

Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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GOD'S PEACE.

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:—

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;—

That peace which, though the billows surge,
And angry tempests roar,
Wrings forth no melancholy dirge,
But joyeth evermore:—

That peace which flows serene and deep—
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep:
God's sunshine o'er the whole!—

Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

—Selected.

OPENING THE DOOR.

DELIVERED EXTEMPORANEOUSLY BY
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"Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

I want to pause before this wonderful image of Christ standing at the door of human life, and asking, like a weary traveler, to be let in. It seems to set before us the two ways in which a man may stand over against the possibilities and opportunities of his life. One way is as if we stood outside of these possibilities, trying to get in to them: the other way is as if they stood outside, and were trying to get in to us.

Under the one view, we stand at their door and knock, if perchance they will let us in: under the other view, they stand knocking at our door, if perchance we can hear their voice, and let them in. The first view of life is the common one. Its possibilities seem hidden from us under lock and key, and we give ourselves with all our efforts to unlocking them. We are like the besiegers of a city full of treasure. The money and the successes which we seek lie within, and we stand not so much knocking at their door as battering at their gate and scaling their wall.

This, I say, is the common way of looking at our life,—the way of attack and struggle and victory; and perhaps it is the only way in which one can regard many of the problems of his money-getting and his competitive success. But when we turn to the deeper experiences of life, the other way begins to open. Truth, beauty, love, wisdom, peace, forgiveness,—of these things, which are the great possessions of human life, it is not so true to say that they hide themselves from us as that we hide ourselves from them, and will not let them in.

Take, for instance, any scientific discovery, such as the electric light which illuminates our street. There it has been,—this wonderful power of electricity, surrounding human life with its possibilities of usefulness, and knocking at the doors of scientific men since science began; and, at last, a few men are able to hear this persistent knocking, and open their doors, and then these inventions of electricity find their way into our affairs. We call it a new force, but it is not a new force. It is only a new awakening of the mind