

outgrown. The seeds sown in the middle of the seventeenth century were, it is true, watered with the tears of cruel martyrdom, but in the course of a few generations a glorious harvest began to ripen, and from that time on Puritan and Quaker have dwelt together in entire concord.—*Editorial in Inter-Ocean of 2nd mo. 26th.*

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### EXPECTATION.

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"'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear; heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were."—Suckling.

If expectation makes a blessing dear,  
The realizing makes it ten-fold dearer;  
If heaven were heaven when seen through distance clear,  
'Twere ten times blest when heaven were seen still nearer.

We see yon mountain in the distance dim,  
'Tis but a shadow rising in the sunlight,  
A darkness with a blue and misty rim,  
Like twilight blending with the dusky mid-night.

But when we journey to the mountain's feet,  
And see its massive form far-rising o'er us,  
We find it clothed in verdure full, complete,  
With sparkling streams and brightest flowers before us.

Though it, at first, had seemed so very small  
That we with ease might place our feet upon it,  
Now we may climb and climb, mid forests tall,  
Yet never reach the snowy crown upon it.

Still there it shines, in sunlight gleaming white,  
And feeds the streams that down its steep sides wander,  
Above our gaze far reaching radiance bright.  
Might cause us oftentimes to pause and ponder.

So when we gaze into our future way,  
And dimly see the outlines of Mount Zion,  
We little know how steep may be the way,  
Nor all the beauties there we may rely on.

If expectation paints its flowers in gold,  
Or many varied hues of rainbow tinted,  
Faith finds its beauty never hath been told,  
Faith verified, its glory not been hinted.

But oh! if disappointment we shall find,  
'Twill be when we have hastened to the mountain  
And left our role of duty all behind,  
In eagerness to bask beside life's fountain.

If, when we reach it, heaven shall not be  
heaven,  
'Twill be because we come with empty hands,  
Leaving unheeded, admonitions seven,  
To do our part in heaven's harvest-lands.  
JULIA M. DUTTON.  
Waterloo, N. Y., March 25, 1894.

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### A POSTSCRIPT TO A LETTER FROM ELIAS HICKS TO TWO OF THE MEMBERS OF GREEN STREET MEETING.

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Since penning the foregoing my mind has been drawn into a renewed feeling of near sympathy and gospel affection with the dearly beloved youth, not only those of your Monthly Meeting, that fell more particularly under my notice, in the family visits I made when with you, but all others of your city, to whom the Lord in the riches of his mercy is renewedly visiting with the dayspring from on high, through the immediate manifestation of his love and light in their inner man, as the guardian angel of his presence, to guide them and keep, and as they take heed thereunto, will preserve and keep them from all evil, and will lead them up to the head spring and fountain of living water, of which when they drink they will never thirst again after the muddy waters of tradition and education that stand in the letter that killeth, but their thirst will be continually satiated with the pure water of life that makes glad all Zion's dedicated and devoted children, and which adds no sorrow with it. And as they give good heed to this holy anointing, which is truth and is noble, it will lead them off from all dependence on man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of? And they will have no need that any man teach but as this same anointing teacheth. It will bring them to see the end of all shadows that stand in outward visible things, let them be ever so great or excellent, and will gather them into itself, the invisible power, to the law of the spirit of life, that sets the soul free from the law of