

her, the death of Sarah Watson, an aged resident of the town of Galen, Wayne Co., N. Y. Her age was not far from eighty years. The funeral sermon was preached by Sunderland P. Gardner, of Farmington, N. Y., who, though rising of eighty-seven years, is still preserved and sustained in sufficient health and strength to well fulfil the chosen mission to which he seems always to be called. The deceased was a consistent member of Friends' Society, always faithful in attending meeting at their Meeting-house in Galen, even when she knew it would be but the silent meeting of "two or three" gathered together for worship, and gathering strength thereby, so long as health permitted her to do so. And when *her* strength failed, the faithful few who were wont to meet with her there, had not courage to attend longer. Would that the younger members who love to emulate her example, might also learn the secret of her Peace.

There is one other death I have to record for this winter in the membership of Friends, that of Jane Hunt, sister of Dr. George Fruman, of Philadelphia, the able minister whose sermon was republished lately in the YOUNG FRIENDS REVIEW. She was one of the wealthy residents of the village of Waterloo, so counted, and was personally interested in some of the leading industries of the place, but these outward signs of prosperity were as nothing, compared with the inner wealth she enjoyed. She was a *noble woman*, beloved by all who knew her. She too, used on some occasions to attend the meeting at Galen, accompanied by her family, and also her brother, George Fruman, whenever he came out on a visit to her, and those occasions were treasured in memory by all who were present, as was also the true eloquence of his sermons. The death of Jane Hunt will cause a vacant place in many hearts, but no; not vacant! for the place will be filled with her memory. Her husband, Richard Hunt, died many years ago. Her death occurred

at the home of her daughter in Chicago, Ill., where she was visiting. Her remains were brought to Waterloo for interment.
J. M. D.

OUR WAR.

A great civil war is raging;
Its leaders are bold and brave.
King Temperance leads on our side,
On the other, King Alcohol grave.

A band of earth's purest and noblest
By King Temperance forward are led;
Each bearing his color before him—
A bright little ribbon of red.

Just let us pause for a moment,
And notice the progress that's made.
As one army steadily strengthens,
The force of the other is stayed.

King Alcohol's men fall by thousands,
And many now break from his rule.
O who would not serve brave King Temperance
Instead of that monster so cruel.

The final surrender draws nearer,
Our foes we will yet put to flight;
So let us be true to our colors,
For wrong cannot stand against right.

Then long let the red ribbons flutter;
May they multiply day by day,
Till at last they shall rule triumphant,
And intemperance vanish away.

M. V.

THOUGHTS ON TEMPERANCE.

Each man has his own pet theory as to the most reasonable way of abolishing the giant evil of our day—the reign of King Alcohol. Consequently, I think we ought not to cavil with each other, but, instead of wasting powder on the different divisions of the grand Temperance army, we should point our guns directly at the enemy and let *them* feel the force of our indignation. No desired reform has ever yet been accomplished when those anxious to bring it about were busy splitting hairs and talking about the inconsistencies of others' policies. Let us go honestly and heartily to work; there are any number of ways for us to use our influence for Temperance. The social custom of wine drinking has not yet been ostracised, although somewhat diminished.