

Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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AT THE SWARTHMORE CONFERENCE.

We're wont to hear the sad lament,
And sighing for the good old days
Our honest, rude forefathers spent
In living out their simple ways ;
As if the earth was aged and sear
Awaiting its eternal bier.

We wonder when the world will gaze
As once in that Olympian time,
When Greece was at her height of days,
And art and science at their prime ;
While love and wisdom governed Greece,
Administered by Pericles.

I stood within an oak tree's shade,
And this is what I saw and thought,
As there I mused upon the state
Of our Society : I caught
An echo of antiquity—
A vision of the is-to-be.

On Swarthmore lawn this oak tree is ;
The shade cast by electric light ;
'Twas during the great Conferences,
Just after one that held by night,
And Friends in converse, wending slow
To cot and bed, were loth to go.

I match with any Grecian scene
The company I now behold ;
Nor will it yield in grace, or mien,
Or charming symmetry of mould ;
And furthermore in these I find
A nobler cast of soul and mind.

The Grecian pillared porch I see ;
I see as well the Greek-like throng ;
Not such as drenched Thermopylæ,
Or strewed the plain of Marathon ;
But such as loved the arts of peace,
Which were e'en more renowned in Greece.

Such scenes I fancy oft were found
In Athens of a gala day ;
Or to see the Olympian victor crowned
With laurel wreath, or bard with bay ;
Or view some piece of chiselled art
Erected lately in the mart.

And as I mused my spirit caught
The inspiration of the hour ;
I saw disclosed the broader thought ;
The fairer hope ; the higher Power ;
The self-revealed salvation's plan
Of Diety immanent in man.

We're made the guardians of the truth
That Christ has built his Church upon.
We kept it bravely in our youth ;
Why should we deem our mission done
While men still feed on husk and shell
And drink not from the living well ?

Take heart ; take hope ; thy zeal renew ;
Prove to the world by earnest deed
That Quakerism is a true,
A living and a working creed.
Look up in trust to Heaven's throne !
Doubt not that God can keep His own.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

SPIRITUAL RELIGION AND ITS APPLICATION TO EVERY- DAY DUTIES

Paper read at the Religious Conference, Swarthmore.
ELIZABETH POWELL BOND.

At the close of the Civil War, as many of you will remember, men and women deeply concerned for the welfare of the colored people in the South went from the North to establish schools, and otherwise to labor among them. On one of the Sea Islands, a poor little cabin was found—only a rude shelter from sun and storm—occupied by an aged colored woman, who, when asked who lived in the cabin replied, "me and Jesus." It would seem that life could hardly be more barren of the elements of happiness. The snail at her feet, bearing his house about with him, retired to chambers gracefully arched and finely polished ; her house was of roughest, most weather-beaten timbers, put together in the rudest manner. No picture hangings graced its interiors. No rugs softened the floor to her aged feet. No linen or silver pleased her æsthetic sense when she ate her scanty portion of rice or hominy. No sympathetic soul divided her labors and shared her poverty, and made up with human affection any part of the