





To Helen--

Thou must be true thyself,

If thou the truth would teach;

It needs the overflow of heart,

To give the lips full speech.

Think true; and all thy thoughts

Shall the world's famine feed.

Speak true! and every word of thine

Shall be a fruitfull seed.

Adolphustown, 1<sup>st</sup> Jan. 1880.

J. S. G.

A motto for Helen--

A motto, friend, I here intrude,

In home-spun, rugged, rhythmic line,

My modest muse unskilled, but wise,

For such both clothe in this disguise;

In these few lines my wish construe,

Give earth its rose-buds, but pursue

Heaven's diamonds of brighter hue.

Minnie

Springhurst, February, 1880.

To Helen

O! happy soul that lives on high,  
While men lie grovelling here!  
Her hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids her fear.

Her conscience knows no secret strings  
While peace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.

Her pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time,  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

She looks to heaven's eternal hill,  
To meet that glorious day;  
And patient waits her Saviour's will,  
To come and take her soul away.

Adolphus town A. C. Fumfrow  
May 1<sup>st</sup> 1880



Dear Helen

"May friendship bind us  
With its golden chain,  
And take the clasp to Heaven."

Your true friend  
Minnie Mumberg  
Adolphustown Jan 7<sup>th</sup> 1882

To Helen

When thinking of your earnest friends  
Dear Helen think of me,  
As I will ever hope to find  
A friend sincere in thee.  
Though others may not have faith in me  
Or judge my motives kindly,  
Until unworthy I shall prove,  
Speak of me as you find me.  
Truly your friend Carrie Chalmers

Adolphustown  
Jan 23<sup>rd</sup>  
1882



Dear Helen

May peace and joy thy days attend,  
May many years to God be given;  
Wish of happiness and heaven.

Sincerely yours  
Lina Aylesworth

Bath, 23<sup>rd</sup> March  
1880

Dear Helen

May I form one link  
in the golden chain of  
your affections

Yours sincerely  
E. C.

Dorchester

16th Feb 1880



"My harp is on the willow."

I mourn, am sad and desolate,  
My harp is on the willow hung;  
Its strings, un-tuned -  
Unfit for song.

And yet, around are those who need  
The song, ~~alone~~ my harp alone can give,  
who pant and sigh, for days gone by,  
And for its music grieve.

And yet, 'twas but a harp at best,  
So impotent, until its strings were <sup>by thee;</sup> moved  
But now, a harp un-stringed it is,  
Incapable of melody to Thee.

O Thou who didst at first inspire its song,  
Again its strings adjust;  
Thine praise may issue forth to Thee,  
My whole life long.

Bye and bye, in Glory this same harp,  
Shall issue forth its notes of praise to Thee;  
When free from failure, and all trial past,  
The Lamb once slain shall be its song at <sup>last</sup>



"Watch".

"wait".

"Work".

"Behold! I come quickly"

Rev xxii - 12.

W.H.W.

Adolphus in Jan 28<sup>th</sup> 1880



What I don't wish to be.

Some wish to be a fish,  
Some wish to be a fly,  
A bird, and many other things,  
But to such, I say "O fish!"  
Some wish to be a flower —  
Now, that's not in my head!  
I would not be a flower  
'Caus I despise a dirty bed!

It's also queer to me  
Why folks should make this wish  
Saying they would happy be  
If they were but a fish.  
I cannot see the point at all —  
A fish I would not be,  
Because amongst the fishy tribes  
There's suckers, lots, of course.

Folks who would a fly be,  
Must have ideas queer —  
A fly's a great tormentor,  
And of them I would steer clear?  
I don't wish to be a fly.  
O no I'm solid there —  
Flies get an awful cursing,  
And are caught oft in a snare.

Again you'll find some folks  
Who wish to be a bird —  
I've got it somewhere in my pate,  
That wish is quite absurd.  
Why they wish to be a bird  
(I have it to a dot,  
It's because perhaps their tops,  
And want to go home shot!

Napawa Apl. '80 Yours &c  
A. Friend



Heaven.

"Heed thou I search Him seen Him, known Him,

Is not thine a captiveth heart?

"Chief among ten thousand" own Him,

Forget choose the better part."

M. G. Benson.

To Helen

"Gather the roses while ye may

Old time is still a flying

And the same flower that smiles <sup>day</sup> to

To morrow will be dying."

Herrick

M. G. Benson

Adolphustown Jan 10<sup>th</sup> A.D. 1881.

To Helen

"Count that day lost,  
Whose low descending sun,  
Views from thy hand  
No worthy action done."

Your friend

Mrs Jas. Chalmers  
Adolphustown

Jan. the 25  
1880

"By Grace are ye saved through Faith - Not  
of your selves it is the Gift of God Eph. II. 8

"Grace saved us from the yoke  
Grace taught us how to pray  
and God will give His Grace for ye  
Till ye have won the day."

Hannah  
7<sup>th</sup> April  
1880

With the same hope  
Alex Smith



"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above."

Your sincere friend

Worcester 7<sup>th</sup> April 1880 M. Smith

To Helen

"Had I the power to carve, or print,  
Thy future, my dear friend  
It would be fair, and ever bright  
& unclouded to the end."

Yours sincerely  
Edith Fremberg

Adolphus tower 2<sup>nd</sup> Jan 1880

— To Helen —

"This above all; to thine own self be true  
And it must follow as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to anyone"

Shakespeare

Yours very sincerely

W. G. Wilson  
Havana April 5<sup>th</sup> 1880

"Friends at heart will never part,  
Friends of a day soon pass away,  
Let us dear Helen be friends at heart."

Yours Sincerely

Eva Mumberg

Adolphustown Jan 5<sup>th</sup> / 1880



- To Helen -

Happiest- hearts have longest- sorrows,  
Every sleep & as its awakening,  
Life & death always better askings,  
Each of us has a little task,  
How lives but holds in his shaking grasp  
Real memories of the happy past -

Ever your sincere friend &  
Hannah  
Helen C. Edson  
Pictou - 1880 -

Wait not for some great- task  
To show how much with patience thou canst bear  
Try now thy strength in finding how  
To take the cross of daily care  
It may seem small and poor indeed  
But it may yet more needful be  
To train thee to a path of true humility

Yours very sincerely  
Helen E. Johnston

Nov. 1880.

To Helen

"May your life be one of Faith, Hope & Love  
May it meet the will of your Father in  
Heaven  
May you prosper on Earth + in a future  
Life in the City of Eternal Love."

Yours Sincerely

H. G. Hamley

Adolphustown

March 7th

Dear Helen,

When life's pleasures have faded away,  
And all that is beautiful gone to decay,  
May we meet on that Shore on Bright Yonder Line  
Where all is so lovely and has no decline.

Sincerely Yours  
H. G.

Adolphustown Feb 7th 1880



Remember me; 'tis all I ask;  
But if remembrance be a task,  
Just lay the name of "Weir" by,  
And <sup>find a</sup> friend more true than I.

Y. W.  
"

Adolphustown, April, 12, 1880.

To Helen

Our lives are ours at a stand  
They are like the fading flower  
Death which is always near at hand  
Comes nearer every hour.

Mrs. Rutten

Adolphustown April 1<sup>st</sup> 1880

To Dear Helen

"I know the sorrow that is known  
to the trial-burdened heart alone;  
But now I know its full relief  
through Him who was acquainted with grief,  
And peace through every trial flow,  
Because I know that Jesus knows."

Yours very lovingly

Addie Roberts

June 22nd 1883  
Helen

"To Dearest Helen"

When asked in an album to write  
I feel quite inclined to refuse;  
For what should I dare to indite  
That would my dear Helen amuse  
Ist wit, for I have none of that;  
Nor romance — my Jane's quilting  
and conspicuous — around so flat  
So I'm forced to write merely my name  
and will ever be your  
Stone & Jones, "Little Ho."

"Shady meadow"  
June 22nd 83

G. A. Y. R. R.



To Helen

As you ascend the hill in life  
may you never meet a friend.

Adolphustown

Truly yours  
J. Chalmers

Jan 23/80

"As a withered leaf and old  
If it catch a ray of light-  
Shines with ruby and with gold  
Like a jewel pure and bright.  
So what seems a little thing  
If it's done for Jesus sake  
Beauty that noight else can bring  
From His smile of joy will take."

Napanea  
April 9<sup>th</sup> 1880

Your sincere friend

M. C. Barker

"They also serve  
Who only stand and wait."

Napaul  
April 1880

W. M. Cross

Seleu

"Not enjoyment & not sorrow,  
& our destined wish or power;  
But to act, that each to-morrow,  
Finds us further than to-day!"

Yours very sincerely

M. Christine Cross

July 19<sup>th</sup> 1880



## DIED.

CORKINDALE—Fell peacefully asleep, trusting in Jesus, at Picton, Ont., on Friday, 21st November, 1884, Jessie May Corkindale, aged twenty-two years and twenty-one days.

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### IN MEMORY

OF MISS JESSIE CORKINDALE, LATE OF PICTON.

#### I.

She sleeps the sleep—and over her  
Shall fall the winter's snow and rain ;  
And o'er her summer breezes blow,  
When summer comes to earth again.

#### II.

She sleeps—in silence and in night,  
Removed to region far more fair ;  
Who was a thing of mirth and light—  
A being of an upper air.

#### III.

She sleeps, while they who pause behind  
Can only echo as they pass,  
The murmur of the wandering wind  
Which in its moving sighs—alas !

GEO. F. CAMERON.

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### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD.

Oh, mother did you hear the angels crying,  
And do you think they know that I am dying ?  
Did you say that it was snowing ?  
But I am glad that I am going,  
Going, mother, alas ! I know not where—  
But the sounds are sweet from over there.  
They rest me so, and take away my pain,  
And say that death to me shall be clear gain.  
What if the ground is covered all with snow-?  
This poor tired flesh is aching now to go  
And mingle with the mould. But I shall rise  
And meet my Saviour, mother, in the skies.  
The Angels are singing it to me,  
And I am eager, mother, to be free.  
Oh, it was hard to leave the sun and air,  
And all my friends behind—I could not bear  
To go alone, and wished that father might  
Come with me and relieve me of my fright,  
But those sweet angels' voices, mother, dear,  
Have touched my soul and silenced every fear.

A. H. I.

## CONE--WHITHER ?

Another hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with Angel steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of autumn time,  
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling and the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay ;  
No shadow of the Silent Land  
Fell round my sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill,  
The glory of a setting star,  
Clear, suddenly and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky ;  
And like the brooks low song her voice,  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a shining one  
Who was an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew,  
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings into kindest deeds  
Were in her very look ;  
We read her face as one who reads  
A true and holy book.

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move,  
The breathing of an inward psalm,  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light ;  
We pause beside the door to hear  
Once more, her sweet "good night."

There seems a shadow in the day,  
Her smile no longer cheers,  
A dimness in the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
Our thought hath reconciled,  
That He whose love excelleth ours  
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh ! Father, in Thine arms  
And let her henceforth be,  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling there,  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home  
The well-beloved of ours.



Tribute to the late Mrs. Botterell.

Last evening the Rev. Bishop Wilson, pastor of the Reformed Episcopal Church, preached the funeral sermon of the late Mrs. Edward Botterell, of this city, who was interred last week in Beechwood Cemetery. The deceased lady, it may be mentioned, was well known to a wide circle of friends both in and out of Ottawa, who recognized in her one of the purest and sweetest Christian characters they had ever come in contact with, and who now feel, in her loss, a sense of sorrow and bereavement which can never be removed or forgotten.

The reverend bishop selected for his text last evening the following words from the eleventh verse of the 1st chap. of Isaiah:—"The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come singing into Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head, and joy and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

The entire sermon was of a most impressive and forcible nature, and contained passages whose pathos, eloquence and power must have touched the hearts of everyone in the congregation. Few of them will ever forget the beautiful description given by the preacher of "Home" and the comparison he drew between the joys of our earthly home and the eternal happiness of the heavenly home above.

Towards the close of his discourse the reverend gentleman thus alluded to the life and character of Mrs. Botterell:

"I never thought of the dear sister in Christ whom we took to her earthly resting place so recently without having the sweet consciousness that Heaven was her home. When I first heard the intelligence of her sudden death it came upon me like a blow such as I have not felt for many a day; but there was with it such a blessed consciousness, such a perfect certainty that her spirit had gone to the paradise of God! I felt that I would do injustice to my own feelings if I was not allowed, this night, to speak about that happy spirit, and to express before you my thanks to God that I ever knew her, that I ever shared her friendship, that I ever had blessed fellowship in Christ with her. And as I speak to you to-night there is not the shadow of a doubt upon my soul, praise God, that she is now in the paradise of God. If she could only speak to us now, oh how poor and feeble would all that I have said to-night express the joys—the raptures she is realizing. If she could speak to us, would it not be with an earnest request, an earnest solicitation that we would make her Saviour our Saviour—that we would have, in our souls, the title to heaven which she had? Would she not plead with us—does she not plead with us now—does she not speak to you as

Only—At 158 Rideau street, on Tuesday, 24th Inst., Georgina Isabella Cooper, wife of James Ogilvy.  
The funeral takes place from the above residence, this (Thursday) afternoon at 3 p.m. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

When I first heard the intelligence of her sudden death it came upon me like a blow such as I have not felt for many a day; but there was with it such a blessed consciousness, such a perfect certainty that her spirit had gone to the paradise of God. I felt that I would do injustice to my own feelings if I was not allowed, this night, to speak about that happy spirit, and to express before you my thanks to God that I ever knew her, that I ever shared her friendship, that I ever had blessed fellowship in Christ with her. And as I speak to you to-night there is not the shadow of a doubt upon my soul, praise God, that she is now in the paradise of God. If she could only speak to us now, oh how poor and feeble would all that I have said to-night express the joys—the raptures she is realizing. If she could speak to us, would it not be with an earnest request, an earnest solicitation that we would make her Saviour our Saviour—that we would have, in our souls, the title to heaven which she had? Would she not plead with us—does she not plead with us now—does she not speak to you as she speaks to me and say, as one of the redeemed of God “come and take of the waters freely?” Blessed—truth! precious

thought!—a mother and wife in the paradise of God! A few days ago she was here, and now she is rejoicing with the joy of the ransomed, and now she is in the sight of her Saviour, and praising Him and glorifying Him as she could not do here. I do feel it right to weep with those who weep, but oh the joyful thought comes up that she is with Jesus, and that, by-and-by, we who are here now may be there with her and with God, when our clarified bodies and spirits shall be united in Christ. Then shall we reach that sweet and beautiful home—then shall we know what the consummation is of all our brightest hopes—then shall we come to understand what the fruition of the heavenly love is—

“Then day without night,  
We shall feast in his sight,  
And eternity seem as a day.”

My beloved hearers, let us all walk in her footsteps—let us walk after Christ as she did. Those of you who knew her have the same testimony to bear concerning her that I have, that she was in very deed, a child of God; and God grant that those who are mourning and grieving for her now may yet realize a blessed and happy reunion with her in her heavenly home, and may we yet share the everlasting joy of those who have gone before us—our fathers, our mothers, our friends, who are beckoning to us now, who would speak to us if they could, and tell us with rapturous voices of the joys of that “sweet home” above, and of the blessedness of the paradise of God. At the close of the sermon the following beautiful hymn was sung by the choir of the church:

Rise my soul and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things  
Toward Heaven, thy destined place.  
Sun and moon and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise my soul and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

Cease my soul, O cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon thy Saviour will return  
To take thee to the skies;  
There is everlasting peace,  
Rest, enduring rest, in Heaven;  
There will sorrow ever cease,  
And crown of joy be given.



To Helen

Deliberate on all things with thy friends  
But since friends grow not thick on every bough  
Not every friend unalterable at the core  
Pause ponder sift not eager in thy choice  
Judge before friendships - then confide till  
"death"  
A friend is worth all hazards we can run -

^  
Pas d'elle yeux A home  
Que nous -

"Annie Lee"  
" "

To Helen

May one by one your deeds of kindness  
Come by one your deeds of love,  
Put you for your home in Heaven,  
For that "home sweet home" above.

Adolphustown  
March 18<sup>th</sup>  
1851

James Linscomb  
D. Hawley

To Helen

Who can careless look on thee  
Who can reckless meet thine eye?  
None then mortal must he be,  
Or chained by some mysterious tie.

B. Putnam.  
Adolphustown April 15<sup>th</sup> 1880.



#### Matrimonial.

The many friends of Miss Watson, daughter of J. J. Watson, Esq., of Adolphustown, will be pleased to tender their congratulations on her marriage with a gentleman of the capital—Mr. Duffett, lumber merchant.

#### ADOLPHUSTOWN.

—The "wheel of time" in this place keeps turning slowly; every time it makes a revolution a change is noticeable—some having dropped off and others hopping on.

—Two couples from Gosport have been married here since the 1st of January.

—There have been more deaths in this town during the past year than any previous year we have record of, and still they keep going. On Friday, Mrs. Chalmers, mother of Captain Chalmers, was buried. D. ceased was from Scotland, and was eighty-eight years of age. Mr. Chalmers' father died twelve years ago at the age of seventy-six. Long life for the Captain, likely.

—Our "city fathers" met yesterday and received the auditor's report as correct. Mr. S. W. Trumppour, treasurer of the township, put in his resignation, stating that he had been treasurer of the township for ten years, and was tired of the office, and requested them to appoint another man. They have not made the appointment yet, but expect to do so on Wednesday next, the day of the centennial meeting.

—Leap year brings on the marriages. The latest is the only daughter of J. J. Watson, Esq. She has gone to the capital to live with a gentleman named Duffett, a lumber merchant. They were married on the 21st by Rev. Mr. Forneri, and a knot was taken out of the lumberman and placed between the happy couple which made an appropriate tie. The newly married pair left by the evening train for the west. Mrs. Duffett is an accomplished and genial lady, and the people of Adolphustown will miss her smiling face and pleasant conversation.

February 25th, 1884.

#### Married.

On Thursday, 21st instant, at Glenwood, the residence of the bride's father, W. S. Duffett, of Ottawa, to Minnie, daughter of J. J. Watson, Esq., Adolphustown.

Thine eyes behold me—  
Thine arms enfold me—  
Thy word has taught me  
That God is here.

Nov 9-4

Jan-1884

M. C. Allen

To Helen.

Live for those who love you,  
For those whose hearts are true,  
For the heaven that smiles above you,  
And the good that you can do.

Prospect Hill  
January/91

Your loving Cousin  
Mary L. Allen

Dear Helen.

You are not the fairest form that holds  
The mildest purest soul within  
You are not the richest plant that folds  
The sweetest breath of fragrance in

From your loving friend  
Ida Moberg.

May 5/882.



To Helen

A wish for a friend is  
often given.  
My wish for thee is a home  
in Heaven

Hapana April 6<sup>th</sup>

F. C. Wilson

To Helen,

O May God's love with sweetest strong control,  
From glory unto glory change your soul.  
Till to your Christ's living fellowship brought,  
His love doth perfect what His blood hath wrought.

Yours sincerely  
F. C. Wilson  
Hapana April 6<sup>th</sup> 1885.

Dear Helen - let thy words of love,  
Thy holy walk thy piety prove;  
Thy lovely meekness, and thy ardent zeal  
Let saints approve, and harden'd sinners feel

Your Friend

Mrs. F. Mumberg

May 5<sup>th</sup> 1882  
2

"Cousin Helen"

When life's short scene is past -  
May you with blessed souls above  
Lash heavenly comfort - heavenly love  
and Friendship that will ever last."

Belle

Prospect - Hill  
Jan 23<sup>rd</sup> 1881



Chandler. 1880

To Keble:-

"Let every minute as it springs,  
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings,  
Let every minute as it flies  
Record thee good as well as wise."

Yours sincerely  
C. Allen

Adolphustown Jan. 30<sup>th</sup>. 1880.

Yrs very sincerely, & with many  
thanks for great kindness.

June 17<sup>th</sup> 1882. V. Aquel. Macdonald.

I hope soon to visit Adolphustown  
again and remain

Yours very faithfully  
John Macdonald

June 17<sup>th</sup> 1882

Fred. White

June 14/82



So long thy power hath blessed us, surely still  
Thy will lead us on  
Thro' dreary doubt, thro' pain & sorrow, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn. these angel faces smile,  
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Very Sincerely  
Louise E. Loomis.

July 29<sup>th</sup> 1882

The dawn is not distant,  
War is the night chatters;  
Life is eternal!  
God is still God - and  
His faith shall not fail us;  
Christ is eternal! —

Faithfully yours —

Emma D. Armour —

Roumanville

26/7/04



Adolphustown July 27<sup>th</sup> 1880

GOLDEN GRAIN.] [SECOND SERIES.]

**"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."**

ISAIAH XXXVIII. 15.

"HIMSELF hath done it" all. Oh, how those words  
Should hush to silence every murmuring  
thought!

"Himself hath done it"—He who loves me best,  
He who my soul with His own blood has bought.

"Himself hath done it." Can it then be aught  
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?  
Not one unneeded sorrow will He send,  
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

"Himself hath done it." Yes, although severe  
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,  
'Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know  
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

"Himself hath done it." Oh, no arm but His  
Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary lot;  
But while I know He's doing all things well,  
My heart His lovingkindness questions not.  
No. 21.

*"Be swift to hear."*

*"Slow to speak."*

*"Slow to wrath."*

*James 1:19*

*4.176.*

GOLDEN GRAIN.] [SECOND SERIES.]

**"HE KNOWS."**

I KNOW not what will befall me; God  
hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
And o'er each step of my onward  
path He makes new scenes to rise,  
And every joy He sends me comes as a  
glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread the  
days of the year;  
But the past is still in God's keeping, the  
future His mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance may  
brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less  
bitterness than I think;  
The Lord may sweeten the water before I  
stoop to drink;  
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will  
stand beside the brink.  
No. 31.

