

are careless and indifferent in your work it is not your own work only that suffers, it becomes a weak place in your associate life—in the wall about our Jerusalem. Your faulty work wrongs your neighbor. Have you no fine sense of honor to direct your conduct? Do you allow yourself to call black white? Does your standard of honor satisfy itself with secret, undiscovered misdeemeanor? Do you live a double life, with a fair exterior that covers, but does not conceal, an unsound soul? Then, alas, you become a plague spot among us, lowering the standards of other souls, depreciating the sense of honor of those who find themselves, accidentally it may be, placed near you. Believe me, young people, it is a very grievous thing if at the close of the year you have left upon other souls the impress of your own unfaithfulness, or dishonor, or impurity of soul. This is the new responsibility that is upon you.

But if it is a grievous thing to lower the standards of others, to weaken their hold upon right and virtue, think, now, of the glorious thing it is to become the inspiration of others, to be strength to the weak, to be sight to those who, having eyes, see not, to lead the way upward toward all great, good things. If responsibility is upon you, so is a blessed privilege yours. A few men and women among us have been set apart to direct your work; to be anchors to your lives here; to be a controlling power among you; to check, if need be, what Longfellow calls the "sublime audacity of youth;" to give you such light as you will accept from our longer and more varied experience. Special privileges are ours, it is true, from age and position, but you, young people, are our peers in the privilege of establishing among us the highest standards of faithfulness and purity. One girl may minister to another girl as the mature woman could not; one young man may be to another youth in some extremity what the mature man could not be. This, then, is the blessed privilege of each student, to

live his own life that when the year closes he has left the impress of himself upon his companions in the noblest standards of thought and conduct.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." This supreme sacrifice is not often demanded at our hands, but the supreme privilege is always ours *to live our life for our friend*. What gratitude do we feel to Him who from hour to hour calls out from us in response to his own greatness of soul all that is best and sweetest in our own. Earthly possessions may be few and scant, but no poverty can shadow life thus enriched. May a realization of this blessed truth come to each of you from the least unto the greatest, now at the outset of the year, that its close may be bright with the happy achievements.

SONNET TO NOVEMBER.

Speed! dusky daughter of the passing year,
I cannot love thy breath—thy mournful guise
Depresses all my sense, and thy dark eyes
Are ever blinded with the filling tear,
Thy bare arms waving to the winds so drear;
Whilst thou art near my being saddened lies

I cannot sing, nor smile, nor from the dust
arise,
But sit borne down, as if with grief or fear.
Should it be thus with me to whom are given
Such stores of blessing, bounteous, fresh and
free,
Should I not rather turn my mind to heaven
With grateful thoughts and smiles to brighten
thee.
And raise our spirits with a lighter leaven,
Which might, poor wrecklin, make our dolour
flee.
England. M. F.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.

We are indebted to the Daily Palladium and to the kindness of a friend for the following respecting Indiana Yearly Meeting:

The meeting for ministers and elders was held on Seventh day p. m., and in the evening the F. D. S. Association met and arranged their programme. Two public meetings were held on First-day, one at 10 a. m., and the