

those yearly meetings (Genesee, Ohio, and Illinois) where the business is transacted in joint session, this equality is reached in that way. In our yearly meeting, even if it were desired, we could not adopt that plan, for want of a house to hold all, and it would be undesirable, also, because with so large a number attending, the conduct of business is rendered laborious. We have attained the equality of the meetings in the way which our circumstances pointed out, and it is practically as complete as where all members, without regard to sex, assemble together.

FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE. AT FLUSHING, ERECTED IN 1695.

How oft, upon this edifice, hath gazed the
passer by,
And paused awhile its antique form to view
with wondering eye,
How oft, ere any living now, had entered
life's career,
The meek and humble worshippers, in silence
gathered here.

How oft, within its ancient walls, the aged
and the youth,
Gathered and heard proclaimed with power
the everlasting truth.
Then, may we trace its history past, well nigh
two centuries o'er,
And in the record find, e'en now, perchance
instructive lore.

Our fathers fled from tyranny, and crossed the
briny flood;
And *here*, amid these western wilds, these
stately timbers hewed;
But the builders all have passed away, and
doubtless are at rest,
They have passed through life's probations,
to the city of the blest.

No ornamental work within these ancient walls
we view,
To gratify the outward eye, and please the
fancy too;
For a "meek and contrite spirit," is more
precious in God's sight,
Than all the gaudy works of art, in which
pride takes delight;

Yet an air of neatness, and of comfort, per-
vades the whole within,
And we feel that worship here can rise from
thankful hearts to Him.
The author of our mercies, sure, and all our
blessings given,
Which, rightly to appreciate, is incense raised
to heaven.

How oft, me thinks, did prayers arise, from
hearts that gathered here,
From spirits that have passed away, to join
a happier sphere;
And may their bright examples prove to those
who yet remain,
As "bread upon the waters cast," that will
return again.

Ye spotless, white-robed angels! say, if from
your home on high,
Ye can revisit earth again, and hear the
mourners sigh;
Is not the veil transparent, that keeps you
from our view?
Say! can ye not commune with us, of things
both old and new?

Near by this ancient meeting-house is the old
burial place,
Where the "loved ones" are reposing who
have run their earthly race,
Reminding the survivor—how frail the hold
on life,
And that the warfare to maintain, should be
our daily strife.

Here, the aged from their labors rest, for their
trials now are o'er,
They are gathered to their fathers, and we
hear their voice no more;
But their memory is precious, and we feel
their spirits near,
As we look upon these "hallowed spots,"
which were to them so dear.

How often have the tones of one, now passed
from earth away,
Fallen sweetly on the listening ear, to cheer
the lonely way;
While on his earthly mission here—memory
can trace him now,
Where the "frosts of many winters," had
gathered round his brow.

How often have I watched him, as with
stately step and slow,
He came unto this ancient place, where we
are wont to go;
At length the Master summoned him, but all
within was peace,
He heard the sound rejoicing and how tran-
quil his release.

Here, too, the young and lovely sleep, in the
cold entrance of death,
Their garments they have laid aside, and
yielded up the breath,
For a "crown of life immortal," for the joys
that time outlast,
To the mansion of the blessed have their
spirits safely passed.
Tho' the outward temple moulders, and re-
turneth unto dust,
'Tis the spirit that ascendeth to the Father
ever just.

ELIZA H. BELL.

ANTHONY FRANKLIN.