

to Mrs. Wilkes, 249 Mountain Street, Montreal. All such papers, if desired, will be returned as soon as the preparation for the memoir is complete.

OBITUARY.

Many readers of THE INDEPENDENT will hear with regret of the death of Mrs. Hiram Gentle, a member of the Franklin Centre Church for over fifty years. All who knew her loved her for the Christian spirit she always showed, and the sterling character she possessed. In her more active days she was ever foremost in the good works of the district, and gained for herself a widespread regard. At the time of her death she was eighty-five years of age, having been for more than sixty years the loving wife of good old Hiram Gentle, who survives her. She has gone to a well-earned reward.

Franklin Centre Church has sustained yet another loss in the death of Mr. Wm. Cantwell, who also has been connected with the church for more than fifty years. For some time he sat in the Local Legislature as member for his county. He was also a justice of the peace. He assisted in many ways the works of the church, and was respected by all who knew him. He had attained the ripe old age of eighty-one.

The removal of these two staunch old Congregationalists at the close of the year saddens its last hours to us. But their work here was done—and done well—so we will not envy them their well-earned rest. To all who knew them the news of their deaths will come as a reminder of the bright promises for those who fight a good fight, and win the crown that fadeth not away.

We regret to learn that Mr. H. D. Hunter, of London, has been laid aside for some two weeks by sickness. He is round again, we trust not to be laid aside again.

A NEW YORK paper states that a cart-load of gift books for the wards of the Charity Commissioners on the Island was dumped at the department office in Eleventh Street. It had been collected from various charitable sources. Most of the volumes had no covers, and were minus many leaves. A clerk was set to assort the pile for the different institutions. A treatise "on the philosophy of style, and causes of force in language which depend upon economy of the mental energies," was sent to the lunatic asylum library. Pamphlets on the "Evidences of Evolution" and "Civilization in Asia," found their way to the almshouse pile. A report of a session of the "What-to-do Club" was marked "Workhouse." The penitentiary received a detailed account of the "Sanitary Condition of Summer Re-

Children's Corner.

THE HINDU MOTHER.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

This story is told by a missionary. How many others there are, with darker endings, of which we shall never know until the last great day! God bless and prosper the missionaries!

Beside the Ganges' sparkling waves
A weeping mother stands;
A noble boy is by her side,
Her joy, her solace, and her pride,—
Yet now she wrings her hands
And gazes past him on the tide
Which rolls so near and deep.
The babe who slumbers on her arm,
So loved, so cherished from all harm,
Must die! Well may she weep

A priest in sacred robe is near;
He cries: "The god awaits!"
"Oh, spare her! spare my babe!" she prays;
He sternly frowns: "These weak delays
But darken all our fates.
The god is angry; cast her in!
She, or this boy, must die!"
She falters; kisses eyes and cheek,
The smiling lips that cannot speak;
"Ah, it is hard, and I am weak!"
She pleads with tearful eye.

"One moment more and all is lost,"
The tempter fiercely cries;
She casts the babe, with anguished face,
Within the water's chill embrace;
Regards it for one moment's space,
And then to save it flies.
She clutches fast the draperies white,
With sob and shivering sigh;
She presses kisses, close and warm,
Upon the dripping, trembling form,
Then cries, o'ercome by passion's storm:
"My darling shall not die!"

The river ripples on its way,
The priestly tempter frowns:
"Then guard her, but the god demands
This boy shall perish!" And his hands
He binds together where he stands.
This cruel sentence crowns
The mother's cup of bitter woe;
She kneels, and presses fast,
The shuddering boy against her breast;
The infant, soothed, has sunk to rest;
Oh, which shall perish? 'Tis a test
From which she shrinks, abashed.

But God's all-seeing eye is there;
A pitying voice is heard;