

Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly.
"Oh, Mother, take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before ;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays ;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee.

—[John G. Whittier in St. Nicholas.

REVIEW OF NOTED FRIENDS.

GEORGE FOX.

There are often expressions that attach themselves to great men illustrative of their chief characteristics—the mere hearing of which brings vividly to the mind their history—a key, as it were, to their life's work. "The Deliverer" applied to Moses means volumes ; "The Buddha," meaning "The Enlightened," is the appropriate, world-wide, appellation for the Indian Prince Siddhartha. "The Prophet of Islam" points us to Mahomet for the lofty inspirations of the Koran ; the "Saviour," the "Prince of Righteousness," the "Way, the Truth and the Life," and many other familiar phrases bring to our minds the pure and perfect Jesus in his manifold completeness ; and, for the subject of this sketch, I know of none more appropriate and explanative of his

life's mission than "the Inspired Prophet of the Inner Light." This phrase joined to the name of George Fox serves as a ready key in opening up the treasure legacies he left to the world, admitting the seeking mind to the very Holy of Holies of our society. Let us learn, then, what is meant by the Inspired Prophet of the Inner Light," and see how the term is so appropriate, so well deserved and so just.

George Fox was born in the year 1624, at Drayton, Leicestershire, England. His father's name was Christopher, a weaver by trade, and noted for his upright life and dealing so that the neighbors called him "honest Christer." His mother, too, seems not unworthy of such a husband and of such a son. George, in early youth, evinced a meek, serious, thoughtful deportment, caring not for the plays and pleasures of his equals in age, but withdrawing himself he would wander in silent fields and solitary haunts of the woods alone following his meditative and his early-ascetic nature. Thus has God in all ages taught and trained His servants, and moulded them into His clear-visioned seers and inspired prophets.

One summer's day when George was about 19 years of age he met, at a fair, with two of his acquaintances, professors of religion, who asked him to join them in drinking a jug of beer. Not being contented with merely quenching thirst, the two drank on and declared that the one who quit first should pay all. George threw down a groat saying : "If it be so I will leave you." But their shameful conduct and conversation would not leave the sensitive mind of George. He returned home in distress, did not go to bed that night, but paced the weary hours, distracted with grief at the folly of mankind. Then it was