

them becomes restricted, and finally ceases. During the time of this restriction the leaves are taking their delicate and beautiful colorings from the chemical action of the sunlight.

We had but one slight frost this season previous to the falling of the leaves, and yet they were most beautifully tinted and colored, hence I conclude that we shall have to attribute their varied markings to some other cause than the action of the frost.

Should the hypothesis above suggested prove correct, methinks the metaphor drawn between the leaves in autumn and our life-work will appear none the less beautiful.

Permit me, in kindly deference to the expressed sentiments of my friend, E. M. Z., to say that human life is not necessarily rendered the more beautiful in consequence of the ills, besetments and disappointments, etc., that we endure—circumstances frequently proving otherwise; but rather from the drinking in and assimilating the rays from the fountain of Eternal Light, and thus, like autumn leaves, its beauty becomes intensified when nearing the spirit's home, where nought but "perfection" dwells.

J. D. NOXON.

Mendon Centre, 10th mo., 1886.

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

The waves of the ocean are ceaseless, they are imbued with the spirit of unrest. They continue to roll as they have rolled for centuries, and plunge as they have plunged from the birth of time. What element or what condition is above the influence of the spirit of unrest? What is there in existence not moved by its power?

It causes the parasite to wander among its mighty forest of infinitesimal trees. It induces the ant to rear its many-avenued clay-walled palace to the clouds of its own visionary skies—a life-long work. It sends the bee on its momentary voyage from port to port to rob the multitudinous flowers of their heart's blood. It sends the antelope bounding over the hills of its native land, the wolf prowling through unlimited forests, and the lion roaming in the barren deserts of its Afric home. It tosses the

rivulets down their rocky slopes and into the sea. By its cunning the paths of the fishes weave an invisible network in the ocean. The birds of the air leave their passage behind them indelibly written, by the spirit of unrest, with invisibleness, never to be blotted out. It vexes the bosom of old earth so that she bursts out with grief in volcanoes and earthquakes. It stirs up the air into storms and hurricanes. In the infinity of space it hurls the myriad worlds around their endless orbits. It shoots the comets into unknown regions far beyond the reach of telescope. The sun himself sways in the universe. Nor is man free from the spirit of unrest. He is tossed about even on his couch. Where then is the spirit of rest? Where then is there no mutability? We have looked in vain through all the outward works of God. Let us turn now to God. Let us turn to Heaven, where the troubled are at peace and the weary are at rest.

The contented parasite in its wanderings is at rest. The ant joyfully rears its noble and spacious palace. The bee pours forth its praise in melodious song on its search for the pools of nectar. The antelope, the wolf and the lion find rest—God-given rest—in their lairs. The rivers eternally repose on their beds. The fishes sleep in the ocean, the birds in their nests. The winds of the tornado roll away to their quiet caverns. The myriad worlds rest in the lap of attraction. The sun himself rests upon the laws of God. Man is in a state of unrest only because he does not obtain the spirit of repose from God. It is a mistaken theory that action is the type of power. Ask the sculptured gods and heroes of the Greeks and, though dumb, they will convince you that repose is power. Repose thyself then on the bosom of thy God, and know all things, and gain access to all power. Archimedes said: "Give me a resting-place, and I will move the world." But Jesus found the resting-place, and moved the world. The spirit of unrest is weakness. The spirit of rest is repose. Repose is power. E. M. Z.

One must know whether he would climb before he sets up his ladder.—German Proverb.