

"I am the resurrection," "I and the Father are one."
 And now, O Love; thou essence of Good,
 and of God,
 And of all things worthy and fair in earth
 and in heaven,
 We veil our mortal eyes at thy awful approach,
 Lest we, like Paul of old, be smitten with
 blindness—
 We veil our mortal eyes that we may see,
 With the spirits ken, thy comeliness and
 beauty,
 'Till we grow enamored of thee, and lose our-
 selves
 In thy ineffable presence. O happy condition!
 'Tis heaven itself!—for Love has the blessed
 key,
 And Love alone, that opens the portals of
 heaven.

AT HOME AGAIN.

We arrived safely home on Fourth-day, 28th ult., and feel truly grateful in review of twenty weeks absence with the many changes of climate and living in many ways different from the quite home life, yet without the slightest accident or an hour's sickness. Nor was it owing to the much leisure, for it would not sound amiss to the reader I could state that in the time we called and visited at 150 private homes, attended 126 meetings; ticketed for trains 80 times and rode by rail over 6000 miles, and as for myself seldom felt weary, and I have long since grown strong in the belief that life is much happier in wearing out than in rusting out. Surely there is work for all if we can but find our proper field, and no honest labourer will be unrewarded. As I advance in life and learn more of truth as revealed to my own mind through the circumstances of my life and the demands of duty upon me for others, the more thankful do I feel that I am a *Friend*, for while there are many other beliefs yet the number is growing rapidly who are more than willing to endorse our simple faith—a faith that requires no interposition of the laws of nature, no unreasonable or cruel things of man to atone for wrongs, but that the child born and Son given to every human soul must be found as its Saviour.

If this profession was but carried out in the lives of all who bear our name, we would find a place in the world's history, second to no other as meeting the demands of our age, for we find tradition and Theology fast giving room to life and practice that bears evidence of an applied Christianity, and yet the demand is by no means lessened for earnest workers to accelerate the movement. Our desire is that none will be found careless and luke warm to the great needs of society as we find them to-day.

We shall ever bear in mind the many new and pleasant acquaintances formed during our recent trip, and feel truly grateful for the helping hearts and hands that served so well to add to the pleasure and profit of the labour.

While we could readily see in some localities and homes, a lack of that real life and interest essential to the growth of religious knowledge, yet we trust that the time may come that even these may awaken to the fact that if there is to be found and enjoyed a corresponding result in the higher life there must be that attention given that would correspond at least to that bestowed upon the farm and stock, for even these are found at times to stand in the way.

But we would not judge unkindly, and only feel that if this should come to the eyes of any with whom it may find a place they may entertain it kindly at least, but to others let the writer be not judged harshly but rather charge it to his undue zeal for the well-fare of humanity.

ISAAC WILSON.

Bloomfield, 1st mo 2nd, 1893.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Essay read by Arletta Cutler at the Philanthropic Session in Friends' F.-D. School, at Coldstream, on Christmas Day, 1892.

Our subject for to day is broad and deep, and of the numerous sub-topics only a few can be chosen owing to our limited time. One of these, "Our Treatment of the Indians," is of no