

blank in the ranks of surviving friends, who fondly hoped that she might be spared for many years, to continue that active, self-denying Christian life she ever exemplified. To say that she was ever ready to assist in benevolent enterprises and to befriend the destitute and bereaved, is only to echo the universal sentiment of those who knew her intimately, and associated with her in the various charitable societies of the town. Possessed of wonderful energy and force of character—a rare penetration and clear judgement, she gave most valuable aid in carrying on successfully those missions of charity and mercy entrusted to the ladies of the town. The Congregational Church, of which she was an honoured member, will mourn her loss for many days. * *

“From the very first attack of illness, she manifested no desire to live. She seemed weary of the comparative solitude of earth, and anxious for the

sweeter companionship of heaven. Her feelings could not be better expressed than in the words of the dying believer at the gate of heaven :

“I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint
and sore;
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of
the door,
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and
come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness
of His home.

“Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as
they stand
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless land:
Oh! would that I were with them, amid
their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their
song!

* * * * *

“O Lord I wait Thy pleasure--Thy time and
way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary—O Father,
bid me rest!”

Home and School.

BABY.

There's not a blossom of beautiful May,
Silver of daisy or daffodil gay,
Nor the rosy bloom of apple-tree flowers,
Fair as the face of this baby of ours.

You could never find on a bright June day
A bit of far sky so cheery and gay,
Nor the haze on the hills, in noonday hours,
Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours

There's not a murmur of wakening bird,
The clearest, sweetest that ever was heard
In the tender hush of the dawn's still hours,
Soft as the laugh of this baby of ours.

There's no gossamer silk of tasseled corn,
No filmiest thread of the shy wood-fern,
Not even the cobweb spread o'er the flowers,
Fine as the hair of this baby of ours.

There's no fairy shell by the sounding sea,
No wild rose that nods on the windy lea,
No blush of the sun through April's soft
showers,
Pink as the palms of this baby of ours.

May the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray,
For many a long and sunshiny day,
Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers,
This wee bit darling—this baby of ours.
—In *Christian Union*. L. E. H.

PIETY AT HOME.

“Home, sweet Home.” How its associations cling to the memory! Home is one of the most delightful of words; there is music in its sound. Home, or the family, is a Divine institution. What the spring is to the noble river, and to the majestic ocean, home is to society and the church of God. How important, then, that the family should be what God designed it to be. The beautiful sentiment—“As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord”—ought to be that of every Christian parent. God is intimately acquainted with the history and character of every family—“I know where thou dwellest.”