

large amount of smoke, and with it that hurtful element, carbonic oxide, which works upon the air cells of the lungs and produces a very injurious effect ; secondly, the tobacco of which cigarettes are made is adulterated with opium, which is a powerful opiate, and creates an appetite which beggars description ; it is even worse than the appetite which is caused by alcoholic stimulants, and the greater harm comes when we know that the bulk of cigarettes are smoked by boys under sixteen years of age. There is a law which plainly says that no cigarette shall be sold or given to any person under that age, but it is grossly violated, and I think we, of the Society of Friends, should try and put a stop to the general invasion of tobacco, which threatens to involve the whole of America in a dense cloud of smoke, which poisons even those who do not use it.

DRIFTING.

A little volume of poems by Margaret M. Haviland, printed for private distribution by a New York Friend, has lately reached us. The author, formerly an occasional contributor to the *YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW*, was an estimable young Friend living in Brooklyn, N. Y., who died nearly two years ago. One of the poems in the volume, "Cupid in the Lily," was contributed by the author to the *REVIEW*, and appeared in 10th mo. number, 1888. The following is taken from among the poems just published :

DRIFTING.

Drifting onward with the tide—

Drifting, where ?

Land they see not ; sound they hear not—
Nor do care.

See, the sun has gone to rest !

'Tis twilight hour,

And the gentle evening dew
Greets the flower.

Peace is in the very air—

'Tis time to woo ;

Resting, drifting with the tide,
Loving, two.

She is gazing on the past ;

Will life change ?

He, upon her gentle face,
New and strange,

E'en the plashing water's sound

Is not heard,

Nor the last soft farewell note
Of a bird.

Only dreaming, happy, loving,

Heeding not ;

Sweetly trusting in their love,
Shrinking not.

Drifting onward with the tide,

Loving two ;

May Love's guardian angels ever
Drift with you.

7 mo., 1888.

THE ART OF SUCCESSFUL TEACHING.

Essay by Edgar M. Zavitz, Visitor of First-day Schools for the Township of Lobo, read at the F. D. S. Convention, at Vanneck, 2nd mo. 28, 1893.

In the discharge of my duty as "Visitor of Schools" I found the means, and also the needs, of offering some advice on this subject. I have rejoiced to see in some places that the teacher had found the true art of teaching. I grieved to find in other places that the teacher was not so happily proficient. It is with a desire to benefit and encourage all, that I leave with you some thoughts on this subject before yielding up the badges of office.

An ancient Latin writer has said that, "The poet is born, not made." This may be as aptly said of the successful teacher,—he must be *born* one. And I would have you to understand here by the word "born" what Jesus meant to imply by it when he said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." He must first *know* of the things of the kingdom before he can hope to lead others to a knowledge of them. The teacher, as well as the minister, must be a man or woman whose soul, whose mind, whose life, has been and is continually consecrated to the service of the living God.

A high requirement, you say. Where will we find them? Well, I believe