

# Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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## PART OF THE "ADDRESS TO THE CREATOR."

IN COWPER'S "TASK."

Thou art the source and centre of all minds,  
Their only point of rest, eternal Word !  
From thee departing, they are lost and rove  
At random without honor, hope, or peace.  
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
His high endeavor, and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer and his will to serve.  
But oh, thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !  
Give what thou canst, without thee we are  
poor ;  
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

## THE PILGRIMAGE.

We started on our journey across the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Southampton, 6th mo. 5th, and as we felt the vessel's first motion one of the "pilgrims" quoted audibly: "She starts, she moves, we seem to feel the thrill of life along her keel."

It is the good S. S. Berlin, and for this trip she is called the Temperance ship, because she is chartered to convey some of the delegates from America to the World's Women's Christian Temperance Convention, to be held in London, England. She also carries in her hold the famous Polyglot Petition, which prays for the total prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors and in opium and is to be presented to the heads of Governments all over the world. The petition is signed by nine million names, either personally or by societies, in forty different languages.

The afternoon was delightfully cool and refreshing, as with farewell gaze we watched the receding cities, and the green shores in beautiful New York Bay, lingering until night obscured our vision. Next day was cloudy accompanied with fog—until just at sunset

when the sun beamed forth, making a scene of beauty long to be remembered. When night settled down once more, and the fog thickened densely, and the officers were anxiously watching, and the steam whistle was shrilly and almost continuously sounding, many of the passengers, closely seated on the upper deck in steamer chairs, gave vent to their feelings by singing hymns—expressive of faith and hope and trust, some of the words being especially fitting: "It is not night when Thou art nigh." We fully realized how helpless we were in the midst of unaccustomed danger, but enabled to cast our care upon the One who "counts the sands, and holds the waters in His hands."

We afterward learned that when off the banks of Newfoundland, our Captain had diverged one hundred miles to the south of his usual course, to avoid possible collision with icebergs in the fog.

First-day morning there were religious services, consisting of prayer, singing hymns, reading appropriate passages of Scripture, and a sermon by a Professor in one of the universities of Boston, inspired by the text: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." They were helpful words on practical and heartfelt religion—and earnestly delivered. In the afternoon one of the lady passengers held a meeting in the steerage, and in the evening we listened to an address on "Temperance."

And on we go over the three thousand miles of water, the powerful engines—seven in number—in their laboring making the vessel tremble in every plank, and as the wind is now in our favor, sails are set, and nobly our 500-foot long "Castle" responds, ploughing her way through the billows, and