

## OBITUARY.

BROWN.—In Whitby, Ontario, Canada, Third Month 26th, 1891, Sylvanus C. Brown, aged 45 years, 9 months and 6 days.

The death to this valued Friend was due to a sad and distressing accident. He was in the prime of matured manhood, and enjoying the confidence and esteem of the community of which he was a member. He had led an animal of his herd, a Jersey bull, to water, and while returning from the water-trough to the stall, the animal in some way unsnapped the ring from the lead-staff and attacked his master. He was seen by a member of the family while standing at the trough, and was not seen again, as no one else was about the farm-yard at the time, until nearly an hour had elapsed, when his youngest son, Milton, who had just returned home from a neighboring town, passing through the yard came upon the broken staff, and looking around saw the form of his father lying at some distance, and the bull loose in the yard. The animal started toward him in an angry manner, and Milton was obliged to make his way over the nearest fence until the animal turned in another direction. He then succeeded in moving the lifeless form of his father to the fence, and summoning assistance the body was quickly carried to the house. Upon examination the ribs over the heart were found to be crushed, and the breast bone broken; the head and face showed bruises evidently made by the horns, one directly over the right temple which was doubtless the fatal blow.

The deceased was a son of Sylvanus Brown, sr., who is now in his 94th year; his family is one of the oldest among the pioneers of Ontario. They are earnest and faithful members of the Society of Friends. Our dear departed friend was a ready and willing worker in every good cause. He was a strong and conscientious advocate of the principles of truth in whatever form they appeared, and at the time of his

death was superintendent of Pickering First-day School, which position he filled with entire satisfaction to the flock under his care. We cannot feel that he has left us; his words of kind and loving counsel are still ringing in our ears; we believe they will ever be fresh in our minds and that he is now enjoying the approving smile of welcome in the beautiful mansion that he so earnestly strove to fit himself to inhabit.

He leaves besides his aged father, a wife, two daughters, and two sons. Isaac Wilson, of Bloomfield, was present at the funeral, and spoke words of comfort and instruction from the text: "Visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world."—[From Friends' Intelligencer.

Mulgrave, Ont., 4-25-91.

Our friend, John J. Cornell, spent a few days with us, held four meetings and a parlor meeting, which was a long-felt need, as we are somewhat isolated from Friends' society. He directed our minds to the divine teachings of our Heavenly Father within the heart; pictured to us the lives we should live to obtain happiness, and by his advice and sympathy has aided to lighten the burden of those oppressed. Truly it was a gospel feast not soon to be forgotten.

BERTHA A. POUND.

GRANVILLE, WASH CO., N. Y., Fourth mo. 6, 1891.—I know of no better way than through the medium of YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to express the pleasure and gratitude of the Friends of this place in the late visit of Isaac Wilson. We feel grateful to our friend that he felt willing to spend a short season with us, and grateful to our Heavenly Father for sending his servant to us, whose God-given words have enabled many, I believe, to take up the burden of life more earnestly, and work more faithfully in the Master's service, and I may not confine