

of them, would make wide and liberal application of them in their work, not in a denominational way, but as principles of truth underlying the foundations of right character. The school platform certainly should not be a pulpit or gallery, in the ordinary sense, but from it and from the desk of every teacher or professor should proceed that immeasurable influence of silent example.

The mission in the philanthropic field I consider of vital importance. Having given the youth high ideals of life and duty,—through all of our care of them in First-day and secular schools having sought to impress conscientiousness,—it is impossible that they should feel that the crying needs, the vexing problems of the day have no claims upon their sympathies and energies. In addition to the lesson of personal holiness, they have learned the lesson of unselfish helpfulness, and they feel the responsibility of doing their share in the amelioration of the world; they are eager to be about their Father's business.

I think it clearly the mission of the Society to provide the means and opportunities for an engagement in philanthropic work under its care, controlled by its well recognized reputation for painstaking thoroughness and practical results.

Such, very briefly, and imperfectly stated, are some of the more important directions in which, to my mind, the Society of Friends has a distinct mission to the youth. Are we alive to our opportunities and equal to our responsibilities?

In our various schools we are in touch with thousands of bright, active young people, whose plastic characters are subject to our shaping and direction; if they pass from under our hands without a distinct impression influencing all their after lives, we have largely failed in our duty to them. If it is true of any church, that its control of the youth of a man, will thereafter always link him to it in faith, I think it is as-

surely true of our own. If a child is brought up under the benign influences of true Friendliness, he will never outgrow his Quakerism. He may not wear the garb, nor speak the language, nor bear the name, but the root principles will control him, and through the pure nourishment they supply he will be able to lift himself above the confusing mists and shadows of the lower atmosphere that may surround him.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

Weaving, weaving, weaving, weaving,
Still the living shuttles fly,
While the Master, never sleeping,
Holds the pattern o'er us high—

Holds the pattern and unrolls it
Thread by thread, and day by day;
Blue and golden tints and carmine
Mixed with weary lengths of grey.

Fain the weavers are to linger,
Fain to scan the pattern o'er;
But they know not till they weave it
What the future holds in store.

Flash the golden threads of sunlight,
Gleam the purple tints of fame,
As the weavers' gliding fingers
Rich and beauteous figures frame.

Throbbing, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing,
Beating fast and beating slow,
Never pausing, never resting,
On the busy shuttles go.

Now the threads are dark and sombre,
Dim the weaver's eyes with tears,
Trembling to the pattern looks he,
Numb the halting hand with fears.

Now the threads are black and broken
Tangled, intricate and crossed;
Figures rambling, weird, unlovely,
And the Master's thought seems lost.

Sick at heart and worn and weary,
Toils the weaver at his task;
For the web must e'en be finished
Ere he rest or respite ask.

Weaving, weaving, weaving, weaving,
Slow the shuttle works its will;
Throbbing, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing,
Faintly beating—and is still.

Happy now the patient weaver
Who the Master's plan hath wrought,
Tracing carefully the pattern,
Marring nor neglecting aught.