

with God's help, to be more faithful,
bearing in mind the injunction, 'Cast
thy bread upon the waters, for thou
shalt find it after many days.'

Sparta Ont.

H. V. H.

IN NOVEMBER.

With loitering step and quiet eye,
Beneath the low November sky,
I wandered in the woods, and found
A clearing where the broken ground
Was scattered with black stumps and briers,
And the old wreck of forest fires.
It was a bleak and sandy spot,
And all about the vacant plot
Was peopled and inhabited
By scores of mulleins long since dead.
A silent and forsaken brood
In that mute opening of the wood,
So shriveled and so thin they were,
So gray, so haggard, and austere,
No plants at all they seemed to me,
But rather some spare company
Of hermit folk, who long ago,
Wandering in bodies to and fro,
Had chanced upon this lonely way,
And rested thus, till death one day
Surprised them at their compline prayer,
And left them standing lifeless there.

There was no sound about the wood
Save the wind's secret stir. I stood
Among the mullein stalks as still
As if myself had grown to be
One of their somber company,
A body without wish or will.
And as I stood, quite suddenly,
Down from a furrow in the sky
The sun shone out a little space
Across that silent sober place,
Over the sand heaps and brown sod,
The mulleins and dead golden-rod,
And passed beyond the thickets gray,
And lit the fallen leaves that lay,
Level and deep within the wood,
A rustling yellow multitude.

And all around me the thin light,
So sere, so melancholy bright,
Fell like the half-reflected gleam
Or shadow of some former dream;
A moment's golden revery
Pured out on every plant and tree
A semblance of weird joy, or less,
A sort of spectral happiness;
And I, too, standing idly there,
With muffled hands in the chill air,
Felt the warm glow about my feet,
And shuddering betwixt cold and heat
Drew my thoughts closer, like a cloak,
While something in my blood awoke,
A nameless and unnatural cheer,
A pleasure secret and austere.

—By Archibald Lampman,
Ottawa, Canada. *Harper's Magazine.*

FOLLOWERS OF FOX.

FRIENDS IN BALTIMORE.

[A very interesting article in "*The (Baltimore) Sunday Herald*" on the Society of Friends there appeared 10th mo. 9th, from which we take the liberty of clipping the following as likely to be of general interest to our readers. —Eds.]

Two branches of this unique Christian organization exist here. The one which claims to be the orthodox withdrew from the Yearly Meeting of 1828, held in the old Lombard-street Meeting-House and now worships at the corner of Eutaw and Monument streets.

The other, whose congregation is considerably more numerous, asserts itself to be the lineal descendant of the original society in Maryland. It has a spacious meeting-house at the corner of Park avenue and Laurens street, and a membership of more than 600.

Its Yearly Meeting embraces the Western shore of the state, neighboring counties in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia. Connected with it, too, are the Friends, who worship in the Old Town Meeting-House, a structure situated at the corner of Aisquith and Fayette streets, and believed to be the most antiquated house, built for religious purposes, in Baltimore.

The ministers of the Friends who preach at the Park-Avenue Meeting-House are: John J. Cornell, William Wood, Miss Martha Townsend, Mrs. Alice C. Robinson, Mrs. Emily B. Canby and Seneca P. Broomell.

The earliest appearance of Quakers in America was remarkable. In July, 1656, two Quakers, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, arrived in Boston. Under the general law against heresy, their books were burned by the hangman, they were searched for signs of witchcraft, imprisoned for five weeks, and then sent away. For irritable offences the Quakers suffered severe punishments and tortures in New England for many years. Beyond all question