

I didn't see at all. Probably he stopped back at "Squaw Point," which certainly looked inviting, with its many easy chairs, hammocks, and pretty hostesses.

Those of our party who had gone on shore were full of praises of the courtesy and kindness shown them by the "officers of the day," who, though beset by visitors and full of business, were gracious and considerate to every one. To John's great satisfaction, we were able to sail home, but slowly, the wind having fallen somewhat during the day. But we were in no hurry—why should we be? We had a world of blue sky and blue water around us, fairy islands against one and reflected by the other, the sun setting in the west and the early moon rising in the east, and wherever the eye rested was beauty and peace. No, truly, we were in no hurry.

A SONG OF THANKS.

For the freshness of the morning,
For the brightness of the noon,
For the crimson tinted glory of the west;
For the ever golden sunlight,
For the gleaming of the moon
When the busy ones of nature are at rest.

For the glorious joys of springtime,
For the wreaths of summer bloom,
For the wealth of autumn fruitage rich and rare;
For the winter's ermine mantle,
For the tempest's gain'ring gloom,
For foliage dark and massy, tow'ring forests wear.

For the arching blue of Heaven,
For the tender light of stars,
For the murmur of the brooklet low and sweet;
For the carpet green and mossy,
For the sunset's golden bars,
For the many tinted blossoms at our feet.

For the grandeur of the mountains,
Crowned with everlasting snow,
For the beauty of the valleys wild and deep;
For the notes of feathered songsters,
For the gentle winds that blow,
For the restless, heaving ocean's surge and leap;

Aye, for all our varied blessings,
For the earth, the sea, the sky,
E'en the terrible in nature which appal;
We would thank thee, Heavenly Father,
Who dost hear us when we cry,
We would thank thee, dearest Father, for
them all.

L. M. TEST.

Camden, N.J., 10th mo. 30, '86.

For the Young Friends' Review.

Could one word that my pen may write be the means of encouraging the good seed that is sown in the hearts of the readers of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW and cause it to spring forth into newness of life and bring forth good fruit, the object of my writing would be answered. The more I mingle with the people of the world the more I realize the goodness of their hearts, and amid all the wrong there is much to encourage. Even though it may be covered with trespass and sin, there is a spark in every human heart, which, when the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in its wings and shines upon it, it kindles into beauty, and when fostered by the Heavenly Father's love it grows brighter and brighter just so long as it is open for conviction and obedient to the Heavenly Visitor. When we are willing to be covered with that charity that thinketh no evil and is not looking for the weaknesses in humanity, but rather lending a hand and raising a brother and a sister from the mire and the clay, and encouraging them to place their feet upon the sure foundation, the Rock of Christ, against which the storms and tempests of this world will not prevail, then we will ourselves be partakers of our Heavenly Father's joy. Our lives are made of moments, and it is wise to attend to the demands of the present, not reaching after that which is beyond our vision, but be ready to grasp the golden rays as they present themselves. Our Heavenly Father is always ready to help all who are willing to help themselves, and He will go before and open the way of life when there is a willingness on our part to follow, to close in with his offers of love and mercy and do His bidding. Let each one of us be encouraged to do even the