

we seem to think that some other way of doing would be more pleasant. Personal experience has shown the most of us that just when some great pleasure seems in store for us, when all our plans are laid according to our idea of proper development, unthought of somethings interfere, and God in superior wisdom marks out a different course. Sometimes He sees fit to grant our desires, even though they may be selfish ones. Human nature reigns triumphant, and for a time we are happy, but the hidden life within our hearts cannot be satisfied, when at variance with its Creator, and the missing stitches face us boldly, showing that the knots are needful.

Because our thread is fast is no reason our labor is lost, for none but God can understand God's ideal, or how it is perfected. In our weak judgment we pull and fret, until He cuts the knot, and then like the little one, we wonder why our work is not like the pattern. Ever since we have arrived at an age to understand, kind friends have told us, First-day Schools have endeavored to teach us, and our own reasonable judgment must endorse the same, that God is able, and willing, to do the best thing for us, or rather to teach us to do the best thing, and yet we worry, making ourselves and frequently those around us unhappy, because things do not accord with our wishes, and yet for those same seeming grievances we afterward thank a kind Providence for sending. Blair said: "Anxiety is the poison of life, the parent of many sins and of more miseries; why then allow it, when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand?"

Dear young people, we have started our little boat on life's rough ocean, shall we add to its breakers by neglect of known duties or grieving over the inevitable? I have tried to convey just one thought, which is, let us honestly and earnestly try to do our best, and if our aspirations are not fulfilled, let us keep right on in the

good old way, or, better still, improve it; and who knows but in His own time God may give us more than we have desired.

Let us strive not with the fate that binds,  
To cut it with a knife,  
We are but pulling at the knot  
That holds our very life.

## DEATH.

Essay read by Mary Loudon, at Memorial Meeting Old Blue River Meeting House, 9th mo. 30th, 1894.

It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of Death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in our eternal home, there to dwell in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and go no more out for ever. Death will never knock at the door of that mansion. But the picture of our early home must hang on the walls of memory until "the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken."

Whatever else the heart may forget, it cannot forget the little broken cart, the sled and the kite, the sister's fond caress, the brother's generous aid, the father's loving counsel, and the mother's anxious prayer.

We can not forget the day when hushed footsteps were in the house, and the silent rooms were filled with the odor of flowers, and the gate swung outward to let the casket through. On how many a dying couch have the sacred words, "The pure in heart shall see God" found their last and best verification.

Life is no idle game; it is a fixed and stern reality, fuller of duties than the sky is of stars.

No good action, no good example dies. While the frame moulders and disappears, the deeds leave an indelible stamp, and moulds the very thought and will of *future generations*.

The good thoughts, the good deeds, the good memories of those who have been the salt and the light of the earth, do not perish with their departure;