversation followed. Esther's heart had been touched and her mind enlightened by the Holy Spirit of God. She had no ambition now but to love with supreme affection Him who had loved her, and washed her from her sins in His own blood, and to glorify her Father in heaven by surrendering her whole desires to His will.

"It is well with me," she said, "and all for the best. Sometimes it is hard to feel this; but then I *know* that it is

so, and that when I get home I shall never, never cease praising God for even this way, in which in His loving-kindness He is leading me."

"But she mauna trouble hersel' ony mair wi' thae noisy bairns, sir—she's no fit for 't," interposed the mother, somewhat irrelevantly, but in a pathetically anxious tone.

"You surely have not taken to school-keeping," I said; "an infant-school, too, judging from the pupils I saw."

"Oh no," she answered; "I only help some of the neighbours' children a little. The school is far away; and the work, such as it is, is a pleasure to myself."

"Even although they have only got so far as the alphabet and spelling?" I remarked, with a smile.

She understood the allusion, and smiled too.

"Ah," she said, "I did not know myself then, and what poor work I could perform at the best."

* * * * *

Nearly ten years have passed since this, my second and last interview with Esther Dunnet. She lived two years longer, becoming every day riper for heaven; and when her sweet life terminated on earth, it left a savour behind which still exists as a testimony to the reality and loveliness of the truth of the Gospel when received by faith in Christ, and developed and strengthened by the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit.

Ellen and her Father.

IN a little fishing village by the side of the river Fal, in Cornwall, dwelt a family well known for their sobriety and their regular attendance at a place of worship. The husband had been converted during a revival of religion in the parish, and his zeal in the Master's cause was proverbial. He became connected with a little band of pilgrims whose faces were turned towards Zion, and laboured in season and out of season to

further the cause of Christ. But at home he was the priest of the household, the loving minister of his own flock. He read the Scriptures, and prayed with them night and morning; advising them in all their difficulties, "pointed to heaven, and led the way." The power of religion was especially exemplified here at his own hearth, and the light of love filled his habitation with rays of heavenly beauty.

His eldest daughter, Ellen, was his peculiar care. To her on every occasion he unfolded the simple plan of salvation by faith in the Son of God. He preached Christ to her during their meals, or on their walks through the lanes and fields, or by the shingly beach, where the sea-waves murmured in their ears, when released from his daily occupation. His child heard him gladly, the Holy Spirit applied the word, and her young heart was given to her Saviour. She felt His presence and His power, and joyfully walked in the way of life.

But, alas for feeble man when assailed by temptation, unless he flies to the Strong for strength! In an unwatchful hour the father fell, through drink or some other besetting evil. Step by step he went back to the husks of the world, sinking deeper and deeper in the mire of sin, until he was far away from his Father's house. But the Merciful One is not willing that any should perish, but would rather that all should turn to Him, repent, and live; and by various means and in various ways He draws the prodigal to long after his Father.

One day he was at his boat-work by the river, when a messenger came to summon him immediately to his home. He hastened there, and a sad scene met his view. Some mushrooms had been gathered, cooked, and eaten by the family, and nearly all of them were more or less poisoned. His wife lay moaning upon the bed, and his eldest daughter, Ellen, was dying beside her. Yes, she was dying! thus so suddenly to be snatched from his sight. He bent over her and whispered her name. She opened her eyes languidly, and when she knew it was her father who stood there with

the great tears on his face, she lifted her arms to his neck, kissed him, and said: "Father, dear father, I am dying! Your own Ellen is dying, and going to heaven. You used to talk to me of Jesus and the angels, and your words led me to Him and to His favour; and now I shall soon have the white robe and the golden crown. But why is it, dear father, that you have not spoken to me lately of these holy things? Good-bye! The angels are coming; I hear their music on the air. You will meet me in heaven, won't you, father?" And amid great tears and sobs he promised her. She kissed him once more, closed her eyes, and died.

His wife recovered; but his little boy died also from the effects of the poisonous plant. The great blow stunned him, and he cried, in the bitterness of his soul: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The backslider returned to his forsaken Friend, who received him with open arms. Pardon and peace and joy were again his portion by believing in Jesus, and he was once more clad in the white robes of forgiveness. And hereafter his path was onward and upward in the way of life. He turned not to the right hand nor to the left, obeying the Spirit of the Lord, and became a preacher of the Gospel of peace. The sudden removal of his children to heaven had been the means of bringing the prodigal back to home.

Art thou a wanderer from thy Father's house, where thou hast aforetime been wont to sit at the table of the Lord? Oh heed the admonitions of His Spirit, and the dispensations of His providence, and stumble on no longer in the way of wrong, but return to Him whose tender mercies reach to all mankind. He has given His own Son to be "the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And WHOSOEVER WILL, let him take the water of life freely."

Drawn by Love.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

HOW many a ship, as her sails fill and she proudly leaves the English shores, carries with her the hopes of some happy home, now blighted and shattered; and the white-winged messenger, which, as she lessens in the distance, looks like some peaceful bird upon the waters, seems to eagerly-watching friends like a siren that has lured their loved ones away.

So thought Dr. Forrest, as he stood on the beach at Southsea, following with aching eyes the *Dauntless*, as she bore away from home and parental restraint Herbert Forrest, his only son. He had gone through the processes of mental anguish which every Christian parent must endure who has nourished and brought up children, and had, as his reward, waywardness and rebellion; and there were care-worn lines about his face and silver streaks in his dark hair that told how much he had suffered.

Herbert was handsome and talented, and perhaps the fault of his training had been that his fond parents were too indulgent in his early years; and then, as he grew older, and they found it necessary to curb his headstrong will, he became restless and discontented; and finally, when he reached the age of sixteen, and his parents hoped he would adopt the medical profession, and achieve a brilliant career in the path that his father had paved for him, he disappointed them bitterly by declaring that he would be a sailor, and nothing else. He was, as I have said before, the only son, and it was hard work to let him go; but he was so determined that at length they ceased to oppose his wishes, and patiently set themselves to make the course he had chosen as advantageous and free from moral peril as possible. An intimate friend of Dr. Forrest was a large shipowner, and through his influence Herbert was placed under a God-fearing captain, and specially commended to

his watchfulness and care. And they prayed, as they had never prayed before, with an agony of earnestness, that God would watch over the lad and keep him in the hollowed hand of His power, and bring him at last, with them, to a home where no sea could tempt him to wander more.

"Herbert, my darling!" said his mother when the time of parting came, and he was clasped in a passion of tenderness to her heart, "God hears prayer, and I know He will hear mine for you, or I do not think I could bear to let you go."

And, as Herbert looked into her face, and saw how it was convulsed with anguish, he wished with all his heart that he had never grieved her. But in another moment he was summoned away, and his natural light-heartedness overcame all regrets almost before he reached the railway station, where he and his father took tickets for Portsmouth. The world was before him now, and life seemed full of brightness; and as to his father and mother, they would soon get over their disappointment at his not choosing to mix queer-smelling drugs and feel old women's pulses all his life. Was he not old enough now to judge for himself? and why should they make such a trouble about his going away?

It is easy for the young to reason so; they have no gauge to measure the depths and test the strength of a parent's love and anxiety, and they are too apt to forget that obedience to parents, that regard to their wishes, and that consideration for their happiness which are all included in that one word, "honour," in the first commandment with promise. Herbert quite forgot it, and, with only another temporary rush of feeling when he bade his good father farewell on board, he gave himself up to the novelty and excitement of a first voyage.

Not for long, however. Herbert soon found that a wilfully self-chosen path is not always the smoothest, and that its hardships have to be endured without the sustaining sense of duty. Sea-sickness was a new and exceedingly unpalatable experience, and as the lad lay prostrate under

its death-like clutch, he would gladly enough have exchanged his position even for a place in the despised surgery at home. And when that was over there came the exquisite torture of handling rough ropes with raw and blistered hands, amidst the mock pity of uncouth mates. The first experience of bad weather, too, was a rude surprise; and the turning out half-awake for the night-watches on to unsteady, wet and slippery decks, was an ordeal that he felt he had never properly foreseen. Many a time, ere the mast-head was breathlessly reached, he arrived at the mental conclusion that running up the rigging was not the easy and exhilarating exercise he had supposed it to be; and, fresh from the luxuries of an indulgent home, the fare, in more senses than one, seemed very hard.

But Herbert was too proud to own his disappointment, though often as he swung in his hammock at night, thoughts of his mother and her tender ministering love to him all his life, would blind his eyes with tears. "She will often stop at the door of my room on her way to her own at night, and forget I am not there," he would say to himself; "and, oh! how she will miss me! And I might have been so useful to father. I wish I had not left them; they knew best what I was fit for."

If only Dr. and Mrs. Forrest in their loneliness at home could have known he was saying that! But they had to wait long for any news of their boy, and then a letter arrived, posted at Madeira, full of a boy's eager description of the strange new sights he was daily witnessing, and speaking of life on board, with all its roughness, as a thing he was getting used to and liking very much. No word of yearning for home, or of regret for having left it. Perhaps he thought in his youthful ignorance that it would trouble his mother if he did not write brightly; or perhaps the misgivings and penitence of the earlier part of his voyage had given way to his usual thoughtless lightheartedness. It was the only letter that came to them over the sea in that clear, boyish hand; the next that reached them from the ship *Dauntless* was

in the captain's writing, and brought news that well-nigh broke the mother's heart.

Coming into harbour after a prosperous voyage, all hearts swelling and fluttering at the thoughts of home and welcome, with the peculiar joy that is the sailor's reward for months of absence and peril—no one more joyous and excited than Herbert. He had been sent aloft, with three more hands, to furl the foresail; he had sprung along outside the lift, and was leaning excitedly over the yard, when there came a terrified shout of warning—a breathless pause of suspense—a swift flash of something falling through the air—and Herbert Forrest lay on the deck maimed and senseless, all the bright young life apparently struck out of him in that terrible moment. He had lost his slender hold on the foot-rope, and had fallen from aloft; and immediately on the ship's arrival had been conveyed to the hospital, and, though consciousness had returned, he lay there in a nearly hopeless state.

Dr. Forrest, with an overwhelming load of sorrow, which it needed all his Christian faith to bear, left the stricken mother, who seemed just now to require his tenderest care, and hastened to Portsmouth to his dying boy, for he was dying, the doctors told him when they met him in the hall on his arrival, and his own practised eye confirmed the verdict when he was admitted to the ward where his child lay.

It was a most trying interview, for Herbert, between the paroxysms of pain, moaned out eager words about recovery, and home, and mother; and how could the father tell him that he would never again spring lightly over the familiar threshold, or be clasped to that tender mother's heart? With trembling voice he spoke of a better Home, and of a Father who was waiting to welcome the returning prodigal, and of an Elder Brother, not envious and unforgiving, but full of self-sacrificing love; and, as only a parent can plead whose beloved child is trembling on the awful precipice of an eternity without Christ, he pleaded with Herbert to be reconciled unto God.

But Herbert was absorbed with his sufferings and his speculations about their speedy removal ; and Dr. Forrest, with a torture of heart that no words can tell, had to leave him so, and return to his wife, intending to visit Portsmouth again in a day or two. In the meantime he penned a note to an old friend, a devoted Christian lady, who had recently come to reside at Portsea, and begged of her to look after his poor lad during his absence. It was from her lips that the writer of this tract had the story ; and her account of her intercourse with Herbert, and the blessed results, shall be given, as far as possible, in her own words.

“ Immediately on receiving Dr. Forrest’s note, I went to the hospital to see Herbert. Poor fellow ! I should scarcely have known him ; all his bright colour was gone, and the frank, joyous look I had so often seen on his handsome face was exchanged for a pinched, haggard expression, that told of intense pain, and made him look at least ten years older. He was too weak for many words, and what the doctors told me of his critical condition made me intensely anxious about his spiritual state ; so I did not waste time on other subjects, but began at once to speak to him of the only sure anchor of the soul when earthly things are failing.

“ ‘ But I am not going to die ! ’ he said, impatiently. ‘ If only the pain were better, I should soon get strong again. But I cannot bear much talk now ; ’ and when the brief interview was over I felt that I might as well have stayed away, for all the effect produced seemed to be a temporary irritation of feeling.

“ But, with the privilege of an old friend, I went again and again, caring little for his petulant words, only yearning for some signs of answered prayer, for I was pleading most earnestly for him, and I knew what an agony of intercession there would be in his behalf from the sorrow-stricken parents at home.

“ One day during my visit to the hospital Herbert was unusually restless and impatient ; all his thoughts seemed

to turn on the possibility of recovery; and, though I knew the doctors had not the slightest hope, I was unwilling to tell him so, until his heart had first been won to the Saviour, for I wanted to know that fear of death had nothing to do with his decision, having had too many proofs in my own experience that apparent conversions under such influence are little to be trusted to. So I listened, and spoke as soothingly as I could, and then made another attempt to turn his attention to the truths of which my heart was so full.

“‘Oh! please, Mrs. D., do not talk to me any more about that,’ he said, quickly. ‘I have quite enough to do to bear the pain without being troubled with disagreeable subjects.’

“‘But why should they be disagreeable, Herbert?’ I asked. ‘There is no subject in the world so delightful to me as the love of Jesus.’

“‘I do not know,’ he said, wearily; ‘but I would rather talk about anything than religion, and I do wish you would not tease me.’

“A silence followed, and as I sat there and watched the restless tossings to and fro, and the anxious, miserable look that had settled like a cloud on his handsome young face, I thought how different it would be if Jesus were but welcomed into his heart; and again in eager, though silent pleading, I asked for teaching in this difficult case. At length I said to him—

“‘Herbert, suppose a celebrated physician, living in America, were to hear of your accident, and, having in his possession some medicine that he believed would cure you, he voluntarily undertook to cross the Atlantic to administer it and attend to your case; suppose he did this at immense sacrifice and personal inconvenience, and, after the most unwearied care, brought you back to perfect health and soundness again, how would you think of him?’

“‘Think of him?’ he exclaimed, his interest in the imaginary description lighting up his face with animation.

‘I should think he was one of the jolliest fellows living, and I should not know what to do to show how thankful I was. But there is no hope of a cure like that for me,’ he continued, with a sudden fading away of his transient excitement; ‘I shall just have to lie here in all this pain, and bear it as well as I can, and wish—as I do most heartily—that those stupid doctors had a taste of it for a single hour; it would make them rather more sharp in finding out something to relieve it.’

“It was pitiable to see the expression of utter despondency with which these words were uttered, and my eyes filled with tears as I laid my hand on his. ‘Herbert,’ I said, ‘have you never thought that for your sake the Lord Jesus has taken a journey, and made a sacrifice, compared with which my supposed case becomes utterly insignificant? He came from heaven, and gave up everything, and suffered the torture of a cruel death, that you might be saved, not from temporary suffering, but from eternal woe; not to restore you to a state of health and comfort that might endure a few years, but that you might be entitled to perfect happiness for ever in heaven.’ I spoke with deep emotion, and for the first time Herbert listened earnestly; and fearing to weaken this impression by further conversation, I read to him the early verses of the fifth chapter of Romans, and bade him good-bye.

“The next day I went again, and as I approached the bed I saw such a wonderful change in his countenance that it was almost difficult to recognise him. All the gloom and fretfulness had disappeared, and joy and gladness were shining there instead.

“‘Oh, Mrs. D.!’ he exclaimed, on seeing me, his face growing still more radiant, ‘I have been wanting you to come, that I might tell you the good news. I have found the right Doctor at last!’

“‘How is that, Herbert?’ I asked, for I thought surely some one had been deceiving him about his recovery.

“‘It is a Doctor for the soul, and not for the body!’ he

said, joyously. 'Oh! I wish I could tell you what light has come into my heart in reading the fifth chapter of Romans! Your words about the great love of Jesus let a single ray in, as if through a little crevice; but as I read that chapter over again after you left, it seemed as though the shutters had been taken down from the windows of my soul, and a flood of sunshine has been pouring in ever since, and now I cannot help seeing everything! It was awful at first to see myself a sinful, rebellious, ungrateful lad,' and the tears filled his eyes as he spoke; 'but, Mrs. D., I have seen Jesus too, and I am sure He has taken my sins away, and I cannot help loving Him!'

"I wish I could give any idea of the power and rapture with which he spoke; it was one of the most striking instances of the Blessed Spirit's work that I ever witnessed. From that time Herbert needed no earthly teacher; the Bible was an illuminated Book to him now, and his utterances of delight, as one view after another of Divine truth was unfolded to him, made my visits to his bedside as happy as before they had been distressing.

"One day when I entered the ward I found Dr. Forrest had returned, and Herbert, propped up with pillows, and leaning partly against his father's shoulder, had such a look of satisfaction on his face as no earthly joy could ever have put there. 'Father has forgiven me, too,' he whispered, as I came up to him; but he could say no more, except in the language of happy tears, and his did not fall alone.

"It was touching to see the father's joy at his son's conversion, chastened by the prospect of losing him so soon. 'And yet I can give him up now without a murmur,' he said. 'My earthly hopes for him are blighted; but what a blessing to know that he will be waiting for his mother and me in heaven!'

"A few days later, and Mrs. Forrest saw the face of her only son once more; but it was in his coffin, before he was laid to rest in the old churchyard beside his home."

He was a Man of Sorrows.

Isa. liii. 3.

“A MAN of sorrows.” Is it He—
The Father’s image bright?
Say, did He leave His home above,
Leave the blest realms of endless love
And everlasting light?

“A Man of sorrows.” Yea, ’tis He,
The co-eternal God!
As God He laid His glory by—
As man to suffer, bleed and die,
For us to shed His blood.

“A Man of sorrows.” Look and see,
Was ever grief like His?
Alone He fills the sinner’s place,
And bears the hiding of God’s face!
What agony is this!

O “Man of sorrows,” what a sea
Of sorrow Thou didst tread!
Its measure none can ever know,
For none beside can stoop so low
As Thou, our gracious Head!

Dear “Man of sorrows,” Thou didst bear
This weight of woe for *me*!
And shall I fear to own Thy name?
Fear to endure the cross and shame
One little hour for Thee?

O “Man of sorrows,” by Thy death,
And by that cup of woe—
Draw me yet closer to Thy side,
Give me beneath Thy cross to hide,
And die to all below.

Help me to bring my worthless all,
And lay it at Thy feet;
Help me to give myself away
In living sacrifice each day,
And consecration sweet.

Dear “Man of sorrows,” all I have
And am *must* be Thine own.
Thine by adoption—precious thought—
And Thine because Thy blood hath bought;
Thine ever—Thine alone.

Y. E. T.

Sunsets.



HO is there living near busy, smoky, old London, but dearly enjoys a day in the forest? Birds welcome them with a merry greeting as they warble away in trees of varied hue; clear sky can be seen through the foliage (for much as we abuse our climate there are days when our sky is lovely); merry parties are dotted here and there; gipsies desire to make something out of the weak-minded; and it does one's heart good to see the number of east-end children gambolling and frisking about, happy for one day—enjoying freedom.

To the thoughtful pleasure-taker, the return home, looking forward to a beautiful sunset, gives a feeling of intense satisfaction. 'Tis a glorious sight; the sun has done his day's work on this side of our globe, and retires from our vision resplendent with light and golden tints, succeeded by beautiful soft pink, then fleecy clouds, and blue sky widening and throwing a beautiful brightness around, and, ere long, comes the dull grey—then night.

One cannot help thinking of life—a good life—dying out (no matter what the age may be), having done its day's work, and at the last leaving a halo of glory behind. 'Tis a beautiful thought, "Only remembered by what I have done." We should do well to think sometimes: "Have I lived so as to be soon forgotten? Am I cementing friendships that will not be easily broken by flimsy pretexts or imaginary wrongs; or, like the sun, have I been cheering the lonely and gladdening the heart of many a weary traveller, causing warmth, and having only an influence for good?" If not, why not? The hour of your departure must surely come. If you are a Christian, "all is well;" there will be light to the end of the journey; and, indeed, no gloom—for on the other side there will be "eternal light."

If anything can cheer us, surely it is a lovely sunset. God's works are wonderful. The sea, with its surging waves; mountains, with their snowy peaks; fields, with their carpets of velvet; forests, with their many-shaped trees, some

“WILL JESUS KNOW SUSANNA?”

sturdy, others elegant, yet all standing many a storm. So with human nature, that wonderful combination of good and evil; no two beings exactly alike. Take even one family: out of several youths one is studious, another indolent; one grave, one gay; one infatuated by the sweet sounds of music, and another perfectly indifferent to them; one maiden a true little mother, another the busy house-wife, and her sister never so happy as when away from home—giddy young butterfly, wrapped up in self-admiration; while a fourth is intellectual, and devotes all her energies to study.

“Such is the life;” how will it end? This is a question we may all ask ourselves. What a joyful thing it will be to go down like the sun, and find ourselves on the other side—life over, and an eternity of happiness before us! How can we sufficiently adore “the Sun of Righteousness,” who came with healing in His wings—the Father, who spared Him to do His work of love on earth, and the Holy Spirit, who dwelleth in Him?

“These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above;
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal light,
Through the eternal love!”

H. W. P.

“Will Jesus know Susanna?”



THE following interesting little incident is copied from the private letter of a friend engaged in mission work in Demerara. He writes:

“I have just returned from the death-bed of a dear old woman whose piety is the most true and homely that I ever saw. It did my heart good to sit with her hand in mine and hear her talk, as she has been doing for the past half-hour. She is very old indeed, nearly ninety years of age,

but her senses are as good as ever they were. We spoke of her approaching end, and she asked with exquisite feeling: ‘Will Jesus know Susanna?’ calling herself by her old slave-name. I replied—‘Yes, He *will* know Susanna, and she will know Him.’ After that we spoke of some known to her who are already in heaven, and the poor old woman said—‘Perhaps they will come and meet me.’ ‘Of course they will,’ was my reply; and she seemed satisfied, saying presently, with sudden energy, ‘Thank you, minister; when *you* are ready to come too, I, Susanna, will be one to come and meet you.’

“Her memory is wonderfully stored with Scripture texts, which she quotes most accurately and appropriately. There is nothing of the nigger about her, not a bit, but the sweet simplicity of a real child of God.”

This simple little story tells its own tale, and will, doubtless, touch many hearts. It is a valuable testimony to the power of the Gospel of Christ to raise and elevate the tone of mind of the poor heathen, as well as to convert their souls. It should encourage us to pray much, and to sympathize much with those who give up so much personal comfort, and at great risk, often to life and health, go forth to bear to perishing souls in distant lands the water of life. Let our prayers be incessant, let our sympathy be practical.

But this little narrative suggests a deeper and more personal lesson, one which each of us will do well to learn.

Just notice how poor Susanna realized Christ!

To her loving, simple faith, He was felt to be a real living Saviour; not a mere phantom; not an idealized conception of the imagination; but a strong, glorious person—a friend whose heart and life came into actual contact with hers; whose memory was dear to her; whose love was present with her; and whom she longed to know more fully—to see in His glory, “without a veil between.”

Reader, is this your experience? Is Christ thus dear, thus *real* to you?

If you are a Christian you will probably be surprised at this question. You will answer—“Yes, I am conscious of love to Jesus; I have an interest in His death; I hope to be saved through His mercy.” But this is not exactly what we mean. Do not many Christian people stop here, just where they ought to begin? Are not many believers content to live on the “milk” which is intended for babes in Christ? whereas they ought to be strong men in Him, and to be feeding on the “meat” of the Lord.

You love Jesus, you say. We believe that you do. If ever you have been born again of the Holy Spirit; if ever you have seen yourself as a great sinner, and seen the Lord Jesus Christ to be a mighty Saviour; if ever you have felt your sins to be an intolerable burden, and have beheld by faith the Surety who bore them for you, “by whose stripes we are healed;” if ever your pardon has been sealed by His blood; your person accepted in Him; then you cannot fail to love Him—it must necessarily be so.

But oh, Christian reader, though this may be all that is needed for your salvation, yet it is not enough for your comfort, for your usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord. And for this reason we press the question upon you—Are you living in the light of His countenance? Are you learning more and more fully the meaning of those wonderful words of St. Paul—“I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.”¹ Not “I know *in* whom,” as it is so often incorrectly quoted, but “I know *Whom*,” meaning I know *Him*. I know His love, His grace. I am intimately, increasingly acquainted with Him; and knowing Him thus, I am persuaded that He is all that the Scriptures declare Him to be. I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, and able to keep me too. Be assured, dear reader, He knows you—not only all about you, but He knows *you*—knows every anxiety that presses upon you; every trouble that weighs you down,

¹ 2 Tim. i. 12.

every struggle; every yearning desire after Himself, every conflict with your own sinful heart, or with the evil one—all are known to Him. Let this be your comfort, your strength, your joyful assurance, amidst much that is trying and perplexing, and that has a tendency to press you down. When temptation assails, when failures discourage, when misunderstandings arise, when broken friendships wound, when strength and health fail, and death approaches—in all these, and in ten thousand other circumstances, whether they be of trial, of suffering, or of any other nature, remember always that your Saviour knows.

But, in all probability, some of those who read these simple pages are *not* trusting in Jesus, and would rather shrink from, than rejoice, in the recollection of the all-seeing eye of God. They would like to forget, rather than to remember, that He knows all about them, and knows them too—entirely, unreservedly.

Perhaps you, reader, are striving to banish Him from your thoughts, seeking to ignore the fact that, some day, you must meet Him face to face.

How does the knowledge of His constant presence affect you? What difference has it made to you during the past week? Have you for one day, for one hour in one day, realized that presence, and been actuated by it? Alas, is not the answer "No?"

A very solemn recollection was awakened in my heart as I read the story of old Susanna, one to which I would briefly refer here.

If my reader will turn for a moment to the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, he will read in the eleventh and twelfth verses our Saviour's own description of some who, claiming friendship with the Heavenly Bridegroom, shall, at the last day, hear those solemn words, "I know you not." Augustine, writing on this parable, remarks: "'I know you not' is nothing else than 'Ye know not Me.'"

Now the poor foolish virgins evidently thought they knew the bridegroom; and they were, beyond doubt, invited to

the wedding; but the testing time proved their terrible mistake, and proved, too, that invitation alone is not sufficient.

Oh, terrible awakening from death-like slumber! Oh, awful discovery of the hopelessness of a false security!

The lamp of profession availed them nothing; it was in their hands at the very moment of their rejection. The invitation availed them nothing, it rather sealed their condemnation; after-wisdom, after-repentance, availed them nothing, for “the door was shut.” They were content to be foolish so long as their folly remained unpunished; and when they fain would have been wise, they had to learn in the bitterness of long despair that their day of grace had passed away, and that God has made no promise of mercy for to-morrow. “To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.”

Oh, even for you and for me, dear reader, that to-day shall end, and the to-morrow of eternity dawn; may we now, therefore, make our “calling and election sure,” that we may “be found of Him in peace,” and be acknowledged by Him before the assembled hosts of heaven, and before the face of His Father.

Oh, let there be no mistake about this matter, for it is all-important! Now, the invitation is offered; now, Christ is waiting to be gracious; now, He extends to us the mantle of His grace; now, the Holy Spirit pleads. Let us see to it that we fail not of the blessing through unbelief, through delay, through utter folly, through criminal neglect. Let us “follow on to know the Lord” now, and He will graciously own our claim then. Let us be saved by Him now, and we shall be found in Him then. Let us bear His yoke now, and we shall wear His glory then, and for evermore. Amen.

“Somebody to lean upon.”



ON a fine October day, at a northern seaside place, a gospel minister was once asked to visit a retired military man, prostrate at that time from a wasting attack of that terrible scourge—consumption.

The sick room faced the sea, which rolled up its grand old waves, lighted with that pure frosty light that marks a clear autumn day. Both minister and patient felt the influence of the watery scene before them; the broad expanse of ocean telling them of the vastness of eternity; the ebbing tide suggesting the merging of time and eternity, the call to the soul to prepare for that ebbing of life temporal towards the ocean of life eternal; the very power and boldness of the breakers also illustrating the power of our God to save and to punish according to His will.

By-and-by conversation of a general character as to the principles and beauties of religion gave way to that of a more personal character: confession of signal failures and errors of the past, now too clearly seen, but not too old or too great for the treatment of the Saviour's love and power; the expression of the deepest anxiety for a full forgiveness of sin; inquiry most searching and frequent as to the assurance of hope.

And then followed from the lips of this dying man a most beautiful confession of faith, and of deep conviction as to the only source of strength in the hour of trial, and of farewell to this passing scene:

“The weak state to which I have been brought has taught me better than anything could that we are helpless indeed spiritually; and that if we rely upon ourselves we shall be disappointed. In short, I feel most fully that we stand in need of help from a higher source—that we want *Somebody to lean upon*. Some one who can and will support us under weaknesses and trials. I appreciate fully the aid of services and sermons. Yes, and of your advice and

comfort now ; but, after all, it lies between myself and Him who has died for me. And I can assure you that in my prayers I try to talk to Him, feeling that He is listening to me.”

No one can tell the relief afforded to the writer of this narrative when his dying friend uttered these words, save he, who, doubtful as to the state of some beloved one about to leave this world, has heard from his own lips an assurance of firm faith and of loving trust in Christ.

Let us endeavour to learn a lesson or two from this narrative—*Somebody to lean upon.*

(1) There is a word for the *Young*. Isaiah most beautifully prophesies of Christ: “He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.” How wonderfully in accord is this with His actions while on this earth—“He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.”

And thus it is that He deals now with the young ones of His flock ; drawing them to Himself by their little troubles ; taking from them very often the earthly props whereon they lean in order to put in their place His own sure support ; bearing them up in the time of weakness ; sometimes transferring them from the earthly cradle of suffering to His peaceful and heavenly bosom.

Here is *Somebody to lean upon* for every Christian child.

(2) Then there is a word for the *Weary*. “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Surely a beautiful promise for all who in this restless, busy world are forced to compete for a livelihood ! How numerous are the props—riches, power, ability, strength—that striving men set up, whereon they fondly hope to lean, but which in the time of adversity give way, and bring to the ground those who were trusting to them !

Now Christ speaks to all such : “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest. I died to secure that rest for you. My blood was shed on Calvary in order that I might offer this

rest. Only lean upon Me ; only trust Me ; only give your heart to Me."

(3) A word for the *Suffering*. "When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils : and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick : that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." ¹

There is much beauty in these words, as there is also much that is suggestive of Christ's great work of redemption. For do not these miracles typically point to the great work of bearing the sin of the world, which He came to accomplish? and do not the diseases themselves testify to the existence and effect of sin?

Yet, further, in these His deeds of mercy He was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities;" witness His tears at the grave of Lazarus, and His sighing over the deaf and dumb man. The very act of compassion, as the name imports, is a suffering with its object ; and if this be true between man and man, how much more strictly so in His case, who had taken upon Him the whole burden of the sin of the world, with all its sad train of suffering and sorrow !

What a lightening of the load of the sufferer, to be assured that Jesus is feeling for, yea, suffering with him ! What a source of comfort in the thought that He will give His Holy Spirit to all who, in the agonies of disease, seek Him with their whole heart !

Here is *Somebody to lean upon* indeed !

(4) Finally, a word for the *Dying*. "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." ²

The deep valleys of the Holy Land through which the shepherd has sometimes to lead his sheep, full of danger as they are from the wild beasts that frequent them, doubtless

¹ Matt. viii. 16, 17.

² Psalm xxiii. 4.

suggested this picture to the royal Psalmist's mind. Spiritually we see here the fearlessness with which the Christian may face the constant perils in which he is placed, and still more death itself; and why? Because there are means of support and protection provided: "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Because the saints have God's gracious presence with them in their dying moments; not only conducting them, but comforting them when they need most comfort.

What a solace in the hour of death [to know that God takes cognisance of us—that He will rebuke the enemy—that He will guide us with His rod, and sustain us with His staff, if only we trust to Him who is our Saviour and our Friend.

Here, then, is the ground of confidence: "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." There is no "evil" in death to the child of God—death cannot separate him from the love of God—it only kills the body, but cannot touch the soul.

Let every believer be assured that it can do him no real harm, since he has *Somebody to lean upon*.

Clinging to Christ.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever near Thy side.

Every day and every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, Lord, to Thee.

Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never lose my way.

JESUS OUR REFUGE.

Let me love Thee more and more
Till this fleeting life is o'er ;
Till my soul is lost in love
In a brighter world above.

Jesus our Refuge.

WHEN my sins around me press
In their guilt and bitterness,
When the end of my wrong-doing
Seems to be my utter ruin,
Whither, Jesus, shall I flee,
Flee for safety but to Thee?

When entangled in the snare
Of the world and this life's care,
And some earthly gain to win,
I am tempted sore to sin,
Whither, Jesus, shall I flee,
Flee for safety but to Thee?

When wrong-suffering passions rise,
And for vengeance loudly cries,
And my foe unguarded stands
Helpless 'neath my vengeful hands,
Whither, Jesus, shall I flee,
Flee for safety but to Thee?

When success my toil has blest,
In enjoyment full I rest,
And Thy goodness makes me less
Heedful of my watchfulness,
Whither, Jesus, shall I flee,
Flee for safety but to Thee?

In each circumstance of life,
In its toilings, in its strife,
In its joy or in its grief,
Long-enduring trial or brief,
Ever Jesus unto Thee,
Thee for safety will I flee.

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