

# Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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## "THY WILL, NOT MINE"

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

Into Thine outstretched hand  
We lay it all ;  
Only at Thy command  
Can ill befall ;  
And secret good must hide  
In seeming ill,  
Welcomed and loved, because  
It is Thy will.

Thy will, that takes the sting  
From every care ;  
Thy will, that joy can bring  
From our despair ;  
Thy will, that turns to gain  
Our shame and loss,  
That lets the crown remain.  
And takes our cross.

Dear Lord, Thy gracious will,  
Once understood,  
We in thy hands lie still ;  
Make Thou us good.  
No fear, no care have we,  
No way, no choice ;  
Whate'er Thy teaching be,  
We must rejoice.

Even the rod is sweet  
In Thy employ ;  
There can be at Thy feet  
Nothing but joy ;  
And nought but sweetest peace  
In any smart,  
For souls whose life is hid  
In God's great heart.

## THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Prepared for and read in Young People's Association, held at Prairie Grove, Iowa, 1st mo. 31st, 1897, by Hanna M. Russell.

How is it possible for us, in our small way and with our limited opportunities, to give an interesting account of the life of that most wonderful of beings, the meek and lowly Jesus, when many noted and talent'ed writers

have crossed the ocean, visited the cities where he preached to the Jew and Gentile alike ; walked by the sea of Galilee, where he performed such wonderful miracles ; climbed the rugged mountain, which history tells us was the pulpit from which he preached his most wonderful sermons ; in fact, spent months and years in seeking and becoming familiar with places made memorable by the presence of Jesus, that they might be better able to write the life of this Holy Man, only in the end to acknowledge their inability to do the subject justice ? Then let us turn to the history of his life, handed down to us in the pages of the new testament, as being the truest account we can obtain. Why ? Because the life of anyone written during his life, or soon after his death, is bound to be more correct than any account that can be written thousands of years after. There we read the narrative of his holy, patient, persecuted, yet blameless life, and our imagination supplies the pictures. Can we not fancy we see the babe with its mother, in its humble birth-place ; or, when a little older, fleeing with his parents into Egypt to escape the cruel mandate of Herod ; and as a bright and beautiful boy of twelve years, propounding deep questions to the learned men in the temple ? After this history does not give us much record of his boyhood, though one account tells us that after the death of Herod, his parents returned with him to Nazareth, where he grew both in knowledge and stature, always obedient, and a perfect example of filial duty to earthly parents ; and by his extraordinary qualities of mind at-