

been dry, they have been refreshed by cool water that came trickling down over them without wetting my leaves. Rain alway touches my leaves first ; so where did this water come from, and how did it get there? Something must have brought it to me, and that something must have known my roots were dry as well as I knew it myself. Then again, every once in a while the earth around my roots is loosened and made comfortable. At other times the dead leaves are pulled off. But the strangest of all is that I frequently find myself in a new place. How it happens I cannot imagine ; but it does happen ; of that I am positive. Once I was so cold that I thought I should freeze. But just as I was beginning to grow numb, I felt something cutting off the tip ends of my roots in a kind of a circle all around me ; and then almost before I knew it, I was in the warmest, most delightful atmosphere that any rosebush could desire. This has happened several times. But how? And what does it? These are questions that I'll confess are more easily asked than answered. It is evident there are some things that even a rosebush cannot understand. But yet, though I cannot imagine what it is that does all these things for me, I think I discover several points in which it resembles a rosebush. It seems to know all the things I like and dislike, so it must think and feel as I do. It knows about water and warm air, and earth, and roots and leaves, and flowers, and even a great many things that I don't know myself. It seems to love all these things that are good for me. Then, too, it dislikes leaves with holes in them, and dead leaves, and dead branches, and it seems to know just when they ought to be taken off. Indeed, it must love a rosebush more than I can imagine ; and even though it does do so many things that I cannot understand, yet I feel that it must have much in common with me, in so far at least as the best that I am in character can resemble a being of a totally differ-

ent form. How pleasant it is to know that I have even a remote resemblance to what must be such a superior being ; and, more than all, that it loves and cares for a helpless rosebush." Having reached this comforting and reasonable conclusion, the rosebush was soon soothed into slumbers by the warm sunlight.

To point the moral of the tale, we find that our little rosebush had a very inadequate conception of the nature, form, and character of good Friend Margaret ; but yet its most accurate guesses were suggested by what was best and highest in its own nature.

CHARLES M. STABLER.

REFLECTION.

Word comes to me of the spiritual feast enjoyed by those who were privileged to attend our late Yearly Meeting held at Sparta, Ontario, and I know by past minglings in those gatherings the truth of the word "feast." How it does bring us in closer feeling and bind us stronger together by thus feasting in a social and spiritual manner.

My thoughts have more particularly arrested themselves on the youths' or parlor meeting held during the week, that has called forth this reflection to those who attended and gave vocal expression to their feelings. Few of these meetings I have attended, and received thereby strength, and, I believe, strength and comfort often comes more forcibly to us in the younger walks of life, because of the evidence there expressed from those journeying with us and just in advance.

Ah, my dear young Friends, I believe there is a vast difference between a natural impulse that lies very close to the feelings of the heart, and easily wrought upon by its surroundings, and the Divine evidence that comes in the quiet hour of watchfulness and trust in His abiding care. When this preparation ; this dedication of soul to the Master's work has become yours to