

OUR COSY CORNER.

DEAR COUSIN JULIA,—The cold weather has compelled us to abandon meeting in council in our playhouse of leafy boughs, and the deep snow prevents many of us from visiting with our writer to talk over what is to be written in reply to your ever welcome letter, which has been received and leisurely perused.

Our playhouse and our meeting house for worship, are both in the edge of the woodland; perhaps that fact has unconsciously awakened within some of the worshippers a taste for the beautiful, wherever found. A beautiful thought is that of yours: "Fit place for worship by the softly whispering forest; whose cool shadows and glimmering sunlight seem typical of the sunlight tempered by shadow, that falls upon our lives by the Tree of life."

Yes, there are those, who viewing the handiwork of God, find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;

Sermons in stones, and good in everything." while others see nothing but woods, and streams and ugly stones, and know not that

"Earth's filled with heaven
And every common bush afire with God."

May we all learn that

"Only he who sees, takes off his shoes;
The others sit around it, and pluck only berries."

The description given of your church-going recalls the teaching in our summer's Sabbath School lessons. The Scriptures affirm, "By their fruits ye shall know them." If we practice what we have been taught we will deny ourselves, take up our daily cross, and follow in the paths Jesus walked. He ever went about doing good everywhere, and to everyone who besought help, never did he restrict himself, nor confine his labors of love within the narrow limits of his own society. This has been one mistake of the past which we hope all are growing out of. Let us Young Friends ardently watch,

in the Light, for the right, and progress steadily, as through the world we go; though in it, yet we must keep ourselves free from worldly spirits.

If the Divine artist paints the heart's secret goodness on the face, does he not as surely brand the brow with the heart's secret badness?

["Oh, let each pray, "Lord, cleanse thou me from secret faults." Thus it is we are "rewarded openly," as Jesus declares. In triumphant communion with the Heavenly Father, the countenance shines, while a glum countenance rests, visible to all beholders, upon the followers of evil thoughts, words or deeds. Perhaps we would not be as candid and honest as little Kitty, who one day said to her mother: "Papa calls me good, aunty calls me good, and everybody calls me good, but I am not good." "Why?" asked her mother, in surprise. Kitty replied, "My *think* is naughty inside of me. When I could not have the promised ride I thought lots of naughty things and wished bad things to happen, but I did not cry nor make any fuss about it, so you all call me good, but God knows that I am not good." Thus we see how it is, we must cherish the good and drive the evil away.

Often we hear it said, "God will teach his people himself," and the writer can testify to the truthfulness of the declaration, for by ways that I knew not have I been led to learn many things; and by thy leadings to the discovery of the origin of the name "Friends," thou too, Cousin Julia, hast surely been led in a way that thou knewest not, in God's own good time, to learn that which the seeking mind desired.

It is just and right and *best* to have a home wherein Christian fellowship abounds in religious faith, as well as the hearthstone of family ties and interest. Let none be disloyal to their own choice of Christian association or church.

The Christ spirit is sought after and found in all denominations, and if we are honestly seeking good, with unpre-