

gratitude or remorse. And I believe it is, along these lines that the truest and noblest spiritual worship is built up.

In my opinion there have been just as devout, as conscientious, as truly worshipful people, whose object of worship was inanimate and powerless, as any to be found among those who have spiritually and acceptably worshipped the living God. I do not question the truth of the averments of those who claim to have been benefitted by such worship. Men are free, and should be, to follow the dictates of their own conscience, and, without a shadow of a doubt in my mind, will be truly happy if they act up to the highest idea of right they are in possession of. I believe that all honest men worship sincerely,—and sincerity develops a strong, able-souled man; gratitude he must also needs have, which elevates and ennoble him.

The more worthy the object of adoration, the greater the benefit derived by the adorer. And in this connection, dear reader, rejoice with me that there is such a thing as spiritual worship of the Divine Father, the living God,—that there are myriads who have taken part in the blessed duty,—that in the present advanced state of society and investigation there are thousands of the most clever, thoughtful, and earnest of our fellow-beings who are faithful worshippers at the shrine of the spiritual,—that the best men and women of the past and present have and do believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, whose attributes are all good and unchangeably so,—that all things were created and are controlled by Him; that sought after, He is found—not, however, in temples made with hands, but within the consciousness of the devout seeker.

It is not more difficult, nor is it easier, strictly speaking, to worship the Father in this age than it has been in any age of the world's history. He must be found and known before He can be worshipped; and, being a spirit, this knowledge can only come to us through our own spiritual life and experience. This has always been the case, and must remain so. A similar experience to that of the prophet of old, who heard "the still small voice," must be ours also, then true spiritual worship can be

enjoyed to its fullest extent; the fountain of living waters thus unsealed, the soul realizes sympathetic union and communion with the Father of Light and Life—a state and condition veritably to be desired—one enjoyed by many, and may be by every one who earnestly craves the blessed privilege.

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#### THOUGHTS OF HARVEST TIME.

Another summer has gone to dwell among the shades of the past; another autumn is on the wing, and another winter is menacing us with its cold blasts; and before we quite settle down to the winter's work on the farm, in the office, or by the fireside, may we not gather a lesson or two from this harvest season, this thanksgiving time of the grateful earth? Nature fulfils all her promises, but she is a silent worker. Last spring you put that little seed into the ground; you watered it, you watched it for awhile, but there came a time when your care was no longer needed, and all you could do was to wait. Other hands than yours came in then. The rain fell, the sun shone, the winds swept over the fields, and all silently, unseen by you, that little seed was growing to the plant, the plant gaining strength, and now, before your rejoicing eyes, the blossom comes and swells to the fruit, and mother earth yields up to you again the little seed entrusted to her care—but oh, how manifold! Have any of us been sowing seeds of kindness, seeds of mercy, seeds of love, this past season? Have we watered and guarded them, and have we looked in vain for our fruit? Has it all seemed to come to naught? Let us take courage, we who are young and longing for a harvest. Nature has rewarded the patient toiler abundantly, and are we not told that nature's God rewards His harvesters and will gather into His storehouse the golden sheaves at last? And, as the seed comes to the fruit by wind and frost and sunshine and shadow, so is the grandest work of God in us—the development of character—accomplished. The germ of a Godlike character—that is the seed the Father of All has implanted in us, His children. And strength-