

in Canada or the United States the remaining *three months* of this year for *10 cents*. When once introduced the REVIEW almost invariably becomes a constant visitor. Our Friends can therefore help us very much by aiding us in making this special offer known outside our present circle of subscribers. All such subscriptions should be sent in on or before the 1st of 10th month.

We are glad to learn and inform our readers that Sunderland P. Gardner arrived home safely, and is improving in health.

MARRIED.

GAGE-FRITTS—At the home of the bride's mother, Macedon, N.Y., on Eighth mo., 6th, 1889, by Friends' ceremony, Frank Gage, of Rochester, N.Y., and Elizabeth Fritts, daughter of Maria B. and the late George O. Fritts.

We wish them the happiness that comes to all rightly appointed unions.

OBITUARY.

PLAYTER—At the family residence, Pittsburg, Kansas, 3rd, Seventh mo., 1889, Minnie E. Playter, wife of Frank Playter, and daughter of Ira B. and Susan Carpenter, of Pickering.

Mr. Frank Playter married his wife in Canada twenty years ago, when she was nineteen years old. They came to Girard, had four children born to them, two of which gave up life, and now lay with their mother in the tomb.

Mrs. Playter was an extraordinary woman. There is scarcely a trait that goes to make a beautiful character that she did not possess and develop for the good of human kind. She was one of the noblest women God ever allowed to live in this calculating world, and we feel that a greater grief never fell upon our city than when she died. For two years we had the privilege of being her neighbor and friend. We know somewhat of her sweet disposition and refinement; her exquisite sense of what was right and just; her utter self-abne-

gation and her charity. She had a cultured mind, and loved that which was beautiful in art in sentiment; loved the children, she being one with them in purity of thought and innocence. Idealize a woman, giving to her that which is best, brightest and purest, and you have our conception of the life of Minnie E. Playter as she lived it. —Taken from the Pittsburg Smelter.

We, her Canadian relatives and friends, know her to have been one of the noblest of women. Our hearts are baptised in deep sorrow at news of her death, and go out in sympathy to the bereaved family and friends. May they seek solace for their grief at that fountain from which none are turned away empty, and from which the departed one drew fresh supplies, not only for every need of her own, but also handed forth to others.

For the REVIEW.

PRESENTATION.

On Friday evening, the 23rd, a number of the friends, old and young, of Bertie Wilson gave her a pleasant surprise at her father's residence, in Bloomfield. Tables were spread on the beautiful lawn, and after supper the following address was read, with the presentation of a beautifully bound volume of Longfellow's poems:

Bertie Wilson, dear friend and teacher,—

It is with feelings of sorrow and pleasure we address you this evening—sorrow, because the occasion of this gathering is your removal from among us; pleasure, because it affords us an opportunity for the expression of our good will. It is sad to part with friends, sad for those who go, and often sadder for those who remain, and it is doubly so when we lose a friend endeared to us through individual efforts in a good cause. We do not attempt to reward you for your performance of duty in our First-day School, but we