

Here we are breathing out what in itself appears to be of no use to anything, but the plants assimilate what becomes useful to them and throw back the portion that becomes useful to us, and the useless thing becomes entirely useful. We send it out again with C , in the form of $C O_2$ —the plants again break it up, and thus we go on laboring for the flowers and the trees, and they for us, and all unmindful, unconscious of the great silent laws of being.

AUTUMN LESSONS.

All the seasons teach a different lesson
To the soul that beats in chord with nature.
Open now, to whisperings of *Autumn*,
Thy *Æolian* spirit—catch the music—
Sweetest, saddest tones the round year flings
out,

Pleasant love-notes mellowed into pathos
Like the fair fruits mellowed into ripeness.

Are we thankful for all gifts of autumn?
Wealth of yellow ears and bending branches,
Vines deep fruited with the purple vintage,
Southern groves of oranges and lemons,
Northern nut-trees shaking down their treasures?
And the rosy-tinted autumn weather
Smiling down through days of perfect beauty,
Smiling down through nights of moonlight
splendor?

O how grateful we should be for these things!
Will we pause not in our ceaseless labor,
And from hearts with gratitude o'erflowing
Render thanks unto the bounteous giver?

In my youth, when I beheld the woodlands
Change from plain green to autumnal glory,
Much I marvelled what the *bliss* that turned
them.

Older now, the truth dawns with experience:
'Tis the cold and cruel frost that turns them—
Paints them in their variegated colors,
Clothes the woodlands in resplendent beauty.

And it is with us as with the forests.
When our hopes are nipped by disappointments,
When the cold and cruel world turns from us,
Then it is our hearts are touched with pathos,
Clothed and robed in all the Christian graces,
Glorified with an unearthly beauty.

I have watched the yellow leaves in Autumn
Fade and fall, and float upon the river,
Dance and float, and sink into the river,
Float and sink, and then are gone forever.

And I thought how thus our loved ones
leave us;

How our dear ones fade and fall around us:
Life is short, and changeable, and uncertain;
As our loved ones fade and fall around us,
Calling us to earnestness and duty.
May we heed the warning and delay not;
As we love our own souls, may we heed it,
And perform in earnestness our life-work.

Teach us then, O Father, to be grateful
For the showering of Thy blessings on us.
Clothe our hearts with all the Christian graces,
Till they shine resplendent in Thy likeness.
Bow our humble souls in still communion
With the heart of Thee the heart of all things
Till we rise emparadised in glory.

E. M. Z.

SUNDERLAND P. GARDNER.

The contribution to 9th month number of Y. F. R. by our young Friend B. W., but partly removed what had been resting with me since our late half-yearly meeting in respect to our aged Friend, whose name heads this item. We are too apt to refrain from speaking kindly words, or giving necessary aid to deserving ones until life is extinct and the grave is about to entomb them. It can do them no good, then. How much better to give both now, when they may be of service. When we consider that this eminent minister of our Society, now in his 85th year, travelled last year for the love of truth and the promulgation of our principles about 9,000 miles *almost wholly alone*, can we feel that we have done our duty? I believe there are Friends in Genesee Yearly Meeting able to spend the time and money necessary to accompany him a part at least of the time which he feels right to devote to the Master's work in many cases far from home. I believe it is a duty we owe him, to consider this matter well, and to see if possible that he has suitable companionship in his long journeys.

Coldstream, 9th mo. 28, '86. S. P. Z.