

I did not mean that thou should'st tread
 The way of life alone,
 But that the clear and shining light
 Which round thy footsteps shone
 Should guide some other weary feet
 To my bright home of rest,
 And thus in blessing those around
 Thou had'st thyself been blessed."
 The vision faded from my sight;
 The voice no longer spake;
 A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul,
 Which long I feared to break,
 And when at last I gazed around,
 In morning's glimmering light,
 My spirit fell, o'erwhelmed amid
 That vision's awful night.

I rose and wept with chastened joy
 That yet I dwelt below—
 That yet another hour was mine
 My faith by works to show,
 That yet some sinner I might tell
 Of God's undying love,
 And help to lead some weary soul
 To seek a home above.
 And now while on the earth I stay,
 My motto this shall be,
 "To live no longer to myself,
 But to Him who lived for me."
 And graven on my inmost soul
 This word of truth divine,
 "They that turn many to the Lord
 Bright as the stars shall shine."

A THOUGHT ON AUTUMN.

What a sadness autumn casts o'er
 our hearts as we see the leaves falling
 one by one, leaving only the tree itself
 standing with its outspread branches
 unprotected against the wintry blast;
 and, as the wind moans through them,
 reminds us that our lives are fast fading,
 and of short duration, that we, too, like
 the leaves, must pass away and return
 to God who gave us; whether we have
 been diligent or not, improving the
 "one talent" or burying it.

How easy it is to do good, just a
 second thought, but many of us neglect
 it, acting on the more thoughtless im-
 pulse. Still it is our desire to be
 "sound watching," and, as the Ever-
 green, be prepared for whatever change
 may come, ever ready to abide the
 chilly frosts of winter or breathe the
 balmy breath of spring.

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A LETTER.

A portion of a letter of a young Friend to his father
 who had written him at the near approach of Illinois
 Yearly Meeting.

"I was almost startled on learning
 that Yearly Meeting was so near at
 hand. You, of course, are enjoying
 feasts in a social and spiritual way that
 cannot be surpassed go where one
 may. I feel very keenly the loss I
 sustained in not being able to attend,
 as I used to, these annual gatherings of
 devoted Friends. When at home I
 looked forward to these occasions,
 anxious for their coming, for I knew
 that good will would prevail, and we
 would have a good time. Every year
 as the last session of the last day was
 ended with the concluding minute, a
 feeling of sadness would come and a
 desire that we might live so happily
 all the time. May the mingling
 together and the interchange of
 thought this year be a special bless-
 ing in quickening to better growth,
 and the ripening of more frugal results.
 It is very hard for us younger people
 to see anything for us to do. It is
 much easier for the average young per-
 son to do nothing in a religious way.
 It is not possible for a young person to
 think like an older one of mature years.
 And as this is true many organizations
 make mistakes in not suiting their forms
 to young minds. The young, it seems
 to me, should be the chief concern of
 every religious body. If the boys are
 safe, in nine cases out of ten, the men
 are safe. As the home is lonely un-
 less children are there, so is the church
 lonely and falling short of its duty un-
 less the young are there. Meetings
 may have their forms, they may read
 their minutes, discuss queries, insist on
 free gospel ministry, plainness of ad-
 dress and attire, but unless a meeting
 is interesting the young in the holy life
 of Jesus, unless that meeting is feeding
 a hungry soul, unless it is saving the
 unbeliever, it is surely not a thing of
 God's ordering. Many are the young
 people who have left our denomination
 because there was no attraction in it