

I have no anxiety about the world to come, but if we are saved from sinning in this present world we may safely trust that all will be well in the hereafter. "Not my will," let us repeat, "but thine, O God, be done." If we close our every petition in that spirit and live in it, we will be sustained—saved. This saving principle, which is the Christ, the Son of God, is the same to-day as in any previous age. It will enable us to withstand temptations, trials and persecutions. Let us put our trust in it and cease to question and criticize, and begin to learn and to know it, till we can come to say, I know now that my Redeemer liveth, and not because he died, but because he lives, I shall live also.

OUR GALLERY SEATS.

They're passing from us one by one—
The Friends whose counsel sweet
Flows to us oft, in gentle tones,
Forth from the gallery seat ;
They've passed, are passing fast away,
To the eternal shore ;
Yet, 'membrance of their hallow'd lives
Shall bless us evermore.

A few tried veterans yet remain—
Dear Mary Lippincott,
And she—our earnest faithful one—
Beloved Lucretia Mott ;
While silent lights on Zion's walls,
Our pathway cheer to-day ;
But who their stations here shall fill,
When they have passed away ?

We who the middle walks of life
Now tread with trembling trust,
And sadly mark those thinning ranks,
As dust returns to dust ;
While knowing we can all things do
Through Christ—our living head,
Call down the years, dear Friends, to you,
Who younger walks now tread.

We'd bid you shun the winding paths,
Which some of us have known,
And choose the safer route, direct
Unto our Father's throne.
Our fields are unto harvest white,
Our laborers are few,
And whence shall re-inforcements come
Save, dear young Friends, from you ?

We need your willing hearts and hands,
Your voices, too, we need ;
The strength your silent presence gives
Fosters the precious seed ;

That seed which by the Saviour's hand
In ev'ry heart is sown,
By whate'er sect or name 'tis called,
By whate'er race 'tis known.

The talent that we each have shared,
Let each of use improve ;
And cherish e'er the sacred bond
Of universal love ;
Thus shall we be, by God's own hand,
For God's own use made meet
And raise an earnest faithful band,
To fill each gallery seat.

—*Lydia W. Hilles.*

Norristown, Pa., 3rd mo. 18th, 1879.

OBITUARY.

SUNDERLAND P. GARDNER, DIED 2ND
MO. 13TH., 1893.

He was born 7th mo. 4th, 1802, and would therefore have been ninety-one years old had he lived until next "Fourth of July." Just seventeen years before the day of his death (2nd mo. 13, 1876) the writer of this heard him preach at Friends' Meeting House in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Wife and I were on our wedding trip, had been visiting relatives in New Jersey, N. Y. City, Brooklyn and up the Hudson, and had reached Poughkeepsie on our way home. On 7th day evening we were told that Sunderland would be at their meeting the next day. We were delighted. It was always a treat to both old and young to hear Sunderland. He was accompanied by Guerdon T. Smith. Next day we took the same car as far as Albany. While passing up the river deeply interested in conversation, for he was a remarkably interesting talker, he pointed across the river, westward, and said to me, "there just beyond those hills, a few miles back, was my native home." In early life, though, he removed with his parents to western N. Y., and to the farm in Farmington, on which he has since lived and where he recently died.

His parents were Friends, and from early life Sunderland has taken a deep interest in the Society. For several years he was Clerk of Genesee Yearly Meeting, and perhaps for sixty years he