

For the web the Master turneth,  
And before his dazzled eyes,  
Shining in its wondrous beauty,  
All the thought completed lies.

And the weaver joyful learneth  
That the wrong side was his own  
Till the beating, throbbing shuttle  
All its faithful work had done.

## RECEPTION OF FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Editors of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

When Frances Willard returned home from England recently, the Chicago W. C. T. U. women gave her a reception, which was also a birthday party. There was an afternoon meeting in Willard Hall of the Women's Temple, where Friends held two First-day Meetings in 1893, as some of your readers may remember. Another reception was given in the evening in a large church, where she was warmly welcomed by notable citizens, as well as many not notable, but who were none the less glad to see her "home again."

I attended the meeting in the Hall, and feel like sharing some of the good things there gathered with my friends. Among other exercises the crusade hymn was sung:—

"Cast to the winds thy fears,  
Hope, and be undismayed."

Miss Willard said, "All our fears are needless." I have thought of it a great deal since, and wondered if it were true. I give it to the readers of the REVIEW to think of. In looking back over my life I see many, many fears that were not only unnecessary, but which unfitted me for highest service, and many anxieties which I need never have suffered. How much sleep was lost and strength wasted apprehending and fearing things which never happened. I learned at last not to worry, until I had cause. If I must imagine something I might as well imagine good as evil. I wish I might have learned this lesson earlier.

In Willard Hall, on the wall opposite the platform, has been placed a long bronze panel representing a ship in

full sail. In the centre of this is a bronze clock.

Miss Willard said she asked Whittier for a verse as an inscription. He sent her the following lines, which are inscribed under the clock:—

"Freighted with love our temperance ship  
Around the world shall sail;  
Take heart and hope, dear mariners,  
God's errands never fail."

Many of us feel the need of the assurance contained in the last lines, if we permit ourselves to dwell upon the power that the liquor traffic has obtained in the world. No government seems strong enough to resist its encroachments. But the power of individual faithfulness cannot be reckoned. It is incalculable. Let us each do what we can in our place. Influence, if we can, the person next us. It may be in our kitchen; our "maid servant" or our "man servant," or the unemployed who eats his breakfast on our back porch. This, of course, we may not do perfunctorily, but we may be alive to the time of planting. If we "watch the clouds" too much we may never sow. Let us influence whom we can, when we can, as we can. I have found for myself that there were persons whom I could influence, in an indirect way, perhaps, without a badge, better than I could if I wore one. So let us not judge each other, but be faithful, sometime unexpectedly we may find the little seeds here found lodgment, and may loosen the walls of the great evil structure, and deliverance may come, if we are faithful, in some way or other.

JEHOVAH CIRCLE,

H. A. PLUMMER.

Glencoe, Ill., 10th mo. 18, 1894.

An inch of time is like an inch of gold,  
But time can never be at that price sold;  
A lost inch of gold may be sought somewhere,  
Where time can be sought for cannot be told.  
—Chinese Proverb.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—  
Carlyle.