

Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XII.

LONDON, ONT., CANADA, NINTH MONTH, 1896.

No. 9

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below ;
Kings the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, love the best ;
So when we are weak and restless,
By ourselves weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

Oh! great heart of God whose loving
Will not hindered be, nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost,
Love divine of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost,
Cost of love which all love passing
Gave itself to save the lost.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL EXTENSION.

(Paper prepared and read by Cornelia J. Shoemaker, of Loudoun Co., Virginia, at the opening of the Conferences at Swarthmore.)

To the closing years of the nineteenth century, as to no other period in all life's history, has resounded that bugle call of the ages, "And the truth shall make you free," and from poet, philanthropist, scientist and statesman, even from the masses of humanity, no longer calm, but seething with a new ardor for liberty, its echoes have returned. The spirit of the age is progressive, and in the light of this awakening education has assumed a deeper, farther reaching, and more spiritual significance.

Realizing that in this crisis our responsibility is grave, yet full of hope, born of the abounding life of the

times, we have met in this Conference earnestly to consider the mission and future of our First-day Schools.

They are the mountain rills and rivulets, the springs and smaller tributaries that feed the main stream of the Church. If their waters are polluted, their courses turned aside, the Society itself becomes impure, or stagnates, and dies for lack of nourishment. Gathered in our First-day Schools are the potential workers of the future. To their hands will be entrusted the principles of Quakerism, in which we see God's message to the age ; from these fountains must come forth the sweet or bitter waters that will mingle their stream with the Church universal, and help to make or mar the Society of the twentieth century.

Upon the right interpretation of our mission, and our activity to-day, depends the life of our religious organization, and in measure the advance of civilization. Deeply conscious then of the sacred trust imposed upon us as inheritors of that faith in communion with God which links all life with the Infinite, let us consider two questions :

1st. Is our present the broadest method of instruction ?

2nd. How can we widen the circle of our influence ?

The faith of to-day is not the faith of yesterday, nor will it be that of tomorrow. Truth is infinite and eternal, but man is finite and his interpretation, through the haze of varying thickness, which envelopes his soul-life, faulty, changeful, incomplete.

In deep and narrow valleys fogs often linger, and a traveller unaccustomed to the way sees with partial distinctness the nearest objects, while in the distance loom strange distorted images, and the heights above are