

Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VII.

LONDON, ONT., TENTH MONTH, 1892.

NO. 10

A DAY WITH WHITTIER.

Of all the memories that come
In waking hours or sleep,
There's one of an immortal day
My soul must ever keep.

Registered deep within my heart,
Where no inquiring eye
Can trace its true import or aught
Of its real grace descrie.

A day with thee! O poet soul!
Spirit whose essence fine
Sets thee above all other men,
And stamps thee as divine.

No fulsome words of eulogy
Delight thy listening ear;
No empty sound of praise from men
Wouldst thou e'er deign to hear.

Thy life is like an aroma
From some pure woodland flower;
Thy songs will live in all true hearts
And sway them with their power.

Poet! From whose resonant lyre
Celestial strains are sung;
Poet! From whose immortal soul,
Pure and sweet songs upspring.

Thou hast fulfilled thy mission here,
Thou art a chosen one!
Thou hast interpreted the Christ,
And thou too art a son!

—*Martha Baldwin Ensign, in Inter-Ocean.*

IN KANSAS.

For Young Friends' Review.

Time and circumstances have been such that until the present we have not been able to report ourselves to the REVIEW, while we have not been unmindful of its interests, and find it in a number of the Western homes and highly appreciated by all its readers. But its monthly, instead of weekly issue, makes it insufficient as a medium through which to report our visit in detail, as requested by many of our Friends. While the six weeks already

spent have been very full, the time closely occupied with meetings following in quick succession, yet the hearty endorsement and apparent appreciation have all served to confirm us in the rightfulness of our mission. And we only speak of it with thankfulness, that we do feel very sensibly the desire that the good manifested for our fellowmen may be the mainspring of action and motive power by which we are directed. And if so, we feel assured that our labor will not be in vain.

And while we do meet, and shall expect to meet, the critic and the unscrupulous, yet these in all are only a minority compared to the enquiring, earnest seeking hearts who are ready and waiting anxiously to know the truth, but early instructions have impressed the mind with the fact it was to be obtained through the written word and human instrumentality, but as years roll on the human and intellectual knowledge is developed. There is found in the human life an instinct, a prompting a tuition, in fact a something, that when listened to and cultivated, sets in motion a life and power, not denominational, theological, nor yet alone, human, but so nearly allied to human life and answerable to all its wants, that such enquirers say give us the Truth in its simple garb (and we can understand), and use or live it divested of the mystery that ages of Theology's tradition have thrown around it.

I had no intention of penning these thoughts or facts when I took my pen, but they may serve to show why we are stimulated in our labor to even greater diligence, and made strong in that courage needful to the task. And we do feel more and more to admonish all who claim the name of Friend to be