

admitted to membership, and we had never any reason to regret that admission from first to last, for her walk and conversation were in full accord with her profession.

She took great delight in the Sabbath-school and in the children's services, and not till failing health hindered did she neglect those opportunities of improvement.

Her Bible was her constant companion, many portions of which she had committed to memory. The loss of a dear sister a few months ago seemed to break almost the last tie that bound to her earth.

Death had no terrors for her. She longed to be laid in his cold arms. She could say

"I leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends I hold so dear."

She gave directions about her grave, and talked about dying as one would do who contemplates a pleasant journey. Five minutes before she slept in Jesus she said, "Oh, I long to be gone, to be with Jesus. Pray that He may soon come. Oh, the angels are come."

Her death, like her life, was calm and peaceful. Her remains were followed to the grave by a large number of sorrowing friends, among whom were many of the Sunday-school children. When standing by the open grave they joined in singing the well-known hymn—  
"When He cometh, when He cometh, to make up his jewels."

Her death was improved before a large congregation on the evening of Lord's Day, June 18, from Eccles. viii. 8.

### HOPE.

The lightnings blaze, and with a mighty roll  
The thunders crash impetuous; black as night  
The sky hangs over all, save where the forked light  
Darts forth its fiery ribbon. The angry waves,  
Leaping in mountains, strive and strive  
To o'erwhelm the goodly vessel; on they come—  
A mighty host—dashing her painted sides,  
And thundering o'er her deck with giant force,  
Sweep all unfast before them.  
Still she lives: battered and bruised she yet  
Outrides the storm. And why? she's anchored.  
Unseen amid the storm the sunken anchor  
Held her fast, and proved a faithful friend.  
So, 'mid the wrecks and storms of life may we ride on,  
Anchored by Hope, to Jesus—that anchorage never  
fails,  
How great so'er the storm. Hope in Him  
Saves many a noble vessel, which otherwise  
Would soon be stranded, or drifted out to sea.  
Unseen, bright Hope holds fast amid the waves of  
trouble.  
Steadying the soul, bracing and nerving her  
For future conflicts, till the peaceful haven's gained  
Within the veil, and Christ is all in all.

H. D. ISACKE.

### PURE GOLD FROM THE MINES OF WISDOM.

Our prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well, while the one ascends the other descends.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

God never leaves any till they first leave Him.—*M. Henry.*

It is mercy to have that taken from us which takes us from God.—*Fenning.*

Where has infidelity ever purified a heart, or blessed a family, or enriched or tranquillised a community, or built a hospital, or opened an asylum for orphans, or, in short, done any good thing?—*Dr. Morrison.*

Where there is the most love to God there will there be the truest and most enlarged philanthropy.—*Southey.*

Moderation is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly success.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge.*

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—*South.*

Be sure your ground be good, and then be sure you maintain your ground.—*Flavel.*

I never trusted God, but I found Him faithful; nor my own heart, but I found it false.—*Dyer.*

Invalid Christians must breathe air from the sea of affliction.

We may compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of this life to a great bundle of fagots, far too great for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another that we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to carry it.—*Johanna Newton.*

THE NEGLECTED LETTER.—The Roman senators conspired against Julius Cæsar to kill him. The very next morning Artemidorus, Cæsar's friend, delivered him a paper (desiring him to peruse it), wherein the whole plot was discovered. But Cæsar complimented his life away, being so taken up to return the salutations of such people as met him in the way, that he pocketed the paper, among other petitions, as if unconcerned therein; and so, going to the senate house, was slain. The world, flesh, and devil have a design for men's destruction; we ministers bring our people a letter, God's Word, wherein all the conspiracy is revealed. But who hath believed our report? Most men are so busy about worldly delights, they are not at leisure to listen to us, or read the letter, but thus, alas! run headlong to their own ruin and destruction.—*Selected.*

SMALL EVENTS.—The most minute events of our life—may, every need and every obstacle in our paths—are channels of the grace, goodness, and power of God; and those who wait on Him in prayer and watchfulness shall see it is no vain thing to rest on Him. The tide of our sorrows and sins has often arisen from a trivial spring; and the same is true of our earthly joys. Our daily trials and hourly blessings gather something of the radiance of the bow in the clouds in the day of rain, as we receive them from the pierced hands of Him whose death and intercession have made all things ours.—*Anna Shipton's "Waiting Hours."*