

work our translated comrades have laid down, and do it with our might.  
Then we might think of

Dying,  
As 'passing out of the shadow  
Into a purer light;  
Stepping behind the curtain,  
Getting a clearer sight;

Laying aside a burden,  
This weary mortal coil:  
Done with the world's vexations,  
Done with its tears and toil:

Tired of all earth's playthings,  
Heartsick and ready to sleep,  
Ready to bid our friends farewell,  
Wondering why they weep:

Passing out of the shadow  
Into Eternal day,  
Why do we call it dying?  
This sweet going away.

## CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

When a few of our sisters in Ohio, set on foot the first temperance crusade, December 23rd, 1873, in the distant skirting of the horizon, we caught a glimpse of the incoming tide of prohibition. Since then we have watched the flow of waters slowly, but steadily advancing, until to-day as we meet in convention we can almost hear the breakers as they approach the shore, and know that ere long many a gallant vessel with her precious human freight will be carried safely over the sand bars, where in former years so many have been wrecked and left stranded upon the beach. As we, with satisfaction behold the steady progress of prohibition, our hearts ascend in thankfulness to the Creator of the Universe, that just as He uses the Solar System in producing the tidal wave, so He uses us in educating public sentiment whereby many a pit-fall has been removed and shoals of temptation made less dangerous.

In reviewing the work of the past year, although there may have been discouragements much has been accomplished. Our heavenly Father has permitted us to see some results, to gather some sheaves, but the bulk of the harvest has been reserved for us to enjoy in the "Sweet bye-and-bye."

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