

Our friend, our brother, and our Lord,
 What may thy service be?
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following thee."

THE WEATHER.

Perhaps there is no more fruitful source of remark than the weather, with all its changes, threatenings, and prospects; it affords an ever ready theme, wherever men may meet. If the traveller is dull and lonely, the passing cloud, the falling shower, or the long drouth open to him a fund of thought for his silent musings.

Reader! did'st thou ever, in travelling on those rapid cars, whose speed is so swift that people now go as it were on the "wings of the wind" from place to place; but did'st thou ever find thy progress arrested by the falling sleet and driving snow? If thou hast not, then listen to the experience of those who (like myself) for more than nine long hours were placed in a situation to hear all sorts of remarks about the weather as will not soon be forgotten.

The "iron horse" had for once more than a match for his strength, yet bravely did he try to press onward, but all his efforts were powerless in that pitiless storm. Again and again did he strive with all his "steam and smoke" to reach his place of destination; but, alas! his path was slippery, and methought it was comparable to life's journey on the road of time: for, like us, it used its utmost endeavor to press onward until it could reach its desired haven of rest. After many struggles, and when its strength was nearly exhausted, unlike the hungry traveller, we gave it "food and water," when gaining sufficient strength, at length it accomplished its mission.

Could we also, when supplied with food for both body and mind, reach our destined port in safety, after passing thro' the trials incident to life, what an amount of happiness would be in store for mankind. The future would indeed be as a pleasant picture to dwell upon, something to cheer the weary traveller in his onward march towards

the great ocean of eternity. That brave old locomotive might have taught us a lesson of patience at least while we were witnesses of its efforts.

Here, too, was seen the workings of both art and nature, and had it not been for the aid of the former we might have been much longer wrestling with nature, since she lent not a hand to assist us in getting out of such a dilemma. Quietly did she look on and see the "artificial" toiling and struggling for our deliverance. Yet nature was beautiful to look upon, with her flakes of snow falling so gracefully from the fleecy clouds, altho' we could not relish her beauties with as keen a desire as we might otherwise have done, since she was depriving hundreds of travellers of their required food far into the midnight hour.

How prone we are to find fault with the weather, and yet, after an abundant rain when the warming beams of the sun shine out, how rapidly do the buds and blossoms spring into life. Oh! how many flowers might we scatter over the rugged path of life; how many fruits might we dispense to those around us through the wilderness of this world if our hearts were ever open to receive the "descending showers" and the warming beams of the sun of righteousness. How the vapors which rise unseen from the bosom of the earth and ocean return again and water the "furrows of the field" and to refresh the "cattle upon a thousand hills."

These reflections should certainly make us feel thankful for the various changes, since they contribute to our comfort; if it were a continual sunshine upon the earth we should perish for the want of these "refreshing showers." They purify the atmosphere and cause the blessing of health to the human race. Then murmur not when the "rain," the "sleet" and the "storm" shall visit us; they are all given to poor erring man in wisdom—all come from the Father's hand.

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