

Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

How strange the thought
That once that Life divine
Found in a dimpled baby form its shrine !
How sweet the thought
That first its budding grace
Bloomed 'neath the love-light of a mother's
face,
And strength to do the Father's large behest
Came from the tender comfort of her breast !
How thrills the thought
And makes each morning shine,
That baby eyes still beam with love divine !
That baby hands bring close that century far,
And light each Christmas morn with Beth-
lehem's star !

--Kate Starr Kellogg in *Unity*.

A WORD FOR PEACE

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"Peace I leave with you : my peace I give unto
you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto
you."--John 14, 27.

If such the legacy bequeathed
By Jesus to his own ;
If such the meek irjunctions breathed
Ere he from earth had flown,—
How should his lowly followers fight—
Reading his gracious words aright ?
His kingdom is not of this world !
Nor by it understood !
The banner, from his cross unfurl'd,
Leads not to acts of blood !
The Christian's warfare is within—
With pride and passion, self and sin.
Whence come your wars, frail worms of dust ?
What are your fightings for ?
Envy and hatred, greed and lust,
Which in your members war ;
Dwells such a dark, unhallow'd host
In temples of the Holy Ghost ?
When angel's first to shepherds' ears,
Announced the Saviour's birth,
What watchword did the heavenly spheres
Pour down on his'ning earth ?
"Glory to God, who dwells on high ;
Tow'rd men—good-will and unity !"
When Christ, on Calvary's blood-stain'd hill,
His life a ransom paid,
What peaceful love, triumphant still,

Prompted the prayer he pray'd !
A prayer—how tender, brief, and true—
"Forgive ; they know not what they do !"

'Tis by its fruit the tree is known ;
The test of truth is love !
Have they, then, reverently shown.
Their's to their lord above,
Who bid their fellow-creatures bleed,
And by their acts belie their creed ?

Thank God ! this gospel truth, no more
To one small sect confined,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Shall flash on many a mind ;
'Till earth below, and heaven above,
Join in one hymn of peace and love !

FROM IOWA.

I feel that the many readers of the
REVIEW may think that we are un-
mindful of them in not reporting our-
selves through its columns, but our
time is so closely occupied, and what
we may now write will doubtless be
somewhat a repetition of what we have
already given through the *Intelligencer*,
but we also know that the YOUNG
FRIENDS' REVIEW goes into many
homes where the *Intelligencer* is not
found, but we are pleased to find both
in most of the Western homes.

Our trip eastward seems but slow, as
there are so many neighborhoods in
this State where Friends reside, and
not wanting to pass any by, our stay
will be much longer than we antici-
pated. We can fully understand our
Friend, J. J. Cornell, when he said that
we needed six months for the trip, and
we increasingly feel the need of more
time, but at the same time feel an
anxiety for home and surroundings.
We have cause for much thankfulness,
that with the many changes of weather
and manner of living, we are pre-
served in good health, finding a hearty