

not far divide ; it is as if the rose that climbed my garden wall had blossomed on the other side." Oh, beautiful thought ! Bear comfort and peace to aching hearts, ever, thus binding anew by every transition, our *earthly* hearts to the *heavenly home*, and our universal Father.

Let our tenderest thoughts and fancies cluster around our vanished loved ones, distilling from our aching hearts tender influence, even as the fragrance is wafted from the heart of the rose—subtle-penetrating—refreshing all with whom we may come in contact ; uplifting us, strengthening others. And as we lay tributes on memory's altar for our dead, let us remember what Bayard Taylor has said : "Then weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave. Console thy broken spirit, if thou can'st, with these tender yet futile tributes of affection. But let this, thy sorrow for the dead, make thee more faithful in the discharge of thy duties to the living." Most needful teaching ! Bearing a divine influence that strengthens and comforts alike troubled hearts. God never designed our griefs should warp our natures, but rather to create a depth of sympathy whereby we may reach with gentle touch the natures of our fellow man—may sweep the quivering chords of the human heart in perfect sympathy. To teach us our need of Him, our utter dependence on Him, that we may realize this life is but a little of God's time, which is eternity.

Grim and silent comes the Reaper
With sickle swift and keen,
He taketh many a sleeper
From childhood's ranks, I ween.

In the glow of youthful beauty,
Or the pride of noontide life,
When each moment's full of duty,
Daughter, sister, mother, wife,

Bowed heads, silvery white,
He calls and makes his own.
At once toil, sorrow, night,
Banish. In the vast unknown.

Where man hath never been
Is the eternal gain,
A bright spirit serene,
Free from earthly pain.

Why then do we grieve ?
For our loss ?
Nay, let us leave
Our loved with God at rest,
And taking up our cross
With reverent hands,
Seek them. It is best.

NEW YORK . F. A.

A regular meeting of the Young Friends' Association, of New York and Brooklyn, was held in the library room of the New York meeting house, First day evening, 4th mo. 28th.

It was reported that a Conference of Young Friends had been held in the library room, Sixth-day, 4th mo. 26. There were two sessions—one at 3 30 p.m., at which a paper on "The Possibilities of Work for Young Friends' Associations," was read by Marianna S. Rawson, and one at 8 p.m., at which Caroline W. Jackson read a paper on "Speaking in Meeting, Our Duty Regarding it." Both papers were followed by interesting discussions. Supper was served in the dining-room between meetings. All felt that the occasion was one which it would be desirable to repeat in the near future.

Franklin Noble reported for the Current Topics Section. He noted the close of the war between China and Japan, made a few remarks on the Nicaraguan affair, and opened the question of the advisability of noticing, with special exercises, certain days in our history, such as the birthdays of George Fox and William Penn.

The Discipline Section has been making a comparative study of disciplines of the different Yearly Meetings, and a very interesting report of some of the results of their study was given by Charles L. McCord.

Marianna S. Rawson gave the Literature Report. Attention was called to the notice of the Philadelphia Young Friend's Association rooms, on the first page of the *Friend's Intelligencer and Journal*, and to an article on "Spring Woods," in the same paper. A brief review was given of the book, "Mem-