

Short Prose Writings.

Here is youth pictured before my astonished gaze of admiration. He is indeed a noble emblem of his species, invigorated and cheered by the powers of almost perfect health, and the feelings arising from the ripeness of a well knit development and superb physical condition, which indeed is a marvel of the skill, as well as the years of those ideal workman first employed in its construction. This is but the mould of life, and soon shall be its return: unto the pit from which it was taken. If the soul therein goeth not before the signs of industry, and transform effects to life and beauty, equal to the height and advantage given by such a noble stature.

Blessed indeed is the spirit of God, day by day am I bent to realize the rapid growth of that useful and beautiful flower in the garden of my soul; day by day am I inspired by inspiration of its purity, virtue and exaltment. Oh! what must be the joy to which this soon must lead, that light and glory which crowns the souls of righteous men entering forever anew upon heavenly perfected paths. Oh! how weak and unworthy is this spark I now possess. Yet could I wish for more? No! Conceited abundance is not glory. One pure, yet tiny spark shines with greater brightness than all this world's great lamp of life, which sheds afar her many rays of misty, imperfect light. Oh! God confine my unruly heart within thy bounds of trust and faith, at once and forever, while I tread these darkened paths of time. Instruct me only in such wisdom which knoweth truth alone, for through thee do I observe that whenever error is conceived it leadeth me to hastily speak: Oh! God thy wisdom is unknown. It echoes back great tidings unto man "know thyself"; it telleth of the powers of a noble mind, which bless and enlighten the highest development of thought, which knoweth not the excuses of non-conformity, which establish not those things which exist; but to corrupt the inward life of brotherhood, people, generations and nations yet to come. If such evil within this belfry of my soul exist, I earnestly plead that through thy Almighty grace and influence their immediate flight and destruction may be accomplished. What is this mind without the true inspiration of the spirit of God? Could she contrive one single independent thought worthy of observation? Could she wield within herself such gigantic and utilizing powers of continued concentration? Could she be instrumental in opening up

alone a higher and better religion than truth itself? If so, where abides the great secret of such important qualifications? They cannot exist except they be born from death itself.

There is no home regardless of beauty which external surrounding and flowers can produce, nor of the fruit imparted by the fertility of the richest soil; happy, if the souls dwelling in their midst be not endowed with the spirit of righteousness or unacquainted with the freedom of the wings uplifting the combined body of heartfelt prayer, praise and truth. Blessed indeed are the feathered wings of righteousness which soar daily near, ever directing our flight from a world of wickedness and temptations to light and rest forever upon gates opening the ideal kingdom of a heavenly paradise. What is gold compared to such magnificent scenes, entering forth anew unto eternal glory. "Praise ye the Lord." Great indeed are His works, but few are His rewards. Come let us be up and doing while yet it is day, for the night cometh when no man shall work. Let us gather our treasures for heaven, and by faith shall we know them, for death shall be trodden in the dust of our path. Whilst Jesus walks above.

Looking Backward.

In far different lands, we friends are divided;
Yet from our infancy such changes have
glided,
From scenes in the east to scenes in the
west,
Yet the home of our birth we recognise
best;
A change may be new, yet strange it may
be,
T'was old long before, but still new yet
to thee.

Back from the days, peaceful days that are
flow,
Do we count recollections, but count not
alone?
We see on our cheeks, wrapped over with
years
The sweetness of childhood, the value of
tears,
Which ran all for joy, true man to embrace;
Has time ceased then to trickle down this
hardened face?

A mother so loving and a father sincere,
Bloom ever as rose buds in fond memory's
ear;
From soils of the farm, the bosoms of men,