

Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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THE UNSEEN.

As feel the flowers the sun in heaven,
But sun and sunlight never see ;
So feel I Thee, O God, my God,
Thy dateless noontide hid from me.

As touch the buds the blessed rain,
But rain and rainbow never see ;
So touch I Thee in bliss or pain,
Thy far vast Rainbow veiled from me.

Orion, moon and sun and low,
Amaze a sky unseen by me ;
God's wheeling heaven is there I know,
Although its arch I cannot see.

In low estate, I, as the flower,
Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see ;
The subtlest in the Conscience is
Thyself and that which toucheth Thee.

Forever it may be that I
More yet shall feel and shall not see ;
Above my soul thy Wholeness roll,
Not visibly, but tangibly.

But flaming heart to Rain and Ray,
Turn I in meekest loyalty ;
I breathe and move and live in Thee,
And drink the Ray I cannot see.

—[Joseph Cook.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

When I mention the subject which I have chosen, I trust that no one may believe I feel myself capable of developing to the full depth of its meaning, but at most to express in simple language my feeble estimate of women's influence and the work she may achieve if she will but work and pray, trusting to the Giver of all good for the bountiful harvest vouchsafed unto the faithful sower.

"What ye sow that shall ye also reap."

We may very suitably enquire, "What is a mission?" and no one in this enlightened age can mistake the meaning—"A duty on which one is sent with certain powers." Each and every duty in our daily life is a mission which God bids us perform and with the loving kindness of an all wise Father offers unto His obedient children the strength, aye the cheer to go forth in life's early morning and gladly and willingly labor on, that when the shades of evening fall we may return laden with precious sheaves ready to receive and enjoy the reward of "well done!"

No one can truly say "I have no mission." God's call goes forth to all and needs but a listening ear to hear the loving voice, "Go ye and labor in my vineyard." Language has ne'er been able to furnish words which can describe the value of the mother's mission, it is a duty, an errand of love which can never be portrayed by tongue or pen.

The depths of a mother's love, a mother's mission in her family circle are unfathomable.

This portion of her mission has been performed nobly by the good women of all ages, and nought but words and feelings of approval have been offered, but it is a sad fact that we should find those who are ever ready to censure, when woman in her boundless love for the welfare of other's loved ones with her own, ventures fearlessly, with her unselfish care to raise the fallen one, care for the suffering, and guide the wanderer, who perhaps from want of a mother's care has strayed from the path of virtue, and to whom the voice of an earnest messenger of God is as music to the ear.

Women have some duties in common with man and among those they owe