

in the work, and about 120,000 cubic yards of earth was taken out, the greater portion of this earth was put back into the completed work and the balance is being carted away to fill up hollow places in Maple and Amherst streets.

The cost is computed at \$235,000. It is certainly one of the largest works of the kind on the continent and reflects great credit to Mr. James Lowe the superintendent in charge.

C.

IN MEMORIAM.

How hard it is to say, "Thy will be done,"
And bow submissive, when God sends us
pain,

We love so well the splendor of the sun;
We are not patient in the gloom of rain;
When the heart bleeds with deep and sore
affliction

We do not feel with brighter-day's conviction
"God doeth all things well."

Easy it is to moralize and say

To an afflicted neighbor, "Be resigned,
God chast'neth thee in love," But when the day
Of our bereavement comes, when we've con-
signed

To earth the form of some beloved departed,
We weep and moan and almost broken-hearted,
Forget that God is good.

Through shattered hopes whose ruins crush the
heart,

God's love for us we can but dimly see,
We do not cry, while the strained heart-strings
part,

"Thy will be done" but "Oh, my God
spare me!"

But heaped up ruins of old hopes ascended,
God's boundless love is seen, and doubts are
ended

After His will is done.

We pass through darkness into purer light,
Advance from doubting into strong belief,
Beyond the valley there is Pisgah's height,
After our weeping comes a sweet relief;

Precious this balm which comes to heal our
sorrow—

Parting to day means union on the morrow,
Where parting is no more.

Oh, sister Bell, when came the fiat dread
Which gave thee heaven and us heart-rending
woe,

My faith grew weak, and trembling, almost
fled,

While like rank weeds dark doubts began to
grow,

But thy pure spirit grieved that I should mur-
mur,

Taught me such wisdom that my faith grew
firmer,

And dark doubts drooped and died.

Perhaps thy spirit breathing upon mine
Gives me this thought which thrills me with
delight,

That as my soul approaches the divine,
Ceasing to doubt, and struggling into light
Thy peace and happiness become completer,
And heaven and all therein seems sweeter
And lovelier to thee.

Still my heart yearns for thy dear spirit fled,
And life would be a torture, earth a hell,
But that my faith is strong, my doubts are dead,
And sure my hope that we shall meet to
dwell,

When peace is infinite and love supernal
Where all that is, is perfect and eternal,
For God hath promised this.

J. O. MADISON.