

# Young • Friends' • Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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## HAST THOU FORGOT?

When bitter thoughts assail thy mind,  
And turn thy day to gloomy night;  
When petulance with pride behind  
Obscures thy reason's failing sight;  
When murmuring loudly at thy lot,  
And finding nought to suit thy will,  
My little one! hast thou forgot  
God loves thee still?

When pining sadly, far away  
From one whose presence cheers thee best  
Or yearning, longing for the day  
That brings thy weary spirit rest;  
When clouds of doubt the landscape blot  
And fill the air with boding ill,  
My darling child! has thou forgot  
God loves thee still?

When daily duties claim the time  
Which pleasure otherwise would ask;  
When life seems but discordant rhyme,  
And living seems too hard a task:  
When those around thee please thee not,  
And envious thoughts thy bosom fill:  
Ah, little one, hast thou forgot  
God loves thee still?

—[Selected.

## SERMON

DELIVERED BY MARGARETTA WALTON  
AT COLDSTREAM, ONT., 7TH MO.  
15TH, 1891.

I feel, my friends, as I have often felt before, that there is in this silent waiting that has been over us, no loss of time, for in it the heart that is interested and thoughtful about the purpose of thus being gathered, will find that in this silence there is a deepening of feeling and a being drawn into a closer relationship with the divine, that it may hear more clearly the inspired language never heard by the outward ear. Here, indeed, we sit around the communion table of the Lord, where we do experience a communion between the Most High and our individual

natures. In this humble condition, He will not disregard the earnest desire or asking of any heart, but will pour into it something of His own infinite goodness, and love and tenderness, even according to its own capacity and need.

As my spirit has been drawn into this communing condition where I have not only felt that the Heavenly Father's love was overshadowing us, but I have felt that there is an earnest desire among those gathered for the true bread of life, for that that most closely concerns each individual need.

Since I have been among you, I feel that our Heavenly Father has planted a vineyard in this place. It seems indeed a place well chosen. All around are the evidences of abundance. The productiveness of the soil is manifested by the plenteous harvests. Although the Heavenly Father has been kind and generous on His part, yet there is a work for you to perform in order to insure success; there must be diligence in the tilling of the soil, there must be care in the selection of pure seed, there must be wisdom in a proper adaptation of seed to soil, and then there must be a patient waiting and a perfect trusting to our Heavenly Father for the watering, and a thankfulness for the sunlight that is necessary to produce this wonderful growth. This in the outward represents what our Heavenly Father has done in the inward. He has chosen in this place a vineyard for Himself, and ye people, ye dear hearts He has called into his service. Oh that ye may be fruit-bearing vines. Wild vines have no place in the vineyard of the Lord—the wayward life, the wandering branches. But it may be pruned, it may be transplanted, and revived and sustained by the visitations