

Young Friends' Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XIV. LONDON, ONT., CANADA, ELEVENTH MONTH, 1898. No. 11

BE MASTER.

Be master of the clouds,
Let them not master thee;
Compel the sunshine to thy soul,
However rough the sea.

Be thou of good cheer yet,
Though dark and drear the way;
The longest night wears on to dawn,
And dawn to perfect day.

Possess thy soul in calm,
Let patience rule thy heart,
And in gray shades of clouded times
Bear thou the hero's part.

Then shalt thou know the flush
Of happy, radiant days;
For he who trusts God in the dark
Is taught new songs of praise.
—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

AN EARLY LIBERAL.

Read at meeting of Young Friends' Association,
Manhattan Borough, New York City, 9, 25, 1898

In all ages there have been men who by their freedom from conventional opinions, and by the outflashing light which they have cast upon that which was false and untrue in the current ideas of their time, have gained the name of liberals from some and disturbers of the peace from others.

Although the subject of this paper is usually regarded in the light of his relations to a religious sect, and as one of the main instruments in founding that sect, yet he may be regarded in a larger light as a representative liberal of his century, a man remarkably freed from the chains of custom of his time.

"Perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history," says Herr Teufelsdröckh in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," "is not the Diet of Worms, still less the battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle, but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some

degree of ridicule by others; namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom, under a ruder or purer form, the Divine ideal of the universe is pleased to manifest itself, and, across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation, shine through in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty, on their souls."

In the latter part of the reign of that learned and mercenary monarch, James I. of England, there lived in Leicestershire, with his wife Mary, a weaver, "an honest man," esteemed by his neighbors, called Christer or Christopher Fox. To this worthy couple there was given "in the month which is called July, in the year 1624, at Drayton in the Clay," a son whom they named George. This son passed through his boyhood and young manhood with what might seem to us unnecessary gravity. As he grew up his relatives thought to make him a priest, but others persuaded to the contrary, and he was placed with a shoemaker instead. This man dealt in wool and grazed sheep and cattle, and it would appear that the young George had more connection with this part of the business than with the other. It must be confessed that at this part of his life George Fox seemed to have been serious even to morbidness and to have been lacking in sympathy with the ingenious cheerfulness of youth. He could not sleep at night and walked up and down praying and crying, mourning to see "how young people go together into vanity, and old people to the earth." This before he was nineteen years of age. "Then at the command of God," as he says, "on the ninth day of Seven Month, 1643, I left