

Tho' their feet had grown weary,
All faded the flowers,
The stones losing lustre
As evening's cloud lowers.

Yet they fret and they murmur
To carry away
Their burden of riches
At close of the day.

Till at last by the Home gate,
Quite weary and sad
They drop them,—all weeping
Who might have been glad.

And they miss the bright sunset,
The lights o'er the hill,
And reluctantly yield
To their good nurse's will.

"It is home where the heart is,
Wherever that be,
On desert or mountain,
On island or sea.

There is pathos and truth
In that popular lay,
Are our hearts where our home is?
We question to-day.

"No continuing city!"
O would we believe
'Tis no metaphor only,
But truth to receive.

We should keep our hearts freer
From burdens and pain,
Which hinder true progress,
Right paths to maintain.

Thus should save ourselves worry
Help others along,
Our frets and complaints
Would change into song.

But say, what are *we* doing?
Prosperity smiles,
We hoard and we gather
Our avarice beguiles.

Or it may be, affections
Our memories hold
Make *some* precious things dearer
Than silver or gold.

Or perhaps some great project
We long to fulfil.
Or *force* some oppositions
To bow to our will.

Or an act of pure kindness,
Or souls to be won,
Ere yet to our seeming
We've scarcely begun.

*Since the soul is immortal,
O let it not be
That for aught less immortal
It cannot go free!*

Mind! one day as a thousand
Is good in God's sight;—
His will our lifegiving
His word is our light.

We, the gifts of our Father,
With gratitude share,
Yet hold to them loosely,
Nor make them a snare.

Have we Christ for our portion,
All others above
In whom are hid treasures
Of life and of love?

Then our earthly possessions
We count but as dross,
We gain by surrender
Nor deem it a loss.

England. —M. FELLOWS.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

Editors of YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Thinking that perhaps a brief synopsis of the proceedings of our recent Yearly Meeting might interest some of the readers of the *REVIEW*, particularly those of our membership in whose households it is a regular visitant, and who were unable to mingle with us upon this cherished occasion, we offer the following for their perusal:—

First-day morning dawned bright and clear and witnessed the largest attendance of people ever collected together under one roof in a Friends' meeting-house in this city. The large meeting-room fronting on the Park avenue side was filled to overflowing, many being compelled to stand throughout the entire meeting, and the same might be said of the meeting held at the same time in the Laurens street end. The impressiveness of the occasion was commented upon by many present, the same drawing chords of love and nearness to the Father's kingdom, seemed to permeate throughout the large audiences there assembled, as the words of those engaged in the ministry seemed to be handed forth in that life, power and wisdom, that is calculated only to take deep hold, to make a lasting impression among such audiences, which bore ample evidence that there was a living ministry amongst