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THE  
Church Miscellany.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

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.
Church Meeting on the Wednesday before the first Sunday in each month.....	
District Prayer Meeting, as Announced.	
Young People's Association, as Announced.	
Ladies' Association, 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."*

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# Church Officers and Committee.

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

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

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**SECRETARY :** THOMAS HENDRY.  
**TREASURER :** GEORGE S. FENWICK.

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**GENERAL COMMITTEE :**  
The Pastor and Deacons, together with—  
J. H. MCFARLANE, HUGH JACK,  
THOMAS HENDRY, THOS. SAVAGE, JR.  
WILLIAM D. HENDRY, ROBERT HENDRY.  
JOHN BOYD.

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**COLLECTORS :**  
R. HENDRY ..... *Weekly Offering.*  
J. BOYD ..... *Open Collection.*  
T. SAVAGE, JR. .... *Open Collection.*  
D. SPENCE ..... *Sunday Collection.*  
E. MORHAM ..... *Sunday Collection.*  
W. NEISH ..... *Sunday Collection.*  
W. RICHARDSON ..... *Sunday Collection.*

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**CHURCH STEWARD :**  
GEORGE ROBERTSON.

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**USHERS :**  
P. CLARK, WILLIAM NEISH,  
H. MILLER, W. L. ALLISON.

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**CHORISTER :**  
THOMAS HENDRY

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**AUDITORS :**  
GEORGE ROBERTSON. THOMAS HENDRY.

550

## CHURCH MISCELLANY.

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The annual meeting of the Church and Congregation was held on the evening of the 16th inst. After refreshments, provided by the Ladies' Association, the usual reports of church work for 1880 were given. The Rev. T. Hall made a very happy and practical address, replete with pleasantry and wisdom. The choir enlivened the proceedings with excellent anthems and solos. A collection of \$7.37 was made for the Ladies' Association.

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The pastor read the following: In presenting my fourth statement of Church work in annual meeting, I shall make it brief, for the reason that there is not and cannot be much that is strange or striking in ordinary Church life and work. Truth is the seed which groweth secretly, and Christian character is a development without observation. \* \* \* It was Christ who said "The Kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation," or outward show.

Although since the present year began, death has removed from among us our faithful Sexton, a member of the Church, during the year upon which we are called to review, but one of our number was thus taken away, namely, Miss Maggie Newton, who, though not a member of the Church, was a true member of Christ. As in other years the Church and congregation has suffered seriously through repeated removals from the city and this year more than ever has our choir suffered from this cause. There is satisfaction in knowing that those who go out from us enter into other spheres of labour; still we suffer no less from their loss.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the fulfilment of my duties during the past year, I have enjoyed unusually good health, without which I could

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July 1937

not have accomplished a tithe thereof. Aside from a large measure of general denominational work which comes upon me as the Home Secretary of our Missionary Society and Editor of the Congregational Year Book, I have preached 105 sermons, given 104 addresses, attended 343 meetings, made 672 pastoral calls, and administered the ordinance of baptism to 17 individuals. During the latter half of the winter I gave the young people of the congregation a series of 12 lectures, embracing the Canon of the New Testament, the Civil and Religious Rulers, and the Manners and Customs of the People. There was a good attendance and much interest evinced. All this has been an honest, earnest effort at seed-sowing—what the results have been or will be, the Lord of the harvest only knoweth. Known to Him also are the hindrances within us all to his perfect work in us and by us.

The following are the statistics of church membership: The number of members on the Church Roll at the beginning of the year was 102, during the year one was removed, and 6 were accorded letters to other Churches, making in all 7 removals. There were received during the year 2 by letters from other Churches and 6 on profession of their faith; in all 8 additions. The whole number on the Roll, Dec. 31st, 1880, was 103, giving an increase of 1. Concerning other departments of Church work you will hear reports during the evening, therefore I will make no reference to them further than to say to all true fellow-workers, "Be not weary in well-doing for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

It is now nearly seven weeks since the year under review passed beyond time into eternity. It has gone from us forever with all its opportunities. It has carried to God the record we wrote upon it during its months, its weeks, its days, its hours. The book of the year 1880 is sealed, and we cannot open it or change its record. But the day comes when Christ

shall break that seal and open that book and judge us according to what is written therein. Already are we adding another volume to the library of years and what its records of our own life, our church life and the life of our congregation shall be, depends upon our individual and our united actions. May it be such that when you next assemble in annual meeting there shall be no reproachful reflections, but that each one of you looking into the Master's face may say, "Lord thou knowest all things, Though knowest that I love Thee."

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The following are the figures relating to the year's finances: Receipts--Weekly Offering, \$1,531.54; Open Collection, \$275.11; Fellowship Fund, \$168.73; Organ Fund, \$237.90; Sunday School, \$65.49; Ladies' Association, \$379.17; Special and Denominational, \$1,764.88: total contributions for the year, \$4,422.82. The disbursements were as follows: Pastor's salary and pulpit supply, \$1,605; Sexton, \$144; Organist, \$242.58; Light and Fuel, \$115.20; Insurance, \$75; Poor of the Church, \$210.46; Sunday School, \$83.76; Ladies Association, \$60.28; Interest, \$30; Incidentals, \$36.60; Foreign Missions, \$31.80; Winnipeg Church, \$98; Sarnia Church, \$69.50; Indian Mission, \$40; Congregational Union, \$15; Congregational College; \$292.25; C. C. Missionary Society, \$314.05; Provident Fund, \$21.50; Wilke's Testimonial, \$68; Congl. Pub. Society, \$206.78; Queen's College, \$592.50; total disbursements, together with the Ladies' Investment of \$318.86, making, \$4,671.12. In closing the year's accounts there was a balance of \$199.15 due the Treasurer, which, together with the Consolidated Debt, makes \$699.15 owing by the Church.

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The Ladies' Association reported that they had disposed of the materials made during the year at two sales, the one held in April and the other in December.

The receipts during the year amounted to \$379.17, and the expenditure to \$60.28, leaving a gain of \$318.89. This, together with the proceeds of former years, places to the credit of the Association \$1,993.29, in addition to the Genevey property which they have acquired. The year's profits were made up as follows: Member's Fees, \$5.75; Special Effort, \$54.82; Rents from Property, \$105.79; Monthly Collections, \$6.72; Hymn Books, \$1.70; Interest, \$143.32; Knitting Fund, \$1.09.

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The Sunday School held its annual festival on the 17th and, as usual, was largely attended. Addresses were given by the Pastor, Rev. T. Hall and Rev. R. Mackay, with singing and recitations from the children. There are 146 scholars on the roll, with an average attendance of 108; and 19 teachers with an average attendance of 16. Receipts \$65.49; expenditure, \$70.06. The sum of \$10 was voted to the C. C. Missionary Society.

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The Young People's Association had its work and claims presented by its President. Reference was made to the Literary Meetings held, the District Prayer Meetings, the Pastor's Lectures to the members and the Social with which the season's gatherings were closed in April. It was requested that essays and papers should be prepared by the friends of the Association for the benefit of all.

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The Organ Committee reported the changes that had occurred in this department during the year, and that Mr. K. F. Hendry, the present acting Organist, is giving every satisfaction. They recommended that he should be permanently appointed, at a salary of not less than \$150 per annum, his services to date from the retirement of his predecessor. The excursions held in the summer were successful in every way, which proceeds, together with the subscriptions, leave only \$3.68 due the Treasurer.



### Janet's Sewing-Machine, and the Lessons it Taught.

**F**IVE o'clock! They'll be here soon!" And Janet White stirred the fire to its brightest glow, put one or two neat-handed touches in passing to the comfortably-spread tea-table, and sat down again to her work. "I've nearly got these muffatees finished for



James," she said to herself, as her knitting-needle sped busily; "and then there'll be a little present for 'em all. What a happy Christmas it's going to be!"

It was Christmas Eve, that time of joy and good-will, when the echo of the angels' Bethlehem song is heard ringing in so many homes on earth; and in James White's home this year it was sounding merrily. It had not been so in years that were past. James White had, soon after his marriage, been led, step by step, into the sad habit of drunkenness, and that had shut the door against all joy, either at Christmas or any other time. Janet had been industrious and thrifty, and, for the sake of her three boys, she had worked bravely to keep the home together. But how hard the work was only a drunkard's wife knows.

James could not but notice her brave efforts to repair the ruin he was working, and—really kind-hearted as he was—he made many good resolutions, only to break them again the next time he passed the "Green Dragon," or was invited by a comrade to "have a glass." And so things went on, the home getting barer, the little boys' clothes shabbier, and Janet's face whiter, all because of that terrible public-house at the corner. Janet had wondered that she did not give way altogether; perhaps she would have done so but for the boys, brave, sturdy little fellows, whom their mother's struggles made thoughtful and helpful and unselfish beyond their years, and whose love kept her from the paralysis of despair.

And another comfort had quietly crept into her heart and brought with it an unseen strength and hope. She had been asked to attend a mothers' meeting just commenced in the neighbourhood, and from week to week she heard words about the Lord Jesus Christ as a Friend and Helper and Saviour, which to her burdened spirit seemed wonderfully sweet. She had often thought, when wearily bearing her troubles, that no one cared for her except the little lads, who were almost powerless, and whom she was sorry to bring under the shadow of the dark cloud. Now she was

told of a Friend so loving and sympathising that He shared in every sorrow and affliction of His people, and had promised that if they called on Him in the day of trouble He would deliver them.

Still, there was a feeling of strangeness at her heart. This Friend, would He love *her*? It was "His people" He cared for. Who were His people? and could she get to be one of them? These were questions she daily pondered, but she knew no one who could answer them except the lady at the meeting, and Janet was too timid to ask her.

Then a day came when the town missionary was present, and gave a simple, earnest address to the women, and, attracted no doubt by Janet's tearful, wistful face, he shook hands with her as she went out, asked for her address, and promised to visit her in her own home.

When he came, there was no further difficulty in telling her troubles, and getting the information she wanted about the Lord Jesus. Mr. Gray was full of the wise, kindly tact that fitted him to advise and sympathise, and to so ready a learner as Janet it was easy to teach the way of faith. He showed her that the "people" of the Lord Jesus were those whom He had saved from their sins; that He had died on the cross to be punished in their place, and had thus purchased the right to save them; and that all He required of her in coming to Him was a simple confidence that He would not cast her out; and that when, in this simple way, she ventured her soul on His salvation, He would breathe into her heart a calm peace which was the voice of the Spirit crying, "Abba, Father!"

And Janet, as she listened to this true gospel, and earnestly joined in the prayers with which Mr. Gray always accompanied his instructions, was able to "behold the Lamb of God, who beareth away the sin of the world," and, looking unto Him penitently and believingly, she was saved.

James could not understand the quiet peace that often overspread his wife's countenance, but he was softened by an unconscious influence that a life "hid with Christ in

God" diffused through the home ; and gradually he began to take an interest in Mr. Gray's visits, when he "dropped in" at tea-time, and finally was induced by him to go to a temperance meeting and sign the pledge.

This had occurred some ten months before the Christmas Eve of which I write ; and my readers can understand how, from that time, under Janet's good management, the home became brighter and more comfortable. Her only remaining anxiety was that James was so satisfied with the result of his temperance pledge that he rested there, without ever looking up to the Saviour who had done so much for her, and in whose friendship she was daily finding increasing satisfaction.

But her thoughts of the past were cut short now by the sound of familiar steps and voices, and going quickly to the door, she opened it, and looked out. The boys, who had been in a state of very unusual excitement all the afternoon, had asked leave to go and meet "father" as he came from work, and now, in the dim light, she could see them clustering round him, and all trying to help in carrying a bulky parcel.

"There's mother!" was the cry of the young voices, as Janet's head was seen outside the door. "Go in, mother, please go in and sit down;" and as Janet lingered, Teddy, the youngest, ran forward, and, taking his mother's hand, dragged her rather unceremoniously back into the kitchen, and coaxed her into her chair, whilst Jack, following, seized a small round table and placed it in front of her, as a barricade.

"Now, father, all's ready, come in," the two boys shouted, standing like sentinels on each side of the chair, whilst Janet laughingly wondered what was coming.

James had meanwhile taken the string from the parcel on the door-step, and now he and Benjamin solemnly bore it in between them and placed it on the table before Janet.

"Take off the paper, mother!" screamed the boys; but as Janet's trembling fingers almost failed her, the little hands tore it away and disclosed to view—a good-looking

sewing-machine! Whereupon time was given to Janet to recover herself, by the three boys joining hands and executing a kind of war-dance round the room in the exuberance of their glee.

"What does it mean? It can't be for me," said Janet, at length looking at her husband.

"No mistake about that, my girl, all bought, and paid for, and brought home for the best wife and mother in all B." said James, with a deeply-moved face. "You don't think I haven't been watching how you've slaved for us all and made the home pleasant whether you had things to do it with or not! And months ago the boys and I began to plot about this, and I just threw my pipe away, and put the price of the baccy into this bag, and I've been lucky with over-time, and the money for that has gone into the bag too, and the lads, bless 'em, have brought me many a copper for 'mother's fund;' and it's astonishing, when you begin to put by, how it mounts up; and so that's your Christmas-box, and I hope you'll like it."

Then the boys clambered round their mother, and kissed and hugged her till she was nearly suffocated, but came out from it all with a face very red indeed, but very radiant, and James, to stop her broken thanks, declared himself famishing for tea.

What a happy meal it was! The young voices chiming in so merrily with the rattle of cups and saucers; and it was scarcely over when a tap at the door was succeeded by the entrance of Mr. Gray, who was always a welcome guest. Of course the sewing-machine was exhibited, but Janet soon found that he had been in the secret, and had recommended the purchase of this particular kind. "It is like one my wife has used for a year, and she likes it exceedingly," he said, "so I can teach you how to work it;" and he quickly explained to his delighted audience the different parts and their use.

"He'll be preaching a sermon about it next thing," said James, in a laughing undertone to his wife. "I believe he could make a text out of a fire-shovel." But Janet's atten-

tion was so taken up with the wonderful machine that she did not hear him. She had brought a piece of calico, and was admiring the neat row of stitches Mr. Gray had quickly placed upon it, and now wanted to try it for herself. She began therefore laboriously to guide the work and turn the handle according to his directions; but, as the material came from under the cloth-presser, there was no trace of sewing, only an irregular line of holes made by the point of the needle. Janet looked at it with disappointment.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"You have pulled the thread out of the eye of the needle," Mr. Gray said, "so there is no connection between your work and the machine."

James came and looked on with interest. "Ay, Janet," he said, "you'll have to look sharp after the thread, or you'll have your labour for your pains, my girl."

"Many times that very thing has taught me a lesson," Mr. Gray said. "I have seen my wife working away so busily until she came, as she thought, to the end of a seam, and then she found that there was not a single stitch in the whole thing, because she had not noticed that this little link was wanting. And it seems to me that this mistake is often made in something far more important than the sewing of an earthly garment. God gives 'to every man his work' for eternity, and many go on through life as satisfied that they are doing it well as my wife was whilst she was plodding away with her machine; everything in appearance, both to herself and others, was the same, but the testing-time was when the work was examined."

"You're going on a little too fast for me, Mr. Gray," James said, respectfully, but with a shade of discontent in his tone. "It's easy enough to see whether the machine has done its work—anybody can tell that, but it isn't so clear about the other work, for people have such different opinions about it. Now I thought I'd done a considerable spell at it when I took the pledge, etcetera, but, from words you've dropped at different times, I don't believe you're satisfied."

“Very thankful, so far as it goes, my friend,” said Mr. Gray heartily, “but not satisfied, certainly. Your reformation has put within your reach the possibility of doing good work for the Master, just as the possession of this sewing-machine makes good work for her family possible for your wife. But you must both look well to the connecting-thread. You see,” he went on, turning to the machine, “that the threading of the needle is so necessary because it connects the work with the supply of thread on the reel. And so it is with our union to Christ. He says, ‘Severed from Me ye can do nothing;’ and we need only try to keep God’s law in our own strength to find out that we can no more do it than a dead man could do a day’s work.”

“Then being honest and sober and steady don’t count for anything?” said James.

“They count for all the earthly blessings that are naturally connected with it,” replied Mr. Gray—“respectability, self-respect, and home happiness; but they do not fulfil God’s law. He asks for your love, James. Can you not understand how precious that is to the Great Father? You know so well that nothing less would content you in wife and child. And this love, which is impossible while we keep away from God, springs up freely in the heart when we are brought nigh by the blood of Christ, and see how He has loved us in giving up His only Son to shame and death to be our Saviour. Then we understand the force of the words, ‘This is life eternal, to know Thee, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.’ When we know and believe this love, we cannot but yield our love to Him in return. Then He threads the needle for our life-work, connects it with all His resources of grace and strength, that we may live soberly, righteously and godly; makes us partakers of the Divine nature, and gives us a son’s claim on all a Father’s riches, and a son’s hope of a welcome to the Father’s home at last.”

Mr. Gray had warmed with his subject, and now he paused, almost ashamed of the fire with which he had spoken; but on James’s face there was a look of awakened

"ONWARD, PILGRIM, ONWARD!"

and eager interest, as of a man who suddenly sees the end of a clue that is to lead him out of a labyrinth.

"You've done one thing for me, Mr. Gray," he said; "you've made me wishful to read the Bible for myself. There's something in what you've said that wants looking into. I think I've been making a mistake in my work. God helping me, I'll get the needle threaded."

M. C. F.

"Onward, Pilgrim, Onward!"

ONWARD, youthful pilgrim,  
Whilst thy heart is light,  
With the joy thou knowest,  
With thy hopes so bright.  
Onward, but be watchful,  
Keep thy arms in hand,  
For thy journey leads thee  
Through a hostile land.

Onward, manly pilgrim,  
Strong of heart and true,  
Hardened by the conflict,  
Passed triumphant through;  
Onward, press right onward,  
Swerve not left nor right,  
Bearing high Christ's banner  
In the fiercest fight.

Onward, weary pilgrim,  
Though thy heart may groan—  
Burdened, bruised, broken;  
Strength beyond thine own  
Shall aid thee and sustain thee,  
And bear thee safely on  
Till every conflict's ended,  
And victory is won.

Once more, dying pilgrim,  
Gird thee for the strife;  
This last conflict ended  
Comes eternal life.

"GOD FOR US."

No more foes assailing  
Shall thy peace molest ;  
No more trial or watching,  
But rest—eternal rest.

Oh ! the transport, pilgrim,  
When thy journey's o'er  
And thy feet are resting  
On heaven's verdant shore ;  
When from off thy shoulders  
Christ the cross lays down  
And thy brow encircles  
With His glorious crown.

E. S. H.

"God for us."

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

**T** was an afternoon early in January, when the city missionary took his place in the midst of the little company he was wont to meet on the Sunday in the room of a sick man, long confined to bed. As he used to say pleasantly, "He could not go to the meeting, so the meeting came to him." The little gathering consisted, for the most part, of those who, like John Fox, were old, or sick, or weak, or, it may be, all three. These claimed the meeting as their own, and looked upon any others rather as intruders.

There was much to sadden as one looked round the poor and dingy room ; want and sickness and sorrow were so plainly marked on face and form. Yet, as one looked a little closer and longer, and saw how eagerly all listened to the words of life, and saw how the light of love and hope and joy chased the shadows from many a wan and worn face, one could rather rejoice, and thank God that to the poor the Gospel is preached, the Gospel that never sounded so full of blessing as, when spoken to such sufferers as these, it told of a Father's love, of a Saviour's finished work, of the Good Physician, of rest, and home, and heaven.



A warm welcome was always ready for this loved friend ; and especially at this, the first meeting in the New Year, very hearty and friendly greetings and good wishes were exchanged.

The meeting opened with earnest and simple prayer for the promised presence of Him who has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them,"<sup>1</sup> and for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, so freely given to them that ask.<sup>2</sup> A hymn followed, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," sung with weak and quivering, and not altogether musical voices ; yet surely it "entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth."

Mr. Andrews gave out his subject, "God for us." "Could there be a more blessed word for us, each and all, to carry through the year with us? Surely we may trustfully echo the whole verse, 'If God be for us, who can be against us,'<sup>3</sup> and exclaim with the Psalmist, 'The Lord is on my side ; I will not fear : what can man do unto me?'<sup>4</sup> These three little words, 'God for us,' are like a tiny bud in which a large and beautiful blossom is folded up, for what can we need or wish for that is not contained in them? Let us try and find out what there is here for us, one and all. Most of you are sick and weak, and all are poor as to the things of this world. What is it, then, to have the strong arm of our God for us? He says, 'Mine arm also shall strengthen him.'<sup>5</sup> That strength is as great now, for 'His arm is not shortened,' as it was for St. Paul, to whom in his weakness it was said, 'My strength is made perfect in weakness,' who proved the truth of the promise, and has left us his testimony, 'When I am weak, then am I strong,' and 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'<sup>6</sup> The very feeblest who lays hold of the strength of God must be stronger than the very strongest on earth who has it not, for 'With him is an arm of flesh ; but with us is the Lord (Jehovah) our God to help us, and to fight our

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xviii. 20.    <sup>2</sup> Luke xi. 13.    <sup>3</sup> Rom. viii. 31.    <sup>4</sup> Psa. cxviii. 6.

<sup>5</sup> Psa. lxxxix. 21.    <sup>6</sup> 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10 ; Phil. iv. 13.

battles.<sup>1</sup> You, John Fox, know something of this. It is not in your own strength you lie here, month after month, and year after year, hopeful and cheerful, a witness of the goodness and power of 'God for us.'"

"True, sir; my poor patience and strength would soon fail, but my God's never comes to an end." "And," added another sufferer, "that same almighty Arm is good to rest on at all times; no matter how low I may sink, the word is still sure, 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.'"<sup>2</sup>

"For me," said a timid young woman, whose bright eye and flushed cheek and rapid breathing told too plainly of approaching death, "when I lie awake at night, and the thought and fear come, I must soon leave my fatherless little ones alone in a hard world, this verse comes to me with untold comfort, 'He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.'<sup>3</sup> I can trust my treasures with Him, and take courage."

"And not only have we the strong arm of our God for us," went on Mr. Andrews; "we also have His ear listening to us. Whether it be a feeble cry for help, a faint response, 'Yes, Lord, I come,' to His gracious invitations, the submissive 'Thy will be done,' breathed out from an almost breaking heart, a word spoken for Him, a word spoken of Him, a word spoken to Him, all, all are heard and listened to amidst all the loud voices of the whole universe. Here is an example. When the children of Israel, in the depth of their distress, cried to the Lord, He says to Moses, 'I have heard their cry . . . for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them.'<sup>4</sup> And listen to this verse, that seems just sent specially for us here in our little meeting: 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.'"<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 2 Chron. xxxii. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Deut. xxxiii. 27.

<sup>3</sup> Isa. xl. 11.

<sup>4</sup> Ex. iii. 7, 8.

<sup>5</sup> Mal. iii. 16, 17.

"I know something of that blessing, too," said John. "I am sometimes all day long alone, but I never want for company, for I can speak to my good Lord, and He speaks to me by His Spirit, bringing one or another of His words to my heart. "In the long night, too, when other ears are shut in sleep, I can hold converse with Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, who is never absent, never too busy to hearken."

"And where His ear hears, there His heart pities. How many and bitter cries enter man's ear all unheeded, or, if heeded, how often he who would help cannot do so. But we can never cry to our God without His power and love coming forth in answer. For 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'<sup>1</sup> Nay, His promise is, 'Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'<sup>2</sup>

"Even this is not all we want, nor all that is contained in our little verse, 'God for us.' We are strangers here; we are travellers; we cannot see one step before us of all that may and must befall us in this New Year. And as we have His ear to hearken, so we have His eye to guide. 'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'<sup>3</sup> And again, 'The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him.'<sup>4</sup> And, lest we might any of us think that promise cannot be for such as I am, we have again, 'To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word.'<sup>5</sup> For the many who lie awake through the long night it is blessed to know 'The darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.'<sup>6</sup>

"Then, again, we have His hands for us. Those hands that built up the heavens are ever over us to shelter, to protect, making a sure refuge, a safe hiding-place from all

<sup>1</sup> Psa. ciii. 13.

<sup>2</sup> Isa. lxx. 24.

<sup>3</sup> Psa. xxxii. 8.

<sup>4</sup> 2 Chron. xvi. 9.

<sup>5</sup> Isa. lxvi. 2.

<sup>6</sup> Psa. cxxxix. 12.

danger. What evil will not those hands avert? what good will they not give? For they are providing hands as well as protecting. One of His names is 'Jehovah-Jireh,' 'The Lord will provide.'<sup>1</sup> Shall His children want anything that is really for their good? Let us but 'pour out our hearts before Him,' empty out all that is in them, telling Him, our Father, all we want and all we wish, our needs, our cares, our desires, our sorrows, yea, and our joys too, and we shall be able to write 'Tried and Proved' as our experience after His word, 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'<sup>2</sup> And this, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'<sup>3</sup> Then these hands are not only protecting and providing, but preparing all that is good and glorious for His people. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'<sup>4</sup> When our blessed Lord was going back to His home in heaven, He comforted His disciples with the words, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'<sup>5</sup> And at the last, when the welcome home shall be given to each and all of His servants, the multitude that no man can number, the words are, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'<sup>6</sup>

A pause followed, as if the good man's heart were too full for words, and he could scarcely keep back the tears as he looked round on the poor and sick and suffering and dying ones around him, with the good hope, the joyful assurance that before the year had closed some amongst them would have changed the misery and poverty of their present lot to stand in the presence of their God, with Jesus, and like Jesus, for ever.<sup>7</sup>

"Shall we not bravely meet all that may be before us with this watchword, 'God for us?'" Many a glistening eye looked up in grateful, hopeful assent.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxii. 14.

<sup>2</sup> Phil. iv. 19.

<sup>3</sup> Psa. xxiii. 1.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Cor. ii. 9.

<sup>5</sup> John xiv. 2.

<sup>6</sup> Matt. xxv. 34.

<sup>7</sup> 1 John iii. 2.

"But," added Mr. Andrews, solemnly, "is there anyone who will venture to face the future, to live in the present, without this assurance? Think what it must be to have all this power, all this goodness, all this wisdom, not for us, but against us. To lie down and rise up, to go in and out, to wake and sleep, with the awful burden of God's wrath abiding on us.<sup>1</sup> To be 'none of His,'<sup>2</sup> to live 'without God,' to die 'without hope;' to rise again only to hear the tremendous words, 'Depart from Me,' from His lips, whose tender and beseeching and oft-repeated, 'Come unto Me,' you have again and again rejected.

"Oh, if there be one such here with us to-night, one who thinks there is time enough, one who has never said, 'Yes, Lord, I come; I, a lost sinner; I come, just as I am, to Thee, the only Saviour; to Thee whom, in His great love, God hath sent, 'that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life'<sup>3</sup>—come now, come for life, for pardon, for peace, for heaven, for all that is contained in this 'God for us,' for 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.'"

K. W.

### "What time I am afraid."

WHEN all within is grief and fear,  
When every earthly ill seems near,  
When down my cheek steals many a tear,  
By faith I'll cling to Thee.

To Thee I'll flee in sorrow's hour,  
When crushed is every earthly flower,  
For Thou wilt give my soul the power  
By faith to cling to Thee.

When anguish is too deep for speech,  
My faintest sigh Thine ear can reach;  
For Thou my inmost soul can teach  
To lean, by faith, on Thee.

<sup>1</sup> John iii. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Rom. viii. 9.

<sup>3</sup> John iii. 16.

“IT WILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS’ TIME.”

When impious thoughts disturb my rest,  
When, e’en in prayer, I am distrest,  
Thou, Thou canst calm the throbbing breast,  
By giving faith in Thee.

M. E. S.

“It will be all the same in a Hundred Years’  
Time.”

**I**T will be all the same in a hundred years’ time,” said John Cooper to his neighbour Harry Bond, when the latter remonstrated with him for having committed what seemed to him a foolish act. “‘It is no use crying over spilt milk,’ and as I said before, ‘It will be all the same in a hundred years’ time.’”

“Wait a minute, John; will it be all the same? Are you quite sure that what you have done will not have an influence on some one or other even a hundred years hence?”

It was not Harry Bond that asked these questions, but Mr. Shaw, the minister, who knew both the men and had overheard John Cooper’s remark.

“I didn’t know you were there, sir,” said Cooper, looking just a little confused, for the minister had taken him by surprise. “No, sir; what I was talking about will make no difference to the world in a hundred years’ time. It was only——”

“Well, well,” said Mr. Shaw, “I don’t want to pry into your secrets, nor to ask what you were talking about, but, whatever it was, I think you are wrong in saying it will make no difference to anyone in another century; there is hardly a word one speaks or action one performs but has its influence on others; and no one knows where that influence may end.”

“Well, sir,” answered Cooper, “I must say I didn’t think of that.”

“I don’t suppose you did, John; and I doubt very much whether most persons who make use of that saying do think

"IT WILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS' TIME."

of it. If they were to say, 'I shall not be here to see the result of what I am doing,' it would be a different thing; but to say that 'it will be all the same in a hundred years' time' is generally a mistake."

"But do you really think, sir, that our actions will make a difference to those that come after us?"

"Yes, I do, indeed, John. We meet with plenty of proofs of that every day of our lives, and if we could only know more than we do of the past we should be able to trace some very large results to small beginnings. You know the gentleman who passed us in his carriage just now, don't you?"

"What, Mr. Gould! Oh, yes, I know him well enough by sight, sir."

"And you know what people say about him, I dare say?"

"I have heard them say that he is the richest man in the neighbourhood, if that is what you mean."

"Yes. And I think they are about right; at any rate, Mr. Gould is very rich; but how did he become so, do you think?"

"Why, sir, his father left him a very large fortune."

"Yes, but how was it that his father had it to leave?"

"Oh, he had inherited a great deal from his own father, who came to this town years ago a very poor man, with only a few shillings in his pocket. I know that is true, sir, because Mr. Gould told us so, not long ago, when he gave an address to the members of our club."

"Yes, I was thinking of that when I asked you the question, and that is just the point I wanted to bring you to. Now, suppose Mr. Gould's grandfather, when he came here a poor man, instead of husbanding his slender resources, had spent the few shillings he had improvidently, and said, 'It will be all the same in a hundred years' time,' should we have seen the present Mr. Gould riding in a fine carriage to-day, do you think?"

"Not at all likely, sir," answered both Cooper and Bond.

"IT WILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS' TIME."

"But that is a different sort of thing from what we were talking about," Cooper continued.

"So it may be ; and perhaps what you were speaking of really will make very little difference ; but that does not alter my opinion that 'it will be all the same in a hundred years' time' is, generally speaking, a foolish and erroneous saying."

"Perhaps it is, sir ; and I will think of what you have said before I use the expression again."

"There is another thing I should like to point out to you, John, and I think you will agree with me in what I am about to say, which is, that none of us ought to be content to say and feel that our actions will make no difference to the future of others. We cannot pass through life without influencing some about us either for good or for evil, so we ought to be very careful that our actions be good, and such as will bear the closest scrutiny, and then we ought to perform them in the manner most likely to influence those around us ; doing this, we should be continually scattering good seed, the full fruit of which may not be gathered in until the great day when the Lord of the harvest shall send His labourers into the harvest, and when the works of every man shall be made manifest."

"Well, sir, I really never looked upon my actions in such a serious light," said Cooper.

"No, nor I neither," responded Bond. "I somehow seemed to fancy that it was only great men and ministers like you, sir, that had much influence with others."

"Ah ! then you were much mistaken. All men do some good or harm during their lifetime, though, of course, some have greater influence than others.

"Now, just look here," continued Mr. Shaw, as he stooped down and picked up two stones from the road, "you see these stones ; one is much larger than the other."

"Yes," said the men, wondering what next the minister would do.

"Well, I am going to throw them into the stream : just



"IT WILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS' TIME."

notice the effect they have. Here goes the large one." Splash went the stone into the middle of the stream and disappeared, but though the stone was out of sight the effect of the splash lasted some moments. Around the spot where it fell there appeared a number of tiny rings, which quickly widened out and increased in size until they spent themselves one after another on the banks on either side of the stream.

"There," said Mr. Shaw, "that was the great man, and his influence was great and reached right on till it could go no farther, and was to be distinguished up to the end of time—for I will liken the sides of the stream to the end of all things. Now for the smaller stone, which we will suppose to represent a more obscure individual. See, there are the rings coming," he continued, as the stone fell into the water.

"Not so large, though, sir, this time," said Cooper.

"No, nor won't last so long; they won't reach the bank," cried Bond, as he eagerly watched the widening circles, which seemed to be racing each other to the edges of the brook, but before they reached their goals they had disappeared, and the quiet stream looked as placid as before.

"That little one didn't do so much as the other," said Bond. "I suppose that was something like you and me, John—hadn't got so much influence as the larger one; perhaps the large one was Mr. Shaw," he added, smiling slyly.

"Well," said the minister, smiling in return at the implied compliment, "you noticed that the smaller stone, or the more obscure man, to keep up the simile, did not have so much influence as the other, the ripples raised on the surface of the water were not so high as from the other."

"No, sir, nor didn't reach so far," Bond put in; for he didn't want to give up that point.

"There you are wrong, Bond," said Mr. Shaw, "for although we couldn't see the rings come right up to the bank, the fault was in our want of sight keen enough to discern

“ IT WILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS’ TIME.”

them; you may depend on it the water was in some degree disturbed even to the whole width of the stream; and so influences set in motion by any man may be lost sight of, as coming from him, but they still exist somewhere or other, and will and must continue to exist as long as time lasts.”

“ Well, sir,” said Cooper; “ I believe what you say is correct; but still it comes quite new to me.”

“ And so it does to me,” said Bond; “ but I shall try and remember it.”

“ I am glad to hear you say so. Now let me show you how you can live really useful lives, such as will make a great deal of difference to the world in a hundred years’ time. We will say, for the sake of argument, that I am as poor in spiritual gifts as Mr. Gould’s grandfather was in pocket years ago; cannot I follow his example? He did not squander the little money he was possessed of, but used it carefully in such a manner that, instead of diminishing, it gradually increased; and as it grew more, the more carefully, if possible, did he invest it, taking care that not a penny of it was wasted; till at last, after years of patient industry and unflagging exertions, he accumulated the money that enabled his son to trade still more largely, and to lay by a fortune for another generation; and now, you see, the grandson of the poor young Gould who came to this place more than a hundred years ago is one of the richest men in the neighbourhood. Well, now, cannot I improve the few talents with which I am blessed; cannot I increase their value? Cannot I, by careful culture and unwearying efforts, gain other talents also? You know that we have a rich bank from which we may draw spiritual supplies. I mean the Word of God; if we go constantly and prayerfully to that bank, we shall always come away richer than we went. Hear what the psalmist says about it: ‘The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.’<sup>1</sup> So that, although I may

<sup>1</sup> Psa. cxix. 130.

"IT WILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS' TIME."

be very simple, by allowing the entrance of God's Word into my heart, and praying for the grace of the Holy Spirit to bless those words to me, I may gain understanding such as will enable me to use aright the talents with which I am endowed ; and in so using them I shall be benefiting my fellow men, and setting in motion circles of influence that may continue to widen and expand years after I have been laid in the grave, just as the circles round the stone thrown into the water continued to increase after the stone itself had sunk to the bottom. I could say a good deal more on the subject of our individual influence, but am afraid I shall tire you."

"Not at all, sir ; please go on," said both men.

"Well, then, there is one way in which every one has the power of doing a great deal of good or of mischief during his life, according to what he is, and that is by the judicious or foolish use of the tongue, that little member of which the apostle James says, 'it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.' A proper and wise use of the tongue may be the means of doing the greatest good ; indeed, it is the principal instrument in the cause of God, but it is also the chief engine of the devil, who often works his own ends by prompting the speech of men. I do not refer to the speech of profane and filthy men, for out of the abundance of their heart their mouth speaketh without any promptings from Satan ; but I mean that even professing Christians may do much harm if they do not constantly use the prayer : 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth : keep the door of my lips.' I have a book in my pocket from which I should like to read a few words ; they are these : 'You drop, in the thoughtlessness of conversation, or for the sake of argument, or wit, some irreligious, sceptical expression ; it lodges in the memory of a child or a servant, it takes root in a soil favourable to such seed, it gradually springs up, and brings forth fruit in the profanation of the Sabbath, the neglect of the means of grace, in the reading of improper books, in the choice of dangerous companions ; who can

tell where it will end? But there is a Being who knows where it began.' There," continued Mr. Shaw, "that little extract just answers to my idea of the power of the tongue; but then there is a brighter side to be thought of; if an idle word hastily spoken may bring forth such a harvest of evil, so may a good word, spoken prayerfully in the name of Jesus, bring forth a rich harvest of good that will bear fruit all through eternity, and so will make a difference, not only in a hundred years' time, but through countless ages. Now I must wish you good morning," said Mr. Shaw, shaking Cooper and Bond by the hand.

"Good morning, sir, good morning; we shall think of what you have said."

Dear reader, are you a power for good or for evil on earth? You are one or the other. If for good, go on in thy way, and the Lord go with thee. If for evil, if you have never served God, nor been reconciled unto Him through Jesus Christ, think of the mischief you are doing to your own soul and the souls of others. Think, too, that you *may* be reconciled, you may be made a good and happy man; God is ready to receive you, to pardon you, to love you, if you will only go to Him in His own appointed way, through Jesus Christ the Saviour. Do not delay, do not foolishly say, "It will be all the same in a hundred years' time, whether I do so or not." It will *not* be all the same, for your soul will, before then, be either lost or saved. Accept, then, the offer of salvation ere it be too late.

G. H. S.

### The Caged Eagle.



WHEN walking through the gardens of a zoological society a short time ago, I could not help noticing the abject and miserable appearance of some of the larger beasts and birds. The eagle, especially, struck me as falling far short of the description given of him by those who have studied his nature and habits.

There, upon the branch of a dead tree, sat the king of birds. There was nothing royal in his appearance; on the contrary, he looked a very pauper. His feathers were dragged and dirty, his pinions drooping as if from very weakness; his eyes, which blinked uneasily and continuously, lacked life and lustre; and his whole air was woe-begone and wretched.

Had I been deceived by the writers on natural history, who describe the eagle as the undisputed monarch of the feathered tribes, who write of his strength of wing, the beauty of his sombre plumage, the proud flash of his strong eye, so strong that he can gaze without flinching upon the sun itself, and who dilate upon the boldness of his nature?

Oh no! The difference was just this: *they* describe the bird as they have seen him in a state of freedom, and I was looking on a captive.

What a difference this captivity made! And yet there is not so much difference between a free and a caged eagle as there is between the free soul and the soul that is bound captive by Satan.

Let us compare the two. What is the human soul capable of?

It is capable of soaring upwards, even to heaven itself. It does this every time it breathes a prayer or sounds a note of praise to Him whom alone it owns as Master.

It can, by the powerful eye of faith, pierce the darkest earth-born cloud, and gaze upon things invisible to other sight. It can look upon the crucified and risen Saviour, and boldly exclaim: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Its strength is such that by the help of Him in whom it trusts no earthly power can overthrow it. Man's body may be conquered, bound, and crushed; but his **free** soul *never*.

The beauty of a soul arrayed in the robe of Christ's righteousness, adorned with the graces of God, is such as to put to blush the most gorgeous earthly display.

All these things are true of the soul that is freed from the

bondage of Satan, by the grace and power of God ; and yet there are those who prefer to be held captive by their own lusts, who are the willing slaves of the evil one, and who as little resemble the soul we have described as the caged eagle the free.

The captive soul possesses no beauty. Like a whited sepulchre, it may appear outwardly clean, but within it is full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

Its eye is dim, and can perceive nothing beyond the affairs of this life. It catches no glimpses of a happy and joyous hereafter. All, all is dark around it.

It never soars aloft in prayer and praise. Alas ! no ; it lives for this world alone.

There is this difference between the caged eagle and the captive soul. The bird cannot escape if he would ; but, thanks be to God, there is a way of escape for the soul. Let it send one earnest prayer to God for its release, and let it strive for freedom ; and, however heavily it may be bound, however many obstacles may be placed in its way, He who formed it, and who loves it with a father's love, will not refuse to hear the cry, but will come to its relief, and give it pardon, succour, and release. Listen to the words applied by our Saviour to Himself :

“He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.”

Say, shall He come in vain, as far as we are concerned ? Shall we turn a deaf ear to the proclamation of liberty ? Shall our prison doors be opened, our fetters broken, and we refuse the proffered freedom ? Nay, rather let us fly for refuge to Him who alone can save us, and let us do so now ; to-morrow may be too late. “We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth.”

G. H. S.

## A Golden Retrospect.

**J**OHAN ADAMS sat alone by his fireside. The hearth was strewn with ashes, and the fire dying out; but he made no attempt to replenish it, though a chill wind was blowing off the sea, and the night was cold. He had that morning seen the body of his wife laid in its last resting-place in the breezy hillside church, with the sparkling blue sea beneath and the still blue sky above.

It was fifty years since they stood side by side at the altar of the old grey stone church and plighted their troth. Now she had been taken, and he was left. Tender hands led the old man back to his lonely cottage home, and when he had begged his kind neighbours to leave him, they had done so with reluctance, saying they would see him again in the morning.

John Adams drew his arm-chair to the fireside, and sat down in the silent pathetic grief of old age. A few tears rolled unheeded down his furrowed cheeks. Why should he weep? He had outlived the burning passions of youth, and the deeper and more lasting impressions of middle age. He had surely but a short time to wait before he, too, heard the Master's call, and he left this earth to dwell in his Lord's presence and join his beloved wife.

As he sat with his head bent forward, and his soft white hair falling on his rough blue fishing-jacket, the long years that had gone seemed but as a dream. The events of fifty years ago were fresher in his memory than the things that had happened yesterday. All the past rose up before him. He saw himself again a young man, the strongest and handsomest in all the village. The very scent of the hawthorn and lilac seemed in the air. They were in bloom all round him, as he waited, on a warm spring evening, to meet Margaret Davie, and ask her the all-important question, the answer to which would either shed the sunlight of happiness on his path, or leave him desolate. He was not a man who could love lightly, and Margaret, having won his heart, must

keep it, whether she took him with it or let him go on his way alone.

Margaret Davie was a quiet girl of deep, if undemonstrative, feelings. She had allowed John Adams to walk with her to and from church on Sunday, to carry her pitcher of water from the well, or to do any of those thousand and one little offices which love sees so quickly and is so ready to perform. From these things he had judged he might hope to win her for his wife, and he was right. She did love him, and she told him so with all the warmth of her heart shining out of the depths of her blue eyes. She was more real to him as he saw her again, in his thoughts, with golden gleams in her sunny brown hair, in the gladsome strength of the unimpaired health of her girlhood, than she had been as she lay before him yesterday, with the withered hands crossed on her breast, and the white hair smoothed against her wrinkled cheek.

Then there was another day, marked with a white stone, their wedding-day. It had not been as soon as they thought, for the season was a bad one for the farmers, and Margaret's father had losses. She would not leave home while her family were in trouble, for the share she took in the work was a great help to them all.

A year later everything was better, and then John Adams took her to the pretty cottage he had had such pleasure in getting ready for her. How bright and happy she had looked, as she stood by his side in the church and gave her life into his keeping. Neither of them had ever, even for one moment, regretted the day that had made them one. They had trials and troubles, and sometimes found it hard work to get enough to feed the hungry little ones that gathered round them. But let what would befall, they were all in all to each other. Margaret might have a hard day's work, but she was never too tired to have home bright and cheerful for John, and to greet him with loving smiles. In the long years they passed together each saw and knew the faults of the other; but love shed a tender light on what-



ever failings there were. If John was cross or contradictory, Margaret would say to herself, "Well, the good man's tired out with his work. I'll get the children off to bed, and let him have his pipe alone in peace." Or if Margaret was fretful or impatient, John would pat her shoulder lovingly and say, "You're worried with the children; come out and have a bit of a walk with me, lass."

A walk together by the sea, under the crimson-tinted sunset sky, with the grey shadows of evening falling round, sent away all ill-feeling, and Margaret would return home thinking that John was not only her husband, but her friend also, in the highest and truest sense of the word.

There was another day more important to John than those on which their marriage and the birth of their children were recorded in the old Bible. It was the day on which John himself was born again. How well he remembered every incident connected with the day. He had been out fishing, as usual, but was obliged to return earlier than he had intended, on account of the stormy weather. There was a special service to be held that night in the church, and as he had nothing else to do, he went to it. The preacher, who was a stranger to him, was an earnest-hearted sincere Christian, and he spoke of the love of Christ, and of the great necessity of being at peace with Him, in a way that touched more than one heart among the rough fishermen before him. Never had the question of the Philippian gaoler been more earnestly asked than it was by John Adams, as he stood before the preacher after the service was over and the congregation had departed. There can only be one answer to that question, and the speaker's reply was the same as Paul's. Not all at once did John find peace. He had been a steady, honest, hard-working man, but now he saw that good works could not save him, and for some time he could only see himself as a sinner condemned before God; but after many days he realized that Christ's blood was all powerful to wash away his sins, and that he was pardoned. Then how anxious he

was that his wife should be a partaker of the glorious light that had shone into his own mind. God had prepared her heart, and she received the glad tidings eagerly. What an increased delight they had now in their children, when they studied to bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. When their youngest was taken from them, their grief was robbed of its sting by the knowledge that they had given their treasure into the hands of the Saviour; and though the mother's tears almost blinded her, as she gathered the first pale snowdrops to put into her darling's waxen white hands, they were without bitterness.

Another day rose up before John Adams, standing out distinct and clear in the vista of departed years. He had been sitting in that same room, and upstairs his wife lay unconscious on the bed, her spirit hovering on the border-land between life and death. The doctor had looked grave when John had fetched him for the second time that day. When he asked if there was any hope, he had answered, "I will do all I can; you must ask God to spare her." Then he passed up the narrow wooden stair, and left John kneeling on the red brick floor, looking through the diamond-paned window at the sea glistening in the sunshine. Would the sunlight ever bring joy to him again, he thought, if his wife was taken from him. Then he thought of the prophet Ezekiel, and how God had forbidden him to mourn when the desire of his eyes was taken from him at a stroke. He prayed earnestly for grace to be enabled to say, "Thy will be done," and he rose from his knees comforted.

God was very gracious to him, and his wife recovered. It was with a deep and humbling sense of joy that they partook of the sacrament together, the first Sunday when Margaret was pronounced sufficiently recovered to attend church.

John's memory passed on through long peaceful years, his wife growing day by day dearer to him, and he saw in her slowly silvering hair more beauty than when each stray sunbeam called out a golden gleam.

There was a time when their eldest-born, their joy and pride, had caused them trouble. The quiet western village was too quiet for him, and his father's daily toil on the sea too slow. He wanted to see large cities and other lands. He left his parents and his cottage home, and sailed far away. The mother and father waited and prayed, and not in vain. Long afterwards they received a letter from a foreign country, telling them of their son's death, of how he wished he could have seen them once again, just to say "good-bye." But that could not be. He died far away from home and kindred, but happy in the knowledge that his sins were forgiven him for Christ's sake. The page in the old well-worn Bible that recorded the births, marriages, and deaths of the family was well filled up. The ink was hardly dry in which, with a trembling hand, John had written down the date of his wife's death; one line was left, to record his own name by the side of Margaret's. As he thought over the events in his long life, the old man looked up and said reverently, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," and soon "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The stars grew faint and pale as the rosy flush of coming day broke in the east. By-and-by the light brightened into perfect day, and the anxious ones hurried to the cottage to tend and cheer the old man. No need to cheer him. God had called him to the rest prepared for him, and for him an everlasting day had dawned. As they laid him gently on his bed, someone said with a sob, "The dear old man and woman are together now; well, 'they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'"

L. S. P.

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