

For Young Friends' Review.

THOUGHTS GLEANED FROM Y. F. ENDEAVOR, AT HIGH- LAND, INDIANA.

BY E. E. HEACOCK, SALEM, IND.

Who buildeth the temple as God desires,
Some hew, some mason, some frame,
All work for the Master and work with a
will,
His goodness and glory proclaim.

If all built alike, what a building 't would be,
Imperfect, for each knows but part
Of the work that the Master wants done,
Then labor to do thy part.

Nor ask of the Father what others may
build,
For thou hast a work of thine own,
If thy work is lowly, foundations must lie,
Where riseth the palace of stone.

In building the temple for future homes.
In the life beyond the skies
Each thought, an atom; each word, loss or
gain;
Perfection is paradise.

PEACE.

Paper read by Edgar M Zavitz at the Philanthropic
Session on "Peace and Arbitration" at Coldstream,
12th mo. 26, 1897.

How appropriate, on this bright
Christmas morning, to write an essay
on "Peace." The vegetable kingdom
is at rest, safe and warm, under its
quilt of snow, softer and whiter than
the eiderdown. The animal kingdom,
taught by instinct and aided by the
kindness of man, has retired into cozy
nooks, contented with peeping out
occasionally at the glorious sunshine,
to hear it in cheery whispers repeat its
promise, "Lie low, my little one, till
the storms be past, and I will unlock
thy gloomy prison, and lead thee
bounding over the green sward." But
even more appropriate on account of
its being the birth morn of one who
was the embodiment of love, and was
called the Prince of Peace—Jesus of
Nazareth. O what a balm of peace
the very mention of the name Jesus
imparts to the mind! What the

blessed Buddha did for Asia, *that*, I
believe, will Jesus do for the world.
Buddha has made all Asia mild.
Jesus will become the acknowledged
Prince of Peace o'er all the world.

While we are, in the case of our
spiritual brethren, the Dookhoborts,
away in Russia, and in the cause of
temperance in our own vicinity, *unitedly*
endeavoring to devise means practi-
cally to benefit humanity, yet there is
ever and always an individual work to
be done. And this individual work,
perhaps, is the secret lever that must
move the world. Communities, na-
tions are the aggregate of the indi-
viduals, and we can elevate a commu-
nity or a nation only as we purify the
individual.

Therefore, I feel constrained to in-
vite you to a close examination of
yourselves. When we pass the compli-
ments of the season and wish a
"Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year
to all the world," do we say it from the
heart? Does the whole being labor
from love to beget the wish, or is it
just the tongue and lips that move
mechanically? "A Merry Xmas and
a Happy New Year to all," may mean
more, vastly more, than we have ever
put into it. It may be easy enough
to feel it tingle our being on a bright
Christmas morn, when everybody gets
a present and makes an extra effort to
be happy. But Christmas morn should
last the whole year round. Especially
should we make that extra effort to
live in the bright sunshine of love and
good will, when the gloomy days and
the cruel misfortunes overtake us,
when the lying tongue slanders us and
our modest rights are trampled under
the feet of the haughty. Do we main-
tain unbroken the feeling of good will
and love when these trials come to try
us? Do we not often, oh, how often,
forget ourselves? Are we not repeat-
edly found wanting, even in the little
trials and vexations of life? Are we
not often in friction with our nearest
friends? O, these are searching ques-