

2nd. Our manner of worshipping God as Christ directed the woman of Samaria: "God is a spirit, and he must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, for such He seeks to worship Him."

3rd. A free gospel ministry, as Christ commanded His disciples: "Freely have you received, freely give."

4th. Equality of the sexes before God in all of our religious organizations.

5th. The privilege which is extended to everyone to come and worship with us without the sight or sound of money.

6th. No inducement for young men to study for the ministry to secure a living.

7th. No Society business transacted on the Sabbath.

8th. No theological seminaries to mix up the reason of man with the revelation of God.

9th. No oppressed clergy, striving to serve both God and man.

10th. No mortgages on our places of worship to oppress the coming generation.

11th. Our testimony against extravagance in all occupations of life.

12th. No extravagance in burying our dead, or putting on the semblance of mourning, or costly monuments.

13th. No military arm to the government to support war in any of its forms.

14th. No distilleries, or breweries, or licensed houses to sell liquor

15th. No importers or dealers in liquors, except for medicinal purposes.

16th. No fairs or chance games in the name of philanthropic enterprises, or places of amusements for waste of time.

17th. No uneducated children, or almshouses.

18th. If long life is desirable, the statistics of 1860 show the longevity of the Society of Friends ten years longer than other people.

She who would wear jewels should herself be the brightest jewel of all. When the gems on hands or arms outshine the gems of mind or heart, it would be better to discard them.—M. V.

"WHAT OF THE NIGHT."

We have groped through the night and darkness.

In this valley of shadows below,
The burdens we carry are heavy,
Our progress is halting and slow,
And we eagerly watch for the dawning
To lighten the sky with its glow.

For the bitterest cups of sorrow
To the veriest dregs we drank;
And the galling chains of labor
About our footsteps clank,
As we walk where vice and temptation
Like brambles and thorns grow rank.

The vultures of crime and evil
Still hover around our way,
And pride and error and passion
Hold here their boundless sway,
And the demons that lurk in the darkness,
Hide here from the light of the day.

There were those whom we loved and cherished,

Who longed for the morning tide,
Who weary with watching and waiting
Have lain them down and died;
And we list for their muffled footsteps,
But no echo has replied.

We long for the time when the morning
Shall gladden our aching sight.
Oh, Watchman, on life's hilltops!
What of this long dark night?
Are there yet no streaks of the dawning?
Are there yet no signs of light?

"Oh yes! stretching out in beauty
I see the wide fields of day,
Lo! the mountains are bathed in glory
Where the beams of the morning play.
Around and above me is dawning
The light of a far brighter day.

The angel of Peace I see hovering
With joy for the children of men
And Truth with fingers unerring
Is scattering the fields with her grain,
And Love, God's holiest angel,
Is circling the world with her chain."

But look once more, O Watchman!
Is there naught thy vision to mar?
Can'st thou see the home of the beautiful
Where the loved and the lost ones are?
Can'st thou see, O faithful Watchman!
Are the gates of morning ajar?

"I see faint glimpses of regions
By endless bloom embossed,
To whose green glades of gladness
No sorrow ever crossed;
Whose billowy realm of beauty
No tempest ever tossed

No sin or crime has ever
Passed to that blest abode,