

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childlike purity
 Out from the golden day;
 Fading away in the light so sweet,
 Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
 Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
 The pearl-white hands are pressed;
 The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin,—
 Where the softest blush of the rose hath been,—
 Shutting the blue of her eyes within,
 The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
 Twineth her sunny hair;
 She was so fragile that love sent down,
 From his heavenly gems, that soft, bright crown,
 To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
 Like as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile
 Froze on her silent lips
 By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
 Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
 Like the last fair bud of a faded wreath,
 Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin,—hushed in your downy bed
 Over the swinging bough,—
 Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
 When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
 Till its velvet lips with the essence wet,
 In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud,—under your shady leaf
 Hid from the sunny day,—
 Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
 Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
 It is beaming now in a world of light,
 Over the starry way.

Hearts,—where the darling's head hath lain,
 Held by love's shining ray,—
 Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
 Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
 Over the starry way.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

In a very humble cot,
 In a rather quiet spot,
 In the suds and in the soap,
 Worked a woman full of hope,
 Working, singing, all alone,
 In a sort of undertone:
 "With a Saviour for a Friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes, happening along,
 I had heard the semi-song,
 And I often used to smile,
 More in sympathy than gule,
 But I never said a word
 In regard to what I heard,
 As she sang about her Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

Not in scrow, nor in glee,
 Working all day long was she,
 As her children, three or four,
 Played around her on the floor,

But, in monotone, the song,
 She was humming all day long:
 "With a Saviour and a Friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonely she,
 Just as poor as poor could be,
 But her spirits always rose
 Like the bubbles in her clothes;
 And, though widowed and alone,
 Cheered her with the monotone
 Of a Saviour and a Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
 On the wash-board in the tub,
 While the baby sopped in suds,
 Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
 Or was paddling in the pools
 With old scissors stuck in spoons,
 She still humming of her Friend,
 Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
 Have their root in human needs,
 And I would not wish to strip
 From that washerwoman's lip
 Any song that she can sing,
 Any hope that song may bring,
 For the woman has a Friend,
 Who will keep her to the end.

—Advance.

"Is that brake hard to handle?" asked a young man of the driver of a drawbridge car. "No," responded that person. "Is that whistle hard to blow," again interrupted the youth. "No," gruffly responded the driver. "What is the hardest thing to do on a street car?" "Answering fools' questions," replied the driver.

'RAILWAY CERTIFICATES TO UNION.

The form of certificate sent to delegates by the Secretary is the one used by all Canadian railways. Full fare to Ottawa must be paid by the delegate to the ticket agent at starting point, who will fill in the certificate to that effect. The certificates must all be handed in at the Union meetings to be filled in by the Secretary, in order to secure return tickets at one-third fare. The C. P. R. does not carry for the G. T. R. except from Brockville to Ottawa. Delegates travelling on G. T. R. from points west of Toronto can get a through ticket to Ottawa via Brockville by presenting their certificate.

HUGH PEDLEY,
 Sec.-Treas.

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