

“ Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you,  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-day for your presenee again.”

We do not presume to represent these fathers and mothers as having no faults. They would be the first to acknowledge such. Indeed, the characters which have brought the richest blessings to humanity were marked by faults, even prominent faults, but prominent only when brought into contrast with the rest of their noble lives. If there be a critic of these dwellers of the Forest, let him!

“Go to his own bosom, knock there  
And ask his own heart what it doth know  
That is like his brother's fault.”

#### CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

These men were in very deed the Church of God, a flock of Christ, having no under shepherd, no fold, no sanctuary. Nevertheless, He, who of old was with the Church in the Wilderness, was with them also; they knew His voice, and followed Him. For years they worshipped not in a temple made with hands, but in God's great cathedral of Nature, having heaven's blue sky for its dome, the everlasting hills for its pillars, the greensward for its carpet, and the foliage for its adornment. There they heeded the voice that spake to them out of the burning bush. “They made the place whereon they stood holy ground, the wilderness to blossom like the rose, and the solitary place to rejoice even with joy and singing.” In this spirit of intelligent devotion they built a house of worship, historically known as the “Log Church.” This edifice, erected in