

ened by hardship, warmed by the light of hope, kindled to new life by the might of His love, and shielded from the glare of the sun of prosperity by clouds of trouble and sorrow, it becomes the fruit of our lives, the reward of our submission to the workings of His hand—who knows the evil from the beginning.

Let us see to it that we have stored up enough of the hope of spring, the joy of summer, and the strength of autumn, to withstand the dreariness of the winters of our lives, so that we may render to the "Lord of the Harvest" "golden sheaves of life's fair ripening grain," instead of "nothing but leaves." Then we may rejoice in the storm, smile under the cloud, and be patient in waiting, knowing that the harvest is sure; and though

"Over our harvest and into our lives,
Shadows will sometimes fall;
The sunshine is never wholly dead,
And Heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all."

CARRIE WING.

Quaker-Hill, N.Y., 10th mo. 20, '86.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.

Why is it that, though for years after we may have tried to do right, still in our innermost souls there is a feeling of unrest instead of that "peace that passeth understanding?" Why is it that we do not seem to gain anything?

Is it not that we are trying to serve two masters? I have felt that it is.

We desire to serve God, and make an effort to do so; but, if we will examine our hearts earnestly, we will find that we are more faithful in serving the world than our Heavenly Master. We cannot but acknowledge that our immortal souls are of greater importance than our perishable bodies, yet how much of our time and thoughts are given to the adornment of these bodies, and the pursuit of wealth, that might be so much more profitably spent in beautifying our spiritual lives, or in laying up treasures in Heaven—treasures which will await us with rich interest, in the world to come.

May we ever bear in mind that to God, our

Heavenly Master, whose children we are, and who does all things for our good, we owe our first thoughts and best efforts.

It is the service of an undivided heart, that will merit the reward of that peace that "the world cannot give nor take away."

M. V.

I would that I might die, if power were given
To me, to choose my time for going hence,
Just as the sun sinks down behind the hills;
And as the light of day fades from the earth,
So may the light of life fade from my form.
I would that I might die, if thus God wills it,
When all around is dying; not in spring
When everything is bursting into life.

So let me die

When the year dies, and the light of day goes out.

And as the day dawns anew, and as the flowers
That fade shall bloom again; so may my
soul

Burst from its earthly prison, bloom, and live
In glory evermore.

M. V.

COLORING OF AUTUMN LEAVES.

Editors Young Friends' Review.

In your last issue my valued friend, E.M.Z. has contributed a "sonnet" entitled "Autumn Leaves," in which he attributes the coloring of the leaves in autumn to the action of the frost, which thought I have frequently heard expressed, and is generally, if not universally accepted by others; but observation has prompted me to form a different conclusion, which I will briefly cite for the columns of your valuable paper.

Unquestionably, all have observed the varied tinting and beautiful coloring of the different kinds of fruit on reaching what may be termed "perfection," or ripeness, a condition when its highest qualities of excellence are attained. Those tintings or colorings are attributed, and I think correctly, to the action of the sunlight, as the fruit most exposed to the sun are the most highly colored.

So, in like manner, I conclude, it is with the leaves in autumn, they have reached "perfection." The vitalizing fluid that invigorated