

with blossoms by the water. The colors were soft and harmonious. There was another, on which shells and trees were embroidered so beautifully that they seemed to stand out in relief. A carved ivory statuette had a good and noble face, and some paintings of volcanoes, that seemed to me very good.

But one of the pleasantest memories of my trip is of the Friends meeting on Van Buren street. They gave me so cordial a welcome I felt I was indeed among friends, and not a stranger in the great city. The quiet meeting seemed like a brook by the wayside, and the plain, practical sermons were very helpful, and answered some questionings. The friendly spirit and plain language seemed very good to me, and I had an added pleasure in meeting dear friends.

E. S. SMITH.

### OUR COZY CORNER.

PLAYHOUSE, 6th mo. 10th, 1893.

DEAR COUSIN JULIA,—Thy very welcome and cherished letter was a nice reminder, which caused many bright memories to come trooping around, as we recalled the happy hours spent gleefully chasing butterflies through the meadows in the summer sunshine, hoping and expecting to capture, but through impulsive eagerness seldom being successful—the beautiful winged object always eluded our grasp just when we thought we had our hands upon it. When we did succeed in seizing, usually, it was found to be either crushed, maimed, or shorn in some way of the beauty we most admired while flitting beyond our reach. Sometimes, however, a butterfly now and then seemed to hover near, as if fascinated by something about us. These, perhaps, resemble the beautiful thoughts on the wing, which God gives us individually. Our teacher tells us that *God gives the thoughts*, that it is our work to *catch them, to dress them, and to use them,*

and if we would do just as thou hast told us, Cousin Julia, some day we may hope to be able to select enough material supplies to embolden us to do our own writing and speaking.

That the *thought*, unlike the butterfly, is depending upon our skill in the practice of a number of arts, to give it an attractive appearance, as well as to render it appreciative in form, hence the need for us to be diligent through our school days, that we may acquire learning to fit us for this especially *fine art* of putting passing thoughts into words, and holding the happy, helpful ones for our cozy corner.

The language seems applicable to the thoughts expressed in thy letter, dear cousin. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings." Speaking of the things experience has taught—there are, we are told, events in one's spiritual life which are real, that seem like the vivid imagination, for neither the power of tongues can tell, nor language rightly express, the feelings of ecstatic joy attendant thereon. In such cases a little personal knowledge gives assurance to accept truth, whenever and wherever found. But I am only a child—a *growing one*—writing for children—therefore must leave this subject for older, abler minds to discuss.

Thanking thee heartily for thy rich-in-thought letter, all join in love to thee, through their medium.

HOPEFUL BAND.

For whom the heart of man shuts out,  
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,  
Ann fences them all round about  
With silence 'mid the world's loud din,  
—Lowell.

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