

truth at once, for fear it would overpower us, but He leads us on step by step, as we are watchful and obedient.

"I have many things to say unto you but you cannot bear them now." John xvi., 12.

Friends believe that the true baptism is not that of water, but that it is a spiritual baptism, that is required to wash away our sins and give us a new life. "A cleansing of the soul of every defilement and bring it into the divine nature." "I indeed have baptised you with water, but he will baptize you with the Holy Ghost," Mark i., 8. Or that we are washed by the Spirit of God. "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God."

Friends believe that if we have done wrong, we cannot cast that wrong aside by any outward ceremony or washings, but that it must come about by a change of heart, that before we can receive this God spirit we must first remove the bad spirit within us before we can replace it with the good spirit. And this can only be done by placing ourselves in humble subjection to our God.

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A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

—Keats.

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.—Milton.

There is no danger of getting too much religion if you mix common sense with it.

THAT LITTLE "IF."

(Written by Dr. Theo. D. C. Miller.)

If these days of gloom would brighten,
And the sunshine come again,
If our toil and care would lighten,
And a blue sky follow rain,
If the good times would draw nearer,
And distress and grief were o'er,
If the light of love beamed clearer,
Would we ask for something more?

If a hand to aid were given,
When we feel the need of cheer,
If we saw the light of Heaven,
In our path so lone and drear,
If the flowers would bloom forever,
And a sweet, rare fragrance give,
If our joys should leave us never,
Would we more contented live?

If our eyes could scan the blessings,
A bright future has in store,
If there were no soul-distressings,
On this dark and lonely shore,
If the summer's bloom could cheer us,
And no winter's blight hold sway,
If the friends we love were near us,
Would we falter by the way?

If we all were friends and brothers,
And would aid each other weak,
If we had a smile for others,
And would words of kindness speak,
If the ties of love fraternal,
Bound the hearts of one and all,
If our bliss could be eternal,
Would these clouds of gloom appall?

If the joys to us were given,
All pure hearts have yearned to know
If we kept our eyes on Heaven,
As along life's path we go,
If our faith should grow the brighter,
In the good times soon to come,
If our burdened souls felt lighter,
Would we wander far from home?

We get no good

By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits, so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul—forward, headlong, into a book's
profound,

Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of
truth—

'Tis then we get the right good from a
book.

—E. B. Browning.