

sombre shadows only. To some carping, gloomy misanthrope, a single thorn among a bunch of roses is more easily distinguished than a rose would be among a mass of thorns. And, so it is, also, in their judgment and estimates of other people's characters. The philanthropist can remark the noble qualities of a friend's nature and say, "He is generous! He is charitable!" and some enemy's chief delight would be to add: "Yes! But he is dishonest!" But, those who look and search for evil, will find more pain than comfort in its consideration, while he who earnestly seeks the good in things animate and inanimate, will find it in still greater quantities than even his sanguine mind had hoped or expected and be greatly blessed thereby.

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. A. J. INGERSOLL.

In the sudden removal of this great and good man, which has carried sorrow to a thousand homes, we are reminded of Dr. Young's picture of true and noble manhood, through the redemption which is in Christ.

What more fitting tribute can be offered to his memory by those who, for many years, have shared his ministrations, as also the blessing and helpfulness of his fatherly counsels?

As members of the Society of Friends we recall with affection and gratitude the numbers of those who, for a long period of years, regarded him as the "Beloved Physician."

R.
Plainfield, N. J., 1 mo. 12, 1894.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth, devoted to the skies;
Like ships in sea, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion storm,
All the black cares, and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect

Another's welfare, or his right invade.
Wrong he sustains with temper—looks on
heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.
His glorious course was yesterday complete;
Death then was welcome, though life still was
sweet.

WESTERN TRIP.

(Continued)

Written for the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Arrived in Webster City at six o'clock the next morning after leaving Lincoln, Nebraska, and was met by Mary C. White's son, and taken to their home, where I met my dear friend, Elizabeth H. Coale, who was my constant companion during my stay in the city. To my great disappointment Mary C. White was confined to the house with inflammatory rheumatism. I enjoyed her company there, but was very sorry not to have her with me in other homes. We visited nearly all the families of Friends, and some others. Through the kindness of my friend, M. C. W., I met several of her associates, among them the minister of the Universalist Church. I was cordially invited to attend their Conference Meeting, which we did. Held a Mother's Meeting at Mary C. White's, at her soliciation, and to our mutual satisfaction. At a public meeting gave an address on "Social Purity." Griffith E. Coale and wife kindly took us, in their carriage, to call on two families of Friends living out of town, and then continued the trip around the city and out to the Court House, etc. Leaving there Seventh-day at four o'clock for State Centre, I arrived at seven. B. F. Nichols met me, and I was soon in their comfortable home. The next morning we went, by private conveyance, to Marietta, to Meeting and School, both being interesting seasons. In the evening met with the Committee appointed to arrange for the opening of the Young People's Society, and as I have since meditated on the subject there comes this thought that for every duty there comes a presentation of work, and that the Father of all spirit