

Strange are the Father's rulings
Men seldom understand,
Yet He leads by slender threads of love
His human, wilful children to thoughts
Of the unknown land.

We call it death. The mysterious parting
Of the soul from its earthly frame,
And we grieve, wild terror darting,
Thro' every heart at the stern name.

But ah, the change ! such a blessed relief
From the racking pain and grief,
Like a tired child seeking rest,
"He giveth sleep" and "knoweth best."

Like the rosy beams of morning,
Lighting up the dull grey sky,
Just as lingering beams of sunset
Flash above, then fade and die.

So the light of life may quiver,
Bearing strength to other souls ;
Grant us trust, oh, Allwise Giver,
While the troubled current rolls.

Mayhap we fail to find the lesson,
Mayhap our hands, so frail and weak,
Cannot reach the loving Father's
And the comfort that we seek.

Then there comes to us a message,
Like the brightness of the sky,
Flashing tho' the gloom of sorrow,
Child I love thee—it is I.

"Seek, oh soul, more stately mansions,
Build with care amid of sorrow,
Steps that lead thee surely upward,
To a bright and peaceful morrow."

"FRIENDLY HOMES FOR STUDENTS."

Our valued friend, S. P. Zavitz, in the last issue of *YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW*, calls attention to the above matter, and incidentally refers to a proposal of mine in the same direction, made in 8th mo., 1892, and says: "Though received with favor, the object has not been realized." From the strong editorial indorsement of the question in the same issue, I may be excused for having indulged the hope of a somewhat generous response from the members of Society. So far as my recollection serves me, it received but one communication, with an offer of a definite amount. Perhaps this is a sufficient explanation, if Friends are

wondering why the proposal did not grow into actuality. For one, I am glad to see the matter revived, and trust the views of Friends will find more expression than formerly.

W. G. BROWN.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word—
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm ;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be ;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil ;
Though you may not know, yet the tree
shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts
will do
In bringing you hate or love ;
For thoughts are things, and their airy
ings
Are swifter than carrier dove.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind ;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you
back
Whatever went out from your mind.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Suddenly the great whirr and roar and hiss became silent in the factory ; the maze of wheels and hands stood still. Hundreds of pairs of hands ceased work, and hours were lost in impatient idleness while an expert searched for the cause of the trouble. It was found that a pin, less than an inch long, had dropped from its place in the great engine, and the whole work of a big factory was dependent on its being kept in place. Ah, little pins, little pins ! Let us stick to our places, and to our work, fearing and dreading to fall away by a hair's breadth, lest God's great work suffer harm through us.—*Child's Paper*.