

Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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IT MATTERS MUCH.

It matters little where I was born,
Whether my parents were rich or poor,
Whether they shrank from the cold world's
scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But, whether I live an honest life,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you my brother as plain as I can,
It matters *much*.

It matters little how long I stay.
In a world of sorrow, sin and care ;
Whether in youth I am called a nay,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare.
But, whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters *much*.

It matters little where be my grave,
If on the land, or in the sea,
By purling brook, 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me.
But, whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with loving touch
As one who shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters *much*.

THE QUAKER AS A REFORMER*

During the 17th century England was prolific in sects. The unity of the Anglican church was gone forever. Religion, once master of the state, was now its servant. Fifteen petty schools of theology appeared, only to disappear. Each existing denomination sought to perfect the state church by making its ideal theology the acknowledged religion of the land. Theological controversy was rife throughout Europe. Free will, predestination, election, reprobation, were the subjects of heartless

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polemics, which occupied the minds of religious thinkers. Social life was divided into two classes, the one licentious, the other puritanic. The Reformation had indeed restored to men in part the ill-deputed care of their religion, but the fire of the Reformation was again burning low. Scholastic creeds and dogmatic definitions abounded. The church, cold and formal, was everywhere busy with externals. All things were ready for a new religion; a religion of sentiment, of reform; a religion that should purge the church, that should stem the tide of intolerance and superstition, that should plead earnestly for freedom of thought, and liberty of conscience; and it came.

In the year 1624, three hundred years after John Wyclif, The Morning Star of the Reformation, George Fox, the founder of the society of Quakers, flashed his beacon of "inward light" throughout Christendom. Not like the meteor which lights the heavens and then vanishes, but like the Polar Star, it was ever to be a true and faithful guide to humanity.

Fox was the last of the reformers. His doctrine of "inward light" was the corner stone of a new religion. He had caught the faint ray of brightness which revealed the impenetrable spiritual darkness of his time, and with this light he determined to struggle for reform, for toleration, for freedom of worship, for liberty of conscience. With this power he opposed the English Church and Puritanism; and with organization, without co-operation, rejecting the use of carnal weapons, he attacked and pulled down their strongholds. There could be but one issue to such a contest. The Quaker triumphed and despotism was vanquished.