

same to-day, yesterday and forever. Those influenced thereby have passed from death unto life, and experience that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. We thus work out our own soul's salvation. "No man can redeem his brother or give to God a ransom for his soul." It must be an individual work. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all things necessary thereunto will be added." Let us be careful that we do not want things that are not necessary for the enjoyment of that happy state. "It is hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven" and why? because his mind is on material things, putting them foremost, thinking to secure happiness in that way instead of peace and happiness first and squaring his actions thereunto and receiving thereby all that is necessary for a peaceful and a happy state of being. The command to seek *first* the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness would not have been given had it been impossible to attain to it. How many of us are living up to our privileges of enjoying this happy state. I fear there are too many of us depending on perishable things which perish with the using, and do *not* eventually insure that lasting good so much desired. Some think heaven can not be enjoyed until after death of this natural body. It seems as though it should be found now whilst it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work, and it may be, if we have not found the Kingdom of Heaven in this life that we will never enjoy it. Let us then endeavor to have on the wedding garment of brotherly kindness and love that we may enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb, and enjoy a heavenly state as our portion for well doing.

ANONYMOUS.

The kindest and the happiest pair will find occasion to forbear; and something every day they live to pity, and perhaps forgive. — *Cowper*.

LABOR

God gives the days, we do the deeds
That fill their wants and mend their needs;
Steady, steady!
Let feet be swift where duty leads.
Swift and ready.

A wall of worth we build around
Possession—make it hallowed ground,
Building ever
More high, more strong, round upon round,
Resting never.

What science plans we execute;
Earth's crudest gifts our hands transmute
To joys life-giving;
Our sweat's the flavor of the fruit
Makes life worth living.

In simple faith we fashion things;
Our voice a safer bulwark flings
Than sword or sabre,
Around the land where men are kings,
And all men labor.

—*John P. Sjolander, in The Boston Pilot.*

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Oh, whip-poor-will! Oh, whip-poor-will!
When all the joyous day is still,
When from the sky's fast deepening blue
Fades out the sunset's latest hue,
We ever hear thy measured trill,—
Oh, whip-poor-will! Oh, whip-poor-will!

In the soft dusk of dewy May,
In pensive close of autumn day,
Though other birds may silent be
Or flood the air with minstrelsy,
Thou carest not; eve bring us still
Thy plaintive murmur,—whip-poor-will!

When moonlight fills the summer night
With a soft vision of delight,
We listen till we fain would ask
For thee some respite from thy task;
At dawn we wake, and hear it still,
Thy ceaseless song,—oh, whip-poor-will!

We hear thy voice, but see not thee;
Thou seemest but a voice to be,—
A wandering spirit—breathing yet
For parted joys, a vain regret;
So plaintive thine untiring trill,—
Oh, whip-poor-will! Oh, whip-poor-will!

Oh! faithful to thy strange refrain,
Is it the voice of joy or pain?
We cannot know; thou'lt not tell
The secret kept so long and well,
What moves thee thus to warble still,—
Oh, whip-poor-will! Oh, whip-poor-will!

FIDELI.

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