

Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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AS WE MAKE IT.

Some say this world is a sad, sad world,
But it's always been glad to me,
For the brook never laughs like my soul
when it quaffs
And feasts on the things to be.

The night comes on with its rest ;
The morning comes on with its song ;
The hours of grief are few and brief,
But joy is a whole life long.

This world is not old or cold ;
This world is not bad or sad ;
If you look to the right, forgetting the
night,
And say to your soul, "Be Glad."
—Selected.

TO (LINCOLN) NEBRASKA HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

The following communication, addressed to Nebraska Half Yearly Meeting, is, by direction of that Meeting, offered for publication for the benefit of our absent members and other interested Friends.

GEO. S. TRUMAN, *Clerk.*

El Paso, Tex.,
in the valley of the Rio Grande.

DEAR FRIENDS,—If this letter ever reaches you, and is read in your presence, you will very likely be gathered in a Half Yearly Meeting capacity, and your thoughts will naturally turn at that time to those who have been with you in years that have gone. For those who have passed from earth you have only the tenderest feelings. You have forgotten their mistakes and short comings. How natural it is to eulogize the dead. As Time, the great soother, takes away the sad sense of loss, we become, in a measure, reconciled and only remember the good they did, and speak of them tenderly. But there are many who have gone from your midst who are still in the land of the living.

When you meet this year, as of old, you will think of those of your number who are scattered far and wide ; you will name them over in your minds, and speak to one another about them as kindly and gently, let us hope, as you do of those who have passed from earth, forgetting all that may have displeased you—remembering them by the good they endeavored to do. But few are left of those who helped to establish the Friends' Meeting in Lincoln, and while we feel assured that we are missed, we are equally sure that we miss you, and we realize that we are different in our views of spiritual things from those about us.

We attend the Methodist Church in El Paso, where we are very kindly received. It carries me back to my girlhood to go to church once more and listen to the music and the sermon, only I do not seem to enjoy it as I once did, and I find myself doubting and questioning, and I wonder why they lay such stress on the *written word* as the law of their lives, forgetting often that the law should be written in their hearts, and why the minister does not preach more of an every day salvation, and an ever present Saviour in the soul, who will save if they will but listen to the still small voice ; and why they speak of the Christ as of one who has gone away and will come in some mysterious way when called to hear their prayers. The Communion Service seems to me now like a funeral, and I noticed that the minister said, as he passed the bread to the kneeling people : "This is my body which was broken for you," and of the wine, "this is my blood shed for the remission of sins," while his assistant said in his turn, "this represents my body and blood." And they called it the body and blood of Christ the Son of God,