

In a letter bearing date 11th mo., 20th, 1888, the following original lines by Sarah Hunt, aged 92 years, were contained in a letter to D. H. Griffen and wife :

" We are often brought  
To take a review of our deeds ;  
To see, as we may,  
If each passing day  
We have sown only heavenly seeds.

When the way is clear,  
Fruits will appear,  
That never fail to bless ;  
Then we abound,  
Our hearts are crowned  
With an abiding rest."

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For YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

I am an interested reader of the REVIEW, and fully realize the benefit I receive from accounts given by those who are travelling in different parts of the country attending meetings, with other items of interest, and the query presents itself: "Is thee doing thy part? If the experiences of others are beneficial to thee, may not thine be to some other seeking minds?" In these feelings I am willing to occupy the simple talent lent me, knowing it is for the Master's use, and give the readers of this paper a sketch of a visit I made with my husband to Western Quarterly Meeting, Pa. We left home on the morning of the 20th of 10th mo. We were pleased to find the wind right for fine weather, as it had been a rainy season. Soon the sun shone forth in its splendor, reminding us our Heavenly Father dispenses His blessings upon His children in His own time. Among the greatest of these is health, and a willingness to be led according to His requirements. After a ride of six miles we reached Elmsford Station, on the N. Y. & N. R., where we joined our parents, D. H. and A. W. Griffen, and were carried by the propelling power of steam to the Pennsylvania Railroad station, Jersey City, where we took the cars for Philadelphia, 90.

miles distant. As we were swiftly gliding along, meditating upon the workings of the power of God in the hearts of His children, we were renewedly impressed with our utter incapability to do any good thing of ourselves; our entire dependence upon that Divine Power, which always goes before when He sends out His messengers, and as the eye of the mind is kept single the way will be plain. At this season of the year the thickly studded forests are ablaze with their autumnal hues; the corn fields are ready for the huskers. A few more swiftly-flying days the branches of the trees will be divested of their ornamental garb, the corn will be stored away for winter's use. Thus one season with its course of events passes away and another cometh after, each one to receive the care and labor that belongeth unto it. How true it is in the case of the husbandman: If the seed sown in the spring is not nourished and cared for it will not produce blossoms in due time, and the harvest will not be as plentiful. Thus it is spiritually—such as we sow and cultivate such shall we reap. We reached Broad street station at 1:30 p.m., and its name is truly descriptive of its dimensions. We spent over an hour pleasantly with Isaac Lippincott and wife, who came to meet us. We then took the Philadelphia & Baltimore Central Railway, which took us through beautiful valleys and by meandering streams; over the placid waters of the Schuylkill, past the beautiful grounds and stately buildings of Swarthmore College to Soughkenemen Station, where we were met by our friends Elwood Michener and wife, who kindly entertained us in their pleasant home. First-day we attended New Garden Meeting, where was a large and interesting audience, many children present. D. H. Griffen, Louisa J. Roberts, of Philadelphia, and Thos. Sheward, of Wilmington, were exercised to address the people. Gospel truths were spoken to understanding minds.