

Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VI.

LONDON, ONT., FIRST MONTH, 1891.

NO. 1

THE SWEETEST ROSE IS THE LAST.

O'er the mountains wild comes a little child,
And all the untrodden ways
Are blooming bright, 'neath his steps of light,
And the valleys ring with his praise ;
And the morning glints on his brow, and tints
His cheek with its rosy rays.

His bright eyes beam and his tresses gleam—
Shot with the sunshine's darts
That mark his way through the gates of day—
As the dying year departs.
And the vacant throne is now his own,
And his kingdom is human hearts.

The songs he sings, and the joys he brings,
Are wonderful, sweet and rare ;
And the future glows like a fragrant rose
'Neath the wand that he waves in air.
And with kisses sweet, and with smiles, we greet
The beautiful, glad new year ;

And cover the head of the old year, dead,
With a cold, cold shroud of snow.
Life is sweet, but time is fleet,
And the years must come and go ;
The beautiful years, with their smiles and tears,
The years that we all love so.

Kisses and tears for its joys and its cares—
The year whose steps have passed
Into silence sweet, where no fall of feet
Is heard in the Dim and Vast.
To the old—his due ; but we love the New—
The sweetest rose is the last !

II.

THE REASONS FOR FRIENDS' VIEWS.

THE BIBLE.

In turning my mind to an estimate of the Bible, there appeared unto it this comparison, which to me is very apt, and which makes it very plain. It was likened to a vast coal mine.

Let us study first this coal mine, and then apply our comparison. It was formed a great many years ago. It is the sunlight imprisoned there for the benefit of mankind, for our benefit.

The sun streamed down as it does now, causing the vegetation to grow ; in other words, stored itself up in the gigantic trees and plants, which, in succession, grew and fell and added to the vegetable mould for thousands of years, until the whole was finally covered over with earth, and there transformed into coal, and preserved through some miraculous way until our day.

We take the coal and put it in our stoves and furnaces, but it does not burn. We get no heat nor light from it. We must first apply fire—some of our modern fire to set it off, and then it gives up its heat and light, and we are warmed and are enabled to see. How admirable ! What a wise provision ! Surely an intelligence rules the world and cares for man !

But returning ; when the coal is burned out we have nothing but ashes left. They give forth no light. They are the portion that did not come from the sun, but were taken up into the tree from the ground—the earthy matter. They are not the product of the sunlight and can therefore give no light forth.

Just about this same process has been to work in forming the Bible. God shed down His light into the minds of men in different ages, and that light we find transformed into truths and collected together in the great mine of the Bible, which has been so miraculously preserved to our time for the benefit of mankind, for our benefit and enlightenment. But here is a Bible. It does not shine or give forth heat. I read a chapter and come to a passage that I cannot understand. I read it over and over again, but all is dark and meaningless. What am I to do ? I ask a friend. He says it means this. I ask another and he says