

denominations, whose places of worship are now in every neighborhood. We are not able to maintain a First-day School. There are almost no young people, and only five I think under sixteen in the whole Quarterly Meeting whose parents are both Friends. A few of our members, with some others of kindred interests, maintain a meeting for the discussion of moral and religious subjects. It is held at Scipio Meeting-house in the afternoon of the first day in each month. The plan of the meeting was originated by a young Friend, Susan Hoxie Hathaway, then a student at Cornell, since deceased, and it has been held regularly for nine years.

Our Executive Meeting has just held its sixth session. It was, I think, the first to organize in that form in Genesee Yearly Meeting. This change, as well as the others involved in the new Discipline, has been very satisfactory. Will not some Friend who is in possession of the necessary facts give us a history of our Discipline? I find that the first printed book of Discipline was published in 1783 by London Yearly Meeting, and called the "Book of Extracts." A second edition of the same in 1802, and a third in 1834. A copy of this last is before me. It has a separate set of queries for men and women, but states that the answers from men's meeting must cover the whole body of men and women Friends. I would like to know if this work was ever used in this country, and when was the first Discipline prepared by New York Yearly Meeting issued? The oldest I have access to is that "revised and adopted by New York Yearly Meeting in 1810."

AMELIA G. SEARING.

Poplar Ridge, N.Y., 5 mo. 23.

The still small voice of God is sweeter music and more enticing than the strains of the grandest organ.—[J. J. Cornell.

THE BLIND WEAVER.

A weaver sat at his loom,
A blind old man was he;
And he saw not one of the shuttle's threads,
Which he wrought so cunningly;
But his fingers touched each line,
As the pattern before him grew,
And the sunset gleam of a smile divine
Its light o'er his features threw;
As plying his work to a slight refrain,
He sang it o'er and o'er again:
Light and Darkness and Shade,
Shade and Darkness and Light;
We never can tell how the pattern's made
Till the fabric is turned in our sight.

And slowly the fabric grew,
As his shuttle, from side to side
With a cunning twist of his wrist he threw,
And its lines were multiplied.
But still the surface was rough,
And the pattern you could not trace,
For the threads seemed blindly broken off,
And showed neither beauty nor grace;
But he plied his work to the slight refrain,
And sang it o'er and o'er again:
Light and Darkness and Shade,
Shade and Darkness and Light;
We never can tell how the pattern's made
Till the fabric is turned in our sight.

And thus at the loom of life,
Like that blind old weaver, we
Are working the threads of our own designs
To a pattern we do not see;
And still with a patient love,
That is wiser far than we know,
There is One who looks from His throne above
And directs the shuttle's throw;
And spite of our broken threads,
He is working His great design,
And the pattern that seemed unmeaning here,
With a heavenly grace shall shine!
So we'll ply our work to the old refrain,
And sing it o'er and o'er again:
Light and Darkness and Shade,
Shade and Darkness and Light,
Shall have done their work when the pattern's made
And the fabric is held up to sight.