

possible." The solemn pines sing a requiem over the city of the dead of different lands and colors, for of late many have been buried here who followed the north star for freedom. All alike await the hour when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.

While we admire the courage and persistency of these early pioneers in thus laying the foundation of a church in difficulties such as would discourage the stoutest heart, may we, in this brighter day of the world's history—when in missionary circles is done more in five years than in a century in former days—as the poet has expressed it, "better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay"—may we not prove degenerate sons of such noble sires, but may we do the duty that comes each day to each one of us, striving to deserve that highest praise given by the Master to the poor widow, "she hath done what she could," humbly hoping that the rains from heaven and the fruitful showers may descend on us that the work may prosper, knowing well that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it, except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain."

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