

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines composed on the death of a very dear friend, Sister Thos. White, who departed this life on June 28, '95.

In memory of our sister dear,
Who left this world without one tear—
Except for those whose tears were shed
While watching 'round her dying bed.

Fully resigned unto her fate,
Her thoughts were on her future state;
She'd learned to kiss the chastening rod
In meek submission to her God.

She knew her time was near an end,
Her trust in One—her only friend,
Who for mankind a surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood.

She tried the Lord's prayer to repeat,
But e'er one sentence was complete,
With palsied limbs and shortened breath
She quietly succumbed to death.

In Jesus' arms she fell asleep,
Who safely will her spirit keep,
Until that day when saints shall rise
To meet our Saviour in the skies.

Mourn not, dear friends, for Sister White,
Who with her husband will unite
On that great day when Christ shall come
To call his ransomed people home.

Then Hallelujah let us sing
To Christ our Lord and Heavenly King,
Who endured the cross-death and the grave,
A lost and ruined world to save.

J. W. JONES.

Correspondence.

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

It is with a trembling hand but unfeigned thankfulness to the Lord that I write these lines to the many old friends of THE CHRISTIAN. I have been nearer the dark river of late than ever before. But by the loving favor of Jesus and the persevering effort of kind relatives and brethren, not forgetting the skill and kindness of two good doctors, I am, I trust, being slowly nursed back into life. But it is all for the best. I love the glorious gospel and its Divine Founder better, I think, than ever before. May the Lord bless THE CHRISTIAN and its readers.

HIRAM WALLACE.

March 25th, 1866.

WEST GORE LETTER.

In my last I told you about a Sunday school convention to be held at West Gore. Well, it has come and gone, and, taking everything into consideration, it was a success in every sense of the word. Sisters Wallace and Ryan read excellent papers in the afternoon session, and the discussion on "The Model Sunday-school" was interesting. In the evening Miss Ida Whittier read a very excellent paper on "The Aims of Sunday-school Conventions." Dr. Whittier gave an excellent address on "What we owe to the Bible." The weather was fine, the attendance good, and all present seemed to think we had an enjoyable time. On Monday, April 13th, I left home for Boston. I preached that evening in Elmsdale to a large congregation. I am in hopes that a building may be erected here ere long, for the work is greatly retarded for lack of a suitable place to preach in.

Tuesday I spent in Halifax. I found the brethren feeling hopeful and encouraged in regard to the work there. On Wednesday morning I sailed out of Halifax harbour on board the S. S. "Halifax" bound for Boston. The passage was a delightful one. I have crossed the Bay of Fundy many times, but never found it as smooth and clear as this time. It had been fifteen years since I last landed in Boston, so I found many changes.

On Friday evening I found my way up to the "Disciple Tabernacle." There were not a great many out, it being the usual prayer-meeting night, but I found them talking up a revival meeting. On Sunday (19th) I preached in Swampscott. This is a very pretty place situated by the sea. This church is at present without a pastor; and do you know, they thought I *wanted* a church, and some of them really thought I would just suit them. Who would have thought it? On Monday evening I preached in Everett. The preacher here is Bro. K. H. Bolton. He is also editor of the *New England Messenger*. I found him to be a genial, whole-hearted Christian, kind and hospitable, so much so that I think he must have come from Nova Scotia.

Since coming up here, I have been on the go all the time, for there are many public places of interest. I did think I would tell you something about these places, and also give an idea of how the work of the Master was progressing, but I cannot write very much when I am away from home, so I will promise more next time. One thing I will tell you, I have learned that a church debt is a clog.

W. H. HARDING.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Active preparations are already being made in hundreds of Sunday schools for Children's Day for heathen missions, the first Sunday in June. Last year 2525 schools observed the day, and they gave \$27,553.41. The schools are asked for \$50,000 this year. We ask the co-operation of every school. The following will be forwarded, free of charge:

2. Missionary Pockets, or Children's Day Envelopes.
2. Children's Day Exercise, "Saving the World."
3. Children's Day number of the *Missionary Voice*.

Address, A. McLEAN, Cor. Sec., box 750, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Selected

ECHOS.

H. MURRAY.

"From the very beginning man was informed that there were certain things which he must not do. There was the tree, and God ordered that it should be let alone. That tree was as valuable as any other. It was planted for one purpose, and that was to be let alone. But you know the old story, poison is always the sweetest and medicines ever bitter. . . . God never wants to take the will away from any man. He has placed his own will where our will is brought in

contact with it. All he wants you to do is to recognize that there is another will, and that is the Divine will."—*Roland D. Grant*.

"Man is the God-appointed exponent of truth. The vitality of truth is demonstrated by human conditions, just as the vitality of the seed is proven by contact with the soil. The best evidence of Christianity, the most satisfactory proof of its power, is afforded by human experience. The questions that men ask to-day are not so much concerning his past as concerning his present efficiency as a regenerative agency in human life and affairs. What can it do for us here and now, amid the distractions and competitions of business and professional life. Will it free me from the dominance of low and base motives? Will it emancipate me from the love and power and guilt of sin? These questions are vital and are answered only in the life and experience of the Christian in our own time."—*Elijah Hour*.

"Work is the only universal currency which God accepts. 'The purposes of God' now-r-days march with quick steps along the highways of the world's history. Trained brains and hearts will discern these purposes and turn them quickly to the world's profit. Joshua became the easy successor of Moses because God and Moses had him in training forty years."—*H. C. Farrar*.

"One fair evening in June Frank Preston told his love to Mary. The home she entered as her own was not the elegantly furnished one her fancy had painted for herself, but to Frank there was no more beautiful spot on earth than the cosy room where Mary awaited him, clad in dainty gown, inviting him to rest and quiet. There was but one sorrow in the heart of this young wife. Frank was not a Christian. There were no morning and evening prayers, and no grace at table. To all these she had been accustomed in her father's home. She knew that Frank would not object to these things in their new home, for he was not wholly averse to religion, and would not for a moment oppose his wife's wishes in the matter. But this required courage, more courage, she thought, than to do anything she had ever been called upon to do. Between herself and Frank there was the completest confidence, and why should she hesitate of this particular thing? At length she spoke, and one quiet Sunday evening they knelt together, and Mary prayed a simple prayer, while her husband, in silent reverence, assented. It required courage. It was a battle fought out away from the sight of men, but God saw it, and Mary was a heroine."

Sam Jones once said, "That the great trouble with most men is, that they have no backbone. They have only a cotton string with a few ribs tied to it. Kingsley once classified the race as, 'Men who mean to do right and do it; second, men who mean to do wrong and do it; then men who mean to do whichever is most convenient.' 'We no longer meet individuals,' says a French writer, 'but only samples.' The sense of responsibility to God make men able to stand alone. 'God made man upright—they do not need to be propped and pampered and patted.'"

"It is a blessed privilege to live now—to be young now. No times since Pentecost have been so good to live in, as these times of ours. Heaven is blessed. I love to think of it. But I would rather stay here longer and work for the Lord, than to have the