

## Obituary.

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### THE REV. PHILIP SHANKS.

It is with unaffected sorrow that we have lately heard of the death of the Rev. Philip Shanks, an Alumnus of our College, and for several years Pastor of the church in Sarnia, and subsequently for eight years Pastor of the church at Lanark Village. In both of these churches he has left many earnest and loving friends, who cherish very lovingly the remembrance of his uniform kindness and Christian courtesy.

Mr. Shanks was a man of unpretending address, sincere and warm in his attachments, most unostentatious in his acts of beneficence, liberal, though discriminating in his giving, particularly conscientious in all his dealings; he won the esteem of all who knew him, both in his own church, and throughout the whole

christian community. Between seven and eight years ago, he removed with his father and sister to Queensland, Australia, where he has since laboured in the Master's Vineyard.

In the autumn of last year, he had been for several weeks somewhat indisposed; no special anxiety was felt on the part of his friends, as he had never been strong. Severe illness, however, set in, accompanied with distressing pain, which continued for nearly two days; as the pain subsided he rapidly sank, and on the morning of Saturday, Nov. 1st, without a struggle, "he fell on sleep." Of him we may write: "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

R. L.

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## Home and School.

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### FOR JESUS.

For Jesus! for Jesus! the watchword of love,

Moves the hearts and the tongues of the ransomed above;

And we, as we breathe the sweet accents below,

Find new joy in our gladness, new balm for our woe.

For Jesus! for Jesus! Creation had birth,  
And morning stars sang o'er a verdure-clad earth;

For Jesus! for Jesus! His people rejoice,  
And loud hallelujahs arise from each voice.

For Jesus! for Jesus!—the way may be rough,—

The cup that we taste may be bitter enough!

But we'll drink it up bravely, and boldly press on

To the bright land of rest where our Leader has gone.

For Jesus! for Jesus! the cross let us take,  
And cheerfully bear it for His blessed sake;  
The dear bleeding hands that were nailed on the tree,

Will lighten the burden for you and for me.

For Jesus! for Jesus!—oh, how can we grieve,

Or mourn o'er our lot, when in Him we believe?

Nay! welcome the trials that drive us above,

And the sorrows which teach us how sweet is His love.

For Jesus! for Jesus! our watchword shall be,

Till the face of our Saviour in glory we see;

Then, then, all our sins and our sorrows shall cease,

With Jesus! with Jesus!—our joy and our peace.

MARIE.

February, 1874.