

spiritual communion with Him, they would feel Him to be nigh at hand to strengthen them in every time of need and enable them to say "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done." He was glad that the text, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," did not say *may* or *might*, but *shall*.

The speaker is not a member of our Society, but has very tender feelings toward us, and after he took his seat, one sitting near the head of the Meeting said he could not add anything, but felt it his duty to arise and endorse every word that had just been uttered.

Again, a voice was heard in supplication. Another communication, and the Meeting, under a sweet silence, then closed.

EDGAR HAIGHT.

HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

It was not in the field of battle,
 It was not with a ship at sea;
 But a fate far worse than either
 That stole him away from me.
 'Twas the death in the ruby wine cup,
 That the reason and senses drown;
 He drank the alluring poison,
 And then my boy went down.
 Down from the heights of manhood,
 To the depths of disgrace and sin;
 Down to a worthless being,
 From the hope of what might have been;
 For the brand of a beast besotted,
 He bartered his manhood's crown;
 Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
 My poor, weak boy went down.
 'Tis only the same old story,
 That mothers so often tell,
 In tones of infinite sadness,
 Like the tones of a funeral bell;
 And I never thought once when I heard it,
 I should learn all its meaning myself;
 And thought he'd be true to his mother;
 I thought he'd be true to himself.
 Alas for my hopes, all delusion;
 Alas for his youthful pride!
 Who are safe when danger
 Is open on every side?
 Who can nothing destroy this great evil?
 No bar in their pathway be thrown,
 To save from the terrible maelstrom
 The thousands of boys going down?

THE SWARTHMORE CONFERENCE.

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journed with the feeling that all had received much solid thought to be taken home and digested.

THE RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

In the afternoon so many had congregated that the large tent was entirely inadequate to hold them all. Aaron M. Powell, of New York, in his opening words, stated that the Friends' Religious Conference, of which this is the second biennial session, is the direct outgrowth of the Friends' Congress in the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago, and expressed the hope that, as it exceeds all previous gatherings of its kind in numbers, so may it also surpass them in its influences for good. The mission of Friends is not yet ended. They believe literally in the filial relation between the individual human soul and the great Over Soul. Their religion is a religion of service and makes for righteousness and peace.

The first paper, on "Spiritual Religion and its Application to Every-day Duties," was read by Elizabeth Powell Bond, Dean of Swarthmore College. As she stepped to the front of the platform the students and alumni of the college in the audience arose and gave her the Chautauqua salute.

She said that Friends do not believe in a far-away God, angry with His people, to be appeased only by sacrifice and approached only by intercession. Our highest conception of God transcends human speech; we feel the power of a Presence that wins the soul to higher regions of life. The Father bears witness in the hearts of those who are His sons and daughters.

Perfect oneness with the Father is only to be found in that feeling of brotherhood manifested to its fullest extent in the life of Jesus, which knows no mine and thine, which gives of the strength of the strong to supply the weakness of the weak. All that our fathers and mothers failed to accom-