

Remember how you then stretched out your little hands in prayer, unquestioning and unknowing, to your Father in Heaven, and troubled yourself no further, believing He heard and would grant your request—remember how, in youth, it seemed an easy and desirable thing to be on the Lord's side and do the right. You were then earnest and sincere, *even as now*; let not your fuller experience of the ways and allurements of the world, and the weakness of your own heart crush you, nor the sense of your sins, shortcomings and failures. Your ideal has been advancing, and will become more and more perfect. This is the way God leads us on; surely you will not now give up the pursuit! If the retrospect of your life ends only with a cry for mercy from your lips, still look upward! Still believe that the promises of God stand sure, they are yea and amen for evermore, not one shall fail. "They that seek Me shall find Me." "God loves to be longed for; He loves to be sought."

Even now your desire is that you may reach to Him, if only to touch the hem of His garment. Faithful He has ever been to you, and been your Saviour from the first, though you knew Him not. Thank Him that His divine grace has kept your will from departing wholly from its early purpose. Let your backward glances now strengthen your faith, even though they may be very humbling to your self-consciousness. "Hope in God and praise Him evermore."

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped you."

"O, that men *would* praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

Dear Friends, let us not live below our privileges any longer, and let us mind it is Satan's fête day to see the Saints depressed, to hear them murmuring, desponding and faithless.

M. FELLOWS.

## LINES

ON THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE "FOX  
OAKS" AT FLUSHING, WHICH DIED  
DURING THE SUMMER OF  
1861

Thou patriarch of the forest! thy boughs are  
leafless now,  
For death has touched thy vitals, and laid thy  
beauty low;  
Though thou hast stood for centuries, in all thy  
might and power,  
And men have worshipped under thee, in some  
far distant hour.

What now has caused thy ruin? was it done  
by man's device  
When he laid "the gases" near thy roots that  
sapped thy inner life?  
Or was it done by time's own hand, to show  
frail man his doom,  
To teach him that the "frosts of age," may  
ne'er keep him from the tomb.

The companion of thy early life, as well as  
later years,  
Hath bowed its head unto the dust, and we  
bade it adieu with tears;  
For centuries ye stood erect, your branches  
spreading wide,  
And the winds of heaven swept mournfully,  
along your leafy side.

But now, the last surviving Oak, in its majes-  
tic pride,  
Hath gathered up its failing limbs, and with-  
ered at its side;  
Who now shall sing your requiem? and hold  
you up to view,  
As monarchs of the forest, that hath stood so  
firm and true.

Your infancy commenced 'ere the white man's  
foot had trod  
Upon the virgin soil, where the Indian wig-  
wam stood;  
'Tis true that ye have been our idols, for gen-  
erations past,  
And mementoes have been gathered, which  
will your time outlast.

For thousands have beheld you, because of  
*him*\* who tarried there,  
Beneath your spreading branches, and raised  
his voice in humble prayer;  
How many generations have grown be-  
neath your shade,  
Whose children's children now have watched  
your leafy branches fade.  
'Tis therefore that we feel regret, that ye have  
passed away,  
But your memory we'll cherish, while your  
stately trunks decay.

—ELIZA H. BELL.

\*George Fox.