

# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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## "LET IT PASS."

Be not swift to take offence ;  
Forbearance is a mark of sense !  
Let it pass !  
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,  
Which will disappear ere long ;  
Rather sing this cheery song,—  
Let it pass ! Let it pass !

Strife corrodes the purest mind ;  
In it no pleasure can we find,—  
Let it pass !  
All vulgar souls that live  
May condemn without reprieve ;  
'Tis the noble who forgive,—  
Let it pass ! Let it pass !

Echo not an angry word ;  
Think how often you have erred,—  
Let it pass !  
Since our joys must pass away,  
Like dewdrops on the spray,  
Wherefore should our sorrows stay ?—  
Let them pass ! Let them pass !

If for good you've taken ill,  
Oh ! be kind and gentle still,—  
Let it pass !  
Time at last makes all things straight,  
Let us not resent, but wait,  
And our triumph shall be great,—  
Let it pass ! Let it pass !

Bid your anger quick depart ;  
Lay these homely words to heart,—  
"Let it pass !"  
Follow not the heedless throng,  
Better to be wronged than wrong ;  
Therefore sing the cheery song,—  
"Let it pass ! Let it pass !"  
—Selected.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

## RUTH, A TALE OF THE SEPARATION.

Continued from last issue.

### CHAPTER III.—LIFE IN THE NEW HOME.

In the midst of the thanksgiving dinner, shared with neighbors and friends, Ruth felt more lonely than when all by herself she had returned to her own desolate home after her mother's funeral. But with a prayer

in her heart that God would enable her to do the work required of her in the new home, she watched for opportunities to serve those around her, and found many. William and Annie were like brother and sister to her, but Mary showed her no affection, and Ruth tried in vain, as she thought, to win the love of her Aunt Marguerette ; her uncle had been very kind to her from the first. Poor Lizzette tried so hard to please her that Mary angrily told her one day that she would do more for that little Quaker than for any of the rest of the family, to which Lizzette replied with an unusual flash of her black eyes, "Yes, Miss Mary, I would, for she is the only one who loves me." This conversation, overheard accidentally by Ruth, brought forth a mild rebuke, and the request that she would apologize to Mary for her rudeness. "O, Miss Ruth!" she exclaimed, as the tears ran down her face, "I so hungered for love, and you treat me like a sister—me, a poor bond-girl." Ruth caressed her gently as she answered, "'Whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free,' and Lizzette, thee knows 'even Christ pleased not Himself.'" "O, I could be good if I lived alone with you," moaned Lizzette. Then rising, she said, with an effort, "I will do it, Miss Ruth, but it is to please you, not because I am sorry," and before Ruth could answer she was gone. Down into the kitchen like a whirlwind rushed Lizzette, as if she dared not pause until the ordeal was over. "Miss Mary, please excuse me for being rude to you. I ought not to have spoken so." Mary look surprised and rather annoyed as her mother looked enquiringly at them, and as