

Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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IMMANENCE.

A God is in the twinkling star,
Enabling it to shine afar ;
And in the sun, dispersing night,
And flooding all the world with light ;
And in the myriad life of earth,
Sustaining, quickening, giving birth.
This self-same God enthroned in man,
(The lord of this terrestrial plan),
His wisdom and His will imparts
Within man's very heart of hearts.
Star, sun, all life, and man display
God's own divine phenomena.

E. M. Z.

SCENES IN BOSTON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

It is the year 1659. Let us take a ramble through the streets of Boston. As we approach the centre of the town what is the confused sound which greets our ears? At first we see only a rabble of men and boys surrounding some object which moves slowly down the street. As it comes nearer we see it is a rude cart and fastened to the back of it is a young girl and her mother. Behind them is a man who, with both hands raises a heavy whip, composed of many large knotted cords, and brings it down with terrible force, upon the bare shoulders of the girl. As he raises it again the girl endeavors to shield with her own body, the bowed form of her mother. We shudder as we glance more closely at the aged woman, for, as the wind lifts the thin, gray locks, we see she has no ears; and, as her lips part in her agony behold! her tongue has been bored. And, for fear she may speak, for this woman is a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, they have placed a cruel gag in her mouth. For what do these woman suffer? They are Quakers! Let us hasten on and leave quickly this cruel scene. We are well into the town now, but what is

this that meets our eye? Newly made gallows confront us, and, in the distance a vast crowd of people are seen approaching. Here is a marshal and captain and no less than 200 armed men, and also a body of horsemen, and, in the midst are three prisoners, one a woman, her form is bent with age, and she is supported by the other prisoners - two young men - who walk on either side as tenderly as if she was their mother. The faces of the three are illumined with such joy and peace as God alone can give. We can see that He who was present with His faithful three in the fiery furnace is with these, His children, now. Insultingly taunted by the marshal, this aged martyr says to him, "This is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could enjoy in the world. No eye can see, nor ear can hear, nor tongue can utter and no heart can understand the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Lord which I now feel." The young men's eyes flash as one of them says: "This is your hour and the power of darkness." But as the other speaks his voice is drowned by the beating of drums. After embracing and bidding each other farewell, William Robinson cheerfully ascends the ladder, and, turning to the people, he exhorts them to mind the Light which is in them, to which he had testified, and would now seal with his blood, adding in a loud voice, "I suffer for Christ in whom I live and for whom I die." It is quickly over, and as Marmaduke Stevenson ascends the ladder, he says: "Be it known unto all this day, that we suffer, not as evil doers, but for conscience sake. This day shall we be at rest with the Lord."

The ancient Friend, Mary Dyer, now ascends the ladder. Her countenance is so peaceful, she seems already in heaven, but as the hangman covers her face and adjusts the halter, the