

been a concern on my mind in regard to our literature of to-day. I cannot remember the time when I did not enjoy reading Friends' books. When a child I especially enjoyed the memoirs; but it is a truth not to be overlooked that many of our young Friends find little to interest them in those old standard works of the Society. While this may be partially accounted for by the fact that it is the few and not the many who prefer solid reading, yet I feel that we, as a Society, are not free from blame in this matter. Other religious societies have books written for young people—historical stories, showing the facts connected with the rise of the societies and illustrating their doctrines; and as far as anything has been done in this line as regards Friends, I believe it has been left to writers outside of our Society to do it. It is surely not from lack of material in our history that nothing has been written. In the early days of our Society when the Friends in certain places were nearly all in prison for their adherence to their principles, and the children assembled together and held their meetings while they knew, young as they were, that their parents were often imprisoned for the offence of meeting together. Then on down through the time when Friends came to be respected as *Friends*, and people who wished to get work of any kind done sought out Friends to do it for them, for, as they said, they could "trust a Quaker." Then there is the great moral effect which our testimonies have produced upon the world. In prison reform, on the slavery question and other kindred subjects, our people have been pioneers. Clear down to the present time there is no lack of material to form separate or continuous narratives, which, in story form, could be made to embody the grand truths and principles of our religion. *And such books would be read.*

I wish here to pay my tribute of gratitude to Jane Johnson, author of the six little books entitled "Treasury

of Facts." Since I first learned of their existence they have been in the possession of my children, and I cannot say too much in their praise, teaching as they do, the little ones the foundation doctrine of our Society as exemplified in the lives of children, and presented in attractive form. I would be glad to see the contents of this little treasury reprinted in the Review, if the editor thought best, for the benefit of the children who have not the books.

Hoping that some one who has the talent for such work will take an active interest in this matter, I would say to such, that I know such a work would be of permanent value: first, to the young readers of our Society, and after them to the world at large.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BORN 1819; DIED 1891.

Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir

That alled our groves with music till the day  
Lit the last hill-top with its reddening fire,  
And evening listened for thy lingering lay.

But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar,  
Where strains celestial blend their notes  
with thine;

Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier star  
Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we resign.

How nature mourns thee in the still retreat  
Where passed in peace thy lone enchanted  
hours!

Where shall she find an eye like thine to greet  
Spring's earliest footprints on her opening  
flowers?

Have the pale wayside weeds no fond regret  
For him who read the secrets they enfold?  
Shall the proud spangles of the field forget  
The verse that lent new glory to their gold?

And ye whose carols woe'd his infant ear,  
Whose chants with answering woodnotes he  
repaid,

Have ye no song his spirit still may hear  
From Elmwood's vaults of overarching  
shade?

Friends of his studious hours who thronged to  
teach

The deep-read scholar all your varied lore,  
Shall he no longer seek your shelves to reach  
The treasure missing from his world-wide  
store?