

These articles are part of the constitution of the Ladies' Missionary Society of Ontario, and from these it appears that their constitution does not make them auxiliaries of the General Society, but quite independent, giving them the power to exercise all the functions of distinct Foreign Mission Societies. Surely this was intended neither by Bro. Timpany who gave the constitution, nor by the Societies who adopted it. If not intended the constitution should be changed; if intended the General Society ought to know it, as this would certainly divert thousands of dollars from finding their way into the general fund, Bro. Timpany and Sister Phoebe to the contrary notwithstanding.

2. The members of the General Board so far as I know *deeply regret* the wording of the constitution, and feel that they cannot recommend the formation of circles in our churches until the constitution be so altered as to make the Ladies' Societies, auxiliaries of the General Society.

3. The assertion frequently made that the General Board is opposed to "circles" is *misleading*, because the Board is *not* opposed to circles as such, but *only* to circles as *now constituted*. It is quite evident that the General Board should have a voice in the final ordering of the funds, if we are to prosecute the work harmoniously and successfully. Bro. Timpany, I think, admitted this before the Board in Toronto, and Bro. McLaurin is fully of the same opinion, as the following extract from one of his letters of August 15th, 1877, shows. Writing to me on the subject of Ladies' Societies he says, "I think that so long as they work in connection with and under the direction of the Board that they will do *good* in spreading information and fanning zeal, but should they feel that they have a *separate* vocation, such as *school work* or *seminary work* or girls' schools, or anything distinct and separate, then I think that the real gain will be small. Schools, seminaries and everything else ought to be subordinated to the work of preaching the gospel." Bro. McLaurin could not make use of language which would more fully express the mind of the Board than the above does.

4. It would be very wrong to close this article without stating the *fact* that the Ladies' Societies both East and West have so far taken up work of which the General Board either has already approved, or of which, I am satisfied, it can approve, but suppose they had seen fit to do *otherwise*, we could say nothing against it, for their constitution does not require them to do anything, for, or in connection with the General Society.

5. Could not a joint committee composed

of so many members from each of the societies, be appointed to amend the constitution? Then at the annual meetings of the societies let it be adopted, thus bringing the matter to a final settlement satisfactory to all parties concerned.

JAMES COUTTS,
Home Secretary.

Collingwood, March 8th, 1878.

NEARING ETERNITY.

Reader, have you ever listened to that heart as it throbbed within you, and never thought it had one throb less to beat? Have you never reflected, as you have admired the glory of a bright May day, that some morning you would be blind to all the beauty of nature; that your eyes would soon be closed in death's deep slumber, to open only in the morning of eternity? Have you ever stood by the death-bed of a beloved brother, amid a group of sorrowing friends, or followed all that was mortal of one who seemed dearer than life itself, sadly to the grave, without reflecting that you, too, soon would be on a dying bed; that you, too, would be shortly borne to that cold dark tomb? Have you never paused in the maddest, merriest whirl of this world's maze, to reflect that eternity is near? Have you never paused in the highest, brightest flight of earth's gay pleasure, to reflect that death is as certain as the morning sun? As you have watched the leaves fall one by one of an autumn day, has the thought never occurred to you, that in like manner, we are dropping one by one into the embrace of death? Yes, we are all nearing eternity; "our hearts like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave." The fragile plant of life often droops ere the friendly rays of light have called its colors into bloom.

"Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers,
Things that are made to fade and fade away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours."

Alike with nature's fairest flowers, our fondest fancies, our grandest monuments, must pass away, must perish and decay. It may or may not be that we are born for fame and place high in state; we may or may not be destined for a life freighted with sorrow, or for a life overcrowded with joy, but certain it is we are born to die. Each day finds us one day's march nearer the bar of that great assize, when we shall have to appear before the judgment seat of God. Nothing is so uncertain as life, nothing is so certain as death. You know it well, the unnumbered hosts that have passed on before bear it witness. You have seen death snatch its victims from every quarter, from every class, as well the light-hearted youth, in all

the buoyancy and hope of life's spring-time, as the one whose locks have been silvered by the autumn of increasing years. You have seen the departure of the faithful Christian in all the calm resignation of religious hope, with his faith firmly fixed on Christ; and you have seen the impatient unbeliever racked with mental anguish in all his dread uncertainties, hope in the present stifled in death, and no hope in the future.

Would you seek another path? You cannot find it? Every path leads to death and eternity. How trivial seem all the great things we have striven so hard for in this world, when we are on the verge of eternity! They all sink into nothingness when we hear the waves of that deep unfathomed sea breaking on the nearer shore. You know not how soon the silver thread of this life may be severed; you know not how soon the dread summons may be at your door. Should we then glide carelessly down the river of this life, flowing with its enjoyments, and ebbing with its disappointments, refreshed with the sweet-scented zephyrs of worldly pleasure, and driven hither and thither with the varying kinds of appetite and passion, *only* to shipwreck in eternity? Surely it is better nobly to stem the torrent with the banner of the Cross overhead, and with Christ as our pilot seek the strait and narrow course, buffeting awhile the petty storms of this existence, safely to anchor in the haven of eternal life.

EARLY MEMORIES.

CONTINUED.

Among the rather numerous company that lined the bank of the little river I observed one whom I knew to be a member and a deacon of the little Baptist church before mentioned. I was very anxious to speak to him, or rather, that he should speak to me, for then at the age of seventeen I was timid and bashful, and I had had no acquaintance with the good deacon. As we were returning from the stream I managed to cross his path when he very kindly greeted me, and observed that he had expected to see me among the candidates. I replied that I was convinced of the duty of baptism, and that I had nearly made up my mind to go forward on this occasion, but upon hearing Elder M. express himself so strongly against immersion, which in spite of myself appeared to me to be the *only* form known to the New Testament, I thought I would rather not receive it at his hands, but wait till I could meet with a minister who believed as I did, that it might be an act of mutual faith in him and me. After some further pleasant conversation, coming to where our roads parted, he invited me to attend their *Covenant Meeting* on a subsequent Saturday, which I promised to do.

Accordingly on the day fixed I set off