

typhoid fever, the youngest of whom—a lovely maiden of only a few summers, after a few weeks of suffering, slept in death.

On Saturday, the day of our little one's burial she remained at home with me and talked much of the dear one, the Lord had just taken from us; and earnestly urged the other dear children, who were still sick, to at once give their hearts to God."

On the next day, the Holy Sabbath, she attended public service twice; but in the course of the night following she was seized with somewhat severe illness, and it soon became apparent that her work was done, and just as the next Sabbath was beginning on earth she escaped to join in the more glorious service of the eternal Sabbath—one Sabbath in God's sanctuary on earth and the next in God's house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The intervening week was one of considerable suffering, but of un murmuring resignation to the Divine Will, and of joyous hope in the Divine Redeemer. When she learned from the physician that her sickness was likely to be unto death, she said "If it were the Lord's holy will I should like to be spared a little longer for the sake of Federick" (her grandson); but soon after she said "Jesus calls!" "precious Jesus!" and she frequently requested that her favourite hymns should be sung to her—such as "Jesus, lover of my soul, &c.," and "Just as I am, &c." She retained her consciousness to the last, and just before her voice was lost in death—she said "Sing to me of Heaven! of Jesus!" And thus after 79 years of remarkable activity she laid life's burdens down and doubtless entered "The rest which remains for the people of God."

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. W. Williams, pastor of the Congregational Church, with which Mrs. Burpee had been connected for eighteen or twenty years, preaching on the occasion from the appropriate text—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—[Condensed by Ed.]

H. PICKARD.

SACKVILLE, N.B., June 15th, 1875.

LINES

[Respectfully inscribed to the heart-stricken parents and friends of Miss Jessie Hamilton and Miss Ella E. Murton, lately drowned at Brantford, Ont.]

The morning dawned without a cloud,
But evening came with pall and shroud,
With muffled step and bated breath,
And mournful whisperings of—*death*.

* * * * *

Young lips, that in the morning sung
The summer's opening flowers among,
Were hushed and cold:—young laughing
eyes,

That met the dawn with sweet surprise,
Were darkly sealed:—young feet that pressed
The dewy turf with glad unrest,
Were cold and stirless, never more
To tread the paths they trod before;
And they, who in the morning strayed
In fawn-like freedom down the glade,
In solemn, dreamless slumber lay,
To wake no more, at fall of day!

O, stern, remorseless, sullen tide!
O, dark flood, never satisfied!
Could'st thou not pity, when to thee
Those young lambs sped so trustingly?—
Nay, nay!—the tempest's stormy wrath
Spare not the lily in its path;
The tameless river will not rest
To heed the rose-leaf on its breast:—
A moment, and the quiet shore
Heard a low wail, and heard no more;
And then, with calm, unchanging mien,
The river glided on serene—
With what a weight of anguish fraught!—
Unconscious of the woe it wrought.

"Dust unto dust!"—O God, Thy way
Strange and mysterious seems to-day,
As, in the darkness of the tomb,
What but an hour ago was bloom
And beauty, now we hide away,
And leave to silence and decay!
Aid us in lowliness to bow,
And own how just and good art Thou,
And, though Thou hidest still Thy face,
Trust the great love we cannot trace.

—Mrs J. C. Yule, Woodstock.

The melancholy event to which the above lines refer, has cast a deep dark shadow over the Congregational Sabbath School, to which Miss Jessie Hamilton belonged, as well as over the entire circle of acquaintances in Brantford and Hamilton, to whom the young ladies were known. They were "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided." May the voice of God's