

# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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## AN EVENING PRAYER.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,  
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.  
Father forgive my trespasses and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain thou my bed,  
And cool, in rest, my burning pilgrim feet ;  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord and  
Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can  
shake ;

All's well, whichever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break.  
—From *Ladies' Home Journal*.

## AN ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY ELIZABETH P. BOND BE-  
FORE THE STUDENTS OF SWARTH-  
MORE COLLEGE, ON THE  
26th ULT.

Not many days ago, it chanced that, in the midst of a driving storm of wind and rain, I glanced from the window to see two of our athletes coming in from the prescribed run that keeps them in training for the friendly contests of the athletic field. The physical vigor that, undaunted could face the storm, and match the wind in resistance and the rain with indifference to its discomforts, was fine to see. But back of the physical vigor was another element, not so tangible as the elastic muscles, the steady nerves, and the stout hearts of the athletes, but really the main spring, the motive-power of all their disciplined activity. This was a spiritual force—the purpose to win when strength should be pitted against strength, when coolness should confront coolness, when speed must out-

run speed. It was the purpose to win that held these young athletes to the rigors of training, and made them indifferent to wind and weather. It is this invisible, spiritual force that is securing to them not only exercise and health and glorious recreation in the activities of the athletic field, but also a mental supremacy that calls their manliness to the front, and which should make them veritable St. Georges, able to crush every attacking dragon from without or within. Let us not lose the fine lesson of the athletic field, whose best victories are, perhaps, least noted, are not counted in the "score," and belong not less to the vanquished than to the victors, wherein lies the power of the athlete. Is it not in the quick and certain obedience of his body to mental command? Is it not in the strong, sure hand when it is a stroke that is to win victory, in the fleet foot when a goal is to be reached; in the unflinching nerve that responds to the resistless will? The body obeys the mind of the athlete.

It is easy to see and to acknowledge the fine results of muscular obedience. I wish it were as easy for us to acknowledge the obligation of moral obedience; as easy to see, that, as muscular obedience secures bodily grace and ease and seemingly miraculous achievement, so does moral obedience secure spiritual grace, spiritual beauty, spiritual power. I wish it were as easy to see, that, as "fumbling" loses many a point in the game, so does uncertainty of moral action lose for us many a point in the progress of life. Could the young see the exact significance of the obedience required at their hands, they would not feel as