

The church of which she has been a member 26 years, has sustained a great loss by her death. Her love to the sanctuary and its ordinances was very strong. Everything had to give way to the hours of worship and Christian service. The one expressed desire for recovery was, that she might do more work for Jesus, as she said, "It was so sweet to work for Him."

The poor and suffering ever found a warm friend in her.

A thorough Congregationalist in her convictions and practice, yet with a charity exceedingly catholic, she loved all Christ's people.

As a wife and mother she was devoted and affectionate. For the conversion of her family she continually prayed. Out of her 10 children the Lord gave her four, one of whom is in heaven, and the

remaining six, we hope, will soon be among the Lord's people saved.

During her long sickness, not a murmur ever escaped her lips; nor a cloud ever rose between her and Christ. Like the setting sun in a clear sky she peacefully passed from our view.

Her death was improved by her pastor from Ps. 116, v. 15, to a large and sorrowing multitude.

A few days later another member of 16 years' standing, peacefully passed away to Jesus,—a lover of Zion and good works, reminding us of the need of being also ready, with our lamps trimmed, that we too may enter in with joy.

J. U.

Georgetown, Jan. 5th, 1877.

Home and School.

THE JEWELLED TREE.

By A. M. M., KINGSTON.

When all the trees were clad in green,
And all the birds were singing,
And blossoms full of incense sweet
Their perfumes forth were flinging,

One tree amid the joyous scene
Looked sad and discontented,
And to the gentle summer breeze
In whispering tones lamented.

It murmured to an oriole
That on a bough was swinging:
"Last eventide, in silvery strains,
I heard a poet singing

Of trees afar, with jewelled fruit,
In flashing diamonds shining;
These green leaves are so *commonplace*—
For jewels I am pining!"

The summer fled; the trees stood bare
Amid the wintry weather,
Until one night, when rain and frost
Came silently together;

Then, when the dawn had ushered in
The rosy-fingered morning,
The tree rejoiced at its array
In new and strange adorning.

From every twig and bough there hung
A sparkling crystal pendent;
The proud tree glittered in the sun,
In jewelry resplendent.

But with the night there came a wind,
And with the wind came sorrow;
And then, alas! a piteous case
Was seen upon the morrow.

For when again the morning broke,
The hopeless tree presented
A sight to warn all other trees
From being discontented.

The ground was strewn with glittering ice,
The stately boughs lay under;
Borne downward by its weight of gems,
The tree was snapped asunder!

—*St. Nicholas for December.*