

Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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PEACE.

If sin be in the heart,
The fairest sky is foul,
And sad the summer weather.
The eye no longer sees
The lambs at play together,
The dull ear cannot hear
The birds that sing so sweetly,
And all the joy of God's
Good earth is gone completely,
If sin be in the heart.

If peace be in the heart,
The wildest winter storm
Is full of solemn beauty,
The midnight lightning-flash
But shows the path of duty,
Each living creature tells
Some new and joyous story,
The very trees and stones
All catch a ray of glory,

If peace be in the heart.

—Charles Francis Richardson.

THE PLAN AND AIM OF THE INTERMEDIATE LESSONS.

CORNELIA J. SHOEMAKER.

Read in Philadelphia, Yearly Meeting Week.

The Father then governed
All of the earth-dwellers, as He ever is
doing.

This couplet, which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon poem "Beowulf," breathes, in its universality, something of the spirit of the opening lines of the Gospel of St. John; but we miss the thought of the indwelling Christ, "The true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

In every age this universal light has had its witnesses; and yet the Christian church is but slowly realizing that the light which shone upon the Hebrew prophets, and made bright the path of Jesus as He journeyed through the hills and vales of Palestine, is the

same light that revealed great truths unto Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha and Mohammed, and inspired their works of reformation; a light which shines to-day with greater clearness than it has had in any previous age.

We are just beginning to realize that Jehovah is the Father of all the earth dwellers; and that in every clime through all the ages He has spoken to His children in the language that they could comprehend. I say *just beginning*, for, although the thoughts of the universal Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man have been a part of the possessions of humanity for nineteen hundred years; with too many of us the seed lies dormant, or its growth is checked by prejudice, else war would have become impossible, and cruelty to man or beast a thing unknown.

Yet since every thought is a potential deed, it is necessary that in each generation this great unifying thought be planted; that time may bring the blossom and the fruit.

In the childhood of the world, man searched the great deep with its myriad forms of life, he roamed the earth, and at each step encountered objects which aroused his fear or wonder; he gazed into the infinite expanse of heaven with its changeless cycle of sun, and moon and stars, and asked the questions which you and I and all the world have asked, and tried to answer: "When, and how, and by whom were all things made?" And the Divine Power, which is the source of all our questions, gave so much of the great answer as the soul could comprehend.

Thus arose myths and legends whose partial truths, though often leading into error, are man's attempt to explain the unknown by the known.