

out into the abyss of space. Nebulae that were not seen before become visible, and that which seemed to us as a filmy cloud resolves itself into stars, and at every successive improvement of the instrument the stars are multiplied. Millions upon millions upon millions of worlds, so that our God and Christ his Son can give to every one of his redeemed ones a world to govern, and then there shall be an infinitude of worlds in the abyss of space. The thought is not too mighty for the universe of God, that we shall share with Christ in the government of this great universe. And this is the privilege of everyone here, however lowly, to sit down with Christ in his throne even as Christ has sat down with his Father in his throne. Why do you cast it from you dear friends. In this same book is a fearful picture. All the dead both small and great are to stand before God, and the books are to be opened, and every one that is not found written there is to be cast into the lake of fire, but he that overcometh is not to be hurt of the second death! O my soul, some of us here to-night are choosing between the throne of the universe and the second death, between the honors that belong to him that sits upon the right hand of Christ on his throne and the awful realities of the lake of fire. No matter whether literal or real, the figure will not reach beyond its awfulness. That which would be fire for the body may be equalled by something as terrible for the spirit, and here you are making this deliberate choice. My voice, no other voice may ever sound in your ears again. I invite you to make this choice. You have not made it yet. Which shall it be, O dear friend? Will you sit with Christ on the throne of the universe, or will you go with those awful characters described down into the abyss of destruction forever? I beseech you be not so blind as to choose this last. Choose Christ, confess him before men, acknowledge him as the Son of God, obey him in the holy commandment he has given you, go forth to the conflict with the evil one strong in the strength that God supplies, and then you shall take your place side by side with Christ upon the throne that he shares with the Father. While we sing the six hundred and sixty-eighth hymn we invite you, O beloved friends, to make the choice. Choose as if it were the last opportunity, for God knows that it may be the last. Confess Christ before men to night, I beseech you.

On what are you building, my brother. Your hopes for an eternal home; Is it loose shifting sand or the firm, solid rock You are building for ages to come? Confess Christ, obey him and be happy in the great anticipation of joy at the right hand of God.

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A Christian Heroine.

In last week's Supplement was a family group, representing Bro. and Sister E. T. Williams, the first who volunteered as our missionaries to China, with their two little boys. From that group has been taken the one link that hold it together. Never more will it reassemble till, one by one, they rejoin the mother in the better land. The widowed father will return to a lonely life of sacrifice in a heathen country; the little ones will find a home with their relatives here. To none of them will earth ever be the same again. The Lord gave; the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

There is a patriotic bravery that counts life as nothing, in the heat and grimo and riot of the battlefield—a bravery that we honor with pompous parade, and trailing banners, and the doleful funeral march. And there is a bravery that, for the sake of lands other than our own, for love of those whose lives and ways are hateful and repulsive, leads men and women to lay homo and kindred and all on the altar, and to face cruellest death calmly and smilingly. These are honored in tears and softened hearts and chastened lives.

It is more than bravery that leads the commander to lay aside his rank and prestige, and to take upon himself the toil and hardship of a lonely spy upon a distant service. It was consecration that led E. T. Williams and his wife, both young and delicate, and already pledged to the nurture of two little ones, to surrender the commanding position of pastor of the Central church, and director in the councils of the Foreign Missionary Society, to enter on the most hopeless and dreary field in all the broad domain of missions. But daily the urgent need for trusted laborers came home to them with increasing power, and they turned their backs on all the love and warmth and light of home, to find in the East a starless Bethlehem, where the likeness of the Son of David is cradled in infinite darkness and wretchedness and sin.

We need not follow the tale, which is so feelingly told in the funeral discourse of Bro. McLean. After four years of loyal service, the wife and mother reluctantly asked for a short furlough, to seek from the surgeon's hands relief from a malady that threatened usefulness and life. And after a long and painful voyage, taking scant time to receive the affectionate welcome of friends and kindred, she committed all to the hands of her Saviour, and blithely submitted to an ordeal from which the bravest soldier would have shrunk appalled.

Well knowing the uncertainty of the result, she penned a letter to her little boys, which in the event of her death was to be opened. It is a legacy which they can well afford to share with all who read of their heroic mother's life and death:—

FEBRUARY 10.

To my dear little Edward and Loos, my darling boys:

At I expect to-morrow to go through an operation which might possibly terminate fatally I feel that I must leave you a message of loving counsel.

O, my dear, dear children, how I love you, and how my heart goes out to you, being left motherless so young. But my loving heavenly Father is your heavenly Father, too, and he has never left me nor forsaken me all my lifetime, and I have perfect faith that he will watch over you, too, and guide you all your life long. I have prayed most earnestly that it should be so, and I know it will be.

Your dear papa loves you more than you can know. He is not only very good, but very wise, so you must always tell him everything—all your little sorrows, and your great ones—and if he has to go away and leave you, be sure to write to him every week, as soon as you learn to write, and before that got

some one else to write for you. Your aunt, Lou Campbell, will probably be your mamma after I am gone, and she and Uncle John love you very much, and you will love them, I know, and obey them in everything, and try to please them, for it is very kind in them to take care of you, and I know that God will bless them for it. God has given you such good grandmas and grandpas and uncles and aunts, and they all love you, and I hope you will always listen to their advice and be kind and respectful to them. But remember that, after all, your heavenly Father is your best friend, and so it is the dear Jesus, whom I have taught you to love. O, my dear children, I want you to learn to love Jesus more and more every day, and to try to be like him, and then you will grow up to be good men and useful to the world, and when you die you will come to meet and see mamma again in heaven, and then we will never be parted any more.

I have prayed to God, too, that you, my two dear little boys, will love one another, and be kind to one another, and help each other. If you hurt each other even accidentally, be sure to ask each other's forgiveness. Never forget to pray morning or night; tell Jesus everything, and he will be with you, and comfort you; and when you can, I want you to read your Bible every day. As you grow older I hope you will be a great help and comfort to your dear papa, who has never thought anything too much to do for his dear little boys. Now, good-by, my darling children; when I kiss you good by to day, you will not know that it may be for the last time, but I know it. If I die my last thoughts will be loving ones of your dear papa and my two little boys. You must think of mamma as very happy up in heaven beyond the blue sky, waiting till you all come up there to meet me. Perhaps God will let mamma watch you from day to day as you draw pictures, and go to school, and play, or whatever you do, all your life long till you come to me in heaven. May God bless you, and keep you, and lead you in the path of right, until we meet again in heaven, is the prayer of your loving mamma.

CHARIE LOOS WILLIAMS.

(Isaiah liiv. 13; Mat. i. 8; 1 John iv. 8; Eccl. xii. 13. See 2 Tim. ii., Daniel xlii. 3.)

The sad forebodings of the brave young mother's heart swiftly took shape in grim reality. The unconscious little ones received the last kiss; the last wishes were made known to the kindred who were to take her place in caring for them; the lonely return of her companion to the mission field was cheerfully discussed, and then, without a tremor or a fear unbefitting a good soldier, the die was cast.

Some few brief hours of consciousness were mercifully given after the ordeal—hours not without some hope of favorable results. The operation was performed on Thursday morn, February 11. Early Friday morning dangerous symptoms set in, and at eleven o'clock her spirit took its flight. So little had her family anticipated fatal results, that nearly all of them were denied the mournful privilege of attending her in her last moments.

On Lord's day afternoon, at two o'clock, a large concourse met to pay the last honors before the removal of the remains to Columbus, where they have been laid away. The tribute paid by Bro. McLean is eloquent with the facts of a consecrated life, and a death that will be an inspiration to her children and children's children.

The God of battles watch over her dear ones, and bring them to a joyful reunion beyond the grave.—*Christian Standard*.

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