

A friend has kindly sent us the following lines in memory of her whose presence and counsel made our way brighter, and our work better, but who has now gone to her rest.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mother thou hast crossed the river,
Landed on the other side;
Where with Christ enthroned in Glory,
Thou wilt evermore abide.

Thou hast crossed the narrow Jordan,
Thou hast reached the shining shore;
All thy trials here are ended,
Naught can e'er disturb thee more,

Thou art gone to dwell with Jesus,
And hast left all earthly love.
He has called thee to his presence,
To his mansion built above.

Thou hast passed the shining gateway,
And hast trod the streets of gold,
Left all earthly joys and pleasures,
For the joys of heaven untold;

Singing praises to the Saviour,
Midst that white robed happy band,
With a crown upon thy forehead
And a harp within thy hand.

Soon we too shall cross the river,
Soon our wanderings will cease,
Soon with Christ, and thee, forever,
We shall dwell in perfect peace.

W. McM.

The Presbyterians of Great Village again worship in their own sanctuary. Last winter their old church, hallowed to them by many blessed memories was destroyed by fire. They at once set to work and during the past summer have erected a fine church which was opened a few weeks ago. The Pastor, Rev. J. McLean, the ministers of the neighbouring congregations, and Mr. Carruthers of Pictou, taking part. Unlike the Jews at the building of the second temple, their rejoicing unmingled with weeping, they do not need to mourn departed grandeur, for the new is even better than the old.

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

One of these days it will all be over,
Sorrow and laughter, loss and gain,
Meeting and parting of friend and lover.
Joy that was ever so edged with pain,
One of these days will our hands be folded,

One of these days will the work be done,
Finished the pattern our lives have moulded,
Ended our labour beneath the sun.

One of these days will the heart ache leave us,

One of these days will the burden drop.
Never again shall a hope deceive us,
Never again will our progress stop.
Freed from the blight of the vain endeavour,

Winged with the health of immortal life,
One of these days we shall quit forever,
All that is vexing in earthly strife.

One of these days we shall know the reason

Haply of much that perplexes now;
One of these days in the Lord's good season,

Light of His peace shall adorn the brow.

Blessed thought out of tribulation,
Lifted to dwell in His sunlight smile,
Happy to share in the great salvation,
Well may we tarry a little while.

The new church at Dean Settlement Upper Musquodoboit, was opened on Sabbath Jan. 27th for Divine service. Rev Dr. Sedgewick, their minister for a generation past led in the dedicatory prayer. Rev. E. Grant of Upper Stewiacke, preached the opening sermon, the pastor, Rev. John A. Cairns taking part in the devotional exercises. Rev. S. C. Gunn of Springside preached in the evening. The attendance was good, and the whole days services of the deepest interest. The new church is a neat and handsome building seating about 300, and best of all, the pastor was able to announce that it is free of debt.

The congregation can truly say of the way by which it has been led, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."