

our Father's love and care. If each seeks to do the best he can, we will be gathered to the Father. Let us be faithful, have courage and fear no evil; we will grow in grace and eventually be gathered around His Throne.

Theoretical religion was spoken of as of little benefit except love of the Father be in the soul—"Christ in you the hope of glory."

May we build up in faith and good works.

The morning session then closed with prayer.

A programme was presented at the second session by the First-day School Association. From the lisping lips of babyhood to the expressions of those who have seen many years, came wise thoughts, rich thoughts for the uplifting of each and every learner. Precept on precept, step by step we must be led into a higher life. The thoughts presented were like the scattering of good seed. May they fall into good ground and bear fruit unto righteousness.

A pleasant letter was read from Catherine Anna Burgess.

Also some "Gathered Thoughts" at the Richmond Conference by Nellie Shotwell.

Session closed by reading in concert a selection on "Prayer."

Second-day—After the queries were answered, one said, "Seemingly they were from the Heavenly Father more directly than from our brothers and sisters, and that it is a duty to have watchful care over each other. Each is more or less responsible for others. Do we fully realize this?"

Kindly letters were read from Edward Coale and Mary G. Smith, which were pleasant reminders that we were kindly remembered, and, that though separated by many miles, yet in spirit we are one.

Our Half-year Meeting was closed as well as begun by thanksgiving and prayer.

Com. { N. S. F.
C. E. S.
M. O. S.

AUNT RACHEL.

Poem read at the annual celebration of the Pioneer Association of Springfield Township, Hamilton Co., Ohio, September 3, 1898, by Jere M. Cochran, Glendale, Ohio.

What means this throng of country folk
About Aunt Rachel's dwelling?

Did hospitality invoke?

Is this of pleasure telling?

Ah, no; a knot of sable dye

On front doorknob suspended,

And somber hearse awaiting by,

Denote a journey ended.

With whispered greetings, neighbors all

Attend Aunt Rachel's funeral.

Within the parlor's curtained gloom

The saintly one lies sleeping,

While, ranged about the quiet room,

Sit women-mourners, weeping.

Serene on silken pillow there,

Her pallid face reposes.

Her head enwreathed with snowy hair,

And crowned with garden roses;

Queen always by a lowly fate;

Queen still, Aunt Rachel lies in state.

She reigned by love; her royalty,

God's charter to the humble,

To her was steadfast loyalty,

Though other thrones might crumble.

Her home was comfort and content;

She walked abroad rejoicing;

Sweet sunshine followed where she went,

Her heart the song birds voicing.

Life's duties done, with death's release,

How well she wears her crown of peace!

At length the pastor, old and wise,

With hands upraised towards heaven,

In trembling speech, with tearful eyes,

Commends her soul there given;

Then, when a quavering hymn is sung,

He tells her simple story,

From when life's gate was gently swung,

On to the gates of glory—

The babe, the child, the dear girl friend,

The woman strong, old age, the end.

To pioneer cabin in the West,

With tall trees towering over,

By mother brave to be caressed,

A father bold to love her,

There came our little queen to rule

Her subjects in the wildwood,

And teach in home's delightful school

The tyranny of childhood.

O Babyland, must all your folk

Put on our necks the despot's yoke?

At school (the aged man goes on)

One autumn morn I met her,