

# Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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No. 7

## TO THE YOUNG FRIENDS' FIRST-DAY SCHOOL.

O, gather Young Friends in the dear old  
house,  
Each beautiful week's First-day  
To worship the Spirit of love and truth,  
Though in silence you watch and pray.

For in silence may wonderful thoughts  
arise,  
And wonderful things be done ;  
The silence of Nature great work implies,  
In darkness or glowing sun.

How swiftly the verdure of earth will  
grow,  
When scarcely a sound is heard ;  
The brightest of flowers will bud and  
blow,  
Though hushed be the song of the bird.

Not often may silence be dead and still,  
For out of it voices will speak ;  
So clearly that any may listen who will,  
And any may find who seek.

If we turn our thoughts to the distant past,  
When this loved sect was new,  
Their lives will speak who labored then,  
Their works spring into view.

Their words will echo in youthful hearts,  
And stir them to action bold,  
Their thoughts will strengthen the grow-  
ing mind  
In ways that have not been told.

Take down from their place on the lofty  
shelf,  
Those dusty volumes of old,  
And read of the warmth of their ardent  
works,  
When the world to them was cold.

Of the many sacrifices made,  
And the martyrdom for truth,  
The pain they suffered, yet obeyed,  
The Voice within, O youth !

The voice within, yet from above,  
That called and led them on,  
To sweep the clouds from the darkened  
earth,  
And clear the rising sun.

You bask beneath its peaceful rays ;  
Look out on poor earth now,  
And see what longings fill her days,  
What trials knit her brow.

Is the work done, *is it all done*,  
That we should fold our hands  
And eat the fruits once harvested,  
While others tilled the lands ?

No ! Read those thrilling histories,  
Those noble lives survey,  
Study the texts they loved, then ask,  
"What shall we do to-day ?"

And close your eyes to the outer world,  
Look upward from within ;  
Perhaps a struggling ray of light  
Will show where to begin.

When once begun, by pushing it,  
The work is sure to grow ;  
You all know how to roll a ball  
Of pure, unsullied snow.

I think I have read, in legends old,  
How three men brave and true,  
Determined they would worship God,  
As suited best their view.

In reverence seated on a log,  
They Meeting-house had none—  
They waited the inflowing Word,  
Then gave it, one by one.

Swift as the tide of years that passed,  
Did the tide of faith increase,  
'Till a Meeting-house stood where the  
three had sat,  
And many friends worshipped in peace.

So the power of a thought ever moves,  
ever moves,  
Sweeping on like the flow of the tide,  
Then be true to thy thoughts in the journey  
of life,  
And thy face thou wilt never need hide.

But let thy light shine ! As the rays of the  
sun  
Seek out the dark places of earth,  
So its light will illumine the shadows of  
gloom  
'Till they melt into joy with its worth.