

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

NOVEMBER.

The river's face grew hard last night.
The last leaf from its swaying throne
Has fluttered, brown and small, and lies
Upon the ice—alone.

The sun, wrapped in his misty skirts,
The West with purple glory dyes;
And, clearly as a cameo cut,
The mallard Southward flies.

The crescent moon gleams on her bed
Of argent cloud; by slow degrees
Drooping on unseen wings beyond
The lattice-work of trees.

Northward gleams one bright star, that says:
I guard the seas that lie below!
And from the East the wind runs out,
And comes—and brings the snow.

In *The Owl*.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

THE *North-West Baptist* has a timely article on "The Church and Church Societies," by J. P. McIntyre, M.D., of the Class of '94. The position taken is that there are too many organizations within the church in these days, e.g.:—B. Y. P. U., Y. P. S. C. E., Ladies Aid and Mission Circles, etc. That the organization of the Christian Church is the only Scriptural organization, is a sound principle. The Christian Church should do all the Christian work, appointing its own officers and committees for different and distinct duties. Sunday School officers and teachers should be appointed by the church, young people and the women should have their special duties assigned them by vote of the church and report periodically upon the work overtaken. The end would be unity and harmony in the body which Christ instituted, instead of rivalry and division. No doubt the lack of general interest on the part of many members is a result of half-a-dozen different sets of workers, each more or less ignorant of the others' work.

ASPIRATION.

Alone I'll go from clime to clime,
From earth's fair walks, on spirit stairs.
Alone I'll mount to Heaven's height—
Softly I'll go the course of time,

No human voice shall calm my fear,
No human hand shall mine rest on;
Alone I'll walk on spirit feet—
No mortal sound shall reach my ear.

The constant sighing of the wind
Shall come to me with nearer power;
The gentle dipping of an oar
Shall bear me to a greater mind.

LOUISE MOULTON.

In *Tabor College Monthly*.