

reached them and inspired them with new hope and zeal, I would gladly have started them off on such a mission. A large number of our schools close this season's work with this month. All such schools should arrange some way to keep up the lessons during the winter. We do so in Lobo by meeting as a Bible class every two weeks and going over the two lessons. Others may find a better way, but I think it is too great a loss to not find some way. What splendid opportunities our winters afford for intellectual and social improvement. The long evenings are already here. How many of us have laid our plans for making the best of our opportunities during the coming winter. They are golden moments, and should not be wasted. I have thought that no more profitable theme could be taken up by writers for the REVIEW just now than the discussion of methods for social and intellectual improvement during the coming winter by young Friends in the various neighborhoods of our Society. Many such neighborhoods have for years been organized in some way for mutual improvement, and with marked success. Very many more, perhaps, might be. *Young Friends, are you spending your winters profitably, if so how?* Answers to this question for publication will be gladly received.

I began this with items of a personal nature, and I feel like ending it with the same. A halt in a busy life, even by sickness, is not an unmixed evil. The unselfish aid of dear ones in every need, and the sympathy and proffered assistance of others, tenders one's sympathies and causes him to think more and more of humanity. In my growing strength I cannot but feel thankful for this baptism, believing it to have been in the orderings of an all-wise and loving Father. S. P. Z.

AN UNCOMPOSED COMPOSITE.

"Undecided or misty negatives are practically lost in a composite photo-

graph. Deduction. A combination of indistinct or misty negatives must result in a formless shadow.' This bit of photographic Solomonism dropped in the way of a pen disheartened by the unpromising nature of notes hastily and unsystematically gathered for YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW as a last straw. The back of a composite pen picture is broken shattered resolved once more into its component parts. The mental note book of a preoccupied instructor of youth, distracted between the problems of how to correct John's manners, James' sums and Jane's pronunciation, may have collected innumerable misty pictures of New York and New Yorkers, but merged into an article the result promises only a "formless shadow." In response to imperative demands for "copy," school ma'am cries in despair: "Take them as they are," and returns to pedagogics.

Note book, page 1.—To the stranger in Uncle Sam's great eastern metropolis New York is at first just a confused medley of sounds. Jingle, rumble, rattle, roar till one's nerves are all ajar and one's mind a protesting chaos. Then the people—people everywhere and the monotonous lines of windowed walls shutting one in and the golden sunshine out makes one long for quiet and for breathing room. How can there be any room for the individual amid so many hundreds of people all with their respective and accumulative claims for room and recognition? One feels hampered by this consciousness of other people whichever way one turns, and begins to appreciate Thoreau's delight in solitude. Where do they all come from, and where do they go, and what is it all for? There must be stories behind every pair of eyes, however dull, I suppose. Alas, that there should be so much of pain in some of them.

Page 2.—So long as the man you meet is not distinctively anything else you may set him down as a New Yorker. The only typical resident is a cosmopolite, the ism most