

Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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THE DOUKHOBORS

Out of the land of bondage, out of the
realm of the Czar ;
Into the land of freedom, where all men
equal are :

Out of the land of darkness, into the land
of light ;
Exiles, *driven from home because ye
would not fight :

Basely abused were ye, as the reports de-
clare ;
Faint and famished, and mangled under
the paws of the bear.

But pour we the balm of gladness into
your hearts of grief,
Here in the land of the beaver, in the
shade of the maple leaf,

Welcome to Canada ! to the home of the
open door.
Welcome, and glad you have come, ye
peace-loving Doukhobor.

Areas vast have we, of prairies, and
mines, and moors,
Awaiting to give up their wealth to
brawny hands like yours.

Ye make little pretense at religion, but
still ye put to shame
The apostate church of Jesus Christ that
war and fight in his name.

Truly your God is with you supporting you
in the strife,
Your enemies have their reward in this, you
yours in the future life.

The path of duty is simple, just to render
all control,
Of thought, and feeling and action, to the
Christ-light in the soul.

It never was known to falter, and never
was known to err.
The Father imparts his wisdom to his chil-
dren everywhere.

We want you to learn our language, to talk
with you face to face,
We know you will do this task with a ready
and willing grace,

For you are as eager as we to gain the
wondrous art
That tells of the love and goodness that
hides in each other's heart.

So we greet you as our brothers in the
holy bonds of love
Ye who strive to make this earth home like
the blessed home above.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

MY PET NOVELIST—GEORGE ELIOT.

A pet in literature, a pet in art, or
in fact a pet in any peculiar trend of
thought, bears the impress of greatness
to our mental vision. We soon famil-
iarize ourselves with the stupendous
strength and force of such a mind,
gradually overshadowing as it does,
the weaker and more human frailties.
Our favoritisms are never engendered
by a thorough study of motive, or,
what the world terms, deeds. Deeds
are like children born to us, they live
and act apart from our own wills. It
has been said by my pet novelist,
"Children may be strangled, but deeds
never."

While we may be somewhat blind to
the many weaknesses accompanying a
bit of human nature, at the same time
we see down deeper into the soul, the
birthplace of the mightiest and most
controlling thoughts. In the painful
linking together of our waking impres-
sions, we can never be sure we have
not mingled our own errors with the
light we have prayed for.

If we look for motive, for exotic in-
fluence, for anything that may occur to
our external selves, we certainly lose
sight of the force, the spirit and the
strength which alone should appeal to
us ; God takes care of the rest.

Geo. Eliot, the most subtle, and the