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THE  
**CHURCH MISCELLANY.**

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AUGUST, 1879.

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FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,  
KINGSTON, ONT.

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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.

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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.



## CHURCH MISCELLANY.

The Church suffers a loss in many ways through the removal of its Secretary, Mr. Fred. Osborne, from the city to Seaforth. At the last church meeting, when his resignation as Secretary was presented, the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

"That the Church has learned with sincere regret and sorrow the decision of our esteemed brother Frederick Osborne to leave the city, in accordance with which we are compelled to accept his resignation as Secretary of the Church, at the same time we wish to convey to him the cordial thanks of the Church for the efficient and often toilsome labours of love performed by him in the three years he has filled the office. We shall often be reminded of his quiet patience and ready willingness to work for our Master while with us."

"Pyramidology" is the craze which now afflicts many weak-minded Christians who are constantly seeking for something new under the sun. Piazzi Smith and Dr. Seiss are the high priests of this profession, and the pyramid of Gizeh is their altar. In a word this "miracle in stone" was built by divine inspiration, and is the ancient Bible teaching of things social, scientific, historic and profetic. Why its stoney lessons were sealed up for more than three thousand years, and just now interpreted for the first time does not appear. Akin to this is the appearance of the Wandering Jew through the ten lost tribes turning up in the shape of the British nation. Queen Victoria is of the seed of David, the United States represent the tribe of Manasseh, the Royal Standard has the emblem of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and the American seal shows the appearance of a pyramid, &c., Surely man hath "sought out many inventions," and how is it possible for Him who sitteth in the heavens, as he sees and hears all, to keep from laughing, if, indeed, he does not weep. Such deductions as are drawn from the Scriptures to support this theory are destructive of all true principles of Biblical interpretation.

Rev. C. West B. C. (1880) 1900 p. 5. 1880

Recently the Ladies' Association for Bible Mission Work in Kingston informed the City Missionary, whose salary they sometime since undertook to provide for, that owing to want of funds they would not be able to pay him for two months during the summer. This is very much to be regretted, not only on account of the many years of efficient service Mr. Jack has rendered, but also from the fact that he is constantly at work, whether paid or not. If any labourer is worthy of his hire then the City Missionary is, for he reaches a class and does a work that no pastor of any denomination can accomplish.

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The end of the Afghan War and the apparent speedy close of scenes of bloodshed in South Africa give occasion for thanksgiving to all Christian British subjects. Many a heart shuddered when Britannia unsheathed the sword and serious have been the sacrifices made, especially in South Africa. But will there not be more than an equal recompense for it all? If the snarls and growls between the Lion and the Bear over Asiatic territory shall be quited by a nature's scientific frontier boundary to India, and the Afghan tribes through English influence placed under a firm and progressive rule, the outlay of blood and treasure is not too much. If, too, the fell power of that African Chief, with the unpronounceable name, be broken, and his savage hords be released from the slavery of his tyranny and brought under the influence of civilization and Christianity the severe sracrifice made has not been too great. Shall not those who have given up their lives become in part saviours of succeeding generations. While we shrink from war we must remember that sometimes the sword is ordained of God to do his will.

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The sudden death of Bishop O'Brien, the highly esteemed head of this Roman Catholic Diocese, has given occasion for deep sorrow to Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. In the widest and best sense, was the late Bishop *Catholic*, and he spared no effort to promote harmony among all

classes and creeds. The influence and appreciation of such a life, brief as it was, was indicated by the presence of members and ministers of Protestant churches in the city joining the funeral cortege and attending the subsequent obsequies, while on the Sunday succeeding several pastors made allusion in their sermons to the sad event. We doubt if the death of any other individual in the community would give occasion for deeper general regret, or so bring all classes and creeds together to cast flowers into the new made grave.

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The London *Lancet* for June 14th contains a lengthy obituary notice of Dr. Tilbury Fox, who died on the 7th of that month. He was a distinguished physician, widely known and highly honoured among his professional brethren. In certain departments of his profession his reputation has become world wide. Dr. Tilbury Fox left a written request that it should be reported of him in any obituary notice which might appear in the *Lancet*: "I die a Christian in the now, I fear, much despised sense of that term a simple believer in Jesus Christ, as a personal living and loving Saviour, without any righteousness of my own, but perfect and secure in His; and that I know in whome I have believed; and am persuaded He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day." This simple confession of faith, coming from such a man, has created a profound impression, especially with many members of the medical profession as shown by leading editorials and communications.

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Among the preparations for the coming of Christ and the dissemination of his gospel was the "casting up of a highway to our God," by the building of the Roman roads. Barbarism and Paganism can do without roads, not so Civilization and Evangelization. Just now a very significant fact in relation to missions is the projected railroads and water ways. It is proposed to let light into the "dark

continent" by a railway running from Zanzibar to the Kingdom of Mtesa, and by another from Algiers to Sudan. Another of equal significance is that proposed from the northern point of the Mediterranean through Mesopotamia to the Tigris and the Euphrates, giving a through overland highway from Europe to the heart of Asia. Again through our own continent it is proposed to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Surely the time spedes on when "knowledge shall run to and fro throughout all the earth."

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Few are the days that pass without one or more excursion party leaving our docks, and thousands are tempted weekly to a pleasant sail on the lake, the river, or up the "raging canal"; while almost all churches, save our own, have had their excursions. For our part we know no point in the Dominion offering so great facilities for so delightful and varied excursions to those in quest of health or pleasure as does the city of Kingston. The delights of the Bay of Quinte, translation to a foreign country *via* Cape Vincent, the river panorama to Gananoque, the combined enjoyments of the Island Park, and the intermediate islands now populated with their nomadic tribes, are daily accessible to the happy inhabitands of this highly favoured city. The wonder is that we are so selfish and unchristian as not to let these facilities be known to less favoured folks. We feel sure that if a large summer hotel or many inviting cottages were erected here in this, the healthiest city in Canada, and its facilities for enjoyment were fully made known, it would annually be visited by multitudes seeking their summer resort. Certain it is that our steamboat proprietors do not neglect their part in making these points of interest available to all classes.

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The following are the statistics of the church for July: Baptisms, 6; Weekly Offerings, \$207.70; Open Collection, \$22.06.



Bread for All! or, How John Lawton went for  
his Share and forgot to take it.

CHAPTER I.

**I**N one of England's most important seaport towns the following conversation might have been heard one Saturday, between John Lawton and Boon Bill, as he was called on the quay. They were shouldering their tool bags, and sauntering along with a



sort of done-work look about them that would have been pleasant to see, had these men been any other than John Lawton, the scoffer, and Boon Bill, who carried his character in his name.

"I say, Jack," said Boon Bill, suddenly, at the same time taking his pipe from his mouth. "I say, there's bread to be given away at the church to-morrow."

"Eh!" and Jack gave a short, sharp whistle, which might equally express surprise or pleasure; in his case, perhaps both. "Bread to be given away! Sure, then, your humble servant, Jack Lawton, is the man for that, with his sick wife and six bairns at home, all as hungry as the squire's hounds."

Boon Bill gave him a quick nudge with his elbow. "Tut, man, whose fault is that? You can't go for to say it's your wages' fault; they're not bad. The fault is, where the wages go to!"

But Jack's head was too full of the news he heard to notice his companion's speech; he merely said: "It's free bread, of course, Bill?"

"Quite free as far as money goes; but the parson's ticketed it with one condition."

"What is that?" eagerly asked Lawton; adding, with one of his grumbles: "It's a shame to tack conditions on a poor working man's bread."

"Stop a bit, my lad; wait till you've got the bread before you talk like that," said Bill, good-temperedly. "You mustn't go asking for it with your grumbles upon you—that much I know."

"Let's hear the conditions then; p'raps they're no such grumbling matter after all."

"No; you shall guess; now then—"

Jack would have grumbled at this delay, but he was too anxious to know to stop to grumble, and also knew Boon Bill too well to expect him to tell, until he had had out his bit of teasing; so he guessed. "Must be hungry, I s'pose?"

“ Right, man.”

“ Must be poor ?”

“ Right again, lad.”

“ Must ask for it ?”

Boon Bill laughed aloud, and then said : “ Well, I expect you must. My mother used to tell us little ones that they which don't ask don't want.”

“ Eh ! but my father 'd say, them as does ask shan't have,” laughed back John Lawton.

But Bill, contrary to his usual readiness for fun, looked and said seriously : “ Nay now, I won't hear of that—that's not our parson's way ; though I'm no church-goer, I know that he's not the sort of fellow to offer what he don't mean : bread with him means bread.”

“ And I suppose that means, when he makes conditions he means conditions ?”

“ And I suppose too, Jack, that's what it means to all honest folks.”

“ Well, but why don't you tell the conditions, and let's see if they're anything in my way ?”

“ It's one only ; and that is, you must go to all the service—not merely pop your head in to show yourself, when the sermon is just shutting up, for the sake of the loaf.”

John Lawton gave a comical laugh to suit his wry face, as he said : “ Eh, lad, but that's not in my way at all. Jack Lawton must be driven pretty hard before he'd go to church for the sake of a loaf of bread. Besides, I think it's a dirty trick to go there for your mouth, when you won't go there for your soul.”

When Jack had uttered these last words a close observer might have seen that a ruddier colour than usual lay on his rubicund cheeks ; the word “ soul ” had stung him, and the sting had been self-inflicted.

The men parted at an angle in the lane, and as John went one way and Bill another, the latter called after him, “ When you get your loaf, don't forget a slice for Boon Bill !”

"Yes, *when*." But the merry tone in which this was spoken found no echo in Lawton's heart; for he was thinking of the bread—and yet not so much of it as the condition on which it was to be obtained; when the thought suddenly occurred to him: "Is it true, or only a bit of Boon Bill's nonsense?" But on reaching home his doubt on this point was answered by his eldest child, who met him with the exclamation:

"Father, have you heard? There's bread to be given away at our church?"

"Yes, my lassie, that I have; and you may go and get one for us, if you like; for an extra loaf is no bad thing when a man has a long brood of chickens to go a-pecking at it."

The child's countenance fell, as she whined out: "Nobody may go but you. The parson gaved out that him as wants the bread must go and fetch it his own self."

She was afraid to say more, lest her father should fly into a passion when church-going was mentioned; but he added, with a wink: "Oh, I don't mind fetching it when church is over, not a bit do I."

"That won't do, father. It's more than going for it the parson wants. You must bide out the whole service, afore you may as much as stretch a finger even towards it."

John Lawton evaded a reply by saying: "P'raps there's poorer folk than I be, and 'twould be shabby to get the bread over their heads."

"Oh! but father, there's bread for all who come. The baker is our Sam, and he told us he was to work up more 'n a hundred-weight of dough for to-morrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Sunday morning came, John's children wondered why their father was so much later than usual coming in to breakfast; but when he did come their wonder increased tenfold. Instead of slouching in with be-piped mouth and a fishing-rod in his hand, he entered briskly, spruced up in his best clothes, and rubbing his hat round and round with his cuffs to restore its gloss, if possible.

"Why, fa-ther !" burst from each of them all at once ; when, in reply to their surprise, he carelessly said :

"I'm off for a bit of a walk after breakfast." And so he was ; and that bit of a walk was to his long-neglected church ; the bread was the attraction. But I must do John Lawton justice by saying that, although he privately hoped he might get a loaf, he did not so much go for that, as to indulge his curiosity, and see who of his neighbours that were not regular attendants would be what he called mean enough to go for the sake of what they could get.

John reached the church just as the doors were opening, but not liking to be the first to enter (which would look greedy), he loitered about until the usually empty pews were nearly filled with bread-seekers ; then he secreted himself behind a pillar, whence he could better see than be seen.

"There goes Betsy Ward ; I'm sure she ain't one of your hungry sort," he said to himself, as a tall, robust woman walked up the aisle. "And there's Bob Symes ; catch him staying away when there's any giving going on."

Thus some mental comment was made by John on each new-comer, until, just as the clergyman entered the reading-desk, a little chirrupy-looking man entered, and whisked towards the top of the church, turning his head first to one side, then to the other, as if expecting thanks for the favour his appearance there conferred on the congregation.

"What on earth do *you* do here?" said John, almost aloud.

The question seemed to rebound and echo back to him : "And *what* do *you* do here?"

John fidgeted uneasily, but did not answer—we shall hear by-and-by what he did in church that day.

The prayers were over, the hymn before the sermon was sung, and God's blessing on the words about to be spoken reverently asked ; when, after the subdued buzz of settling down to listen had subsided, the clergyman, with a loud, clear voice, gave out his text from John vi. 35 :

"I am the Bread of Life."

Then turning to each wing of the church, he repeated it softly, yet distinctly: "Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life."

John Lawton's attention was at once riveted. He had not wished to be seen, but by degrees, as the words of solemn and loving truth flowed from the preacher's lips, John's head peeped more and more from behind the pillar, until at last, forgetting who should see him or who should not, he stood right up, and leaning forward, folded his arms in an attitude of close attention. The clergyman could not avoid occasionally meeting the keen black eyes so earnestly fixed on him—he should know them again anywhere—and he could not but hope that this listener was a hungry soul, waiting to be fed with the true Bread that came down from heaven;<sup>1</sup> and this hope increased his desire to proclaim to all such listeners, that there was bread enough and to spare in their heavenly Father's house;<sup>2</sup> none need perish with hunger; and that he stood there that day to bid all kindly welcome in the name of their dear Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Then, at the close of the sermon, ere pronouncing the benediction, he made a solemn pause, and said:

"One word more, my friends, about this true Bread, this Bread of Life. Remember, you are here to-day each one to seek it for *himself*; none can take it for another. It is a matter between God and your own souls:<sup>3</sup> it is a matter between life and death."

When the congregation began to disperse, the bread-seekers waited behind, but John Lawton was not amongst them; and when asked by a neighbour, who had seen him at the church, if he had received some bread, he started, and said: "No; I forgot all about it!"

But *what* made him so forgetful he did not tell for some time yet.

<sup>1</sup> John vi. 32.

<sup>2</sup> Luke xv. 17.

<sup>3</sup> Psa. xlix. 7, 8.

## “Help in Time of Need.”



RS. BUCKLEY was a widow, and a tried one. She was poor, ill, destitute, and alone. Had not fraud and injustice prevailed among those to whom her pecuniary interests were entrusted at the time of her husband's death she would have been in good circumstances, seeing that the property left by Mr. Buckley was amply sufficient to maintain herself, and to educate her three children for suitable positions in life. But the same old story of wrong and fraudulent appropriation held good in this case, as in many others, with the necessary consequence that she and her little ones had to face a cold world moneyless, homeless, and friendless.

Do you ask why the law was not put in motion to restore to the widow and fatherless their rights? Because there are different ways in which fraud can be carried out, and in many of these ways men can sin without being touched by Acts of Parliament. A man may cheat his neighbour and never become amenable to the law of the land, provided he only does it cleverly; and the man who defrauded Mrs. Buckley was cleverer than the law of his country. Consequently, beyond the few pounds available at the time of her husband's decease, she had absolutely nothing to depend on, except the labour of her hands. Still, the dishonest one was answerable to God's law, the requirements of which he had broken, and that most foully, while He who proclaims Himself the "Judge of the widow and the Father of the fatherless" looked on with just indignation. Mrs. Buckley's oppressor might well tremble as he thought of that great day "for which all other days were made."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Buckley, sick, poor, and oppressed, was striving to hide her sorrow in the seclusion of a fifth-rate London lodging. One poor bedroom and a tiny parlour had to suffice for all the wants of herself and little ones, while so utterly broken down was she that even

the landlady looked upon her and her modest purse with pity. Daily it grew more difficult to keep the wolf from the door; daily it became a harder task to satisfy the cravings of the little ones; and finally, when the widow had paid the last pound for rent, leaving only a few shillings unchanged, she lay down on the little sofa to ease her aching head, and, clasping her hands, poured out strong cries and tears to her Father in heaven. And as she spoke faith was imparted to her; a holy confidence entered her soul, so that she could tell the widow's God all her troubles, and roll her burden upon Him.

"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Those words were sent to her heart with tenfold power as she prayed, and so perfect was her confidence in them that she calmly awaited the blessing which the prayer-answering God would send. Within an hour the landlady announced a visitor, unknown to her even by name. Sitting up, and putting on as composed an appearance as she could, she drew the little boy towards her to still his noisy chatter, and received her visitor.

"I am a stranger, madam, and on that account have hesitated before this house once or twice, wishing to call, yet fearing to intrude. You are but recently come into my parish, I find."

"Only a month since. Indeed, I am a stranger to London. I came from a happy country home, rendered desolate and poor by my husband's death and the fraud of a trustee. I came here, hoping to secure some position as matron or housekeeper, whereby I could support myself and little ones. But trouble and bereavement have laid me so low that I have been invalided nearly all the time I have been occupying these apartments."

"I was informed of it, Mrs. Buckley, before I called. These facts made me anxious to see you, and to render assistance, if I could."

"You know it, sir? I was not aware that anybody knew of my destitute circumstances, I have kept them so much to

myself.” As Mrs. Buckley spoke, the flush of honest shame mounted to her face. With the true instinct of a lady, she could not endure the thought of her affairs being laid open to the eyes of the world, even in pity.

“I have been aware of that, dear madam. But you must allow me to remind you that people with whom we have to do understand sometimes that we are suffering, when not a word is spoken on the subject. I would not dwell on this, however, were it not to offer you help. I am the bearer of help to you, if you will accept it.”

“Help, sir!” and the widow burst into tears. “Help, sir! Who can have sent it? You must be mistaken.”

“God, madam. A certain lady, who seeks to do His will, and to devote her vast wealth to His honour and glory, seeks to lessen the sum of human misery in this great world of London by making some of us, who are face to face with want every day, her almoners. I have the honour to be one, so I have come to offer you help from her purse.”

“May I ask the name of this lady? Is it forbidden me to know? I should like to express my gratitude.”

“You will easily recognize her if I but mention her name.” And the clergyman gave the name of a lady honoured beyond common honour, who has for many years devoted herself and her fortune to the service of humanity. “I am only her almoner, or rather one of many. I judge that you are sick, in need of medical care, comforts, and employment, perhaps. Do I speak rightly?”

“You do indeed, sir,” replied Mrs. Buckley. “Were it possible for me to find a post as housekeeper or matron, I would cheerfully labour hard to educate my little ones, and to keep a home for them.”

“But first you must get well. I will send you a medical man to minister to your sickness. Then, when restored to health and strength, I will see if some sphere of useful labour cannot be opened up to you. But, meanwhile, you must allow me to impart to you pecuniary relief. It is not my own money, but that of the lady to whom I referred



before." As he spoke, he placed a sum on the table sufficient to meet the widow's expenses for a week.

Grateful tears burst forth. "Oh, sir, I never expected this! I never dreamt of meeting with such friends. It seems as if I am in a dream, even now. Can it be possible that anybody is taking such interest in me, a poor, unknown widow?"

"It is the hand of God, Mrs. Buckley," returned the clergyman. "Is not God your Father, and has He not engaged to listen to the cry of His children? Doubtless, you have laid your troubles before Him?"

"Oh, yes, many times; and never more earnestly than I did just about an hour before you called. I seemed then most powerfully drawn out in prayer; and suddenly the promise came, 'Before they call, I will answer; and while they are speaking, I will hear.' I could not understand it then, but I do now. You were sent here in answer to prayer."

"I was, undoubtedly. And He who is the husband of the widow will never forsake you in the coming years. Cheer up, Mrs. Buckley; God will never be worse to you than His promise."

Mrs. Buckley did find the promise fulfilled. Her new friends ministered to her wants until she recovered health and strength, and when that was accomplished, they found her employment. Interest was made for her, and a post as matron of a large orphan asylum was obtained, whereby she could not only serve the Master, but provide an honest subsistence for her family, and both train and nurture them as well. She spent many happy years in her new position, years full of blessed work, and had the pleasure of seeing her three children grow up to honourable manhood and womanhood. She herself finally testified, in a cheerful old age, that "not one good thing had failed her, of all that the Lord her God had spoken concerning her."

## Waiting.

**Y**ES, dear, now I am waiting, waiting my Father's call,  
Listening oft for the sound of the chariot wheels, and the  
soft footfall  
Of the messenger sent to bid me arise, and go to my beautiful  
home  
Where the streets are of gold, and the gates are of pearl, and un-  
wearied I ever may roam.

I have tarried below in this valley of toil, beyond my youth's  
compeers and friends,  
Not one but has gone whence they never return to tell how life's  
journey may end :  
I have walked on life's roadway fourscore and four years, and my  
trust yet has never been shamed ;  
I have borne many burdens, and shed many tears, but my hope  
it has never been lamed.

It is nigh fifty years since my husband I laid in the grave, in the  
prime of his youth ;  
I was left with five boys, and another not born, yet I ever can  
speak to the truth  
Of my Father's kind promise a Husband to be to the widow bereft  
and forlorn,  
To care for her children, to nurture and bless, and guide from  
life's opening morn.

And now in the evening of life's busy day, with its fret and its  
turmoil all o'er,  
I sit in the gloaming, and joyfully think of the happiness God has  
in store  
For a sinner like me ; and I bless His dear name who has called  
me from darkness to light,  
And clothed me with righteousness—none of my own—and will  
soon turn my faith into sight.

I look back on the path He has led me through all the sunshine,  
the storm, and the rain ;  
The waves and the billows have not me o'erwhelmed, and I feel I  
could trust Him again.  
I fear not the valley, for Christ has been there, and traversed the  
pathway before,  
And I know He will lead me along a safe way to the not very far  
distant shore.

And as my day shortens no gloom hangs around ; the horizon is  
 burnished with gold,  
 And I sit in its light, and peacefully think of the story that never  
 grows old :  
 And I joy in His joy, and rest in His love, as one who is ran-  
 somed from sin,  
 And wait for His message to come up above, and enter most joy-  
 fully in.

H. D. I.

### Dropping down with the Tide.



THE evening was clear and calm. Weary alike of the confinement of an office and the solitude of my own chambers, I had strolled forth, and leaving the busy streets of a great city, directed my footsteps towards the wharves and docks, where lay the outward-bound or newly-arrived ships.

A fine East Indiaman, flying the blue peter, was slowly unmooring. "She will drop down with the tide," said a voice near me.

For a time my attention was engaged and mind fully entertained, and it was long ere, with lingering steps, I walked away.

Away ! not through the crowded streets, but, by a circuitous route, seeking an unfrequented retreat.

The sun was dipping into the west ; a rosy bank of cloud contrasted with the pale grey of the firmament : here and there a flame-flecked patch of vapour relieved the sombre hue overhead. It was a still and solemn hour ; the place was still ; earth and heaven seemed drawn together. And in my heart began a strange refrain befitting that quiet eventide. It was this :

"Dropping down with the tide ! Dropping down with the tide !"

I was but a youth of eighteen, in one sense alone in a great city ; for what solitude can compare with the sense of loneliness which comes upon the heart in the midst of a

crowd with whom we have little or nothing in common, and to whom we are but as a drop in the mighty ocean? I had come up to town to enter the office of a friend of my father. He was a man immersed in business, who invited me to a formal dinner at his house occasionally, but left me much to myself at other seasons. My parents were earnest and consistent Christians; I had been early led to the foot of the cross by my mother, and given my heart to Him who hung thereon. I had come amidst the snares and temptations of my new life encompassed and protected by many prayers. How was I fulfilling my early promise? I asked myself this evening under the solemn sky, and found I had but one answer to give—I was dropping down with the tide!

In the same office with me was a young man some years my senior. He was clever and agreeable, and at home where I was a stranger. I felt attracted to him, not only on account of his pleasant, off-hand manner, but because he had shown me some kindness—walking with me to my lodgings, leading me to objects of interest, and helping me to become acquainted with the town. Instinctively I felt my religious opinions would have been a subject of ridicule to him, and shrunk from meeting a certain smile which I had more than once seen on his handsome face. At the same time, I must say I saw nothing in his manner or conduct to shock my moral sensibilities, and I had no reason then or at any other time to think him guilty of open wickedness or profanity. Perhaps his society was all the more dangerous to a youth trained as I had been.

I had come to the city with one firm resolve at heart—to walk with God. There was a testimony in my very silence in worldly company, and in my refraining from a share in what was dishonouring to my Master and inconsistent with His service, which was of course disagreeable to those around me. I was conscious of this, though painfully conscious also how much this mute confession cost me, and how little it seemed to win in return. Then came a season when the light of this testimony burned more

fitfully, and only, as it were, at proper seasons. My religion then was a Sunday thing, a dress which I could put on and off at pleasure; and my newly-found friend in the office, whom I shall name Edward Grainger, fell in with it to a certain extent. There was an advance on either side, an unholy compromise, and comparative satisfaction. Have you ever seen a rushlight placed where its dim and feeble ray could not arouse the sleeper or disturb his pleasant dreams? Fainter and fainter the poor light grew, dimmer and dimmer, until at length it lost all power, and apparently became totally extinguished.

The principal of the office I had entered had a son who was preparing for the ministry; an elder brother was allied with his father in the business. I had met the younger son, whom I shall name Horace, on one or two occasions, not so much at his own house, for he was often absent when I was invited there, but when he visited our place of business. I thought his manner pleasing, but though a certain grave kindness told favourably, I was not in a state of mind to return confidence. Therefore, it may be, I rather repelled than invited it, and our acquaintance was slight.

Shall I confess it? I sunk lower and lower. I outstripped my friend Edward Grainger in wrong, until at last I threw off every semblance of piety, and was only known as a fast young man of the town.

I had backslidden; but I was a Christian. I use the word advisedly before God.

Was I happy? Surrounded by much that could charm the senses, without what the world calls sorrow, sometimes intoxicated with enjoyment, my heart was not satisfied and at rest. There came waking moments when all my late life seemed like the mad whirl of a dream. Yet I never tried to get back to the old position. I had lost more than assurance—I had lost hope. I had denied the Lord who bought me, and chosen my portion in this life. I might as well take all the world had to give.

My experience cannot add an iota to the truth of God's

Word. I can only say I learned experimentally that "it is an evil thing and bitter to depart from the living God."

To return to the evening from which I have dated my narrative. I had that evening been brought to a stand-still, and face to face with myself by a letter from my mother blotted with her tears.

She guessed my late life and state of soul, and in tender, faithful words wooed me back to Him who "receiveth sinners"—wooed me back to seek His pardoning grace. She wrote the fond entreaties on her knees, she said. Oh, how that thought went through me as a stab!

"Dropping down with the tide!" "Dropping down with the tide!"—the sad refrain rang through my brain like a dirge. I had indeed dropped down with the worldly current; and whither was it bearing me?

That night I had a singular dream. I thought I had to make my way through a narrow channel, wading up to the ankles in water. At first it was easy to get on; the water was warm and pleasant and I consciously progressing. Gradually it rose to my knees, and began to get rougher, so that I found it less agreeable, until at length it became difficult to keep a footing. Billow after billow in more than mimic play burst around and threatened to bear me away. Then I said, "I cannot get on thus; I shall float with the stream;" so gently I laid down upon the crest of a strong wave. Instantly I was carried along with a steady motion, which increased in rapidity, but never disturbed my repose. Now and then there came across my mind the uneasy inquiry, "Whither is the water bearing me?" It might be onward and downward, to be lost in the mighty ocean. Still, compared with what I had suffered in the narrow channel, this lulling notion was delightful; and were it not that the question "Whither?" kept recurring, I should have been at ease. Suddenly it seemed borne in upon my mind with increased force as for the last time. I grasped at something which stood up out of the water as a guide-post or barrier. I missed it, and awoke.

The following day nothing went well with me. I felt listless and dispirited, and it was by no common effort I was able to fulfil my daily task.

It was near the time of our leaving the office when Horace T—— entered. He looked steadily at me for a moment, but only made some trivial remark, until we were about to depart; then he signified his intention of walking homewards with me.

I was ill at ease, and fain would have been without his company. We went onward almost in silence, until at last he said, in a grave and quiet, but very kind tone,

“I feel impelled to ask whether you have lost anything?”

I glanced upward quickly, and then the meaning of the inquiry flashed upon me. Half angry, half ashamed, I bent my head in silence.

“I would not needlessly offend you,” he went on, with growing earnestness. “I have no desire but for your good. I am a young man like yourself, to whom you may speak freely.”

We had turned into a quiet street. I just noticed this as the words went from me with a bitter complaint,

“I have dropped down with the tide. I have lost everything!”

“Thank God for that confession!” he rejoined; “the self-judged hopeless cases are often the most hopeful. Now to set about the recovery of what you have lost.”

“It is gone beyond recall,” I said, despairingly. “I have lost more than self-esteem; even peace of mind and hope for eternity.”

“Was that hope well-founded?” he asked, anxiously.

“I believe so; it was built on a work entirely outside of myself.”

“On Christ’s work only?”

“On Christ’s work only.”

“Then it is not gone beyond recall. Have you applied to Him for restoration?”

I did not answer.

“Confession is more than mere asking for pardon,” he resumed, not heeding my reserve; “it is self-judgment. When the disciples found themselves in trying circumstances, they ‘went and told Jesus.’ It is what we all must do: our highest wisdom: our sure relief. Let me affectionately commend it to you. Go tell Him what you have told to me.”

With a silent pressure of the hand we parted.

That night I wrote to my mother. I knew what kind of tears she would shed over the closely-written pages that traced my backward path, yet told of final restoration.

I arose next morning with a lighter heart. Deeply humbled, sadly conscious of past failure, and feeling the necessity for constant watchfulness and prayer, yet the heavy load which so long lay at my heart removed, and the smile of a reconciled Father flooding it with joy and thankfulness.

I was yet seated at my early breakfast when tidings reached me of a terrible railway accident which had occurred on the previous night, and immediately afterwards I received a message from one of the sufferers therefrom, requesting my attendance at the — Hospital.

I asked the name of the injured man. As a hammer-stroke upon my heart came the familiar name—Edward Grainger.

I hurried out, calling at the office to account for my absence for an hour or so, then, hailing a cab, drove at once to the hospital.

I cannot tell with what feelings I ascended the broad staircase and passed into the long ward where lay my once gay friend—lay a wounded and broken thing, life all but crushed out of him. Lay in bodily agony, yet one terrible anxiety rising up and even overmastering pain—the dread of an unknown future, the desire, as far as I was concerned, to make some reparation for the wrong he had done.

I was warned to avoid disturbing him in any way, as his



time on earth was brief enough, and excitement would surely shorten it. His eyes were closed. I bent over him.

"Grainger," I whispered; "my friend, did you wish to see me?"

The eyes slowly unclosed, and oh! the wistful, wistful look with which they met mine!

"Going," he murmured; "going, I don't know where. It is a *real* trouble. You might have helped me once, but now ——"

"I may, by God's blessing, help you now."

"Then I have not turned you back from God?" he inquired, almost wildly.

"You did," I replied, in a soothing tone; "but God did not turn away from me. He has in mercy brought me back to Himself."

An expression of relief—nay more, of satisfaction—passed over the haggard face.

"Oh!" he said, with a great sigh; "thank God! I thought I had dragged you down with me."

"The way by which I came to God is open to you," I rejoined, feeling moments were precious. "Jesus Christ is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

I repeated the text three times, slowly and distinctly, that he might take in its blessed meaning.

"Whosoever?" he exclaimed, with thrilling utterance.

"Can there be mercy for me?"

"For any one; for the vilest on earth. Christ is 'able to save to the uttermost.'"

He closed his eyes again, and lay evidently thinking.

"He gave His *Son*. God *gave*. Oh my God, my God!"

"Say 'My Saviour,' dearest Grainger. Say 'The Lord Jesus loved me and gave Himself for me.' God gave His Son that men might believe in Him and live. Believe now;

trust in Him now ; rely only on what He has done, and you are safe and happy for time and for eternity."

Then from the quivering lips broke forth the trembling response, "Lord, I will trust Thee ; Lord, help my unbelief!"

I saw dear Grainger but once again. The dews of death lay on his brow, but on it, too, was the seal of Divine peace.

"Going," he said ; "going, I know where. To Him who gave His Son ; to Him who came."

"Is He near?"

"So near ; holding my poor wounded hand with the hand pierced for me. I shall soon be well."

In an hour more he was well ; sin and suffering for ever past.

It is a story of grace ; deep, rich grace. How little I merited the mercy that had come to me ! And yet the Lord used me in His most blessed service ; directly humbled and proved, I was brought back to my proper position at His feet.

Reader, unbeliever, or it may be unfaithful servant, art thou as I once was, dropping down with the tide ?

E. E. H.

## The Cruel Master.



THE following interesting anecdote was related to me the other day :

When I was a young man I frequently went to the Bellevue Gardens, Liverpool, and on hearing that a very magnificent African lion had just been sent over and added to the menagerie, I determined at once to go and see it. On coming to the cage, what was my astonishment to see a little dog comfortably lying down by the side of the great lion that was so remarkably fierce and savage ! How did the poor little dog get into the cage, and make friends with the wild beast ? I will tell you.

In these gardens often on Saturday afternoons crowds of

low men congregated for the purpose of racing their dogs. This little dog having lost the race, his brutal master flew into a rage and tried to kick him with his heavy boot, but missing, seized a thick stick and beat the poor creature cruelly, then took it up crushed and bleeding, and thrust it between the bars of the lion's cage. The little dog dragged himself up to the lion, who began to lick his wounds and fondle and comfort him. It was a valuable dog. The master's rage began to cool, and he tried to coax the dog back again, but in vain; he got some nice biscuit and tried to tempt it out, but in vain; he cursed and swore at it, but it heeded not.

Presently the keeper came along the house, examining if all was safe, and the man appealed to him to fetch his dog out. But the keeper inquired how it got there, and finding what the cruel master had done, turned and said, "You may bring him out; I shall not. You may go in if you like. Here is the key."

He dare not. No, he was afraid to unlock the iron door. Cowardice is the brother of cruelty. Baffled, and having lost his dog, with a curse on his heart and an oath on his lips, the man turned on his heel and went away.

Now, dear reader, let me use this true story as an illustration of spiritual things.

Satan is a tyrant, a cruel master. "The way of transgressors is hard."

"The wages of sin is death." The servants of the wicked one are driven fast by him—he gives them no time to think. He goads them on from one transaction to another, and then when they are wearied and disappointed, and they are ready to reflect, and reflection may lead to regret, and regret may deepen into repentance, then he comes upon them with fierce assaults. Have you tried to stop and consider where you are going? and how you are sowing? Has not the great adversary then made a fiery attack upon your soul? Either he arrays specious difficulties and infidel objections before your mind, and introducing

doubts of the existence of a hell, disbelief in God's Word and revelation into your soul, tries to deaden your conscience altogether; or he comes as the accuser, and brings up against you your sins in fearful order and condemning multitude, and seeks to drive you to despair. He tells you it is too late now for mercy—you have sinned too deeply now to be saved! Are you crushed and bruised within, baffled and weary in spirit? Do you say, "It is no use trying to be better; I may as well drown my desires of peace and quench my hopes of holiness?"

No, no, my friend! There is a Protector for the poor sinner. Come humbly to the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Only trust Him. Go to Him, close, yes, quite close up to His side. He will not thrust you away. He will not tell you that you come too near.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

And there you are safe, but only there. The cruel master wants to get hold of you again. He will try to lure you from the Saviour's side by gentle but deceitful promises, by the flatteries of worldly companions. Or he will hold out some glittering and attractive offer, earthly prize in fame or fortune. Or he will rage against you. But he cannot harm you, he dare not touch you while you lean upon the Lion of the tribe of Judah! He is not afraid of you; but he is in dread of the power and majesty of your succouring, sympathising Saviour. Oh! cling close to Jesus.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Jesus, who hath bought you with His precious blood out of the hand of the cruel master, will be your living defence. "Abide in Him." "He will preserve you from all evil."

## The Cripple's Cure.



YEARS ago a little boy was born to loving parents, whose position, though not one of deep poverty, was yet one of limited means. The father was not strong, to all appearance, and the mother was hardly equal to the hard and constant work she had to do. When the infant was born, it soon showed signs of weakness. But it lived. As it grew, its weakness became more evident. Months passed by, month after month, and a little sister was born. But the boy did not walk before the girl came. The girl grew and walked; another girl was born, and grew and walked; but still the first child showed no signs of walking. The anxious looks of the mother as she spoke of him said plainly that the fears which had been gathering for four years now were becoming confirmed. Each month was making the conviction surer and sadder in her breast that her boy, her first and only boy, was a cripple from his birth, and likely to be a cripple to his death.

Three years later that conviction was quite settled. He was seven years old, and the hope of his walking had passed quite away. Had you gone into the home during the spring of that year, you would have seen four children playing with their toys and running merrily about. But in their midst you would have seen the cripple boy sitting on the floor. His large, old-looking face; his full, but stunted body; his legs, which looked as though they had stopped growing at the knees, except that ill-formed feet were visible, and which were huddled up under his body, or straggling in the wrong direction; and his silence—these would all have won pity from your heart. If you are a tender father, or a gentle mother, they would have made your heart ache. You would have said sadly, "Poor child! ah, poor child; he'll never walk, and never be able to do anything." So said many who pitied him.

But amongst those who pitied him was a lady who had pitied many like him. Having heard of him through a

friend of hers, she sought out a knowledge of his parents, and obtained from them the exact and full account of their little sufferer. A few days after getting this information, she began to let the parents know that she had questioned them with an object, which, indeed, was an object they had little thought of. Then she took a book to them. It was the report of a London hospital, founded for the healing of cripples. She proposed that their little boy should go there, and she left them to think it over. But there was the expense. He might be kept for a year at least, if he went, and there would be a weekly fee to pay, which was much greater than they could afford. While they thought whether they would consent to his going, they said to themselves that they would make any sacrifice in their power for him, in the hope of his being cured.

Presently the lady returned again. "Do you consent," she asked, "to your child going?" She looked towards them with the light of kindness in her eyes. She saw that there was something which kept them from replying to her question, and easily guessed what it was. "If you will consent to his going, and if he will consent to go, I will make all provision for him, and you shall not be burdened with expense," she said. The parents thankfully agreed, and the child's face flushed with hope, when a chance was put before him of being able to do as other children do, and to walk and work when he should become a man. All was well arranged, and in a few days the little cripple was carried into the London hospital for a year's residence.

When the surgeons examined his legs and feet, they soon agreed that he could be cured. He was put under chloroform, and an operation was performed which removed one of the impediments to his walking. Other means also were employed. His legs began to straighten, and his feet to get their proper shape. Healing progressed gradually and effectually. The year passed, and at its end the little fellow's face looked younger than at its beginning. His heart, too, was lighter and his hopes were fresher ; for he had feet and

legs which were of service, and was likely soon to be completely cured. He *was* cured at length. He went to school. He grew to be a man. And his whole life was changed by the healing of his crippled limbs through the kindness of a Christian woman and the skill of able surgeons.

The facts about the cripple's cure have lessons in them. They are worth being turned into illustrations of another healing.

How many men and women have been cripples from their birth; not this time in body, but in character. They have inherited dispositions which have been their crippling, or their training has been their crippling. Many men and women say to-day that their dispositions and characters were born in and with them. They regard themselves as incurable.

Yet these are not the only cripples in character. All are cripples in character who live to sin. In sin, in the folly of serving ourselves instead of Jesus Christ, in the folly of setting the world's inducements above the claims of the world's King—in sin we are all crippled for the highest and purest walk, the walk on the pathways of Christ, the walk to the perfections of heaven.

But we are not incurable. Neither are those incurable who have inherited terrible and destructive vices. There is a kindness and there is a skill that heal and that are ready to heal.

Jesus Christ our Lord pities us. He came to the world which He had made; came with provision for the healing of its diseases and woes; of the diseases of sin, of the woes which come by sin. Do you doubt His compassion? Then He died for you. "He died for all." "He died for the sins of the world." He came to the world because of our sins, as the generous woman went to the cripple's home because of the boy's deformity. That is the proof of His love. That coming, that death, are to convince you that His heart is the heart of love, His eye the eye of pity, His hand the

hand of help. And His love, His pity, His help are for needy sinners. Our wickedness did not prevent Him from revealing His love. And when we return to Him our sins do not prevent Him from exercising His love.

Exercising it? Yes, in forgiveness; in the gift of power by His mysterious Spirit to our soul; in sustained friendship and help to enable us to live after His image; in bringing us before the throne of His Father with exceeding joy. His is the power and His the skill that heal the crippled heart and deformed character. If we will but let Him provide for us, consent to His way and to His provision, He will provide to meet our sins with deliverance and our sorrows with sanctifying. "Call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind," is the motto He gave for those who would follow Him. It is also the way He Himself acts. The glad tidings that God has sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world—the Son whose name was called Jesus because He should save the people from their sins—are for all, for you. He has saved those who were crippled by greed, worldliness, folly, vice; He has made provision for saving you. Refuse it not by unbelief, but accept it by faith.

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## A Child's Inquiries.

TELL me, dearest mother, pray,  
Why my prayers I ought to say?  
Tell me why each morn and night,  
Kneeling, I must say them right?  
No one hears me, no one sees  
When I'm praying on my knees!

You tell me oft to God to pray;  
But how can He hear all I say?  
I cannot see Him; where is He?  
He cannot in this building be,  
For yesterday with all my heart  
I searched it o'er, in every part.



What is God like? Say, mother dear,  
 Have you e'er seen Him—very near?  
 Is He like any one of us?  
 Or is He far more glorious?  
 I long to see Him face to face,  
 I long to know His dwelling-place.

It must be in some castle old,  
 With lofty turrets, proud and cold;  
 Or in a palace rich and rare,  
 With costly things of all kinds there:  
 Or in a princely mansion strong,  
 'Mid those who never do what's wrong.

He must be very kind and good;  
 I'm sure I'd love Him if I could  
 But see His face, and hear His voice,  
 'Twould make my very heart rejoice:  
 D'you think I ever shall Him see?  
 And will He kindly look on me?

### Mamma's Reply.

I wish you, dear, to God to pray,  
 Both night and morning, every day:  
 At night, that He you safe may keep  
 When folded in the arms of sleep;  
 At morn, to keep you all the day  
 From doing wrong, and going astray.

God is a Spirit; and He can  
 See all that's done by sinful man,  
 Hear a' he says; however low,  
 Almighty God is sure to know;  
 He always hears you, always sees,  
 When you are praying on your knees.

You cannot see Him, that is true;  
 No mortal man His form may view;  
 He lives in heaven, that holy place  
 Where all will go who're saved by grace;  
 Yet in this building you may find  
 The God of heaven, who is so kind.

MAMMA'S REPLY.

No ruined castle, sumptuous hall ;  
No costly palace, tower tall  
Contains the Omnipotent, my love !  
He fills all space, around, above ;  
He's in the palace, in the cot ;  
There is no place where God is not.

'Twas He who formed this beauteous earth,  
And gave all things herein their birth ;  
He holds the waters in His hand,  
And measures out to sea and land  
Their height, and breadth, and depth, and length ;  
None can exceed His measurement.

'Tis He who hangs the stars on high,  
In the rich blue and vaulted sky ;  
He the whole universe has made,  
Guide all its motions, gives it aid :  
The thunder's awful peals awake,  
That make man's heart with fear to quake.

Yet does He condescend, my dear,  
To dwell with us, yes, even here !  
Ofttimes I feel His presence nigh,  
When with my heart to Him I cry ;  
But who can tell, when sin He sees,  
How much the God of heaven grieves ?

If to Him earnestly you pray,  
To take your naughty heart away ;  
If for forgiveness you Him sue,  
Then He will kindly look on you ;  
Then inwardly you'll hear His voice ;  
'Twill make your heart and soul rejoice.

Oh think of Him, then, try to love  
Your Father God, whose home's above ;  
For if you love Him, He will call  
You to His home to share in all :  
Then *you shall see Him face to face,*  
Then *you shall know His dwelling-place.*

H. D. I.

## Margery.

“OF what are you thinking, sweet Margery fair?  
With your soft hazel eyes, and your pretty brown hair;  
Your cheeks like two rosebuds, and lips cherry bright,  
And your smile like the sunshine in which all delight?”

“I am thinking of Willie, my husband in heart,  
So soon to be here, never from me to part;  
Of the cot on the hillside, our home that will be,  
And of Willie's great love for his fair home and me.

“I am thinking how sacred the duties of wife,  
How earnest and solemn the pathway of life;  
Yet how full of joy all its windings may be,  
If God's peace possesseth both Willie and me.

“I am thinking temptations will ever lurk near,  
The black cloud of temper may sometimes appear;  
Dark care, too, may harass, and trial press down,  
But we've faith in each other, as polestar and crown.”

“And the strength that we need for life's battle and strife  
Must be drawn from the source of the true Christian's life;  
From Jesus, our Surety, our Brother, and Friend,  
Who never will leave us, and ever defend.

“With Him in our home as Companion and Guide,  
We safely may venture our barque on the tide;  
No billows will swamp her, no headwinds drive back,  
But against wind and tide she will follow the track.

“So our cot on the hillside 'mid trials may be  
As a haven of peace in this world's troubled sea;  
Till life's soft evening shadows shall merge in full day,  
And at home with our Saviour we ever shall stay.”

H. D. L.

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