

# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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## PERFECT THROUGH SUFFER- ING.

God would never send you the darkness  
If he felt you could bear the light ;  
But you would not cling to His guiding hand  
If the way were always bright :  
And you would not care to walk by faith  
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish  
For your sorrowful heart to bear,  
And many a cruel thorn-crown  
For your tired head to wear ;  
He knows how few would reach heaven at all  
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness  
And the furnace of seven-fold heat :  
'Tis the only way, believe me.  
To keep you close to His feet ;  
For 'tis always so easy to wander,  
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,  
And sing, if you can, as you go ;  
Your song may cheer some one behind you,  
Whose courage is sinking low—  
And—well if your lips do quiver—  
God will love you better so.

—Selected.

## AN ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY ELIZABETH POWELL  
BOND AT SWARTHMORE, 11TH MO.  
30, 1890.

I was glad when they said unto me :  
"Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Thus sang David, king, warrior, psalmist, rejoicing in the return of his people to Jerusalem, and to the religious ordinances, which satisfied their souls. He spoke not only for his own people, he voiced the worshipful impulse that seeks expression among all the people of the earth. The "House of the Lord" is a house of many mansions.

Do you recall the glories of the

house which Solomon built? He said "Behold, I build a house to the name of the Lord, my God, to dedicate it to him, and to burn before him sweet incense, and for the continual shew-bread, and for the burnt offerings morning and evening, on the Sabbaths, and on the new moons, and on the solemn feasts of the Lord, our God."

"And the house which I build is great ; for great is our God above all gods."

"But who is able to build him a house, seeing the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain him? Who am I, then, that I should build him a house, save only to burn sacrifice before him?"

"Send me now, therefore, a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson, and blue, and that has skill to grave with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and in Jerusalem, whom David, my father, did provide."

"For the house which I am about to build shall be wonderful great."

"Ah, to build, to build!"

"That is the noblest art of all the arts," cried Michael Angelo, and put his hand to the work of Rome's great house of the Lord. And so through all the centuries the thought of God has sought expression at the builder's hand, in the glories of architectural art. It must be that this "noblest art of all the arts," whose mighty structures stir our minds to reverential thought, has its sanctioned place in the influences that lead and draw men upward toward God.

But the house of the Lord does not wait for wrought stone to be piled toward heaven, nor for the goldsmith's