

ties of the times and how effected by legislation and custom; become alive to our obligations as members of that organic thing, society; and take hold on the practical ways that are at hand, speech and the franchise.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Often in the early morning when the seed-time and harvest is with us, do I go out with my garden trowel in hand; and a looker-on would see my bent form over a small plot of ground I call the flower garden. With the little trowel I mellow and stir the soil, but I soon find other and important work to do. If I have neglected to take my glasses with me, the dimness of my natural vision makes me feel quite uncertain of the real work in hand.

There are so many enemies hidden away in the most sly corners. Therefore experience has taught me that every leaflet and branch should be examined as with a "lighted candle," else in time I discover something very wrong in the growth of the plant.

Of course I find the most tiny creature of all sapping the vital spark, which in time, if not checked, will make unsightly things to look upon, if they do not entirely die; while the first, mayhap, that had attracted my attention, would be an enemy less to be feared.

To prevent loss, or perhaps entire failure, we know with what earnestness the work must go on. At such times, the garden plot within comes before me again and again. This within ourselves of so much greater moment, how much more vigilantly and earnestly the work should go on there—the garden of the mind, the same wherein Adam was placed. What a field of labor there is constantly before us! Often it is the pruning and keeping back gives the right growth needed. But through all, earnest work and watchfulness is necessary every moment of the time, that the fruit of each individual garden may have all the richness and perfectness it is capable of.

In the secret by-ways (and the avenues are many that lead off) we need go often with the "lighted candle," fresh from the Father's hand. Our own feeble torch, without His an-

nointing, we cannot trust. Without his aid and guidance, we are tossed on waves of difficulty and doubt that perplex and trouble. The peace that uplifteth the soul is not with us safe and sure unless the love of the Father is anchored deep. How easily our round of duties go on each day; how light our burthens, with this well-spring of gladness in our souls!

Thus may we go out and come in, giving and receiving from the fulness of the heart, with the blest feeling that we have not lived in vain.

SARAH W. HART.

Chicago, 7th month 27th, 1886.

EGERIA.

Numa Pompilius, a King of Rome,
Who ruled the "eternal city" in its youth,
Whene'er the weight of empire heavy pressed
It's vast and many cares upon his soul,
Would leave his wise advisers and the throne,
Retiring to his closet, and there seek
In quiet, trustier counsel yet, from one—
His spirit spouse, divine Egeria.
And people said he was a goodly king:
And great the city grew beneath his sway,
His and Egeria's.

Let us, my friends,
Be taught a lesson by this Roman king;
And in the various tasks of daily life,
Private or public, guidance seek from one—
The bright, divine Egeria of the soul—
The Christ within, the Power and Son of God.

E. M. Z.

THE HIDDEN SIDE.

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

Let us walk onward softly, with our hearts
As open as the leaves are to the sun,
And, like the leaves, that fluttering in the wind,
Uplift in turn both fair sides to the light,
Yet show us tints more delicate below;
Because, perhaps, the dust of sin and care
Can find no little spot to cling to there;
So let our inner life a beauty know,
Not even dust-stained with our strife and pride,
And ever fairer on the hidden side.