

nature. There are sweeter, fonder words, as *love, home, friendship, kindness, charity*; there are many virtues—*courage, purity, benevolence, self-control*—which we cannot sufficiently reverence and admire, and, crowning all, *wisdom, righteousness, and holiness*, shine with a lustre that makes pale the stars. Yet all these, at last, only express fixed states of the soul; they are stations, not progress; they are attainments not the striving to attain. Aspiration rests not with the present. It throws a brightness over the future, and fills it with boundless promise. Its past career is nothing compared with that now opening before it. "This," it whispers, "I shall presently seize this, and that. Time and patience, and I shall make all things my own. Knowledge, virtues, graces, all that is worth possessing, are strewn along this onward path. They only await my coming, to yield themselves up at a word."

Learn a lesson from yon rough, ugly weed by the wayside. It holds up its head to the sun and rain and dew, and strikes its roots deep in the soil, nor cares aught for man's opinion. Conscientious only of its right to existence and that the resources of nature are free to all, it takes a quiet pleasure in spreading wider and higher, and fulfilling the ends for which it was called into being. And who shall say that to great nature it is not as dear as the fairest of her children? Respect your own nature. Prize it higher than your life. Though full of defects, it is your only hope. Only through it can any good come to you. Cling to it, and, as the years go by, you shall strengthen, enlarge, and adorn it, shall make it great and beautiful within and without. Is it indeed a misfortune that you were born imperfect, like the rest of the universe? The full-grown oak does not burst at once from the acorn, or the mighty river from its source in the mountains; but they grow and grow. So do worlds and world systems. So does the human soul. The oak tree is noble in every moment of existence; when it is a

young sprout not as high as your head, no less than when it has grown to be a tall, strong giant. One hour of aspiration to-day is worth as much as an hour in the holiest life. The present fulfilling of the higher will is the true nobility.

W. S. W.

For Young Friends' Review.

Shall we let the light extinguish? came forcibly to my mind while looking over the stanzas in the "thought" column. "There is always work, and tools to work withal for those who will." How often a little encouragement may brighten and rekindle a heavenly spark that is almost obliterated. I believe there are many, who by mere neglect or want of time let these opportunities slip by unnoticed, but if we would take time to write them, however small, more would be added. We should be mindful that we are only to remain here a short time, therefore let us be active, improve the talent that we possess.

BERTHA A. ZAVITZ.

CLASS POEM, 1888.

MACEDON CENTRE, ACADEMY.

The ways of the world are strange,
And the ways of God are wise;
Sunshine and shadows have their way,
And joys and gladness have their day,
And so have tears and sighs.

Life is a wonderful thing
So full of promise and pain.
Hope illumines its path for an hour,
Then sorrow comes with its awful power,
And the brightness seems in vain.

But the human soul has a gift,
The glorious gift "to know,"
And it has the strength of a fearless will
That can bid defiance to many an ill,
And vanquish many a foe.

Yes, vanquish every foe
That stands in the way of success;
While the work handed forth to talent and time,
E're the mountain of science so hard to climb,
Bring labor only to bless.