

Young * Friends' * Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. X.

LONDON, ONT., ELEVENTH MONTH 15TH, 1895.

NO. 22

DWELLER IN HEAVEN.

Dweller in heaven high, Ruler below,
Fain would I know Thee, yet tremble to
know!

How can a mortal deem, how may it be,
That being can ne'er be but present with
Thee?

Is it true that Thou sawest me ere I saw
the morn'?

Is it true that Thou knewest me before I
was born?

That nature must live in the light of thine
eye?—

This knowledge for me is too great and
too high.

That, fly I to noon-day, or fly I to-night,
To shroud me in darkness or bathe me in
light;

The light and the darkness to Thee are the
same,

And still in Thy presence of wonder I am?
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,

Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air;
In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild
brink,

From the eye of Omnipotence still must I
shrink!

Or mount I, on wings of the morning, away
To caves of the ocean, unseen by the day,
And hide in these uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in
Thee;

Nay, scale I the cloud in the heavens to
dwell,

Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still Thou art present, and all are the
same!

Yes, present forever! Almighty! alone!
Great spirit of nature, unbounded, un-
known,

What mind can embody thy presence
divine!

I know not my own being, how can I
Thee?

Then humbly and low in the dust let me
bend,

And adore what on earth I can ne'er
comprehend;

The mountains may melt, and the elements
flee,

Yet a universe still be rejoicing in Thee.

—James Hogg, better known as
"The Ettrick Shepherd."

THE PILGRIMAGE.

VIII.

Next day, by train, we leave Scot-
land, passing along the west coast—by
Solway Firth, and through a mining
country, to Keswick in the English
Lake district, a small market town
close to Derwentwater, and amid fine
mountain scenery. "This lake, three
miles long and one mile wide, is the
loveliest of the English Lakes, where
the picturesque variety of the steep,
wooded crags, and green hills rising
from its banks, and the grouping of its
islands, delight the vision." But we
did not see "how the water comes
down at Lodore," whose falls were very
near.

By coach we are carried over a moun-
tain pass, and through the heart of the
lake district, passing Thirlmere and
Grassmere lakes and and vales, the
scenery being most lovely and romantic,
to Rydal water and Rydal Mount, the
former home of the poet Words-
worth. In this vicinity Southey and
Coleridge also lived. We stay over
First-day at Ambleside, situated in the
valley of the Rothay. The morning
is warm and bright, and a short walk
brings us to the ivy clad "knoll," the
former residence of Harriet Martineau.
Back from the road a little space, its
windows face the mountains, and there
is a large sun-dial on the lawn, clearly
defining the hour. It is "morn amid
the mountains, lovely solitude," and in
this quiet vale, with the beauties of
nature thrilling the senses, and the
music of distant cathedral chimes, call-
ing to the outward expression of in-
ward aspiration, our hearts responded,
"God is good."

Leaving this place, we embark on
Lake Windermere (the winding lake)