

with little care for parish boundaries. The ideal church will have an effective centre of missionary inspiration to kindle sympathy with the kingdom of God in the world. It will have provision for mental culture and fostering the talents of its youth.—*Methodist Review*.

AFTER HARVEST.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

THE days of harvest are past again ;
 We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves ;
 And gathered the apples, green and gold,
 'Mid the brown and crimson orchard leaves.
 With a flowery promise the spring-time came,
 With the building birds and blossoms sweet ;
 But oh ! the honey, the fruit and wine !
 And oh ! the joy of corn and wheat !
 What was the bloom to the apple's gold,
 And what the flower to the honey-comb ?
 What was the song that sped the plow,
 To the joyful song of Harvest Home ?

So sweet, so fair, are the days of youth ;
 So full of promise, so gay with song ;
 To the lilt of joy and the dream of love
 Right merrily go the hours along.
 But yet in the harvest time of life
 We never wish for its storing again ;
 We have tried our strength and proved our heart ;
 Our hands have gathered their golden gain ;
 We have eaten with sorrow her bitter bread,
 And love has fed us with honey-comb ;
 Sweet youth, we never can weep for thee,
 When life has come to its Harvest Home.

When the apples are red to the topmost bough,
 We do not think of their blossoming hour ;
 When the vine hangs low with its purple fruit,
 We do not long for its pale green flower.
 So then, when hopes for our spring at last
 Are found in fruit of the busy brain,
 In the heart's sweet love, in the hands' brave toil,
 We shall not wish for our youth again.
 Ah, no ! We shall say, with a glad content :
 " After the years of our hard unrest,
 Thank God for our ripened hopes and toil !
 Thank God, the harvest of life is best ! "