

## Editor's Portfolio.

### IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN ARCHIBALD, A DEVOTED YOUNG CHRISTIAN, KILLED SUDDENLY AT DUNDALK, ONT., JANUARY, 1874.

#### I.

How strange that thou should'st fall, so young  
so fair,

Not as falls tempest-smote the forest tree,  
When paralyzed by time, but as a star  
Falls down from the high heavens, mysteri-  
ously :

For thou wast pure, prepared for every snare  
Of life's path, girt with sacred panoply.  
Who heard thy earnest loving words of prayer,  
Full breathing from a soul of ecstasy,  
And marked thy life of fellowship with God,  
And love to man, but felt its hidden power,  
Allied so close, imbued, with the Divine :  
Though smarting 'neath affliction's bitter rod,  
We feel thou'rt safe upon the heavenly shore,  
The harp, the crown, the mansion, all, are  
thine.

#### II.

Thus they around us fall,—the young, the  
fair,—  
And still the world sweeps on, how madly ;  
when

Some great calamity bids them prepare  
For death, they stop to heave a sigh, and then  
More eagerly rush blindly on. Is there  
Not in the awful things of earth, O Men !  
Enough to chain your thoughts, or do you dare  
To face th' eternal scenes of speechless pain ?  
O Earth ! thou hast thy scenes of sadness,  
where

The tomb engulfs us mortals, where the stern  
Dread monster Death strikes down remorse-  
lessly ;

Yet should we ask the Lord of life to spare  
His own loved ones, or ask him to return  
Their spirits back to earth, to misery.

### JESUS SAVES ME NOW !

Songs of praise my lips employ,  
For my heart is filled with joy,  
What can e'er my peace destroy ?  
Jesus saves me now !  
I have proved His power to bless  
Through His blood and righteousness ;  
Joyfully I now confess,  
Jesus saves me now !

CHORUS—Jesus saves me now !  
Jesus saves me now !  
Jesus, my redeeming Lord,  
Loves and saves me now !

Jesu's love hath wondrous power  
To sustain in sorrow's hour,  
And to shield when tempests lower,  
Jesus saves me now !  
I am happy all the day  
Walking in the narrow way,  
Joyously I still can say,  
Jesus saves me now !

What a watchword here have I,  
Satan's malice to defy !  
Humbly, trustingly, I cry—  
Jesus saves me now !  
Through His precious blood forgiven,  
When each earthly tie is riven,  
I shall gain a home in heaven,  
Jesus saves me now !

There from earthly trial free,  
Through a blest eternity,  
With my Saviour I shall be,—  
Jesus saves me now !  
With the happy, ransomed throng  
This shall ever be my song,—  
Praise and power to Him belong,—  
Jesus saves me now !

MILLIE.

Balsam Lake, 1874.