

sun has little access, or the searching winds distort, break and wither; where the snow drifts deeply and at times becomes encrusted with a covering of ice, which envelopes and excludes the life-keeping atmospheric influence, until the season has so far advanced that the germ of promise is well nigh extinct. In our Bible lessons we learn how that Jesus taught and illustrated the themes he wished to impress upon the minds of his hearers from natural objects around him.

Why may not we learn from the same source? Well do I remember asking father or mother why so many bare spots in *winter wheat* or *clover* fields, and their answer: Oh, that is where the great snow banks lay so long, that what was sown was smothered, and died out root and branch. Peradventure weeds may in time spring up on the bare spots and make a hurried growth before the season's close.

How thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father that he has given us just enough light and darkness, heat and cold, cloud and sunshine, wind and calm, rain and drought, frost and snow, with occasional ice-bound encasement to preserve life, to give needful rest, to enrich, enliven and strengthen the growth of the whole true man. Yes, and acknowledge how merciful is our Heavenly Father in his requirements of the children of men. Were it not for the thought that account is to be rendered according to what is given us in the way of talent and opportunity, and for the use we have made of both, and not for what is withheld, we would be in a perplexing condition. But while we query and seek to know, we remember the assurance, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" and are encouraged to "murmur not."

Since writing our last letter to thee, dear cousin, the angel of death has been busy calling in our neighborhood, and from north, east, south and west, has taken loved ones, and left sad hearts, and vacant places in these homes. One dear little member of

our infant band and associate in the playhouse has fled—suddenly—by way of diphtheria, to join the children's angel band beyond. So we whisper softly, one more in heaven, to beckon us thitherward; one less in life to lisp a cheerful word for thee, through

HOPEFUL BAND.

1st mo. 14th, 1895.

PEACE VERSUS WAR.

Paper by Addie C. Garlock, written for Young Friends' Association, Lincoln, Nebraska, 12th mo. 30th, 1894.

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play;
And mild and sweet
The words repeat
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

But in despair I bowed my head—
There is no peace on earth, I said,
For hate is strong
And mocks the song,
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly hosts, praising God and singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

We are singing the same song to-day, and praising God for the victories won and achievements made possible through the life and teachings of this Great Prince of Peace, whose advent into the world was heralded by the song of peace, and whose last words to his followers was on the same theme: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you."

For the most striking contrast of peace and war we have none more vivid than the records of the Scriptures. Who can read in detail the horrors of battles as recorded in the Old Testament without a feeling of disgust and commiseration.

But turn to the New Dispensation. How we love to study over and over