

# Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. II.

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NO. 4

## THE IDEAL.

What'er thou doest, if thou would'st succeed,  
Thou must first find the ideal in thy soul;  
And form thy work, be it a horseshoe's curve,  
Or towering fane, after that heaven-given plan.  
The world admiring works of brush, or pen,  
Or sculptor's chisel, had their ante-type  
In some one's mind. All works of art that gain  
The praise of men, are but a limning forth  
Of an ideal in the artist's soul.

The marvellous wonders science has achieved  
Were once faint sketches in the inventor's brain,  
The sturdy oak, that weathers now the blasts,  
Built its majestic pillow, arch and dome,  
After the plan of the slight embryo.

There is in each one's soul the true ideal  
Of what each one should be, and our life's work  
Is but to make our lives conform thereto.

Aye, there are doubts, and the poor moral's  
dim

Uncertain vision, and infirmity  
Of purpose, and the heart-aches, and the swoon,  
And the too readiness to give up all,  
And cry in bitterness, "Its not worth while."  
But lo! the Ideal glows; new vigor, thrills.  
Through nerve and limb, and Hope returns,  
and Love

Spreads its effulgent radiance over all,  
And a Voice whispers, "I will be with thee;  
And never will abandon utterly,  
Him who lives out the Ideal in the soul."  
It is worth while. No one need doubt of that;  
For he who struggles on and overcomes  
Will gain a mansion in eternal bliss.

Coldstream, Ont. EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

## SEPTEMBER.

Once more the liberal year laughs out,  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;  
Once more with harvest-song and shout  
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.  
Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.  
O favors every year made new!  
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.  
We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn ears fill.  
We choose the shadow; but the sun  
That casts it, shines behind us still.

WHITTER.

## SERMON

DELIVERED BY ISAAC WILSON AT THE HALF-  
YEARLY MEETING IN LOBO ON FIRST-  
DAY, 8TH MO., 21ST, 1887.

"If I have taken any thing from any man  
by false accusation, I restore him four-fold and  
give half of my goods to the poor."

This language, recorded in the Scrip-  
tures of Truth, was the open and honest  
confession of the soul, from one for-  
merly, and in the early part of this  
meeting it very unexpectedly and forc-  
ibly arrested the attention of my mind.  
My own natural feelings would have  
prevented me, now, in this early stage  
of the meeting, in advance of the older  
ones by my side, to occupy the time.  
But I find it is best always to free my-  
self from the burden of exercise when  
infinite wisdom presents the subject  
before me. In looking over this pre-  
sent assembly gathered here, I won-  
dered to whom was applicable the text  
that I have uttered; what one or what  
ones needed the lessons that are im-  
plied herein. So goodly a portion of  
this audience, it seems to me, are liv-  
ingly and deeply interested in doing the  
Master's work, and rightly engaged in  
following out His revealed laws and  
precepts. Those that are well and  
healthy do not need the physician.  
The gospel need not be preached to  
the righteous, but to the sinner. But  
I dare not follow my own natural  
reasoning, I dare not distrust the guid-  
ing of the Father's Spirit, and I feel  
there is some one, and there may be  
more than one, that has need of some  
of the most beautiful lessons that may  
be drawn from this outspoken utterance  
of the soul. First there was the wish  
and the desires that characterize the