

Young Friends' Review.

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If there are any who did not get their second number, kindly send us your address.

We regret that one or two paragraphs in our last number received a prominence that was not intended. The disarrangement we attribute to what may be called printer's license.

In the contribution by S. A. M., in our last number, read *communicates* instead of *communicated*; and in the third paragraph, "Divine light in our *souls*," instead of "Divine light in our *society*." There are other errors through the number, but the reader, no doubt, detected them. We were unavoidably absent during the finish of the printing.

We invite again our readers to assist in adding names to our subscription list. If each subscriber at present could secure but one name, it would place the enterprise on a sure footing. We know of many who would probably take

the paper, but we are not acquainted with their address. Their near relatives could no doubt inform us.

Many Friends at this season of the year are very busy; the harvest is at hand. Persevering toil, attention and patience are required. This harvest, like many others, comes by preparation and conditions—man's intelligence and work upon the field, the soil where plays the dews, the showers and the sunlight. And now, under similar conditions, is the harvest being reaped. How beautiful are some of those clean wheat fields; how sadly mixed in others, the wheat and the noxious weeds, or other grains which, in their own proper field, would look beautiful, too. The fault lies way back in the sowing. If the seed had all been of the right sort, the harvest would have been of the right kind. To get a good wheat harvest, you must not sow oats mixed with the wheat, for oats in kindly soil grows more bushels to the acre than wheat; and in time, as that mixed seed multiplies you will have it a crop of oats instead of wheat, and the rotation ceases—an unfortunate kind of husbandry. The thistle-down and mustard seed sometimes blows off the highways and your neighbor's farm. It is worth something to have good neighbors, that your care and attention may not be unduly increased. But it seems necessary to be ever on the watch that your harvest is clean and abundant. There is another harvest, for which preparation and conditions are required, involving hope, trust, perseverance, labor and patience; and man's intelligence and work upon the field, the soul, where plays the dews, the showers, and the sunlight of God's love. How pure and lovely are some of those harvest fields, swaying, bending, and running away in golden waves under the breath of the invisible. Old Father Time puts in his scythe with joy—the good seed does not die, but springs up again and wafts its fragrance to other fields forever. Sadly mixed is the harvest in many fields—the roots of sin have fastened themselves there. Dispositions are allowed to grow up where they will in that field of the soul, defiling the harvest, but which, had they been cultivated within their own proper limits, would have adorned "the garden of the Lord." There are those *oats* in the wheat, those "wild oats." Yes!