

## OBITUARY.

KIPP.—Died, at the residence of her uncle, Hiram Kipp, Sparta, Ont., on the 30th of 12th mo., 1887, of consumption, Estella Kipp, in twentieth year of her age.

She was of a gentle disposition, and endeared herself to all with whom she mingled; was patient through suffering, and thankful for any service rendered her. On the morning before her death she expressed to her aunt a feeling that it would not be long before her departure which she looked forward to with joy. The funeral was held at Friends' Meeting House, where very impressive discourses were given, in which we were reminded that this was the first day of the New Year, and admonished to choose this day whom we would serve. The young were feelingly encouraged to sow now seeds which would bring forth good fruit, and by faithfully attending the callings of divine goodness they would be enabled to live righteous lives; or, if called like our sister, while the dew of youth was yet upon their brow, they too would be ready to enter the mansions of eternal bliss.

E. & A. S. H.

## THOUGHTS.

God our religion-Christianity; but religion our God-fanaticism.

The cultivation of a habit of coherent thought is the secret of a ready pen, fluency and wisdom of speech.

An hour alone with the "silent voices of God"—which we are wont to speak of as "nature," and so speaking too often forget that aught lies behind them—hath for the reverent ear sermons more powerful than the most eloquent teaching of pen or tongue.

In days like these in which we live, the rush of life is so overwhelming that on the one hand the supernatural world is almost forgotten, and on the other—by force of contrast, I suppose—when it does touch us closely, it is very keenly felt.—[Rev. W. J. Knox-Little.

## LAMENT FOR EPHRAIM W. HAIGHT.

Touch thy harp, my soul, as thou art wont  
sometimes when wild with gladness,  
Slacken now the chords, though with thy  
trembling fingers, and sad hearted,  
In a strain befitting, wail thy lamentations, full  
of sadness,  
For a friend departed.

If the world should ask me why I pour my  
heart-felt misereere,  
As a cloud of sadness over all the sunshine;  
this the cause is—  
Pensive contemplation presses out a sweet  
wine from these dreary,  
Almost cruel, losses.

Beat the slow and sad refrain, with eyes be-  
dimmed with grief and tearful;  
Gather with the mourners, weep in sympathy  
with her who's weeping,  
For a loving husband, true to every promise,  
kind and cheerful,  
The last sleep is sleeping.

Beat the slow and sad refrain, all through the  
silent house bereaving;  
For a kind and gracious father, true to every  
tie paternal,  
Wise in duties in the sacred sphere of parent,  
now is leaving  
For the leave eternal.

Beat the sad refrain, for we shall nevermore  
behold his presence  
In our place of meeting, nor his words our  
thorny lives will soften.  
He, alas! hears not those sweet lips dropping  
words of homie-1 essence  
O'er his sealed coffin.

Beat no more, but cease the sad refrain. I hear  
the angels voicing  
Forth their greetings to him, with my  
lamentations sadly blending,  
Welcoming him in, with his own warm-  
hearted welcome, where rejoicing  
Lasts through time unending.

E. M. Z.

Coldstream.