

the most menial service is not beneath the dignity of the highest servant of God. It teaches us that our business is not attended to in symbolizing, but in practical doing.

Jesus belonged to the old church. His aim was to save rather than to destroy; and thus being a reformer rather than a separatist, he sought to purge the Temple. He suffered himself to comply with the form of baptism and some other rites, all the more effectually, no doubt, that he might as one of themselves, call them away from the shadow to the substance, to the reality. He came to work upon the inward consciousness of men. The outward symbolic forms of worship in which men in their ignorance and degeneracy placed their faith, he appears not, while speaking plainly, to have over-assailed, knowing full well that the reformation and regeneration of the heart will find its appropriate expression. His work in reform was largely inductive, and it is the valuable method to-day.

If, however, he did not think it prudent nor important to draw up an order of church government, we would naturally expect that if He did prescribe, its features would harmonize with His doctrine. It would be above all things consistent, and therefore plain, simple and sincere in its services. It would be free, equal to all, and intensely helpful not only to members, but more especially to others. In it we would not expect to find vanity, pride, extravagance and luxury, the expression of selfish minds. Its oversight would not prohibit any kind office to man or beast at any time or place. It would be observed as an honest, simple, loving, helpful brotherhood, wide enough to embrace humanity, without limitations as to the love and goodness of God to man in this world or in the worlds to come.

It is worth while for Young Friends to consider more earnestly which of these things are realized in our Society and which not, and why?

The next paper will endeavor to trace the development of the Primitive Church, and describe what it really was.

TWO THANKSGIVING HYMNS.

Written for a children's "Band of Mercy" by
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Far away in sunny southland,
Where the air is sweet with flowers;
And where lithsome bright-winged
warblers
Sing in many woodland bowers.

In a spot whose untold beauty,
Pictures nature's fairest mood,
Is a happy egret heron
Bending o'er her little brood.

And her soft and waving plumage,
Token of her motherhood,
Sweeps with loving touch the nestlings,
As she bends to give them food.

Joy unbounded fills that bird-heart;
Lifting up her head she sings;
One clear note of glad thanksgiving,
Sweetly through the woodland rings.

But its melody is silenced;
Hovering wildly near her home,
Soon her throbbing, love-filled bosom
Presses closely o'er her own.

Ere-long, rough hands finding, seize her,
And tear soft plumes from her breast,
Which kind nature gives her only
When the fledglings fill her nest.

Bleeding, bruised, bereft of motion,
While her starving babies cry,
She is left, this child of nature,
By un pitying hands to die.

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Many—many miles to northward,
On this same November morn,
In a church whose spire-crowned summit
Upward towards the Heavens is borne,

Sits a richly dressed assembly,
Which has gathered that it may,
Unto God a grateful tribute
Offer this Thanksgiving Day.

Heads are bowed in adoration,
Lips move now in silent prayer,
And ere-long the organ's full tones,
Throbbing, pulsing, fill the air.

Yet when all those heads uplifting,
Voices join the grateful strain,
Seen the glad notes downward pinioned
By the weight of hundreds slain.