

Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. III.

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NO. 8

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

Right by my study window
A little elm tree stands ;
With the branches reaching outward,
Toward green and fairy lands.
Many a warm day in summer
Have we welcomed the gentle breeze,
As in at the window it rustled
Through the dainty spindle-like leaves.

This year a change comes o'er it ;
Lo ! what is the sigh we see ?
But a beautiful little robin
Arranging sticks in a tree.

Eagerly we watched the progress
Of that cozy little nest,
Till complete, and in perfect trim
For the robin's bright red breast.

Long weary days she sat there,
When O ! what did we behold ?
But five little heads uplifted
From the nest of delicate mould.

Heads that were constant in motion,
Swaying from side to side,
Aimlessly seeking the nourishment
Their mother would feign to hide.

Then flying among the branches,
Hopping from twig to twig,
Just five little crested robins,
Thinking themselves so big.

To be able to feel the freedom
From the tedious, tiresome nest,
And to roam, at their own sweet wills,
Not always as mother thought best.

Where perched up above them sat madam,
With a matronly air, proud to see
Her darlings so lively and gay,
Just turned from their own native tree.

Ah ! now that tree is deserted,
Only mother remains alone,
Caroling some plaintive notes,
Her babies have left her and flown.

And she too, alas ! must leave us ;
So all things from earth pass away ;
One moment we are sad and serious,
Another bright, blithesome and gay.
Chappaqua. B. D.

[The above poem, we are informed, "was written by a young girl only 15 years of age." We give it a place in our paper, although other matter is crowding. As we have said before, we give the younger ones precedence over the older. The mission of the REVIEW is to encourage the young in the general culture of their spiritual and intellectual natures, and in the development of their especial native gift, such as is manifested in the simple, truthful, artless little poem above. There is no gift more sacred or more powerful for good than the poet's. Sing, sing on, God's gifted souls.—ED.]

SERMON.

DELIVERED BY JOHN J. CORNELL, AT GENESEE
YEARLY MEETING, BLOOMFIELD, ONT.,
ON FIRST-DAY MORNING, 6TH MO.,
10TH, 1888. REPORTED BY
E. M. Z.

While this meeting has been gathering this morning there may have entered in enquiring minds a desire to know the way of life to salvation, and especially to know why this people differs from other denominations in their views of salvation and restoration, and also in their modes of worship ; to know why we reject from our practice many of the ordinances believe in,