

# Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XV.

LONDON, ONT., CANADA, THIRD MONTH, 1890.

No. 3

## THE UNRECOGNIZED CHRIST.

(From Christian Guardian.)

(The following verses, read by the Rev. S. P. Rose, at the close of his General Conference sermon in the Metropolitan Church, made a very profound impression. We reproduce them for their poetic beauty and deep religious significance.—*Ed. Montreal Witness*)

"If I had dwelt,"—so mused a tender woman,

All fine emotions stirred  
Through pondering o'er that life, Divine  
yet human,

Told in the Sacred Word,—  
"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,  
In some Judean street  
Where Jesus walked, and heard His word,  
so laden

With comfort strangely sweet :  
And seen the face where utmost pity  
blended

With each rebuke of wrong ;  
I would have left my lattice, and descended,

And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel-girdled,  
Of some Rich Rabbi there,  
Seeing the sick, blind, halt—my blood had  
curdled

At sight of such despair ;  
And I had wrenched the sapphires from  
my fillet,

Nor let one spark remain ;  
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to  
spill it

For pity of their pain.

"I would have let the palsied fingers  
hold me,

I would have walked between  
The Marys and Salome, while they told me  
About the Magdalene.

'Foxes have holes'—I think my heart  
had broken,

To hear the words so said,—  
'While Christ had not'—were sadder  
ever spoken?—

'A place to lay His head !'

I would have flung abroad my doors before  
Him,

And in my joy have been  
First on the threshold, eager to adore Him,  
And crave His entrance in !"

—Ah ! would you so ? Without a recog-  
nition

You passed Him yesterday ;  
Jostled aside, unhelped, His meek peti-  
tion,

And calmly went your way,  
With warmth and comfort, garmented  
and girdled,

Before your window-sill  
Saw crowds sweep by ; and if your blood  
is curdled,

You wear the jewels still.  
You catch aside your robes, lest want  
should clutch them,

In its imploring wild ;  
Or lest some woeful penitent might touch  
them,

And you be thus defiled.  
O dreamers, dreaming that your faith is  
keeping

All service free from blot,  
Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suf-  
fering, weeping,

And ye perceive Him not !

## A PHYSICAL BASIS FOR RELIGION.

When the great Huxley wrote his essay on "The Physical Basis of Life," he called down upon himself a hurricane of antagonism. He only tried to show that vital force is a natural result of the properties of protoplasm and not an extraneous ferment, stirred in by the hand of Omnipotence as the cook stirs baking powder into her muffins. His doctrine is not received because the world fears that God will lose the attribute of Infinity thereby. It refuses to recognize the fact, that it requires just as great power to so endow the materials of protoplasm that they may