    "FERRIS.— Died at Wahroonga, November 18, 1922, Esther Ferris, aged sixteen years. Esther gave her heart to the Lord at a very early age and was baptized by her father. She has lived most of her life on Norfolk Island, as her parents have been our missionaries there for about twelve years. She was an earnest, consistent Christian and a blessing wherever she went. When her parents saw that her life was ebbing away, their hearts were wrung with sorrow, but she would say to them, "Don't cry, it will only be a moment and then comes the glorious kingdom. If we had no precious Saviour, then we might weep." The following is a letter to a girl friend she dictated the day before she died, that will give the reader the spirit of Esther's life :—

  "It is well for me that I gave my heart to the Lord while I was well and strong. It is too late on one's deathbed. Instead of having to worry myself about getting my sins forgiven and of learning things, all I have to do now is to rest in Jesus love, and O it is so restful ! I know that Jesus has paid the wages of sin, and settled for that fearful second death, and I don't have to pay that, so this first death is nothing. I don't fear it. It is only a sleep that will seem only like a moment, and then the glorious city, the glorious kingdom, and the new earth, and life for evermore. O how Jesus loves us! We love Him because He first loved us. I thought at first that I would like to get better, and when the dear brethren prayed for me and anointed me with oil, in the name of the Lord, I thought that I was going to get better, but now that the Lord is plainly saying that it is not His will, I am quite resigned, for I feel that it is best. I have no desire for this life and this world at all now. I am looking forward to the resurrection and the new earth. My dear sister, give your heart wholly to the dear Lord. Obey Him fully. The things of this life are not worth much when you come to your death-bed, but if you have the love of Jesus in your heart then it is worth everything. I want to meet you, dear, when Jesus calls us to His kingdom. Do be there! Now goodbye, until Jesus calls us all home."

  We laid her to rest in the quiet little cemetery at Avondale, Sabbath evening, as the sun was going down. Pastor Butz and the writer spoke a few words of comfort to the parents and friends. J. M. COLE." (*Australasian Record*, 11 Dec 1922, p7)