

make—ah, then, I believe, your words will abide with His people.

It is not in any wish of censure I pen these few lines, but that we may reflect and look close home within ourselves, become still, and know that I am God. Oh, watch these bubblings that have come forth, perhaps for the first time, in broken utterance. If humility is yours to be taught as He leads; if the will is in a way for Divine influence and culture, I trust again they will honestly press for utterance if not smothered. Cherish these feelings, and in the hour of quiet reflection thou wilt find the Master's will concerning them. I do not believe these promptings for utterance will always come in the larger gatherings, or meetings set apart for the younger members of Society. It seems to me the vessel will be filled to overflowing in these smaller meetings at home. Someone may be standing there in those little meetings just behind thee (so to speak) waiting for a vocal manifestation of thy faith and sweet assurance in the Fathers' work. May watchfulness and reflection be ours, and vocal expression be from the heart, corresponding with a desire to be always in the lessons of experience from what the mouth utters. Then, I believe will peace of mind follow you, which the world cannot take away, having always the comfort that you are about the Master's work in the example to the world and precept by His holy promptings.

JOSEPH FRITTS.

Macedon, N. Y., 6, 24, '90.

THE OLD KITCHEN FLOOR.

(Selected by M. A. C. for the Young Friends' Review.)
Back in my wanderings my thoughts have been
cast

To the Cot where the hours of my childhood
were past;

I love all its rooms to its pantry and hall,
But the blessed old kitchen is dearer than all.
Its chairs and its tables none brighter can be,
And all its surroundings were sacred to me,
From the nail in the ceiling to the latch on
the door,

I love every crack on that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fire-place, with mouth high
and wide,
And the old-fashioned oven that stood by the
side,
Out of which each Thanksgiving come pudding
and pies,
Which fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes.
And old St. Nicholas as, so shy and still,
Come down every Christmas our stockings to
fill;
But the dearest memories laid up in store,
Are, dear mother, for thee on that old kitchen
floor.

To-night those old visions come back at their
will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still;
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mouldering
in clay.

But the sacred old hearth lies in vision as then,
And the voices of children sing out there again,
And the sun through the window shines out
as of yore,

But it sees other feet on that old kitchen floor.

I ask not for treasures, but this I would crave,
That when other lips speaking are closed in
the grave

The children would gather round thus by the
side,

And tell them of a mother that long ago died.
It would be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Then inscription on marble or granite could
be;

To know they tell often, as I did of you,
Of a mother they loved on that old kitchen
floor.

A HELPING HAND

There seems to be given a command
to each and every one of us, to lend a
helping hand and do what we can,
never faltering because the task is
small at first but do what we can and
do it the best we can.

Throw off the cloak of fear for man's
criticism for we need not be afraid of
being laughed at if we do our duty,
then ask of Him and He will gladly
show us what to do, it may simply be
to speak a kind word which will be as
a cup of cold water given or only to
live up to something known to be our
duty.

It may be to hand out bread to the
hungry soul, but it matters not what it
may be, only put our whole trust in
Him and He will guide and direct us.
It matters not how small the deed or