

terest I followed her through the cities and varied scenes of her course to within the very gates Jerusalem, and with what exultant joy she exclaimed after months of toil and travel: "And I stand within thy walls, O Jerusalem!" I have since followed her, by her writings, through the varied scenes of life, and when news of her death came, and I knew that she was at her journey's end, I fancied I could hear her exclaim with those exultant feelings, intensified after years of toil and travel: "And I stand within thy walls, O thou New Jerusalem!"

In her death, which occurred in Philadelphia on the evening of the 17th inst., aged 54 years, our Society loses one of its ablest writers and most devoted members. S. P. Z.

Coldstream, 3rd mo., 26th.

DIED, of consumption, on the 3rd of 3rd mo., 1888, Sarah Zavitz, wife of Noble J. Zavitz, the latter a member of Lobo Preparative Meeting of Friends. The deceased was a member of the Disciple Church. The funeral services were held in the Baptist meeting house, being more convenient, and were engaged in, at her request, by Sinclair, a Disciple minister; Davis, a Baptist minister, and Serena Minard, a minister of the Society of Friends. A presence other than human seemed to come over the meeting and baptize all with a true baptism of the Holy Spirit. Vital principles of religion were dwelt upon, and people wondered to see so much unity where they fancied so much variance. Verily it was a little, after—Pentecost when chosen ones were filled with the Holy Ghost and spake divers languages as the Spirit gave them utterance, so that each one received it in his own meaning.

Any principle which secures the safety of the individual without personal effort or the vital exercise of faculty is disastrous to moral character. —[Henry Drummond.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the beloved Friends in our earthly pilgrimage are leaving us for their eternal home in the mansions of the blest, and as each one takes their departure, leaving behind the saddened hearts and lone comes the thought: Who may be the next? Is it I? We know not, the messenger of death may come after long weeks and months of suffering, or it may be with scarcely a warning, as was the case of a dear Friend whose death occurred within the past two weeks. Surely it is well for us to be awake to the consciousness that each day, each hour, brings us nearer to the time when for us will come the summons to appear before the righteous Judge to give account of the deeds done in the body. It need not darken our life to know that we are each moment nearer the eternal life beyond when, with our spirits purified, we will find an entrance into the realms of endless bliss; but with joy, and not with sorrow, let us journey on, trusting that the dear Father will ever lend His hand to lead through all unto Himself. In this age of hurry and turmoil we seem too often to forget that His presence is ever with us in all our daily tasks; that He will lighten every burden and shed a brightness all around our pathway, and that it is not alone in seasons of retirement that He condescends to be with His depending children, but at all times, in any place, we may hold sweet communion with Him.

L. M. TEST.

Camden, N. J., 1st mo., 19th, 1888.

He who is ashamed of his poverty would be equally proud of his wealth.—[Uncle Esek.

"We are the self same coal."

The diamond made reply:

"Our difference is the whole

Weight of the world did lie

On me for ages. The differing grade

Is differing pressure on us laid."

—[Wm. Baker.