

Young Friends' Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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PRIDE AND WORTH.

A weed and a rose and a violet grew
In a garden, side by side.
As the rose looked down on the lowlier two
She blushed in her queenly pride.

And once, as her red lips drank the dew,
The rose, in a whisper, said:
"If I were as worthless, as each of you
I'd rather that I were dead."

But the weed that night make a cooling
cup,
For the lips of a fevered child;
And one who had mourned for years
looked up
And, kissing the violet, smiled.

FRANK S. PIXLEY.

INSPIRATION.

"With each divine impulse the mind
rends the thin rind of the visible and
finite, and comes out into eternity, and
inspires and expires its air."

What better picture could Emerson
have given us of the developing soul ;
the law of whose existence is self-activity,
and the necessary condition of its
unfolding, a growing knowledge of its
divine and all-embracing nature.

Firmly rooted in the earth, with
leaves spread forth to the surrounding
air the plant receives its nourishment
through both and develops into forms
of usefulness and beauty. But soil and
moisture, sunshine and atmosphere are
powerless to explain the cause of its
being, and give no clue to those self-
active processes through which the
plant idea finds expression, and the soul
of nature is made manifest.

Struggling upward through the soil
of its heredity, and the atmosphere of
its environment, the human plant is con-
scious of a force which is not alone
of these; a something which amid life's
changeable forms is essential and abiding.

This abiding element which is mani-
fested in the stone and flower, which
sings in the bird, and inspires the young
lamb's gambols; which is recognized
in the words and deeds of our compan-
ions and is unfolded in each human
soul we know as God, the Creator, the
Divine Essence and Soul of the Uni-
verse or the Eternal Unity.

All things are manifestations of the
Eternal Principle, and in each is
stamped an image of the Divine Ideal;
hence numberless are the inspirations
which the waiting soul receives out of
the heart of nature. Each new fact
added to the sum of knowledge
broadens the vista and opens other
avenues to truth, and every thought
that lifts us above the petty and the
finite into realms of the eternal truth
is an inspiration from the Infinite.

Not alone in the sanctuary of the
soul may God be sought and found.
He greets us in the mysteries of his
creation; he walks our streets to day;
he breathes upon the scientist, the
artist, the musician, and from their
great creations the breath divine goes
forth, filling man's heart with love, his
thoughts with reverence, and revealing
hidden links in the endless chain of
life. In the wealth of accumulated
wisdom, which is our heritage from ages
past, in the reformer's earnest plea, the
minister's appeal, and the decisions of
the people may be heard the voice of
God.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God."

Thus is the soul embosomed in the
Infinite and, like the plant, from its
environment gains nourishment for its
unfolding. With the in-breathing of
the life of God, it expands to a new
knowledge of its kinship with creation,