

and honest spiritual expounders of their respective faiths, as to say that the heathen brethren in their gorgeous robes were valuable mainly as a holy show. I blush with shame for Christianity to see our western pugnacious materialism insult and browbeat the harmless and more spiritual faiths of the orient. But when the oriental beams back his kindly eyes in answer to the insult, and secretly prays in his meditative heart, O "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," my hope in humanity and the world returns.

I believe Friends have a mission in tutoring this haughty judgment and intolerable spirit all around us, and in showing the love of Christ unto Christians.

MARRIED.

MCKELLAR—MARSH.—At the residence of the bride's parents, 5th mo. 10 h, 1894, in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends, and under the care of Lobo Monthly Meeting, Dr. James McKellar, of Jeddo, Lucerne Co., Pa., to Emily J. Marsh, eldest daughter of Jacob and Louisa Marsh, of Coldstream, Ont.

The loss to Coldstream of the bride, Emma Marsh, calls for more than a mere notice, for hers has been one of the most useful and unselfish lives which our community has had. Since the early years of her girlhood she has been the able assistant of her father in his varied responsibilities as general merchant, postmaster, proprietor of the mills, Treasurer of the township, Manager of Lobo Mutual Fire Insurance Co., etc., and as such she became well and widely known. In every place of responsibility she proved herself affable and obliging, and discovered business talents far above the ordinary. She was librarian, as well as Secretary and Treasurer, of the Coldstream Mechanics' Institute in addition to her other duties. When Lobo First-day School was started she became an interested worker in the cause, and for years has been a valuable teacher and member of the

Committee. Later, through conviction, she became a member of the Society of Friends. Dr. McKellar, whom she has married, formerly lived at Coldstream, afterwards studied medicine in Philadelphia, and for a year or two has been practising at his present place of residence. We congratulate him upon his happy choice, and the well wishes of the whole community go with the young people to the place of their future home. Knowing that our loss will be other's gain, and thus to the brotherhood of humanity there will be no loss.

S. P. Z.

IT DOESN'T COST MONEY.

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,
To have a good time on the earth;
The best of its pleasures are free unto those
Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing;
The loveliest flowers grow wild;
The finest of drinks gushes out of the spring—
All free to man, woman and child.

No man can purchase, no artist can paint
Such pictures as nature supplies
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint,
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and looks and smiles cheery and brave
Cost nothing—no, nothing at all,
And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could save
Can make no such pleasure befall.

To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the pure air,
Honest toil the enjoyment of health,
Sweet s'mber refreshing—these pleasures we share
Without any portion of wealth.

Communion with friends that are tried, true and strong,
To love and be loved for love's sake—
In fact, all that makes a life happy and long
Are free to whoever will take.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time,
And that is the reason, alas!
Why many who might have enjoyment sublime
Their lives in such misery pass.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time,
The world's best enjoyments are free;
But those who find pleasure in folly and crime
Will not with these true words agree.

—St Louis Globe Democrat.