



ORSTORPHINE . . .
Parish Church . . .
Souvenir Almanac.



Without haste, and without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm and sunshine guide it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! let no thoughtless heed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind and conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy proper guide;
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

—Goethe.

Corstorphine Church.



The Collegiate Church of Corstorphine is of pre-Reformation date, and few parish churches have a more interesting ecclesiastical history. As far back as 1128, the manor of Corstorphine had a Chapel subordinate to the new Abbey of Holyrood House and the Kirk of St Cuthbert. The district remained a chaplaincy during the reign of Alexander II, after which it was disjoined from St Cuthbert's, and erected into a separate parish by the Archbishop of St Andrews. This Chapel served as the Parish

Church, and continued to do so even after the erection of the Collegiate Church which still exists. Of this original Chapel no visible trace now remains. It stood on the north side of the present building, on part of the ground now occupied by the North Transept. As the Chapel declined, another ecclesiastical establishment arose.

The creation of Collegiate Churches was a practical endeavour toward ecclesiastical reform and development in the Fifteenth Century. These Churches had no parishes attached to them, and were regulated very much as the Cathedrals. They arose with the purpose of counteracting the evils incidental to the monastic system, and were formed by grouping the clergy of neighbouring parishes into a College, or by consolidating independent chaplainries. They were presided over by a Dean or Provost, and the Prebendaries were generally the clergy holding adjacent curés. In Scotland, during more recent times, the term "collegiate" was applied to a church where two ministers (as at St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh) served the curé as colleagues, but in the Fifteenth Century the term had a different and a wider significance. Collegiate Churches were then an expression of the zeal and munificence that were displayed in the enlargement and decoration of buildings, when all classes vied with each other in the endowment of chaplainries for the maintenance of daily stated service, always including prayers and singing of masses for the souls of their founders, their relations, and benefactors. The Collegiate Churches were also an evidence from within the Church itself of the need for reform in the great Benedictine and Augustinian Abbeys that were then in the ascendant throughout the country. Scotland possessed forty-one Collegiate Churches, and it is to the bounty and piety of the Forrester family of Corstorphine Castle that the parish owes the existence of the Collegiate Church of St John the Baptist.

Sir Adam Forrester, a burghess and provost of Edinburgh,—a man of much wealth and leading in the reigns of David the Second, Robert the Second, and Robert the Third,—bought the manor of Corstorphine in 1376, and in 1380 he built a church in the churchyard close upon the South side of the Parish Church. This Church is now the Chancel of the present building. Three chaplainries were founded by Sir Adam in connection with this building, each of the chaplains receiving an annual salary of £24 Scots, while two additional chaplainries, the annual rents of which amounted to £28, 13s. 4d. Scots, were founded after his death by his widow, the Dame Margaret. In 1429, Sir John Forrester, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland under James the First, enlarged and completed this Church, and founded it as a Collegiate charge for a Provost, four Prebendaries and twelve singing boys. Sir Adam's charter, it is interesting to note, was confirmed after his death by King James I, who also granted to Sir John the privilege of nominating fit persons as chaplains to the Archbishop of St Andrews. His foundation of a College Kirk was completed by his son, a second Sir John.

This knight, who was of high repute as a man of war, did not hold the estate for many years. In 1444, he obtained from Pope Eugene the Fourth, a second Bull of Incorporation for his father's foundation of the Collegiate Church. This merged the Parish of Ratho in the College Kirk, to which it granted a larger establishment, with nine Prebends of Gogar, Addistoun, Hatton, Dalmahoy, Bonnington, Plat, Nortoun, Ratho Byres, and Ratho. The chaplains served at the altars dedicated to the Holy Trinity, St Anne, St Ninian, and St Cuthbert. Traces of these altars still remain in the Chancel, the Sacristy, and the South Transept. The Collegiate Church of Corstorphine had then a superiority over, and a right to draw tithes from, many lands in the neighbourhood for the upkeep and for the services of these altars in the Church. While it remained inviolate it was one of the best endowed ecclesiastical establishments in the country.

Belonging to the style of the Middle Pointed Period, the Church was built in the form of a Jerusalem cross. Amongst its many interesting features are the striking monuments to the members of the Forrester family. The westmost tomb in the chancel is usually called the Founder's Tomb, from the circumstance that Sir John Forrester founded the Collegiate Church. His effigy rests on the tomb, along with that most likely of his second wife, Marion Stewart, of the House of Dalswinton. Their arms are on the tomb, as are also those of Sir John's first wife, the Lady Jean Sinclair, daughter of Henry, Earl of Orkney. The eastmost tomb is that of the son of the foregoing, also Sir John, who died before 1454. It contains his figure in armour, with that of his wife, who, from the armorial bearings, seems to have belonged to the family of Wigner. There is another tomb in the South Transept which was for many years believed to have been erected to mark the grave of Bernard Stewart, Lord of Aubigné, who was a descendant of the Stewarts of Darnley. That this illustrious knight—whom Dunbar called "The Flower of Chivalry," and whom Sir John Beaumont, elder brother to the dramatist, refers to in his poem of "Bosworth Field"—

"The sun, whose rayes the heaun with beauty crowne
From his ascending to his going downe,
Saw not a brauer leader in that age."

—died in Corstorphine, at the house of Sir John Forrester, in June, 1508, there is no doubt. But in Baradus Stewart's—or Bernard Stewart's—last will and testament, along with an inventory of his effects taken at Corstorphine on the 8th June 1508, he specially directed that his body should be buried in the Church of the Black Friars, Edinburgh. Unfortunately, that church and the monastery to which it belonged were accidentally burned in 1528. But quite apart from other evidence, the armorial shields upon this tomb point to its being erected to the memory of Sir Alexander Forrester, Sir John's second son. The monument is surmounted by the figure of a knight in armour, with a dog at his feet—the dog, tradition has it, being symbolical of Sir Alexander's two pilgrimages to the shrine of St John de Amyce, in Picardy, in 1464 and 1466. Outside the Church, on the outer wall of the west end of the low-roofed building which forms the porch, is a sculptured stone which seems to have been taken from the tomb of Sir Adam Forrester. It bears an inscription in Latin which is almost indecipherable, the only words to be made out being "Hic jacet Adam Forstar," in Old English letters; while inside the building, on the East wall of the Chancel there is another very interesting memorial stone also bearing an inscription in Latin and Old English letters. It sets forth that:—"This Collegiate Church was begun in the year



of our Lord 1429, and in the same year Mr Nicol Bannatyne was Provost here, who, lying beneath, died in the year 1470. A commemoration of him and his successors in office will be celebrated on the 14th of June, annually, for which an annual rent of £10 is set apart, out of the lands of Kirk Cramond—Pray for their souls." Among his successors the most noted are Robert Cairncross, whom King James the Fifth made Lord High Treasurer, a Lord of Session, and Abbot of Holyrood and Fearn; James Scott, also a Lord of Session; and the last of the Provosts, Alexander M'Gill.

There are no relics of pre-Reformation times except the remains of the altars and the tombs of the Forresters. In former days, when the Collegiate establishment was in all its glory, the country immediately round about, and especially to the east, south, and west, lay quite in the condition of a wilderness. A dismal, unsafe morass spread itself in every direction, and the road to and from Edinburgh, which is now as good as any in the kingdom, was little better than a perpetual quagmire, winding its uncertain way through brakes and forests of shrubs. The repairing of such a road was not in accordance with the spirit of the age. It is exceedingly probable, too, that the profitable trade of the waylaying of passengers while toiling through the obscure paths hindered any signs of an improvement. In this state of things, the Church of Corstorphine was made to serve the purposes of a *light-house* to passengers. Its munificent patrons endowed a shrine at the East end of the edifice with a lamp which, it was ordained, should be kept burning from sunset to sunrise, for the double purpose of illuminating the altar of St John, and of acting as a safe guide to the unwary travellers along the dangerous road from the east, and to belated boats on the loch which filled the hollow between Corstorphine Hill and the lands of Gorgie and Saughton. The endowment consisted of an acre of very fine meadow land, lying on the bank of the Water of Leith, to the west of Coltbridge. At the Reformation, the Lamp Acre having been annexed to the Crown possessions along with the other property of the College Kirk, George, Lord Forrester got a grant of it from King James VI, and assigned it for an endowment to the Schoolmaster of Corstorphine, under the old condition of keeping up the beacon. For about two hundred years the kindly lamp of the Baptist was regularly lighted up at sundown in the Eastern gable of the venerable fabric. The draining of the loch and its adjoining marsh, and the making of a good modern road, put the beacon out of date, and it was given up. But the Lamp Acre remains, and its revenue, from having illuminated the shrine of St John, is now more serviceably directed to light up the lamp of education and useful knowledge.

The old ecclesiastical Hour Glass is another interesting memorial of a past age. The glass bears evidence of having been manufactured possibly in Florence, early in the Seventeenth Century. In its original condition it must have run from twenty-five to thirty minutes, but from a repair having been effected by a modern British hulk, very much smaller, the present run of the glass does not exceed fourteen and a half minutes. This glass was for a time lost, but was recovered through the instrumentality of the Rev. R. K. D. Horne. It was put in order in 1910 by Mr William Ranken, Edinburgh, and is now kept in the Sacristy.

Of Church plate, the Parish possesses silver chalices of early Eighteenth Century silversmith's work (these are figured by Dr Thomas Burns in his valuable book on Old Scottish Communion Plate); and also some good pewter of the same period.

After the Reformation the Collegiate establishment was dissolved, and in 1589 the Church of St John the Baptist was assigned for the use of the Parish. The old Parish Church, however, remained standing beside it for nearly sixty years longer. In 1616, the greater part of the Parish of Gogar, including the Church, but without the tiends, was united to Corstorphine. In 1646, the old Parish Church was taken down, and an addition

was built to the Collegiate Church. This addition consisted of a North Transept, along with a North Aisle, which blocked the West window of the Sacristy. In 1650 and 1651, the building suffered much damage through its being used for quartering Cromwell's English troops. They destroyed many of the Church properties and mutilated the monuments, as much out of revenge for the great efforts made against

them by Lord Forrester as for any religious zeal. In the Eighteenth Century, further needed room was found for the congregation by building a gallery in the North Transept. To this access was given by an outside stair. In 1828 the structure suffered great alteration and damage from the operations of the famous architect, William Burn, whose hand still lies heavy upon St Giles', St Monans, Dunfermline, and other ancient buildings. At that time the North Transept, together with the Seventeenth Century Aisle, and a part of the Nave, were taken down. A new North Transept was built, and a new additional Nave was erected on the North side of the old Nave. A doorway was knocked through the East wall of the Chancel, which necessitated the shortening of the large East window above it by raising the sill. At the same time the Chancel was converted into a lumber chamber and porch, by the process of building up the Chancel arch, from which an ugly stone stair gave access to a deep heavy gallery filling up the East ends of the Nave and North Aisle. The Sacristy was turned into a heating chamber and coal cellar. The Priest's Door on the South side of the Chancel was built up, and the entrance of the porch was changed from the West to the South. The walls were covered with stone-coloured plaster or stucco, and made a finely arched and groined stucco roof, with coats of arms and leaf work, thus hiding the old stone work. During these alterations many carved and moulded stones were carried away, and built in out-of-the-way places, notably to Juniper Green, where probably about fifty fragments, several containing the Forrester arms, were built into a wall on the road leading to Baberton House, but the wall has since been removed. At Hermiston House, also, of which Mr Burn was then tenant and to which he built an addition, several carved blocks removed from Corstorphine Church have been preserved, some of which contain the Forrester Arms. The Church remained in this state until 1905.

In Miss Margaret Warrender's interesting little volume entitled "Walks near Edinburgh," the following reference is made to Corstorphine Church. "When we enter the old Church where he [that is the 'Gentill Rowll,' one of the early Provosts of the Collegiate Church] officiated, we shall be sadly disappointed. The requirements of a Presbyterian place of worship have altered it so much from its original form, that we must shut our eyes, and throw our minds back into former days, before we can picture it, or even understand it at all. *What is now the porch was then the chancel!*" A footnote will be required in any future edition of "Walks near Edinburgh" to tell the readers that they need not now shut their eyes, as the old Church has been restored as far as possible to its original form. The "requirements of a Presbyterian place of worship"—whatever these may be, and the writer has never found a single human being who could tell him—were no obstacle to the work. Neither did the fear of "aping Episcopacy"—another like phrase, especially stupid on the lips of presumably sensible people—prevent the plan being successfully carried out. The work presented many difficulties, and for long it seemed an impossible task. Consent having been obtained, after considerable delay, from the Heritors, who generously granted a voluntary contribution, the scheme of restoration was begun in May 1904, and on Friday, the 9th day of June, being St Columba's Day, the restored Church was opened, when the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Archibald Scott, D.D., minister of St George's, Edinburgh. The first Sunday service was conducted



by the Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, D.D., of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, on the 11th June, being Whit-Sunday.

There are many noteworthy features in the Restoration. The roof of the Nave, North Aisle and Transept was covered with massive granolithic slates made to harmonise with the original stone slates on the Chancel, Sacristy, and South Transept. They measure about six feet by two feet and weigh about seven hundredweights each, and when weathered the difference between them and stone will entirely disappear. It was only after careful consultation with the Architect—the late Mr George Henderson who was also responsible for the restoration of St Giles' Cathedral, and the Parish Church of Haddington, "the Lamp of Lothian"—that granolithic slates were used. Granolithic is not an imitation of stone. The question of cost did not enter into the matter. It was a question of weight, whether the walls, being so near the graves in the Churchyard, would bear the great strain of a stone roof throughout. The main entrance is again at the West End of the Tower. The Chancel is once more devoted to its proper use, and the Priest's Door has been reopened on the South wall. The Sacristy, which is now floored at the level of the Chancel, forms the Vestry. The North Aisle is separated from the Nave by an arcade of three arches, borne upon two heavy stone pillars and two responds; and the Nave and Aisle alike are roofed by two great vaults of concrete blocks resting on ribs. Arches and responds have also been inserted at the Transepts and the Chancel. The Baptismal Font has been set at the South side of the Tower arch, and a moulded and carved stone Lectern has been placed at the South respond of the new Chancel arch. The Pulpit, which is placed at the East respond of the arch thrown across the South Transept, is designed after the Wycliffe Pulpit in Lutterworth Church, and is richly carved and pannelled in Biga oak. It rests on a base bearing the inscription "Preach the Word," and its reading desk, of chaste design is executed in bronze. The position of the Pulpit gave some anxiety, but it is set so that the Congregation can easily see and hear the preacher. For surely it is the Congregation, and not the building—the "living stones," and not the lifeless ones—that in this matter ought to be first considered. The Temple, like the Sabbath, was made for man, not man for the Temple. The organ has been placed on the East wall of the North Aisle, and is enclosed in a richly decorated oak case. Oak stalls, with carved and enriched canopy, have been placed along the East wall of the Chancel. The panneling on the East end has still to be completed. Several interesting stone slabs, which formerly lay in the disused Chancel and other parts of the old Church, are now built into the walls and properly preserved. One of those is in the East wall of the Priest's Door. It has on it the figures of a wafer and a chalice, and commemorates Robert Heriot, Rector of the Church of Gogar, who died in 1444. This stone was taken

from the Chancel floor. That placed in the South wall of the Chancel, and erected to the memory of Alexander Tod, who died in 1480, was taken from the centre of the Church. The scheme of stained glass windows claims attention. With the exception of the window above the altar in the East wall of the Sacristy, all have been filled with stained glass. In the Chancel, the East end window represents the Supper at Emmaus. In the two windows to the North side, the subjects are, in the Eastern window, St John the Baptist (the Patron Saint of the Church) and the Good Shepherd, and in the Western the figure of our Lord bearing the Cross followed by the weeping women. In the North Aisle, three two-light windows are filled with scenes from the Life of our Lord—the Adoration of the Magi, the first Call of the Disciples, and the Garden of Gethsemane. Facing these in the Nave are three similar two-light windows illustrative of the teaching of our Lord—The Sermon on the Mount, the Last Command, the Sower sowing the Seed, and the Angels-reapers. This scheme for the treatment of the windows in the North Aisle and Nave was suggested to the minister by the Vey Rev. James MacGregor, D.D., of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. In the Transepts the Works of Mercy are represented in two large windows of three lights each. Facing the West, there is an Easter morning scene. At the base of the Tower there is a small light containing the Patron Saint of Scotland; and at the entrance, above the Western doorway, there is a semicircular window, not of large dimensions, on which is inserted "Abide with us, O Lord, for it is toward evening and the day is far spent." On the South side of this entrance there is a beautiful representation of our Lord as the Light of the World. When it was decided to fill in the Church with these stained glass windows, care was taken to observe a simple matter sometimes forgotten, viz:—that the use of a window in a building is to give light. The work of Restoration was thorough, and the people gave generously of their best. Corstorphine Church is a national treasure, and the restorers realised that it had to be treated with a care, dignity and reverence, befitting so ancient and holy a House. That they did their utmost, future generations will tell.



The Lord loveth the gates of Zion.
Yea of Zion it shall be said, This one and that one was born in her;
And the most High Himself shall establish her.
The Lord Himself shall count, when He writeth up the peoples,
This one was born there.

J. F.

THE first Protestant who officiated in Corstorphine was Walter Cowper, Reader. From his death in 1570 and for nearly twenty years thereafter, the Parish had no Minister. In 1589 the Church was recognised by the Presbytery as a Parish Church, and the first Reformed Minister appointed.

LIST OF THE MINISTERS SINCE THE REFORMATION.

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| John Nimmill, A.M., 1589-1590. | Archibald Hamilton, 1691-1709. |
| Andrew Forrester, 1590-1598. | George Fordyce, 1709; died 1767. |
| William Arthur, by a call of the people, 1599-1609. | John Cheisley, 1768; died 1788. |
| Robert Rutherford, A.M., 1609-1616. | Thomas Sharp, 1789; died 1791. |
| Robert Lyndsay, A.M., 1616-1624. | James Oliver, 1792-1814. |
| David Bassillie, 1624-1654. | David Scott, M.D., 1814-1833. |
| Robert Hunter, elected 1655; deprived 1662. | David Horne, 1833; died 1863. |
| William Ogstone, D.D., 1664-1665. | Robert Keith Dick Horne, 1863; resigned 1881. |
| Thomas Mowbray, 1665-1666. | James Dodds, D.D., 1881; died 1907. |
| Archibald Chisholm, 1666-1670. | James Fergusson, 1895, ordained as Assistant and
Successor to Dr Dodds, and obtained full charge
in 1907. |
| John Pringle, 1670-1672. | |
| George Henry, A.M., 1672; deprived 1689. | |
| Robert Law, A.M., 1689-1691. | |



EARLY VIEWS OF CORSTORPHINE PARISH CHURCH

JANUARY

1	<p style="text-align: center;">Thou art the Way. Had'st Thou been nothing but the goal, I cannot say If Thou had'st ever met my soul. <i>—Alice Meynell.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">Rev A. WALLACE WILLIAMSON, D.D., St Giles' Cathedral.</p>	9	<p style="text-align: center;">And know that pride Howe'er disguised in its own majesty Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt For any living thing, hath faculties Which he has never used ; that though with him Is in its infancy. <i>—Wordsworth.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">Mrs LEEBODY, Corstorphine.</p>
2	<p style="text-align: center;">With peaceful mind thy race of duty run, God nothing does, nor suffers to be done, But what thou would'st thyself if thou could'st see Thro' all events of things as well as He. <i>—Byron.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">M. HORNE, Carmel Lodge, Prestwick, Ayrshire.</p>	10	<p style="text-align: center;">Then gently scan your brother man, Still gentler, sister woman. <i>—Burns.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">Mrs SUTHERLAND, Allandale.</p>
3	<p style="text-align: center;">Never to blend our pleasure or our pride With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels. <i>—Wordsworth.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">MARIANNE BOYD, Gairneyfield.</p>	11	<p style="text-align: center;">To make some nook of God's creation a little fruit-fuller, better, more worthy of God ; to make some human hearts a little wiser, man fuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed ! It is the work of a god. <i>—T. Carlyle.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">MARY J. BARKER, Ardlaw, Cairnmuir Road.</p>
4	<p style="text-align: center;">He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver ; nor he that loveth abundance with increase. <i>—Eccles. v. 10.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">ISABELLA C. BOYD, Gairneyfield.</p>	12	<p style="text-align: center;">There is no man so poor as he " who only has money." <i>—Unknown.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">C. G. MACVICKER, M.B., Street, Somerset.</p>
5	<p style="text-align: center;">For the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, Do all the good you can, To all the people you can, In all the ways you can, As long as ever you can. <i>—Anon.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">Mrs FERGUSON, The Manse.</p>	13	<p style="text-align: center;">Encouragement, when it follows censure, is like sunshine after rain. <i>—Goethe.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">A. S. BOYD, Gairneyfield.</p>
6	<p style="text-align: center;">So many gods, so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind ; While just the art of being kind Is all the sad world needs. <i>—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">Mrs HENDRIE, 1 Belgrave Terrace.</p>	14	<p style="text-align: center;">Our wills are ours, we know not how ; Our wills are ours, to make them Thine. <i>—Tennyson.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">M. JOHNSTON, Verulam.</p>
7	<p style="text-align: center;">Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow The rest is all but leather or prunello. <i>—Popc.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">JAMES INGLIS DAVIDSON, Saughton Mains.</p>	15	<p style="text-align: center;">I count myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul remembering my good friends And, as my fortune ripens with my love It shall be still thy true love's recompense. <i>—Shakespeare.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">JAMES H. OSWALD, Manse of Morton, Thornhill.</p>
8	<p style="text-align: center;">On ! brothers on ! in deeds of love, For time is fleeting fast, The mill will never grind again With the water that is past. <i>—Unknown.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">JOHN HERDMAN, Hazelbank, Murrayfield.</p>	16	<p style="text-align: center;">Morning's at seven, The hill-sides dew-pearled ; The lark's on the wing, God's in His Heaven All's right with the world. <i>—Browning.</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">J. MAXWELL, Glebe Road.</p>

JANUARY

17

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you've endured
From evils which never arrived.

—Emerson.

P. A. MACBETH, 57 Balgreen Road, Murrayfield.

25

The clouds have a silver lining,
Don't forget ;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining
Courage! Instead of tears and vain repining
Just bide a wee and dinna fret!

—Anon.

Mrs CROSS, Corley Grange.

18

Force is at best
A fearful thing e'en in a righteous cause ;
God only helps when man can help no more.

—Schiller.

M. H. HENDERSON, 2 Belgrave Terrace.

26

Scatter the sunshine as you go along,
Seek some heart-to brighten, cheer it with a
song,
Little deeds of kindness set the world aglow ;
Scatter them about you as you go.

Miss ROBBIE, Saughton Road.

19

Turn, turn my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar ;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

—Longfellow.

J. MATHEWSON, 2 Glebe Terrace.

27

To live in hope, to trust in right,
To smile when shadows start,
To walk through darkness as through light
With sunshine in the heart.

—M. E. Black.

Mrs GILLAM, Hillwood.

20

The years glide by ; stand strong and true,
The good thou can'st, oh ! quickly do,
Let gentle words soothe woe and pain,
We shall not pass this way again.

M. LISTER, St John's Road.

28

The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gold for a' that.

—Burns.

T. DICKSON DODDS, The Rowans.

21

Be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

—Milton.

JANET A. SCOTT, Oakby House.

29

There's so much good in the worst of us,
There's so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill beseems any one of us
To find much fault with the rest of us.

—R. L. Stevenson.

WILLIAM ASHER, ROSSHILL.

22

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite,
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

—Burns.

Mrs ROBINSON, 1 Victor Park Terrace.

30

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

—Shakespeare.

Miss STENHOUSE, 5 Clermiston Terrace.

23

Were I as tall as reach the pole
Or grasp creation in a span,
I'd still be measured by my soul
The mind's the standard of the man.

—Dr Watts.

JEAN DARLING, Public Hall.

31

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—Ibsen.

M. WALLACE, 2 Belgrave Place.

24

Let in a little sunshine
Each day on some dark life ;
The world's in need of lights : let thine
Gleam brightly through the strife!

A. CRUICKSHANK, Belgrave Road.

In all thy converse be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

—Bishop Ken.

FEBRUARY

1	<p style="text-align: center;">Bis dat, qui cito dat. —<i>Latin Proverb.</i></p> <p><i>Translation—</i> He gives twice who gives quickly.</p> <p>A. AITKEN, 8 Mayfield Terrace.</p>	9	<p>For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be: Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle- flags were furl'd. In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. —<i>Tennyson.</i></p> <p>ALBERT H. DUNLOP, 1 Whitehouse Terrace.</p>
2	<p>But what if I fail of my purpose here? It is but to keep the nerves at strain, To dry one's eyes, and laugh at a fall And, baffled, get up and begin again. —<i>R. Browning.</i></p> <p>Mrs FINLAYSON, Belgrave Road.</p>	10	<p>It is a foolish habit to borrow trouble, or meet it halfway, cultivate a cheerful mind and heart, and much imaginary trouble will be avoided.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Hedley.</i></p> <p>Mrs R. M. MACKAY, Kingairney, Belgrave Road.</p>
3	<p>Defer not till to-morrow to be wise, To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise. —<i>Wm. Congreve.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">P. W. LESLIE, "Madgelands," Beaconsfield Road, Blackheath, London.</p>	11	<p>The grand essentials of happiness are—some- thing to do, something to love, and something to hope for.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Chalmers.</i></p> <p>MISS CRAWFORD, St Colme.</p>
4	<p>If your face wants to smile, let it; if it doesn't, make it. —<i>Anon.</i></p> <p>M. P. RENNIE, Durisdeer.</p>	12	<p>Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts. —<i>Dickens.</i></p> <p>MISS ECKFORD, 2 Broomhouse Road.</p>
5	<p>The bird that soars on highest wing Builds on the earth her lowly nest, And she that doth most sweetly sing Sings in the shade when all is rest. In lark and nightingale we see What honour hath humility.</p> <p>Mrs I. J. COWIE, Nessmount.</p>	13	<p>Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Lavater.</i></p> <p>MICHAEL COCHRAN, Glenlyn, Belgrave Road.</p>
6	<p>Look straight into the light, and you will always leave the shadows behind. —<i>Bishop of London.</i></p> <p>JEANIE YOUNG, Busky Lea.</p>	14	<p>I lean my hand against the day To feel its bland caressing; I will not let it pass away Before it leaves its blessing. —<i>Whittier.</i></p> <p>Mrs CAMPBELL, St Agnes.</p>
7	<p>This truth of old was sorrow's friend, Times at the worst will surely mend. —<i>Chatterton.</i></p> <p>M. TURNBULL, Broomhouse Road.</p>	15	<p style="text-align: center;">Be strong!</p> <p>We are not here to play, to dream, to drift, We have hard work to do, and loads to lift. Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis His gift. —<i>M. B. Babcock, D.D.</i></p> <p>MISS DOWNIE, Downie Terrace, Murrayfield.</p>
8	<p>To watch the corn grow and the blossom set; to breathe deep over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray:—<i>these</i> are the things that make men happy. —<i>Ruskin.</i></p> <p>WM. LETHBRIDGE JR., Brunnington.</p>	16	<p>Joy, temperance and repose. Slam the door on the doctor's nose. —<i>Longfellow.</i></p> <p>Mrs GINGER, 16 Murray Cottages.</p>

FEBRUARY

17

The best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.
—Wordsworth.

E. M. DOWNIE, Corstorphine Cottage.

25

Cha'n'eil ceo ann tigh na h-uisceig.
Translation—
There is no smoke in the skylark's houses.

Rev. L. MACLEAN WATT, 7 Royal Circus, Edinburgh.

18

Don't look for flaws as you go thro' life
And even if you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
—S. F. Adams.

C. Y., Murrayfield.

26

Words are easy, like the wind
Faithful friends are hard to find.
—Shakespeare.

Miss M. MUIR, 6 Maybank Villas.

19

THE HUMBLE BEE.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
—Emerson.

JAMES COUTTS, 2 Belgrave Place.

27

New brooms sweep clean but old ones go
into the corners.
—Old Proverb.

M. HUNTER, Helensville.

20

Always laugh when you can. It is a cheap
medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well
understood. It is the sunny side of existence.
—Byron.

J. M. HUNTER, St Catherine's Gardens.

28

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside;
Who feares to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.
—Herrick.

J. MASTERTON, Ellerslie.

21

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
—Thomas Moore.

ERIC P. LAIRD, Pinkhill, Murrayfield.

29

Said the painter of antiquity "No day without a line"
and thus one by one his masterpieces came to perfection.
Let our motto be—No day without beneficent deeds,
although that day may be simple and obscure, and we
too shall turn out masterpieces which no mere artist
can rival.
—Original.

ISAAC J. COWIE, Nessmount.

22

At every trifle scorn to take offence—
That always shows great pride or little sense.
—Pope.

H. J. CLARKE, Oldney, Corstorphine.

23

True politeness is to say,
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

H. HERDMAN, Turnhouse, Cramond Bridge.

24

I hate to see a thing done by halves, if it be
right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it
undone.
—Gilpin.

MARY ALICE KERR, Helensville.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Two ways we have by which to reach the height
Of Heaven's high grace: the one is to explore
The sacred writings, from whose blessed lore
Shines to the quickened eye the purest light:
The other is to raise the inward sight
Up to the Cross and there, with reverend look,
Peruse himself, revealed as in a book,
So near, so sure, and doubt is put to flight.

—Vittoria Colonna.

MARCH

<p>1</p> <p>I du believe in any plan O' levyin' the taxes Ez long ez, l'ike a lumberman, I git jest wut I axes.</p> <p>—Lowell.</p> <p>WILLIAM ROSS, 59 Balgreen Road.</p>	<p>9</p> <p>If honestly they canna come far better want them.</p> <p>ARCH. ROLLO, Belgrave Road.</p>
<p>2</p> <p>Content's the greatest bliss we can procure, Without it kings are poor.</p> <p>—Allan Ramsay.</p> <p>JEANIE E. MACKAY, Gowanlea.</p>	<p>10</p> <p>Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind, An' bear ye a' life's changes with a calm and tranquil mind. Though pressed and hemm'd on every side, ha'e faith an' ye'll win through. For ilka blade o' grass keps it ain drap o' dew.</p> <p>—James Ballantyne.</p> <p>RACHEL O. KILPATRICK, 7 Hope Street.</p>
<p>3</p> <p>Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak, Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.</p> <p>—Shakespeare.</p> <p>Rev. JOHN REID, Foulden Manse, Berwickshire.</p>	<p>11</p> <p>We, clinging to the present, in our fear to meet the future, miss the joys of both.</p> <p>—Owen Meredith.</p> <p>Mrs JACK, 2 Whitehouse Terrace.</p>
<p>4</p> <p>Words are bubbles of water But deeds are drops of gold.</p> <p>—Thibetan Proverb.</p> <p>Miss WATSON, St Mary's, Dovecot Road.</p>	<p>12</p> <p>There is so much bad in the best of us And so much good in the worse of us That it hardly behoves any of us To talk about the rest of us.</p> <p>—R. L. Stevenson.</p> <p>Mrs D. W. THOMPSON, Viewfield, Kaimes Road, Murrayfield.</p>
<p>5</p> <p>God answers prayers; sometimes when hearts are weak, He gives the very gifts believers seek, And often faith must learn a deeper rest, And trust God's silence when He does not speak: For He whose name is Love, will send the best. Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure, But God is true; His promises are sure To those who seek.</p> <p>A. SCOTT, Laburnum Cottage.</p>	<p>13</p> <p>Is life worth living? Yes, so long As there is wrong to right; Wail of the weak against the strong, Or tyranny to fight.</p> <p>—Alfred Austin.</p> <p>ANNIE Y. NIVEN, 10 Maybank Villas.</p>
<p>6</p> <p>A prince can mak a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; But an honest man's aboon his might, Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!</p> <p>—Burns.</p> <p>R. S. WYLLIE, Allermuir, Traquair Park.</p>	<p>14</p> <p>I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild; Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush, Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell, Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell. Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free Is the merriest sound in the world for me.</p> <p>—Athelwood.</p> <p>JANET ARTHUR BISHOP, Dunara.</p>
<p>7</p> <p>We cannot change yesterday—that is clear, Or begin to-morrow until it is here, So all that is left for you and me, Is to make to-day as sweet as can be.</p> <p>Mrs ALLAN, Redheughs.</p>	<p>15</p> <p>Dare to be true, Nothing can need a lie, A fault which needs it most Grows two thereby.</p> <p>—George Herbert.</p> <p>HARRIOT DAVIDSON, Saughton Mains.</p>
<p>8</p> <p>The best laid schemes of mice and men Gang aft agley.</p> <p>—Burns.</p> <p>MARGARET F. BRUNTON, St Martin's.</p>	<p>16</p> <p>That day is best wherein we give A thought of other's sorrows Forgetting self we learn to live And blessings born of kindly deeds, Make golden our to-morrows.</p> <p>—R. H. Thrope.</p> <p>Mrs ELIZABETH SMART, 7 Ormiston Terrace.</p>

MARCH

17

Neither oppose nor condemn what thou dost
not understand.

—Penn.

A. J. GRANT, 2 Belgrave Place.

18

Intelligence and courtesy not always are com-
bined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

—Longfellow.

HELEN D. MUIR, Engelberg.

19

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
Old Time is still a-flying
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

—Robert Herrick.

R. S. HORNE, 63 Northumberland Street, Edinburgh.

20

This above all, to thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

—Shakespeare.

DAVID NEVILLE TURNER, Calow, Chesterfield.

21

Truth is mighty and will prevail.

CHARLES R. ORME, 12 Maybank Villas.

22

Hush idle word and thought of ill
Your Lord is listening, 'Peace, be still.'

—Heber.

Mrs M. M. SIMPSON, 2 Morningside Gardens.

23

Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

—Exodus xx. 3.

MISS BECK, Hill View Terrace.

24

We can all do better than yet we have done,
And not be a whit the worse;
It never was loving that emptied the heart,
Nor giving that emptied the purse.

—Edward Young.

Mrs A. PRINGLE, Corstorphine.

25

The heart's aye the pairt aye
That makes us right or wrang.

—Burns.

Mrs KERR, Sunnybrae.

26

O' it's grand on the hills when the bonny
heather blooms,
Though a lang simmer day to be roamin';
And it's Heaven on earth ye ken, when ye
wander doon the glen,
Wi' yer ain true love in the gloamin'.

MARGARET DOUGLAS BROWN, Inverallan.

27

There are four things that come not back—
the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life,
and the neglected opportunity.

—Arabic.

W. M. BLACKWOOD, Prato.

28

God made man first, then He made woman;
then He was so sorry for man that He made
tobacco.

—German Proverb.

Mrs MORRISON, Ardgour.

29

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—Longfellow.

J. P. MURRAYFIELD.

30

Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—F. A. Kemble.

JESSIE STEWART BULLIONS, 4 Whitehouse Terrace.

31

Here's tiv us!
All on us!
May none on us niver want nowt!
Nor me nawther!

—Yorkshire Toast.

Mrs EDGERLY, Menston, Leeds.

Whosoever may
Discern true aims here, shall grow pure enough
To love them, brave enough to strive for them,
And strong enough to reach them, though the
roads be rough.

—E. B. Browning.

APRIL

1

I'm no' denying the women are foolish ; God
Almighty made 'em to match the men.

C. GRIEVE, Edinburgh.

—*Geo. Eliot.*

9

For thee hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Look how thou let it
Slip empty away.

EMILY MCGOWN, The Schoolhouse.

—*Goethe.*

2

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear—believe the aged friend—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

Rev. W. B. STEVENSON, 12 Oxford Terrace, Edinburgh.

—*Browning.*

10

The wisest and the happiest pair
Will every day they live,
Find something which they must forbear,
Something they must forgive.

Mrs J. G. WATT, Murray Place.

3

With all respect to old R. B.
My own especial springtime prayer
Is "Oh, to be in Italy—
In Venice—now that April's there!"

—*"Punch"*
("Home Thoughts of Abroad")
Miss ROWE, Itchen, Southampton.

11

Oh! many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

JOHN T. WISHART, Woodbine Cottage.

—*Scott.*

4

Oh to be in England,
Now that April's there!
—*R. Browning*
("Home Thoughts from Abroad")

Miss ROWE, Itchen, Southampton.

12

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

CHARLES J. M'CALL, Alma House.

—*Burns.*

5

The best furnished tool-kit cannot mend a
broken promise.

Mrs JAMES E. COWAN, Eastfield.

—*Anon.*

13

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

J. M'NAUGHTON, Gladstone Place.

—*Longfellow.*

6

Speak no evil, and cause no ache
Utter no jest that can pain awake ;
Guard your actions and bridle your tongue
Words are adders when hearts are stung.

FREDA TURNER, Mansfield, Woodhouse, Notts.

—*E. Wheeler Wilcox.*

14

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it
becomes due.

W. SWAN, 38 Balgreen Road, Edinburgh.

7

The now is an atom of sand
And the near is a perishing clod
But afar is a fairyland
And beyond is the bosom of God.

Mrs MACDONALD, Glebe Place.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

15

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

MARY E. PIPER, Stoneleigh, Malvern.

—*Shakespeare.*

8

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support them after.

ANNIE GRIERSON, 54 St Alban's Road, Edinburgh.

—*Shakespeare.*

16

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavour, not endure,
To imitate as far as in them lay,
Him who His wisdom and His power employs
In making others happy!

ANDREW COVENTRY, Dunbar Place.

—*Cowper.*



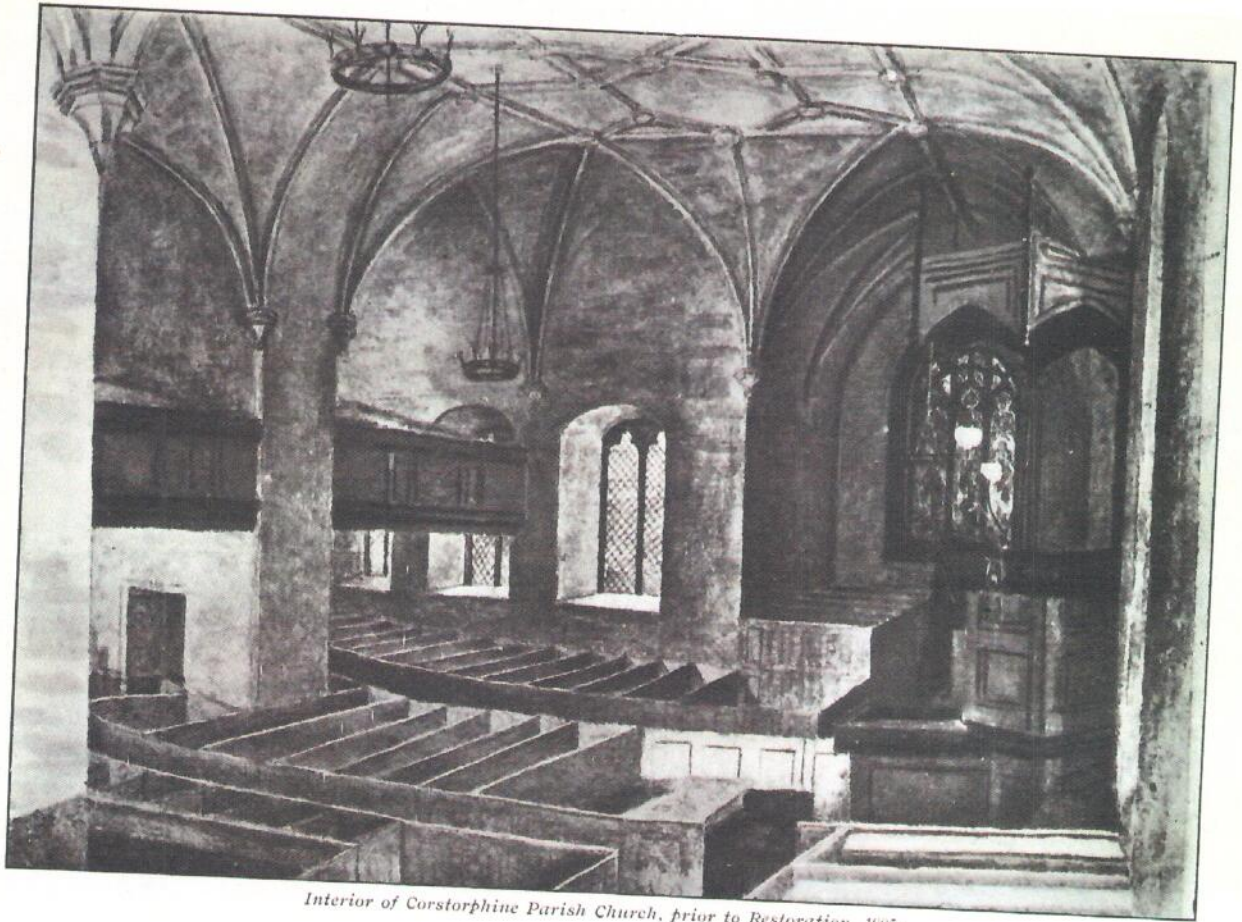
*Archibald Flemington, last Precentor
in Corstorphine Parish Church.*



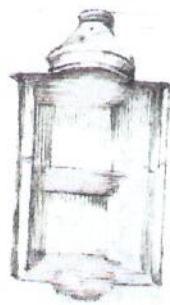
East View of Corstorphine Parish Church, prior to Restoration, 1905.



*Matthew Coventry, Father of Kirk
Session, 1913, Ordained 1874.*



Interior of Corstorphine Parish Church, prior to Restoration, 1905.



APRIL

17	<p>Strength for to-day is all we need For there never will be a to-morrow ; For to-morrow will prove but another to-day With its measure of joy and of sorrow. —M. Tupper.</p> <p>Mrs M. DICKSON, High Street.</p>	25	<p>How far that little candle throws his beams, So shines a good deed in a naughty world. —Shakespeare.</p> <p>Mrs JAMES MACARTHUR, 1 Belgrave Terrace.</p>
18	<p>Do not look for the flaws as you go thro' life And even when you find them ; It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind And look for the virtues behind them.</p> <p>Mrs HEWITT, 7 Belgrave Place.</p>	26	<p>Music the fiercest grief can charm, And fates severest rage disarm ; Music can soften pain to ease, And make despair and madness please : Our joys below it can improve ; And antedate the bliss above. —Pope.</p> <p>Mr and Mrs Wm. D. LEASK, Wideford.</p>
19	<p>It takes a lifetime to make a character, and five minutes to spoil it. —Robert Russell Smith.</p> <p>Mrs W. S. SMITH, Sycamore Cottage.</p>	27	<p>Let B^e the keynote be, in all your song and pleasure.</p> <p>F. WEIERTER, Featherhall Road.</p>
20	<p>Love as many persons and as many creatures as you possibly can. Love is the only power by which you can make yourself rich in a moral world. —John Stuart Blackie.</p> <p>Mrs W. G. THOMSON, 18 Anwoth Villas.</p>	28	<p>Sorrow with his pick mines the heart, but he is a cunning workman ; he deepens the channels whereby happiness may enter, and hollows out new chambers for joy to abide in when he is gone. —Cholmondelay.</p> <p>Miss MILLAR, 2 Belgrave Terrace.</p>
21	<p>Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. —Benjamin Franklin.</p> <p>ANNIE LESLIE, Madgelands, Beaconsfield Road, Blackheath, S.E.</p>	29	<p>Still raise for good the supplicating voice, But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice. --Johnson.</p> <p>Mrs J. BAILLIE, 1 Victor Park.</p>
22	<p>This above all : to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. —Shakespeare.</p> <p>THOS. ALEX. LISTER, St John's Road.</p>	30	<p>This world has work for us, we must refuse No honest task, nor uncongenial toil. Fear not your foot to tire, nor robe to soil, Nor let your hands grow white for want of use. —Thomas Ashe.</p> <p>J. W. M'CONNACHIE, 8 Victor Park Terrace.</p>
23	<p>When you hear of good in people—tell it, When you hear a tale of evil—quell it Let the goodness have the light Put the evil out of sight, Make the world we live in bright, Like the heaven above.</p> <p>THOMAS BOYD, 4 Featherhall Road.</p>		<p>There are in this loud stunning tide Of human care and crime With whom the melodies abide Of th' everlasting clime : Who carry music in their heart Through dusky lane and wrangling mart, And ply their daily task with busier feet Because their hearts some holy strain repeat. —J. Keble.</p>
24	<p>It is not the things, but men's opinion of things that sway men hither and thither. —Marcus Aurelius.</p> <p>JOHN M'CUBBIN, 49 Balgreen Road, Murrayfield.</p>		

MAY

1

Laugh and the world laughs with you ;
Weep and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

ALICE M. MACMILLAN, Granton House, Edinburgh.

2

Trouble's easily borne when everybody gives
it a lift for you.
—*George Eliot.*

M. BURN-FORSYTH, Margarten, Davidson's Mains.

3

There is no duty we so much underate as the
duty of being happy.
—*R. L. Stevenson.*

JANET D. HENDERSON, Lowood, Cramond Bridge.

4

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale ;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
—*Burns.*

ISOBEL CRAIG, 41 Gilmour Road, Newington.

5

Now! it is gone—our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its why or
how :—
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal now.
—*S. T. Coleridge.*

ELIZABETH HUTSON, 9 Murray Cottages.

6

Come walk with me, for the woods are green,
And the birds hold choral holiday,
All nature fair around is seen
At the dawn of the year in early May.

Miss ROWE, Itchen, Southampton.

7

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed
Welcome the coming, sped the parting guest.
—*Homer.*

JANE HENDERSON, Lowood, Cramond Bridge.

8

I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I the cowed churchman be.
—*R. W. Emerson.*

JOHN WALLACE, Foxville.

9

An idler is a watch that wants both hands ;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.
—*Cowper.*

Mrs JOHN WALLACE, Foxville.

10

Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard, but search may find it out.
—*R. Herrick.*

JAMES SIMPSON, Strathview, Belgrave Road.

11

Their hearts may be fountains whose eyes are
flints,
And may inwardly bleed who do not outwardly
weep.
—*Thomas Fuller.*

E. SMITH, Murray Place.

12

Oh! wouldn't the day be lank and long
If all went right and nothing wrong,
And wouldn't the world be exceedingly flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at.

Mrs A. J. KERR, Downie Terrace.

13

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man ;
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.
—*Robert Burns.*

Mrs SOWIK, The Cottage, Torryblake,
Rothiemay, Banffshire.

14

Not more than others I deserve
Yet God has given me more.
—*C. H. Spurgeon*

MARGARET GIBSON, 7 Belgrave Place.

15

Have you any unkind thoughts
Do not write them down,
Write no words that giveth pain
Written words may long remain.

Mrs JAMES CARRIGAN, Oak Inn.

16

Smooth runs the water
Where the brook is deep.
—*Shakespeare.*

ISOBEL D. LITTLEJOHN, 24 Royal Circus.

MAY

17

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim:
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
—*Scott*.

JOHN HORNE, 12 Keith Crescent, Blackhall.

25

It is easy to tell the toiler,
How best he can carry his pack;
But no one can rate a burden's weight,
Until it has been on his back.

J. REID, 7 Ormiston Terrace.

18

Hope, memory, love:
Hope for fair morn, and love for day,
And memory for the evening gray
And solitary dove.

—*C. G. Rosetti*.

Mrs GRAHAM, Hillview Terrace.

26

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.

—*E. B. Browning*.

WILLIAM E. ROBERTSON, Belgrave Road.

19

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it ill behoves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.

—*R. L. Stevenson*.

R. HAY, 5 Victor Park Terrace.

27

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should
close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who
knows!

—*Omar Khayyám*.

MARION D. SIMPSON, Laurel Bank.

20

Dans le ciel, le plus chargé, il reste
toujours un petit coin bleu.
or
Every cloud has a silver lining.

BARONESS M. VAN HEECKEREN VAN BR., 53 Pieter
Bothstraat, The Hague, Holland.

28

Oh wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.

—*Burns*.

Mrs WILKIE, Manse Road.

21

But when on life we're tempest driven
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed wi' heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

—*Burns*.

Mrs A. WIGHTMAN, 5 Oakland.

29

Politeness is like an air cushion; there may
be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonder-
fully.

—*George Eliot*.

WM. WILSON, 7 Belgrave Place.

22

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

—*Shakespeare*.

JAMES K. DAVIDSON, 13 Summerfield Place, Leith.

30

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of
it are the issues of life.

—*Proverbs iv. 23*.

MISS M'LAREN, 5 Murray Cottage.

23

The roses make the world so sweet,
The bees, the birds have such a tune,
There's such a light and such a heat
And such a joy in June.

—*G. MacDonald*.

Mrs JOHN STEWART, Auldearn.

31

Every cloud has a silver lining.
Speech is silver, but silence is golden.
Who gives quickly gives twice.
Fine feathers make fine birds.

JANE RYRIE, Manse Road.

24

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

—*Burns*.

JANE H. ROBERTS, 3 Murray Place.

God be thanked that the dead have left still
Good undone for the living to do—
Still some aim for the heart and the will
And the soul of a man to pursue.

—*Owen Meredith*.

JUNE

1	<p>If I have faltered more or less In my great task of happiness; If I have moved among my race And shown no glorious morning face: Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take And stab my spirit broad awake. —R. L. Stevenson.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">JAMES STEVENSON, 8 Anwoth Villas.</p>	9	<p>Yonder the long horizon lies and there by night and day, The old ships draw to home again, The young ships sail away, And come I may but go I must and if men ask you why, You may put the blame on the stars and the sun, And the white road and the sky. —Gerald Gould.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Miss B. T. A. MURRAY, Y.W.C.A., Elm Street, Toronto.</p>
2	<p>Joy is the lesson set for some, For others pain best teacher is; We know not which for us shall come, But both are Heaven's high ministries. —S. Coleridge.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Mrs YOUNG, Busky Lea.</p>	10	<p>Calm soul of all things! make it mine To feel amid the city's jar, That there abides a peace of thine Man did not make and cannot mar. —Matthew Arnold.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Geo. W. T. McGOWN, M.A., F.E.I.S., The Schoolhouse.</p>
3	<p>For words, like Nature, half reveal and half conceal the soul within. —Tennyson.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">ANDREW DUTHIE, 114 Comiston Road, Edinburgh.</p>	11	<p>For nothing lovelier can be found In woman, than to study household good, And good works in her husband to promote. —Milton.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">J. F. and C. M. F.</p>
4	<p>There is a day of sunny rest For every dark and troubled night; And grief may hide an evening guest But joy shall come with early light. —Bryant.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">WM. ANDERSON, Glebe Place.</p>	12	<p>There is so much bad in the best of us, And so much good in the worst of us, That it ill behoves any of us To find fault with the rest of us. —R. L. Stevenson.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">JOHN KERR, Sunnybrae.</p>
5	<p>A little bit of patience oft makes the sunshine come, And a little bit of love makes a very happy home; A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay, And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way. —Unknown.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Lady NICOLL, Roydon.</p>	13	<p>Be still, sad heart! and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary. —Longfellow.</p>
6	<p>As long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others, I would almost say, we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend. —R. L. Stevenson.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">In memory of J. W. MACVICKER, M.A. (Oxon.), sometime Assistant Minister, Corstorphine Parish.</p>	14	<p>What stronger breastplate than a heart un- tainted? Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just; And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. —Shakespeare.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">A. P. STRUTHERS, Edinburgh.</p>
7	<p>'Tis not in midst of strife We sigh and wish—we were no more— 'Tis in after silence on the shore. —J. W.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">JAMES WALLACE, 18 Marlborough Road, Cathcart, Glasgow.</p>	15	<p>There's nae place like ane's native place, Nae place like ane's first hame, It matters nae hoo puir and cauld, Oor love is a' the same.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">ALEXANDER HORNE, Jun., 1 Victor Park Terrace.</p>
8	<p>Give me wisdom, she is the breath of the power of God, a pure influence from the glory of the Almighty, a treasure unto man that never faileth, her conversation hath no bitter- ness. —Wisdom vii.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Miss A. G. HORNE, 11 Anwoth Villas.</p>	16	<p>Flowers are lovely! Love is flower-like; Friendship is a sheltering tree; Oh! the joys that come down shower-like, Of friendship, love, and liberty. —Coleridge.</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Mrs JANE G. PATON, Glebe Place.</p>

JUNE

17

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.
—Longfellow.

JOHN FRATER, 15 Traquair Park.

25

Do thy duty, that is best.
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.
—Longfellow.

Mrs S. M. EUMAN, 2 Belgrave Terrace.

18

There is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so.
—Shakespeare.

Miss BARBARA ASHER, Rosanna.

26

'Tis the greatest folly
Not to be jolly
That's what I think!
—Longfellow.

Mrs J. CARRUTHERS, Viewhill, Dovecot Road.

19

The God of peace be with you all.
—Romans xv. 33.

Miss ISABELLA BARROWMAN, 11 Murray Cottages.

27

Oh! don't the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong?
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at.
—W. S. Gilbert.

Mrs WILLIAMS, The Hermitage, Epsom.

20

God is kinder to us all than man can know;
for man looks only to the sorrow on the surface
and sees not the consolation in the deeps of the
unwitnessed soul.
—Bulwer Lytton.

M. B. S., Edinburgh.

28

"Silence is golden," said the sage
But that was long ago;
The motto of the present age
Is "money talks" you know.
—Unknown.

E. FORREST, Meadowhouse.

21

He who shall pass judgment on the records
of our life is the same that formed us in frailty.
—R. L. Stevenson.

Mrs BROOKMAN, 5 India Street, Edinburgh.

29

God is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.
—P. P. Bliss.

ANNIE PRINGLE, Corstorphine.

22

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
—Pope.

J. MACKINTOSH.

30

Home of our childhood how affection clings,
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings.

Miss ROLLO, Belgrave Road.

23

It is never too late to be what you might
have been.
—George Eliot.

Mrs WILLIAM WILSON, 7 Belgrave Place.

24

That is best which lieth nearest
Shape from that thy work of art.
—Longfellow.

A. SHIELDS, 4 Featherhall Road.

Oh! how unlike the complex works of man
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan:
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free;
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity,
Inscribed above the portal, from afar,
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give.
Stand the soul-quickening words—Believe and
live.

—Cowper.

JULY

1

Vouloir, c'est pouvoir.
or
The darkest hour precedes the dawn.

Mrs MILLER, 4 Dundonald Street, Edinburgh.

2

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed
about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us
lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth
so easily beset us, and let us run with patience
the race that is set before us.
—*Epistle to the Hebrews, xii. 1.*

GEO. BARCLAY, 26 Roseburn Street, Murrayfield.

3

Politeness is like an aircushion, there may
be nothing in it but it softens the jolts wonder-
fully.
—*George Elliot.*

Mrs MARGARET SCOTT, Ferrybank.

4

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air
—*Gray's Elegy.*

J. HAMILTON, P.O. Box 186, Germiston, Transvaal.

5

When day is gane and night is come
And a' folks bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa'
The lee-lang night, an' weep.
—*Burns.*

Mrs E. WILKIE, Melvillehaugh.

6

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.
—*Omar Khayyam.*

CHAS. M. HAY, 8 Victor Park Terrace.

7

What have we here, a baby dear
Sent us from the stars above
A little gem of earthly stem
A treasure in a home of love
And round that home may love long dwell
To guard that infant baby well. —*J. Crawford.*

Mr and Mrs WM. HASTINGS, 7 Belgrave Place.

8

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God, who loveth us
He made and loveth all.
—*Coleridge.*

Mrs SMALL, Victor Park Terrace.

9

Some are born great, some achieve great-
ness, and some have greatness thrust upon
them.

—*Shakespeare (Twelfth Night).*

RUBY PRINGLE LAIRD, 30 Ormidale Terrace, Murrayfield.

10

AN EVERY-DAY CREED.

Don't despond, don't give in, but just be your-
self

The self that is highest and best,
Just live every day in a sensible way
And then leave to God all the rest.

MATHEW CAVENIE, Corstorphine.

11

The poor oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

—*Burns.*

A. F. WILSON, Ashley Bank.

12

What we like, determines what we are, and
is the sign of what we are, and to teach taste
is inevitable to form character.

—*Ruskin.*

JAS. T. FERRIER, 41 Heriot Row, Edinburgh.

13

Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

ANNIE Y. MARTIN, Ardgarth.

14

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word the heart of foe or
friend:
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Nor sin by silence, when I should defend.
—*E. Wheeler Wilcox.*

Mrs BROWN, nee Miss E. M. B. NICOLL, Roydon.

15

Ah! Happy years! Once more
Who would not be a boy.
—*Byron.*

WILLIAM BELL, Balnacoll, St John's Road.

16

The grand essentials of happiness are—
something to do, something to love, and some-
thing to hope for.

—*Chalmers.*

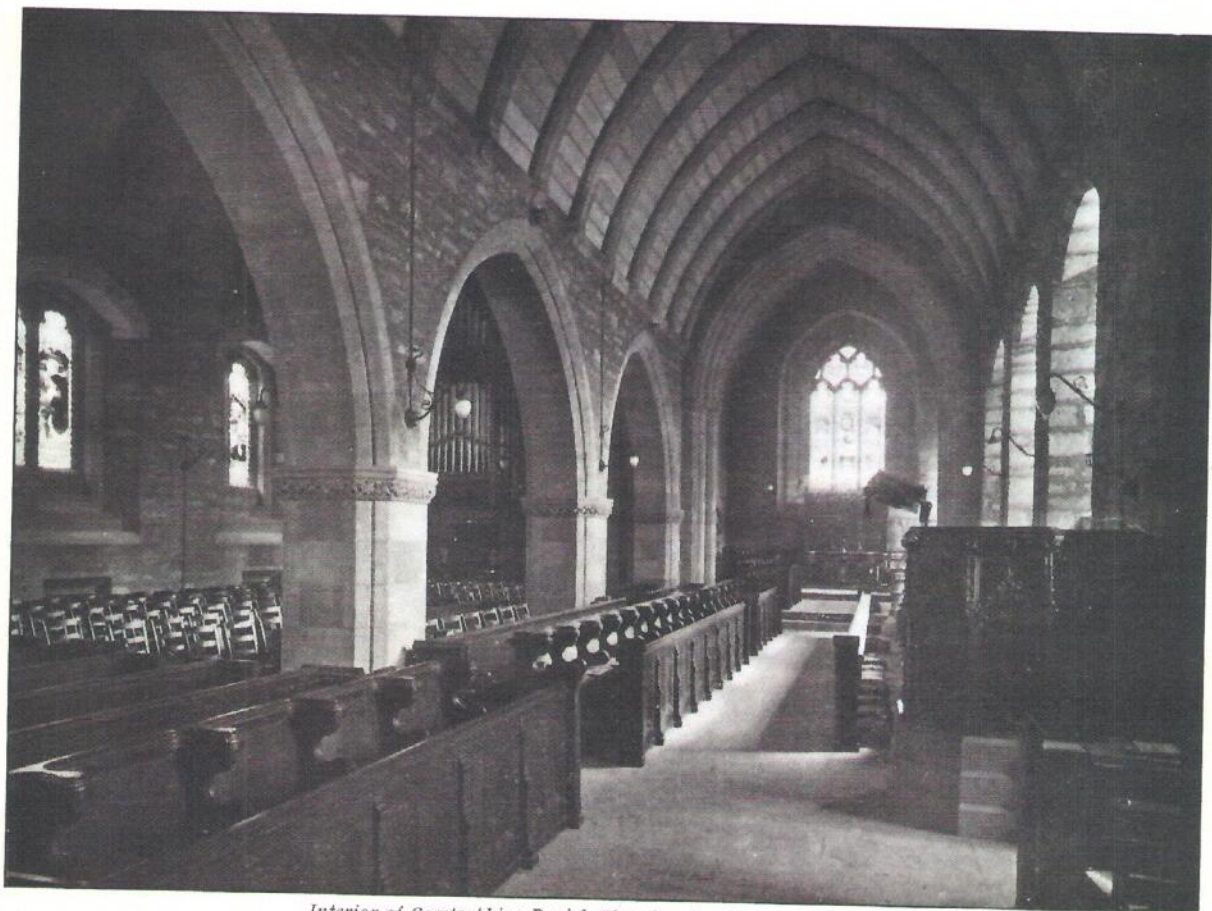
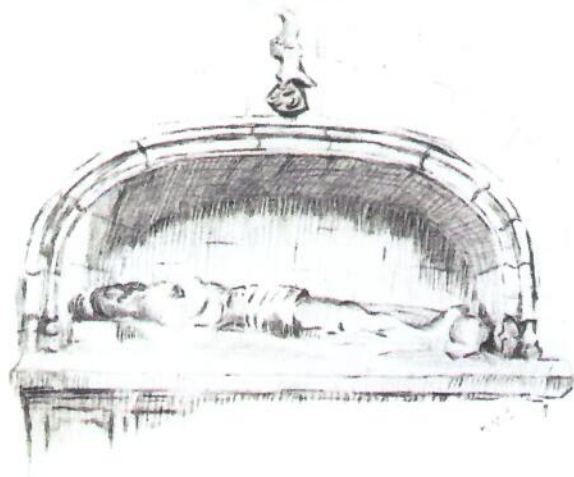
JEAN ROBERTSON, Fonvuig.

JULY

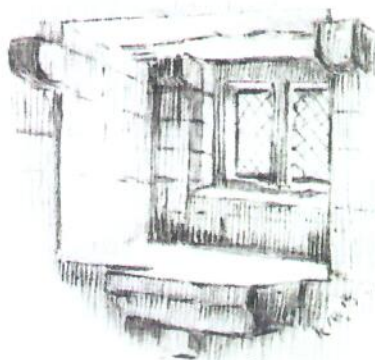
17	<p style="text-align: center;">Don't you trouble trouble Till trouble troubles you: You'll only double trouble, And trouble others too. —E. Cornish.</p> <p>A. M. MALCOLMSON, Dalveen.</p>	25	<p style="text-align: center;">A little word in kindness spoken, A motion or a tear Has often healed the heart that's broken, And made a friend sincere. —Whittier.</p> <p>ISABEL MUNRO, 2 Oswald Terrace.</p>
18	<p style="text-align: center;">HOPE OR DESPAIR. Glad eye or tear, A smile or sneer, Safe trust or fear, Love thoughts or drear. Which is your way Each passing day? —Peter Rintoul.</p> <p>KATE RINTOUL, 36 Rosebank Cottages, Edinburgh.</p>	26	<p style="text-align: center;">To thine own self be true: And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. —Shakespeare (Hamlet I. 3).</p> <p>M. I. TAYLOR, Woodlands, Markinch.</p>
19	<p style="text-align: center;">She gazed, she reddened like a rose— Syne pale like ony lily; She sank within my arms and cried, Art thou my ain dear Willie? —Burns.</p> <p>GEORGE R. DONALDSON, 7 May Bank Villas.</p>	27	<p style="text-align: center;">Jog on, jog on the footpath way And merrily hent the stile—a A merry heart goes all the day Your sad tires in a mile-a. —Shakespeare.</p> <p>JANIE PRINGLE LAIRD, Pinkhill, Murrayfield.</p>
20	<p style="text-align: center;">God gave all men all earth to love, But as our hearts are small, Ordained for each, one spot should prove Beloved above them all. —R. Kipling.</p> <p>E. D. MARSHALL, Oakleigh.</p>	28	<p style="text-align: center;">Earth's crammed with heaven And every common bush afire with God. But only he who sees takes off his shoes. —E. B. Browning.</p> <p>ANNA STRUTHERS, 5 Oakfield Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.</p>
21	<p style="text-align: center;">Only the actions of the just Smell sweet and blossom in their dust. —James Shirley.</p> <p>Mrs FLEMING, Dorlin.</p>	29	<p style="text-align: center;">Good, better, best! Never let it rest Till your good is better And your better, best.</p> <p>A. M. DOUGLAS, Corstorphine.</p>
22	<p style="text-align: center;">The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength and skill, A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command, —Wordsworth.</p> <p>JESSIE BAILLIE BROWN, Jedville.</p>	30	<p style="text-align: center;">Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet. —Tennyson.</p> <p>M. GRIEVE, née MARY HORNE, Prestwick.</p>
23	<p style="text-align: center;">As man, that is: all tended to mankind And man produced, all has its end thus far; But in completed man begins anew A tendency to God. —Robert Browning.</p> <p>JOHN WALKER, Orchardfield</p>	31	<p style="text-align: center;">There are three things which are too wonderful for me The way of an eagle in the air; The way of a serpent upon a rock; The way of a ship in the midst of the sea. —Solomon.</p> <p>Miss MACARTHUR, 27 Highburgh Road, Glasgow, West.</p>
24	<p style="text-align: center;">Do not form opinions blindly Hastiness to trouble tends Those of whom we thought unkindly Oft become our warmest friends.</p> <p>Mrs DICK, High Street.</p>		<p style="text-align: center;">Our lives are albums written through With good or ill, with false or true. And as the blessed angels turn The pages of our years, God grant they read the good with smiles, And blot the ill with tears. —Whittier.</p>

AUGUST

1	<p>Then gently scan your brother man, Still gentler, sister woman, Though they may gang a kennin' wrang, To step aside is human.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Burns.</p> <p>Mrs SCOTT, Horsley, Traquair Park.</p>	9	<p>Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Isaiah xxxvi. 4.</p> <p>E. B.</p>
2	<p>O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Burns.</p> <p>Mrs T. W. GRAHAM, Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada.</p>	10	<p>Alas for him who never sees The stars shine through his cypress trees!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Whittier.</p> <p>B. P. PATERSON, Hillside House.</p>
3	<p>True happiness is to no spot confined; If you preserve a firm and constant mind, 'Tis here, 'tis everywhere.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Wynne.</p> <p>Mrs JAMES WATSON, 9 Antigua Street.</p>	11	<p>Be not anxious about to-morrow, do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Charles Kingsley.</p> <p>ISABELLA GOVENLOCK, Fairnilee, Galashiels.</p>
4	<p>There is so much that is bad in the best of us, And so much that is good in the worse of us, That it ill behoves any of us To find fault with the rest of us.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--R. L. Stevenson.</p> <p>Rev. HUGH BROWN, Strathmiglio.</p>	12	<p>The One remains, the many change and pass: Heaven's light for ever shines. Earth's shadows fly; Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, Stains the white radiance of eternity Till Death doth trample it in fragments.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--P. B. Shelly.</p> <p>JESSIE H. THOM, 20 Traquair Park.</p>
5	<p>Do thy duty that is best Leave unto thy God--the rest.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--George Macdonald.</p> <p>Mrs H. S. PALMER, 2 Murray Cottages.</p>	13	<p>Never trouble trouble Till trouble troubles you; It only doubles trouble, And troubles others too.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Ruskin.</p> <p>META KERR, 16 Downie Terrace.</p>
6	<p>Meet is it changes should control Our being, lest we rust in ease. We are all changed by slow degrees. All but the basis of the soul.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Tennyson.</p> <p>Mrs M. W. MILLAR, 3 Waverley Gardens, Glasgow, S.S.</p>	14	<p>He who has the truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Ruskin.</p> <p>Mrs E. FERNIE TOD.</p>
7	<p>Be wisely worldly but not worldly wise.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Quarles.</p> <p>M. H. R.</p>	15	<p>The best is yet to be. The last of life, For which the first was made: Our times are in His hand, Who saith, A whole I planned, Youth shows but half; Trust God: see all, nor be afraid.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Browning.</p> <p>M. F. SCOTT, 4 Dean Terrace, Edinburgh.</p>
8	<p>Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Finds us further than to-day.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Longfellow.</p> <p>MARY MAIN, Manse Road.</p>	16	<p>As a plant upon the earth so a man rests upon the bosom of God, he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws at his need inexhaustible power.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">--Emerson.</p> <p>THOMAS SMITH, 2 Murrayfield Place.</p>

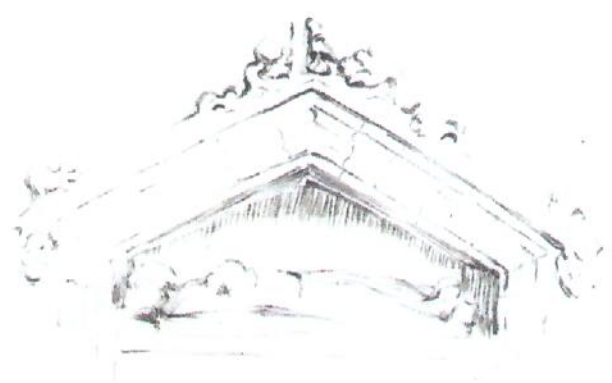


Interior of Corstorphine Parish Church, after Restoration, 1905.





West View of Corstorphine Parish Church, prior to Restoration, 1905.



AUGUST

17

To look up and not down
To look forward and not back
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

—Hale.

Miss ROBERTS, Anwoth Villas.

25

Life without friendship is like the sky
without the sun.

—Cicero.

THOMAS RITCHIE, The Glebe.

18

When the shore is won at last
Who will count the billows past?

—Keble.

Mrs NORMAN MACLEOD, 74 Murrayfield Gardens.

26

Do the thing that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping when you meet them
Lame dogs over stiles.

—Kingsley.

CHRISTINA E. ANDERSON, 3 Clermiston Terrace.

19

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Miss BARBARA LAWRENCE, Anderton Hall,
Nr. Chorley, Lancashire.

27

If solid happiness we prize
Within our breast, this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves, our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

—Cotton.

Miss ARCHIBALD, 65 M'Donald Road, Edinburgh.

20

My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.

—Tennyson.

H. BECK, Hillview Terrace.

28

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Longfellow.

EUPHEMIA BROWN, 4 Ormiston Terrace.

21

The swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not the
strong,
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not the
long.
The much is not the most, and the wide is not the deep,
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is only neap.

—F. R. Havergal.

J. A.

29

There is no sight in the world so lovely as that of little
children, such little ones are the centre of God's presence
in the world and as we ponder their sweet trustfulness,
their unsullied innocence, and their transparency of
character, we are not surprised the Master said 'of
such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

—R. P. D.

22

O radiant crown of womanhood,
A mother's heart, a mother's care;
O grace so little understood,
A mother's love a mother's prayer;
God's light and peace still bless the earth
In the dear angel of our birth.

—R. P. Downes.

30

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand; 'twill soon be dark.
Up! mind thine own aim, and God speed the
mark.

—Emerson.

Mrs REID, Belgrave Place.

23

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal
While he who loves may wander far
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

—H. Van Dyke.

FANNIE DRENNEN, 3221 Glen Avenue,
Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A.

31

Il faut rire avant que
d'être heureux
de peur de mourir
sans avoir ris.

—Labruyère.

G. S. DAVIDSON, Saughton Mains.

24

Face it out and live it down,
Whatever be the slander,
And walk on in wise quietness,
As utterly unconscious.

—M. Tupper.

The greatest truths are the simplest,
And so are the greatest men.

SEPTEMBER

1	<p style="text-align: center;">I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth. —<i>Psalm xxxiv. 1.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, Dunira, Kaimes Road.</p>	9	<p style="text-align: center;">Laborare est orare. —</p> <p style="text-align: center;">To be bristly towards what is small seemeth unto me to be a wisdom for hedgehogs. —<i>Nietzsche.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">ARTHUR J. BROCK, M.D., 24 Braid Crescent, Edinburgh.</p>
2	<p style="text-align: center;">He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love. —<i>Basil.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Miss PATERSON, Hillside House.</p>	10	<p style="text-align: center;">Aye free of hand your story tell When wi' a bosom cronie, But still keep something to yoursel' Ye'll hardly tell to ony. —<i>Burns.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mrs DARGE, Ballochmyle, Corstorphine.</p>
3	<p style="text-align: center;">Occasions, like clouds, pass away. —<i>Arab Proverb.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mrs STENHOUSE, Peebles.</p>	11	<p style="text-align: center;">We look before and after, and pine for what is not: Our sincerest laughter With some pain is fraught; Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. —<i>P. B. Shelley.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mrs JOHN BROWN, Leawood.</p>
4	<p style="text-align: center;">Maytime in a garden is the best of all the year, for a hundred flowers are blooming, and the roses yet to come. —<i>E. Temple Thurston.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">A. NEOBARD, Lindeth, Reading, Berks.</p>	12	<p style="text-align: center;">Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door The beloved, the true-hearted Come to visit me once more. —<i>Longfellow.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">PATTIE PICKETT, Parkview House, Birnam.</p>
5	<p style="text-align: center;">There is so much bad in the best of us, And so much good in the worst of us, That it ill behoves any of us To find fault with the rest of us. —<i>R. L. Stevenson.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Miss HERDMAN, Hazel Bank, Murrayfield.</p>	13	<p style="text-align: center;">I shall pass through this world but once, every good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again. —<i>Unknown.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mrs JARDINE, Corstorphine.</p>
6	<p style="text-align: center;">Do all the good you can To all the people you can, In all the ways you can, As long as you can. —<i>Anon.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Rev. JOHN ALEXANDER, 8 Cathedral Square, Glasgow.</p>	14	<p style="text-align: center;">Those that wander they know not where Are full of trouble and full of care. To stay at home is best. —<i>Longfellow.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mrs K. GIBB, 8 Templeland Road.</p>
7	<p style="text-align: center;">I held it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things. —<i>Tennyson.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">JAMES E. COWAN, Eastfield.</p>	15	<p style="text-align: center;">Nothing but the Infinite Pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life. —<i>Shorthouse.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mrs ANNIE PRINGLE TAYLOR, 42 Whitehall Court, London, S.W.</p>
8	<p style="text-align: center;">There is no death! What seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life Elysian, Whose portal we call Death. —<i>Longfellow.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">MATTHEW MURRAY, 14 Alva Street, Edinburgh.</p>	16	<p style="text-align: center;">Do as well as you can to-day, and perhaps to-morrow you may be able to do better. —<i>Newton.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">MARY CRAIG, Schoolhouse, Johnstone Bridge.</p>

SEPTEMBER

17	<p>A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing; but crass ignorance is a catastrophe. —Original.</p> <p>WILLIAM BROWN, 4 Victor Park.</p>	25	<p>My Redeemer and my Lord, I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee, Guide me in each act and word; That hereafter I may meet Thee, Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning, With my lamp well trimmed and burning. —Longfellow.</p> <p>Mrs ROBERT SMITH, Thistle Cottage, Manse Road.</p>
18	<p>Rejoice and men will seek you, Grieve and they turn and go; They want full measure of all your pleasure But they do not need your woe. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.</p> <p>Mrs DICKSON, Braefoot.</p>	26	<p>The kiss of the sun for pardon, The song of the birds for mirth; One gets nearer God's heart in a garden Than anywhere else on earth. —Anon.</p> <p>Mrs MONK, Olive Bank, Clermiston Road.</p>
19	<p>I am ashamed that women are so simple To offer war where they should kneel for peace, Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway. When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.</p> <p>ADAM CURRIE HUNTER, 7 Ormiston Terrace.</p>	27	<p>Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying; And this same flower that smiles to-day, To-morrow will be dying. —Herrick.</p> <p>Mrs THEODORE MARSHALL, Linkwood, Davidson's Mains.</p>
20	<p>Think <i>all</i> you speak, but speak not all you think, Thoughts are your own: your words are so no more. Where wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink, Lips never err when wisdom keeps the door. —DeLaune.</p> <p>Mrs GEORGE M'GAVIN, 4 Belgrave Terrace.</p>	28	<p>Life is a journey—on we go Through many a scene of joy and woe. —Combe.</p> <p>Mrs MARTIN, St Martin's.</p>
21	<p>How sweet to feel on the boon air, All our unquiet pulses cease! To feel that nothing can impair The gentleness, the thirst for peace. —M. Arnold.</p> <p>Rev. GEORGE GALLOWAY, Kelton Manse, Castle-Douglas.</p>	29	<p>It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends. —Euripides.</p> <p>Miss MARY P. HAY, Rosehill.</p>
22	<p>The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them. —Burke.</p> <p>Miss TURNER, Mansfield, Woodhouse, Notts.</p>	30	<p>When the rain raineth and the goose winketh Little wots the gosling what the goose thinketh. —Anon.</p> <p>H. A. LEEBODY, M.B. Edin., St John's Road.</p>
23	<p>More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice. Rise like a fountain for me night and day. —Tennyson.</p> <p>Mrs FINDLATER, Clermiston Road.</p>		<p>And Nature the old nurse, took The child upon her knee, Saying, "Here is a story-book Thy Father has written for thee." "Come, wander with me," she said, "Into regions yet untrod, And read what is still unread In the manuscript of God." —Longfellow.</p>
24	<p>If happiness has not her seat And centre in the breast, We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest. —Burns.</p> <p>Mrs J. C. ROBERTSON, 7 Ormiston Terrace.</p>		

OCTOBER

1	<p>There is so much good in the worse of us, There is so much bad in the best of us, That it ill behoves any one of us, To talk about the rest of us. —<i>R. L. Stevenson.</i></p> <p>Mrs F. J. TURNER, Mansfield, Woodhouse, Notts.</p>	9	<p>Nothing weighs so heavily as a secret. —<i>French Proverb.</i></p> <p>MISS L. M. DRYBROUGH, Gogar Park.</p>
2	<p>Straight is the line of duty ; Curved is the line of beauty ; Follow the straight line, thou shalt see The curved line ever follow thee. —<i>W. Maccall.</i></p> <p>MARGARET W. N. COCHRAN, Glenlyn, Belgrave Road.</p>	10	<p>Prosperity gives friends ; adversity proves them. —<i>French Proverb.</i></p> <p>Mrs DRYBROUGH, Gogar Park.</p>
3	<p>God sent His singers upon earth With songs of sadness and of mirth, That they might touch the hearts of men And bring them back to heaven again. —<i>Longfellow.</i></p> <p>MISS JACK, 87 Warrender Park Road, Edinburgh.</p>	11	<p>The path o' life is fu' o' holes To catch unwary feet Black howes o' grief, tough knots o' care That nearly gar ane greet But aft the road wad smother seem Did a' the course pursue O' " Do to others as ye would Have others do to you." —<i>James Ballantyne.</i></p> <p>GEO. B. SMITH, Amulree.</p>
4	<p>God's voice is of the heart ; I do not say All voices, therefore, of the heart are God's ; And to discern the voice amidst the voices Is that hard task that we are born to ! —<i>Clough.</i></p> <p>ANDREW WRIGHT, Vancouver, B.C.</p>	12	<p>Though pressed wi' care on every side Hae faith and ye'll win through For ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew. —<i>James Ballantyne.</i></p> <p>Mrs HERDMAN, Hazelbank, Murrayfield.</p>
5	<p>Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. —<i>Carlyle.</i></p> <p>MISS GILLESPIE, Oakby House.</p>	13	<p>Four things come not back to man or woman : the sped arrow ; the spoken word ; the past life ; and the neglected opportunity. —<i>Omar El Khuttub.</i></p> <p>J. MURRAY BROWN, Hoonvocotun, Kotmulu, Ceylon.</p>
6	<p>If nothing more than purpose in thy power, Thy purpose, firm, is equal to the deed : Who does the best his circumstances allow Does well, acts nobly : angels could do no more. —<i>Young.</i></p> <p>H. M. FOWLER, 28 Cletheroe Road, Clapham Rise, London, S.W.</p>	14	<p>Don Initole—" We are all as God made us." Tamk Panya—" And oftentimes a great deal worse." —<i>Cervantes.</i></p> <p>Wha does the utmost that he can Will whiles dae mair. —<i>Robert Burns.</i></p> <p>D. M. HORNE, The Croft, Carbis Bay, Cornwall.</p>
7	<p>Do the duty that lies nearest thee. —<i>Carlyle.</i></p> <p>SUSAN D. GRIERSON, Highfield, 54 St Albans Road, Edinburgh.</p>	15	<p>The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. Some see Nature all ridicule and deformity, and by these I shall not regulate my proportions ; and some scarce see Nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of imagination Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is, so he sees. —<i>William Blake.</i></p> <p>ALBERT H. DUNLOP, 1 Whitehouse Terrace.</p>
8	<p>May you live as long as you want, And never want as long as you live.</p> <p>MISS MITCHELL, 7 Montague Terrace, Edinburgh.</p>	16	<p>'Tis all a chequer-board of Nights and Days When Destiny with men for Pieces plays Hither and thither moves and mates and slays And one by one back in the closet lays. —<i>Omar Khayyam.</i></p> <p>Mrs A. BROWN, West Heath House, Northfield, Birmingham.</p>

OCTOBER

17	<p>O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem, By that sweet ornament which truth doth give! —<i>Shakespeare</i> (<i>Sonnet liv.</i>).</p> <p>Alice Margaret Simpson, Hermitage.</p>	25	<p>Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, and it is the greatest thing we can give God. —<i>Jeremy Taylor.</i></p> <p>Mrs Margaret Watson, 3 Victor Park Terrace.</p>
18	<p>Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers, We who improve his golden hours, By sweet experience know— That marriage rightly understood, Gives to the tender and the good A Paradise below. —<i>R. P. Downes.</i></p> <p>Adam Pringle, Corstorphine.</p>	26	<p>Delightful task! to rear the tender thought To teach the young idea how to shoot, To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind, To breath the enlivening spirit, and to fix The generous purpose in the glowing breast. —<i>J. Thomson.</i></p> <p>James Arthur Bishop, Dunara.</p>
19	<p>Flower in the crannied wall, I pluck you out of the crannies, I hold you here, root and all, in my hand, Little flower—but <i>if</i> I could understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and man is. —<i>Tennyson.</i></p> <p>Mrs Dunlop, 1 Whitehouse Terrace.</p>	27	<p style="text-align: center;">Never be dowie. —<i>Anon.</i></p> <p>Hugh Paterson, Castlepark.</p>
20	<p>Plant blessings and blessings will bloom, Plant hate and hate will grow; You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring The bloom that shows what sort of thing Is the seed—the seed that you sow. —<i>George Eliot.</i></p> <p>Miss Wallace, Victor Park Terrace.</p>	28	<p>Then gently scan your brother man Still gentler sister woman; Though they may gang a kennin' wrang To step aside is human. —<i>Robert Burns.</i></p> <p>Edith M. Macalister, Glenharr Abbey, Glenharr, Argyll.</p>
21	<p>It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.</p> <p>Mrs Mitchell, 7 Montague Terrace, Edinburgh.</p>	29	<p>Come what may, Time and the hour run thro' The roughest day. —<i>Shakespeare.</i></p> <p>Mrs James W. Laird, Pinkhill, Murrayfield.</p>
22	<p>I have never got over my surprise that I was born in the most estimable place in the world, and in the very nick of time, too. —<i>Thoreau.</i></p> <p>Charles Turner, Esq., Old Down, Torkington, R.G.O., Gloucester.</p>	30	<p>To thine own self be true, And it must follow as the night, the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. —<i>Shakespeare.</i></p> <p>Margaret A. H. Ramage, 8 Western Terrace, Murrayfield.</p>
23	<p>There are briars besetting every path That call for patient care; There is a cross in every lot, And an earnest need for prayer; But a lowly heart that leans on Thee, Is happy anywhere. —<i>Waring.</i></p> <p>Mrs Rattray, 4 Oswald Terrace.</p>	31	<p>Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not; neither go into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity; far better is a neighbour that is near than a brother far off. —<i>Proverbs xxvii. 10.</i></p> <p>James Lamb, 15 Murray Cottages.</p>
24	<p>There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will d disdain to do for him. —<i>Sir Philip Sydney.</i></p> <p>Alexander Masterton, Ellerslie.</p>		<p>Say, what is prayer? when it is prayer indeed, The mighty utterance of a mighty need. The man is praying who doth press with might Out of his darkness into God's own light. —<i>Trench.</i></p>

NOVEMBER

1	<p>One feast, of holy days the crest, I, though no Churchman, love to keep, All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest In God's still memory folded deep ; The bravely dumb that did their deed, And scorned to blot it with a name. Men of the plain heroic breed. That loved Heaven's silence more than fame. —<i>J. Russell Lowell.</i></p> <p>Mrs POTTER, 42 Coates Gardens, Edinburgh.</p>	9	<p>A source of honest profit and good fame Just so much work as keeps the brain from rust, Just so much play as lets the heart expand, Honouring God and serving man,—I say, These are reality, and all else—fluff. —<i>R. Browning.</i></p> <p>CHRISIE MITCHELL, Pinkhill.</p>
2	<p>So many gods, so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind ; While just the art of being kind Is all the sad world needs. —<i>E. Wheeler Wilcox.</i></p> <p>CHARLES W. HERDMAN, Hazelbank, Murrayfield.</p>	10	<p>Let us speak of a man as we find him, And heed not what others may say ; If he's frail, then a kind word will bind him When a cold one will turn him away. —<i>Purvis.</i></p> <p>TOM BAILLIE, Vancouver, Canada.</p>
3	<p>Never hurry, never worry, Never fret and fume, And when the Devil shows his face Just bid him leave the room. —<i>J. S. Blackie.</i></p> <p>JEANIE REID, Ormiston Terrace.</p>	11	<p>The man that hails you Tom or Jack, And proves by thumps upon your back His sense of your great merit, Is such a friend, that one had need Be very much his friend indeed, To pardon or to bear it. —<i>Cowper.</i></p> <p>Mrs D. FERGUSSON, South Vancouver, Canada.</p>
4	<p>A simple love and a simple trust, And a simple duty done ; Are truer torches to light to death Than a whole world's victories won. —<i>Wilfred Campbell.</i></p> <p>ANNIE CAMPBELL, Sycamore Terrace.</p>	12	<p>For life is not as idle ore, But iron dug from central gloom of Stygian caves, And heated hot with burning fears, And dipt in baths of hissing tears, And battered by the shocks of doom, To shape and use. —<i>Tennyson.</i></p> <p>WILLIAM T. FINLAYSON, Allermuir.</p>
5	<p>Man-like is it to fall into sin, Fiend-like is it to dwell therein, Christ-like is it for sin to grieve, God-like is it for sin to leave. —<i>Longfellow.</i></p> <p>GRACE SCOTT, Corstorphine Hill.</p>	13	<p>Pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower, its bloom is shed, Or like the snowflake on the river, A moment white, then gone for ever. —<i>Burns.</i></p> <p>E. C. N. M'LAREN, Gylemuir Road.</p>
6	<p>Follow the Christ, the King ! Live pure, speak truth, right wrong, Follow the King ! Else wherefore live. —<i>Tennyson.</i></p> <p>LIZZIE FORREST, Victor Park Terrace.</p>	14	<p>Time past is gone, thou canst not it recall ; Time is thou hast, improve the portion small, Time future is not, and may never be : Time present is the only time for thee.</p> <p>AGNES PARK CAMERON, LL.A., Muirfield, Annan.</p>
7	<p>Dusting, darning, drudging, nothing is great or small, Nothing is mean or irksome, love will hallow it all. —<i>Dr W. C. Smith.</i></p> <p>LIZZIE DICKSON, Braefoot.</p>	15	<p>A fule and his money are soon partied. —<i>Proverb.</i></p> <p>CHARLES ANDERSON, Wooler.</p>
8	<p>Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice much as we speak. —<i>Epictetus.</i></p> <p>MAGGIE T. PAGAN, Hope Cottage, Davidson's Mains.</p>	16	<p>The world is wide in time and tide. And God is guide,—then do not hurry, The man is blest who does his best, And leaves the rest,—then do not worry.</p> <p>Mrs THOMSON, Lyndhurst.</p>



Baptismal Font.
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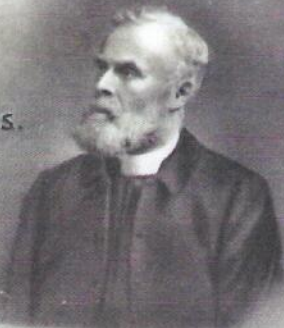
Rev. David Scott, M.D.



Rev. David Horne.



Rev. R.K.D. Horne.



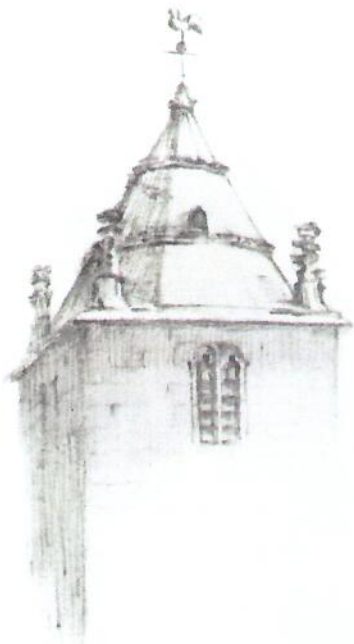
Rev. James Dodds.
D.D.



Rev. James Fergusson.



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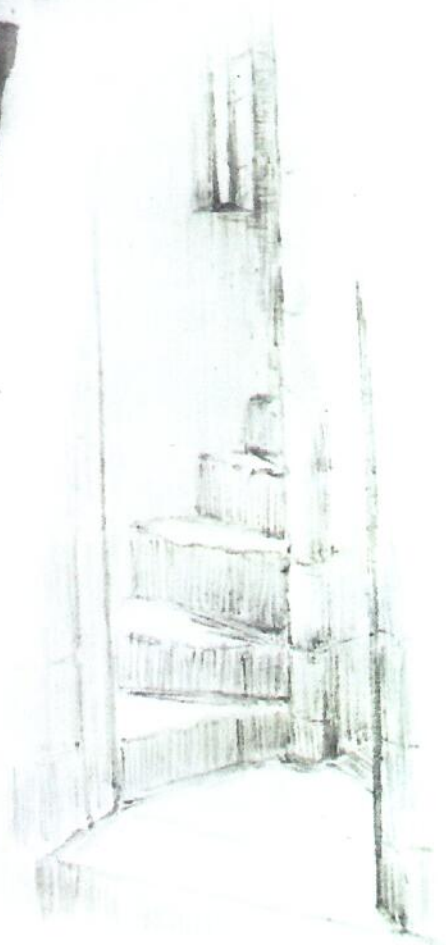
James Yule.
Beadle)



Charles Monro
Beadle)



Andrew Coventry
Beadle)



NOVEMBER

17	<p>Onward, onward may we press Through the path of duty; Virtue is true happiness, Excellence true beauty. Minds are of celestial birth; Make we, then, a heaven of earth. —<i>James Montgomery.</i></p> <p>Miss C. P. WARD, 55 Albany Street, Edinburgh.</p>	25	<p>Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower, Thou's met me in an evil hour; For I maun crush among the stour Thy slender stem; To spare thee now is past my pow'r, Thou bonnie gem. —<i>Burns.</i></p> <p>JOHN S. BRASH, Struan Cottage.</p>
18	<p>O, love, love, love! Love is like a dizziness; It winna let a poor body Gang about his business. —<i>James Hogg.</i></p> <p>Mrs GEORGE WILSON, Hope Street, Leith.</p>	26	<p>By Yarrow's streams still let me stray, Though none should guide my feeble way: Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break, Although it chill my withered cheek. —<i>Scott.</i></p> <p>SANDY PRINGLE, Corstorphine.</p>
19	<p>Have good will to all that lives, letting unkindness die, and greed and wrath; so that your lives be made, like soft airs passing by. —<i>Sir Edwin Arnold.</i></p> <p>M. MACNEILL, 2 Rosebank Terrace, Edinburgh.</p>	27	<p>More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. —<i>Tennyson.</i></p> <p>Ask God for all you want Thank Him for all you have And never grumble.</p> <p>KATHERINE K. KING, 40 Balgreen Road.</p>
20	<p>Make new friends, but keep the old, The one is silver, the other gold; Cheeks may wrinkle, hairs grow grey, True friendship never knows decay.</p> <p>Mrs G. SINCLAIR, 461 Telfer Street, Winnipeg.</p>	28	<p>Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood. —<i>Tennyson.</i></p> <p>ISOBEL REID, 52 Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.</p>
21	<p>As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. —<i>Proverbs xxv. 25.</i></p> <p>Mrs DUNBAR, Manse Road.</p>	29	<p>It is easy enough to be pleasant When life flows along like a song But the man worth while Is the man who can smile When everything goes dead wrong. —<i>E. W. Wilcox.</i></p> <p>Mrs GEORGE B. SMITH, Amulree.</p>
22	<p>Hope on, hope ever!—though to-day be dark, The sweet sunburst may shine on thee to-morrow. —<i>Gerald Massey.</i></p> <p>Miss ANDERSON, Marlefield, Roxburgh.</p>	30	<p>Let me to-day do something that shall take A little sadness from the world's vast store, And may I be so favoured as to make Of joy's too scanty sum a little more. —<i>E. W. Wilcox.</i></p> <p>Miss DUNBRECK, Craigholm, Colinton.</p>
23	<p>There is usually a smile in human affairs, if one takes the trouble to look for it. —<i>H. S. Merriman.</i></p> <p>Miss BESSIE M. SCOTT, 3 Maybank Villas.</p>		
24	<p>Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone; For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth It has troubles enough of its own. —<i>E. W. Wilcox.</i></p> <p>DORA A. MILLAR, 8 Laburnum Cottages.</p>		<p>Do what you can, being what you are; Shine like a glow-worm if you cannot be a star; Work like a pulley if you cannot be a crane; Be a wheel-greaser if you cannot drive a train. —<i>Judge Payne.</i></p> <p>JOHN WALLACE and MARY WALLACE, Foxville.</p>

DECEMBER

1	<p>Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends! Hath he not always treasures, always friends, The good great man? three treasures, love and light, And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath; And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death. <i>—S. T. Coleridge.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">J. M'GREGOR MILLS, M.A., Edinburgh University.</p>	9	<p>Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in night, God said "Let Newton be!" and all was light." <i>—Pope.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">MISS M. ROBERTSON, 143 Ferry Road, Leith.</p>
2	<p>The religion of Christ includes all who are leading the life of Christ in any sensible degree. To speak the truth in love, to do to others as you would they should do to you, these are the eternal elements of religion which can never pass away. <i>—Jowett.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">NAN P. CAMERON, 45 South Bridge St., Bathgate.</p>	10	<p>The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another. <i>—George Eliot.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">MARGARET B. SYME, Manse Road.</p>
3	<p>Oh wad some pov'r the giftie gie us Tae see oursel's as ithers see us. <i>—Burns.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">MRS ALLISON, 5 Whitehouse Terrace.</p>	11	<p>Whate'er is good to wish that ask of heaven; But if for any wish thou do'st not pray, Then pray to God to cast that wish away. <i>—H. Coleridge.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">JAMES STARK, Cleriston Avenue.</p>
4	<p>Teach me to feel another's woe, To hide the fault I see; That mercy I to others show, That mercy show to me. <i>—Pope.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">ALEXANDER PRINGLE, Whitburn.</p>	12	<p>Whatever you are—be that; Whatever you say—be true; Straightforwardly act, Be honest: in fact Be nobody else but you. <i>—Walter C. Smith.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">PETER DYCE, Jun., Harp Hotel.</p>
5	<p>In life not death, Hearts need kind words to help them on their way; Thus hoard them not until they useless be, In life, not death, speak kindly— Living hearts need sympathy. <i>—Unknown.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">JAMES T. R. TAYLOR, Ormidale.</p>	13	<p>We may build more splendid habitations, Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, But we cannot. Buy with gold the old associations. <i>—Longfellow.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">MRS NEWBIGGING, Broom-Vale.</p>
6	<p>If wisdom's ways you early seek, Five things observe with care, Of whom you speak, to whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">HUGH LINDSAY, 7 Belgrave Road.</p>	14	<p>Is it not just as we take it, This mystical world of ours? Life's field will yield, as we make it, A harvest of thorns, or flowers.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MARY P. PROUDFOOT, Edinburgh.</p>
7	<p>We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. <i>—Bailey.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">CHARLES S. SMITH, St John's Road.</p>	15	<p>The holiest of all holidays are those Kept by ourselves in silence and apart The secret anniversaries of the heart.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AGNES L. STEWART, Burnhead House, Lockerbie.</p>
8	<p>Gather ye a flower, in the garden of life, Even though it be just a thistle; Sing ye a song, as you travel along, And if you can't sing, why—just whistle.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MRS PRATT, 8 Victor Park Terrace.</p>	16	<p>Every day is a fresh beginning, Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain, And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning, And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain, Take heart with the day and begin again. <i>—Susan Coolidge.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">MRS COSSAR, Southview, Murrayfield.</p>

DECEMBER

<p>17</p>	<p>A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content, And health for the toils of the morrow ; But a Sabbath profaned, whatsoe'er may be gained, Is a certain forerunner of sorrow. —<i>Sir Matthew Hale's Golden Maxim.</i> Rev. JAMES FERGUSSON, The Manse.</p>	<p>25</p>	<p>Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind : for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. —<i>Marcus Aurelius.</i> MARY C. BLACKWOOD, Prato.</p>
<p>18</p>	<p>Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers, Whose loves in higher love endure ; What souls possess themselves so pure, Or is there blessedness like theirs ? —<i>Tennyson.</i> ALICE H. ASHER, Rosanna.</p>	<p>26</p>	<p>Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use : and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key ! —<i>Shakespeare.</i> ANNIE J. MEIKLE, 4 Ormiston Terrace.</p>
<p>19</p>	<p>It is easy enough to be pleasant When life flows by like a song, But the man worth while, Is the one who will smile When everything goes dead wrong. —<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox.</i> E. ANNIE H. FAUD, 36 Abbey Road, London, N.W.</p>	<p>27</p>	<p>So many gods, so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind, While just the art of being kind Is all the sad world needs. —<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox.</i> NELLIE THOMSON, Foxville.</p>
<p>20</p>	<p>Our deeds still travel with us from afar, And what we have been makes us what we are. —<i>George Eliot.</i> JANET ASHER, St. Colme.</p>	<p>28</p>	<p>It's an owercome sooth for age and youth And it brooks wi' nae denial That the dearest friends are the auldest friends And the young are just on trial. —<i>R. L. Stevenson.</i> Mrs ROBERTS, Anwoth Villas.</p>
<p>21</p>	<p>The dearest treasure mortal times afford, Is spotless reputation. —<i>Shakespeare.</i> Miss MARY LAWRENCE, Anderton Hall, Nr. Chorley, Lancashire.</p>	<p>29</p>	<p>The surest road to health, say what they will, Is never to suppose we shall be ill ; Most of the evils we poor mortals know, From doctors and imagination flow. —<i>Churchill.</i> JOHN HENDRIE, 1 Belgrave Terrace.</p>
<p>22</p>	<p>True happiness consists not in the multitude friends but in their Worth and Choice. —<i>Ben Jonson.</i> Mrs SIMONS, Sherbrooke, Tighnabruaich.</p>	<p>30</p>	<p>Only the actions of the just Smell sweet and blossom in the dust. —<i>J. Shirley.</i> ANDREW FLEMING, M.D., Dörlin.</p>
<p>23</p>	<p>The Bread of Life is Love, The Salt of Life is Work ; The Sweetness of Life, Poesy ; The Water of Life, Faith. —<i>Mrs Jamieson.</i> L. H. MASTERTON, Ellerslie.</p>	<p>31</p>	<p>Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll ! Leave thy low-vaulted past ! Let each new temple, nobler than the last Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art free Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea ! —<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes.</i> Rev. A. BAIRD, B.D., The Manse, Broughton, Peebles- shire, C. of S. Missioner, Corstorphine, October 1913.</p>
<p>24</p>	<p>The rank is but the guinea stamp The man's the gowd for a' that. —<i>Burns.</i> CATH. ISA BROWN, 342 Morningside Road, Edinburgh.</p>	<p>Look back across the unforgotten years, To dream of long ago ; Look forward where the unseen way appears Veiled in a misty glow. Look round you, where, like hidden wayside flowers, Mercies and hopes are set ; The Band that planted thee through darkest hours, Shall lead you onward yet.</p>	



*J. M'Gregor Mills, M.A.,
Student Missionary, 1913-14.*



Gogar Church.



*The Gogar Font.
Twelfth Century.*



*Angus Mollison,
Beadle.*

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