

Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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FRAILITY.

"Father, but give me word or sign,
Thy task I would perform and only thine;
Health, strength and love, so much is mine,
I long to do thy will.

Within thy kingdom vast must be
Some work of thine awaiting me;
Whate'er the call that comes from thee,
I hasten to fulfill."

This was my prayer,
The answer came
Burned on my soul
With touch of flame.

"Father, is there no other way
My debt of gratitude to pay?
My boasted strength is flown away;
So great the task doth seem,
My star of hope is set in night,
My steps I cannot lead aright,
My eyes are blind, no heavenly light
Sends down its kindling beam."

I waited long,
To find each day
The voice that called
Fled not away.

"My memory scarce can tread the maze
That leads me back to happier days,
My lips I cannot move in praise,
I wander far, alone.

Within the regions of despair,
On withered husks I daily fare;
I all unworthy am in prayer
To kneel before thy throne.

The grant of days
A burden is,
When filled with doubts
And fears like this."

So oft I find what beauteous seems,
A fabric of our fondest dreams,
Is but a garment full of seams
Corrupt with moth and rust.
The strength I think to call my own
Ere yet I grasp it, all has flown,
And this, because I am too prone
In human strength to trust.

From out the ashes
Of my will
Sprang up a peace
Serene and still.

I found the clouds of deepest night
Were but the prophets of the light,
My doubts of inspiration bright
That should my strength renew.
I learned that in the fiercest storm

He reaches forth his loving arm
To shield me from impending harm,
And angry waves subdue.

I knew my part
From day to day
Was not to ask,
But to obey.

—A. W.

A PLEA FOR OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

Read at F. D. School Conference, held at Lincoln, Neb., 4th mo. 29th, 1894.

How many of us are made to rejoice when, with the return of spring, we hear our feathered friends, returned from their winter haunts, and now gladdening the hearts of many.

I say returned from their winter home. I should say a few of them returned, for in Florida and other places where they seek a more genial climate in winter, alas! their *greatest* enemies, the bird catchers, have been destroying them by the thousands.

There are hunters, regularly employed by plume dealers in New York, who spend the winter in Florida and the South all along the Atlantic and Gulf coast, and keep up the warfare upon the birds of song and plumage.

In the neighborhood of St. Augustine every winter and spring a raid is made on red birds, nonpareils and other small birds; and the hunters sell the skins to milliners.

One writer says: "In my wanderings I saw only a few hundred birds where I used to see from ten thousand to twenty thousand. I met plenty of hunters with wagon loads of bird plumes. The most of them are killed at the season when they are rearing their young.

"On passing the rookeries where the hunters had been a few days previous, the screams and calls of the starving young were pitiful to hear. Some were just fledged, while others were so young