

tion comes through untiring patience with ignorance and bigotry, having the world (so to speak) to contend with.

Then, is it not apparent that this body should continue as an educator until it shall have lost its usefulness? There still remains much work for them to do. Progress is slow but sure. Educate the people in higher walks with God where brute force and all sorts of persecution dwindle. In daily life let justice be practiced at all times. Speak not, nor eat, nor drink that which defileth, and be clean is the law of physical and spiritual health.

H. G. MILLER.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

WILLIAM PENN'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Dear child, these words which briefly I declare,
Let them not hang like jewels in thine ear,
But in the secret closet of thy heart,
Lock them up safe that they may ne'er depart.
Give first to God the flower of thy youth,
Take for thy guide the holy word of truth ;
Adorn thy soul with grace, prize wisdom more
Than all the pearls upon the Indian shore ;
Think not to live still free from grief and sorrow—

The man that laughs to-day shall weep to-morrow ;

Nor dream of joy unmixed here below,
No roses here but what on thorns do grow ;
Shun this deluding world that most bewitches,
And place thy hopes in everlasting riches.
Make room for Christ—let not so base a guest
As earth have any lodging in thy breast.
Bad company as deadly poison shun,
Thousands by it are ruined and undone ;
The giddy multitude still goes astray,
Turn from that road and choose the narrow way ;

Keep death and judgment always in thine eye ;
He is only fit to live that is fit to die ;
Make use of present time, because thou must
Shortly take up thy lodging in the dust.
'Tis dreadful to behold the setting sun,
And night approach before our work be done ;
Let not thy winged days be spent in vain,
When gone no gold can call them back again.
Strive to subdue thy sins when first beginning,
Custom, when once confirmed, is strangely winning ;

Be much in prayer, it is the begging trade,
By which true Christians are the richer made.
Of meditation get the blessed art,
And often search thy own deceitful heart ;

Fret not with envy at thy neighbor's wealth,
Preferment, learning, beauty, strength or health.

Abhor the lying tongue, vile fraud detest,
Plain hearted men by Providence are blest.
Take heed of idleness, that cursed nurse
And mother of all vice, there is nothing worse ;
And fly from pride, high hills are barren found,
But lowly valleys with choice fruits are crowned.

Short sinful pleasure's delights eschew,
Eternal torments are their wages due ;
The rules of temperance observe and keep,
That thou offend not in meat, drink or sleep ;
Nor costly garments wear, let men admire
Thy person rather than thy rich attire ;
Get a good treasure laid up in thy heart
Whereby discourse thou riches may impart ;
To profit other holy thoughts within,
Will guide thy tongue and keep thy lips from sin.

Learn to distinguish between faithful friends
And fawning flatterers, which for base ends
Will speak thee fair with words as soft as oil,
And make a show of friendship to beguile.
The secrets of thy friends do not disclose,
Lest by so doing thou resemble those
Whose ears are leaking vessels, which contain
Nothing poured in but what runs out again,
But all their thoughts proclaiming them unfit
Of any trust, and void of any wit.
If thou resolve to change a single life,
And has a purpose to become a wite,
Then choose thy husband not for worldly gain,
Nor for his comely shape or beauty vain ;
If money makes the match, or lust impure,
Then bride and bridegroom, too, shall weep
be sure ;

But with the fear of God most excellent,
Be chiefly minded, look for true content ;
Cast off all needless and distrustful care,
A little is enough, too much a snare ;
Our journey from the cradle to the grave,
Can be but short, so no large portion crave ;
For such convenience as must be had,
Trust in thy God, who hath so richly clad
The fragrant meadows with fresh silver show-ers,

Sent down to nurse up tender plants and flow-ers ;

He for each chirping bird provides a nest,
And gives all creatures that which feeds them best.

To Him give thanks for mercies which before
Thou hast received, and that makes room for more ;

Faults before his face reprove thy friend,
But all good deeds behind his back commend.
Labor for peace, choose to contend for none,
Let reason with sweet calmness keep the throne ;

Treading fierce wrath and lawless passion down,

The grace of meekness is a woman's crown.
Be loving, patient, courteous and kind,
So doing thou shalt grace and honor find