

# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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## GOD'S LOVE.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like a wideness of the sea ;  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven ;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind ;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow  
By false limits of our own ;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—Faber.

## EDWD. H. MAGILL'S LETTERS: THE LAKE REGION SWARTHMORE.

[The following is one of a series of interesting letters sent by Edward H. Magill on his travels in Europe, and published in the Friends' Intelligencer and Journal. —Ed.]

My last letter was sent from Morland, the delightful old English home of our friend Charles Thompson. I found him as I fully expected from our previous correspondence, a broad-minded man, warmly interested in all that most deeply concerns our religious Society. He feels the great importance of all Friends being willing to overlook minor differences, speculative

and theoretical in their nature, and that cannot affect the *life* and *character*, and come together again as one body, upon the simple and tangible basis of the all-sufficiency of the immediate teachings of the Holy Spirit. It is needless to say that in this view we were wholly united. We visited the old meeting house at Morland, which is now attended by none except our friend's immediate family and occasionally a very few outside. From Morland, after a brief and most enjoyable visit, which we would gladly have prolonged had time permitted, we went on through the English Lake country. We had already spent the day with our friend, the day before reaching his home, in sailing upon the pleasant lake of Ullswater; and now we turned towards the homes of Southey, Wordsworth, and Harriet Martineau. We first stopped at Keswick, where the home of Southey was pointed out to us, now occupied as a girls' boarding school. We also walked down in the evening along the "Derwent Water," but the weather was unfavorable for a sail upon the lake. The next morning we took a four-horse stage for a mountain drive of some sixteen miles through very attractive scenery and over the best of English roads, to Ambleside near the head of Lake Windermere. As we came down into the valley of Grasmere, the view was charming; the small fields of brightest green, of irregular shapes, divided by dark stone wall or hedges, with the comfortable-looking little English rural homes, almost invariably adorned with flowers and substantially built of stone, and the cattle grazing in the rich pastures, formed a picture that we shall forever