

and men. And I know no other way than that which was trod by Jesus, to be about your Father's business, doing the will of God as manifested to your understandings. By attending to these little duties you will grow (for growth is the law of development in the spiritual world, as in the natural), you will become full grown men and women.

Isaac Wilson spoke for some time, supplementing his morning's discourse, taking as his text, "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanse us from all sin." Space will not allow us to give it at this time.

William Cornell spoke briefly, expressing thankfulness for being there. He invited all, for all had the same privilege, to come unto the Father's table, bountifully supplied with all good things, and partake and be refreshed. He will finally gather the faithful ones home, as his own precious jewels, into his own holy garner.

In the evening over 100, mostly young people, gathered in at the house of Daniel Zavitz for spiritual refreshment. It proved to be a precious occasion, and many voices unheard in the more solemn assemblies, were stirred to utterance.

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Canada Half-yearly Meeting of Friends is to be held at Yonge Street. Public Meeting, on First day, the 28th of 9th mo.; Business Meeting, Second-day, the 29th, 1890.

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MARRIED—At Bertie, 8th Mo. 20th, under the care of Pelham Monthly Meeting, Bertha A. Zavitz, only daughter of Silas and Susan Zavitz, to Milton S. Pound youngest son of Samuel and the late Esther Jane Pound of Humberston, Ont.

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DIED—At Detroit, the 28th of eighth mo., 1890, Anna R. Brown, in her ninetieth year. Her remains were brought to Pickering, where the funeral was held at 11 a. m., First-day, 8th mo. 31st, 1890.

## AN ANONYMOUS SERMON.

Do not verbal sermons reach the heart with greater force than those printed upon the finest paper?

At Meeting we sit quietly awaiting the quickening of the spirit that prompts a loved Friend to rise in humble submission to its power and preach—nay, talk if you will—while the words fall from his lips as a soothing balm that tenaciously winds about our yearning hearts, and lulls the tired aching soul; 'tis manna to the struggling earth children, for which our souls cry out in grateful thanks, each morsel cherished in the individual sanctuaries. We listen to an old story because it always seems a new one, when each reviewer gives us the congealed sentiments of a life's experience; for none can live with the same spiritual longings; each in his turn is fed from a different fountain, while ultimately seeking the same source; so from each disciple of our faith we garner unspeakable encouragement, invigorating a hopefulness that tranquilizes the turbulent spirit with the full assurance, even in tribulation, we are still the children of a Loving Father, whose care is ever manifest for our highest good.

Even our "silent meetings" are filled with that sweet peace and true spiritual contentment characterizing us as a "Society," from which the outsiders shrink with sort of a wild unrest, because its holy, inspirational atmosphere is so pure, they are filled with a spirit of remorse and unwholesomeness that burdens their untrained souls. What a glorious heritage we have! and how conscientiously we should guard its beautiful privilege, for it teaches the world in its quiet way that we are a people of purity, honor and Christ-like integrity, which they unconsciously lean upon in their immature spiritual life. How fully we comprehend the grandeur of Christ's life when we allow our souls to become teachable to the spiritualization—that state which brings the