

fact like this. He regularly teaches a Sunday School class nine months in the year, and of all the attendants at the church prayer-meeting not one is more constant than he. In all his teaching and his manifold labors, and in his own life, loyalty to Christ is the principle which transcends all else. As my space is exhausted, I cannot do better than to close with this testimony.

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WINTER FLOWERS.

When tree and bush are comfortless,
And fields are piteous bare,
A garden blooms upon my hearth,
And it is summer there.

From the gray log's quiescent length
Burst the bright flowers of flame,—
Like the far flashings of the stars,
Too rare for earthly name.

Now rosy-hearted, rosy tint,
Their petals softly blow ;
Now clear as water in the sun,
When the blue sky lies below.

And daintily they toss and sway
To the breath of soundless airs,—
The memories of wooing winds
That made the forest theirs.

O for the secret that the sun
Shares with the burning tree !
Elusive sweet as the witching flow
Of water to the sea.

In thought I grasp the mystic word,
And lo ! it hath no form.
I only know 'tis dark without,
And here 'tis light and warm.

BLANCHE BISHOP.