

# Young \* Friends' \* Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. III.

LONDON, ONT., TWELFTH MONTH, 1838.

NO. 12

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

## IMPETUOSITY, OR THE METEOR.

Thou bright impetuous being that dost rush  
From out the starry world to endless space,  
Impatient seeming to outrun in the race,  
What art thou? say, a spirit who wouldst push  
A swifter road to glory, abiding not the hush  
And sacred silence of the spheres, whose grace  
And beauty are more noble, each in place?  
Then wherefore wildly to thy ruin rush;  
Like thee, I would not so outrun the world,  
But tread with quiet pace my pathway home  
Peaceful as star of even, mid clouds unfurld  
Until the dawning of the day shall come  
Like thee not so would I mid chaos hurled  
From all communion of my fellows roam.

M. FELLOWS, England.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

## GLEANINGS FROM OUR SUMMER'S WORK.

The approach of autumn days warns us that we have arrived at that season when it is customary to leave for a time our labors in the F. D. S.

Nature has already been marked by the finger of frost and vegetation far and near mourns the loss of its splendor and power—Whence did they come? Was it not a gradual increase from the tiny seeds scattered in early spring, heated by the rays of the brilliant sun, watered from time to time by the rain from heaven, and daily refreshed by the gentle dews? Yes, little by little it has grown until the golden grain now waves in grandeur o'er the ground once naked and desolate. For weeks the song of the busy harvester has resounded from our fields and lanes as he gathers in the abundant rewards for his labor, lands tilled, seeds scattered, —in time to produce load after load of precious sheaves.

Was the result of his labor at once discernable? Nay, days and days passed o'er, some perhaps --unfavorable, almost blighting to the vegetable life, Does the farmer despair and say: Crops are light, it is useless to try again? No, small profits are better than none and faith with true perseverance has never failed to make a pleasing increase in the returns.

Does the harvester rejoice alone in the blessings thus bestowed? Nay, see with what earnestness the children lend a hand to aid and the happy faces beam with joy at the sight of rich stores for winter's use, while the good mother busily engaged in her countless duties rejoices that harvest doth ever follow the sowing of good and precious seed.

Yes, in the outward, notwithstanding the many hopes and fears, a rich harvest has been reaped.

We look on the fields of labor. The summer long we have engaged in F. D. S work, but it has been to all we trust a pleasing duty with fellow laborers to aid and encourage bright prospects along the way to cheer us on to increasing efforts, and now as the season arrives when we rest for a time, we very naturally inquire What shall the harvest be? Have we gleaned from our daily lessons those pearls of truth which shall be as treasures that moth or rust cannot corrupt nor the cares of life steal away.

The lessons so thoughtfully prepared by our distant Friends have come to us as valuable helps laden with deep moral lessons set forth by simple truths of actual life—and particular importance attached to good works—to which the good master doth ever call us in terms pleading and loving—Go ye and labor in my vineyard.

The correspondence between the