

a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, she lived near to Him, and she died, as she lived, *'in the Lord.'*

"When I last visited her, a few days ago, she said: 'I'm a poor sinful creature, but Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth. He is made unto us of God, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.'"

There she rested, and sweetly and calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

About the last words she was heard to speak were two verses from a hymn, by Dr. Watts, which were as follows:—

"'Tis He adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine,  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes His graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot,  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around."

J. B.

## Home and School.

### THE END OF THE WAY.

The following lines are sent us by the Rev. R. K. Black, who says, "The circumstances which led to their being penned are to me very interesting. A young lady in Milton, when writing to my daughter, asked her sister, a greatly afflicted invalid for the past twelve years, if she had any message to send to me. With scarcely any premeditation she uttered these words, which were taken down by her sister, and which I forward to you":—

My life is a wearisome journey,  
I'm sick with the dust and the heat,  
The rays of the sun beat upon me,  
The briers are wounding my feet;  
But the city to which I am journeying,  
Will more than my trials repay;  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,  
I often am longing for rest;  
But He, who appoints me my pathway,  
Knows just what is needful and best,  
I know in His Word He has promised,  
That my strength shall be as my day;  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,  
Or give me one trial too much;  
All His people have been dearly purchased,  
And Satan can never claim such.  
By and bye I shall see Him and praise Him,  
In the city of unending day;  
O the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,  
And the gates of the city appear;  
And the beautiful songs of the angels,  
Float out on my listening ear;  
When all that now seems so mysterious,  
Will be plain and clear as the day;  
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am weary and footsore,  
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;  
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,  
For the Saviour Himself has said, Come!  
So when I am weary in body,  
And sinking in spirit, I say—  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,  
There are cordials for those who are faint,  
There are robes that are whiter and purer,  
Than any that fancy can paint.  
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,  
Thinking often through each weary day,  
The toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

HARRIET COLE.

Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.

### THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

One of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this one, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached from; perhaps because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything we ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives