

Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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THE YEARS TO BE.

O grandeur of the Years to Be!

O Future all sublime!

Fulfilled within thyself we see

The promises of Time!

There bloom within thy balmy air

The rarest flowers of speech,

And action in thy sun shall bear

The sweetest fruit for each.

We sow the goodly seed to-day

Thy many hands shall reap;

We give the golden grain away

Thy garner soon shall heap!

Who tills to-day the teeming field

Slight recompense shall earn;

Thy harvest-time shall only yield

The glorious return!

Thy nights with newer stars shall blaze,

Thy suns shall brighter glow;

No gladder, grander yesterdays

Thy consciousness shall know.

Thy song shall be a pean grand,

Borne proudly on the breeze,

Re-echoed over every land,

And wafted o'er the seas.

We plant to-day a single tree,

Or drop a single seed,

And millions in the Year to Be

Shall praise the simple deed.

The thing we do outreaches far

Beyond our farthest thought;

The toilings of the present are

With freest blessings fraught!

With thy new light, O Years to Be!

Shall beam a brighter morn,

And manhood with thy dawn shall see

Its truest being, born!

The earth will ring thy coming in

With gladdest peal on peal,

For then shall gloriously begin

Humanity's best weal!

And then shall all the echoes cheer

Man's rapid onward march;

For him angelic hands shall rear

A grand triumphal arch!

No land shall know a desert bare,

No trackless waste a sea,

The world shall smile a garden fair

Within the Years to Be!

THE "ORTHODOX" BODY IN PHILADELPHIA.

(From the British Friend)

It was with an awesome feeling that I took my seat in Arch Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia, for I have been brought up to regard that place with feelings almost reverential, as something apart, a quarter where Quakerism may be found in seventeenth century purity, and where even George Fox himself might do well to be careful.

I was received with the utmost kindness by Friends there, and indeed at all the four orthodox meetings I attended in the Philadelphia district. I had the pleasure of personal and family acquaintance with many already, and I owe them abundant hospitality. They are personally Friends whom it is a privilege to know, and an increasing privilege to know better. They possess, for the most part, a cordial feeling for one another.

In worship they have retained a dignity which is only the expression of an inward self-restraining power, and they possess a combined richness of experience and sobriety of feeling which exercises a searching and sobering effect upon the soul. And yet I could hardly sit in face of that gallery, well filled as it was at the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, without a queer feeling of alienation. The feeling of the presence of essential sacerdotalism in a subtle form I could not get over. Those ascetic faces, that odd and ugly uniform, hiding the head and face and figure of woman, and crowning the head of man with a vast dark straw