

Young - Friends' - Review.

'Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee.'

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ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

I stood above the earth to-night,
To hear its music swelling,
And watch the play of life and light
In many a scattered dwelling ;
In hamlets near and homes afar,
O'er earth's wide-reaching spaces,
The blessed ray from Bethlehem's star
Lights up all human faces ;
The air is full of happy songs
From choirs of children singing,
And on the ear of listening throngs
The Christmas bells are ringing ;
And all because the Lord of Light,
As ancient bards had sung us,
Came down to earth on Christmas night,
To live and dwell among us.

He came to earth a little child,
A meek and gentle stranger ;
The holy, harmless, undefiled,
Slept in a lowly manger ;
But wise men watched that guiding star,
Its heavenly pathway keeping,
And brought their gifts and gold from far,
To where the babe was sleeping ;
And angels sang their rapturous strains,
In raiment bright and shining,
O'er Bethlehem's lonely midnight plains,
Where shepherds were reclining ;
And all because the Lord of Light,
As ancient bards had sung us,
Came down to earth on Christmas night
To live and dwell among us.

Earth had not seen so great a sight
Through all its bygone stages,
For darkness rested like a blight
O'er those long gloomy ages ;
But now the morning star arose,
The brighter day was breaking,
The long, dark night drew near its close,
The world to joy was waking ;
This joy should spread from land to land,
To islands of the ocean,
And countless human hearts expand
With new and strange emotion ;
And all because the Lord of Light,
As ancient bards had sung us,
Came down to earth on Christmas night,
To live and dwell among us.

And evermore the gloomy place,
Beneath his touch shall brighten ;
And evermore the burdened race
His gentle care shall lighten ;
And man shall love his brother man,
And dwell with him as neighbor,
And warlike clan shall join with clan,
In quiet, peaceful labor ;
The tribes of earth shall know the Lord,
And bow in awe before him ;
Nations shall join, with glad accord,
To worship and adore Him ;
And all because the Lord of Light
As ancient bards had sung us,
Came down to earth on Christmas night,
To live and dwell among us.

—Increase N. Tarbox.

THE FRIENDS CALLED "HICK-SITE."

(From the British Friend.)

Previous impressions of the "Hick-site" Friends led me to expect that I should find them a somewhat well educated, somewhat worldly, somewhat wealthy, and slightly Sadducean body, with rather destructive Rationalism here and there among them, though including also very "orthodox" people.

These opinions, except the fact in the last phrase, I found due to guessing and to one-sided sources of information.

This body of Friends is predominantly a body of old fashioned conservative people, frequently farmers, innocent of rationalism, and not much addicted to 'isms of any sort ; the elderly people on the whole less cultivated than the eastern orthodox Friends, and in every place less wealthy than they ; a quiet, hard-working race, considerably mixed in their minds even yet as to why the Separation ever took