

and grow very luxuriantly all the year round. We are very pleased to hear that we are being remembered in your prayers, and beg that you will continue so to remember us. I will be glad to hear from you, and will write again some other time.

Very sincerely yours,

LILLIE MACRAE.

WEARING MOURNING.

A correspondent in the *Herald and Presbytery* says:—Henry Ward Beecher showed his appreciation of a great and growing evil by directing his family not to wear mourning when he died. This custom is heathenish. If our friends have gone to heaven and are happy with the Lord, why should we go about for months clad in the habiliments of hopeless grief? The *Forum* has a suggestion on this subject which I wish to commend to the consideration of your readers. It says:—This passionate mourning, which, instead of being hidden in the depths of the heart, is obtruded upon the notice of every passer-by, how shall it be made to harmonize with the belief that the good who die are infinitely happier than they were before? To don the sable weeds of mourning because some one we love has been promoted from this world of pain and temptation to an eternity of peace is, to say the least, strangely inconsistent; while to tell all the world that, despite our loved one's immeasurable gain, we can only think of our own loss, is to proclaim our selfishness with a frankness which is as unworthy as it is unnecessary. In this matter of crape-wearing it would seem that the older countries of the world might, with advantage, sit at the feet of Australia and New Zealand, and learn from those young colonies a lesson of which the former are much in need. In both those countries the announcement of a death, in the press, is often followed by these significant words: "By wish of the deceased, his relatives will not wear mourning." Again this suggests a still more efficacious method of abolishing the practice. As the world well knows, there are no injunctions so scrupulously obeyed as those which rich testators lay upon the recipients of their bounty. Let it, then, become the rule that among the clauses of every will shall be included one enjoining the legatees to wear no crape,

on pain of forfeiture of their bequests, and the reign of crape will soon be ended.

Our kindred whom God has taken to Himself are walking in white before the throne. They are waving palms of victory, and singing songs of thanksgiving. Why then should we wear black and sing dirges? We can not help feeling lonely and sad, when we miss the familiar face, and hear no more of the voice that was so sweet to our ears. But the Gospel foils the indulgence of selfish sorrow. It teaches us to do our own lifework more zealously, because there is one less to help us, and the recent death admonishes us that we too must die. The best way to honor our sainted dead is to be more saintly in our spirit and our lives. The money needlessly spent in mourning apparel would sustain hundreds of missionaries, and print millions of Bibles.—*Sel.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S SECURITY.

Security depends upon living close to Jesus. The soldier who keeps the ranks on the march, and behind the ramparts during the assault, is commonly safe; the stragglers are apt to be picked up by the enemy. To this latter class in our churches belong the casualties and the disgraceful desertions which so often shock and shame us. Among this class of backsliders are the ready victims of the temper—the men who betray pecuniary trusts, and the weak-kneed time-servers who succumb in times of hard pressure, and the deserters who slip away from God's worship through broken Sabbaths, and all the votaries of self-indulgence who keep their names on church rolls, and yet are mostly found in the haunts of "Vanity Fair." Drifting away from God, they fall into the hands of the adversary. Need a Christian ever slip or stumble? Need he ever walk in the dark, or lose the roll of his assurance? No; not if he lives close to Christ, so close that the Shepherd's eye is ever on him, and the light of Christ's countenance illumines his path, and the Almighty arm is ever within reach. Brother, if you or I ever lose Christ, it is not because He has driven us away, or hidden Himself from us; it is because we have been drawn away from Him. There is no more necessity that we should back-slide than there is that we swallow strychnine.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*