

of labor can be found everywhere, and

There's is no time like the present ;  
To-morrow's far away,  
And what our hands may find to do  
God bids us do to-day.

Be ready in the Golden Now  
To do a helpful deed,  
And never let a chance go by  
To meet a sister's need.

Don't wait until another time,  
For she who waits may lose  
The grandest chance of all her life ;  
It is not curs to choose.

The opportunities to do,  
They come at God's behest,  
And she who never squanders one,  
Is she who lives the best.

NETTIE SHOTWELL.

Garrison, Nebraska

### THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE.

Ages have passed since first was planted  
A seed with hidden power stored,  
In soil well fitted to receive it,  
In the fair garden of the Lord.

And this seed so carefully nurtured,  
Watched and tended, grew and throve  
Till it was of all most beautiful,  
And they named it simply—Love.

As it grew there were two branches—  
Love to man and love to God—  
And the flowers, brightly blooming,  
Smiled up sweetly from the sod ;

And the colors were so varied,  
Grand, indeed, the joyful sight,  
With Love's blossoms ever blooming,  
Striving upward toward the Light !

As you stood in this fair garden,  
A sweet perfume filled the air,  
You were lost to all things earthly  
For a perfect Peace was there.

Many came to view the beauty  
Of this treasure rich and rare,  
And they begged of the Head Gardener  
That they too might have a share.

Gladly did He grant their pleading,  
And now in every land and clime,  
There's no garden quite completed,  
Save it hold this precious vine.

And there is no hedge or boundary  
Built so high it cannot reach,  
And by its trust and perseverance,  
A lesson will to mortals teach.

In this love that knows no boundary,  
In this love we feel is true—  
Will you take this heartfelt greeting  
As a message, friends, to you ?

Co-workers in our Father's vineyard !  
As we gather here to-day,  
Comes a whisper of our duty  
As travellers in the narrow way.

Are we faithful gardeners ever ?  
Tillers of this earthly soil—  
We are under God's own orders,  
His the planting, ours the toil.

Are we ready e'er to nurture ?  
Receive the seed and till the ground ?  
(For 'tis thus by faithful service  
That the perfect Peace is found.)

And adown the countless ages,  
Until right has the battle won—  
Until sin and crime are ban'ished—  
Man's work here will ne'er be done.

Do we show to those around us  
By our every act and deed  
That we practice what we're teaching—  
Living day by day our creed ?

Thus we make our union stronger,  
If each striving human soul  
Fits itself with true exactness  
To help build the perfect whole.

And if, of the realm of nature  
We'll become a complete part,  
We'd guard Love as chiefest treasure  
In the Garden of the Heart.

Do we think that in the future—  
In the time that is to be—  
Our work here will be rewarded  
In the vast eternity ?

Let us wait not till the future—  
Until time for us shall cease—  
But begin our heaven sooner  
Enjoying here our "Love and Peace."

Byberry, Pa. A. CARTER.

### THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

There is something sweet and restful in the calm quiet of the twilight hour, when we hold communion with all that is pure, holy and beautiful in nature, and the spirit, in harmony with the peaceful surroundings, rising above the petty concerns of life, soars upward to the Fountain of all Life and Light, all joy, all truth, all Peace. There is something typical in each day's sunset of the Peace that comes at sunset of each virtuous life.

J. M. D.