

ness, cheer up the soul, and thus make time pass more pleasantly. But do not let us feel discouraged if our kind acts and words are not acknowledged, they have their influence still, and we are made happier by having done them. What inward peace we feel when we think we have made some one happy.

It is far better never to receive a kindness than never to bestow one. What better way have we to take revenge upon our enemy than to do him a kindness. The sting of reproach will be felt deeply, and how much more effect, than had we returned evil for evil. Do not keep your kind words and acts, they are gifts that will gladden the heart and cheer the life of all who hear or receive them—they cost nothing and are worth so much. Some one has said, "That kind words are like the breath of dew upon the tender plant, falling gently upon the drooping hearts, refreshing the withered tendrils and soothing its woes.

It is almost impossible to think of a really great man, and not think of one filled with the spirit of kindness.

If we unfurl the career of Napoleon Bonaparte and Florence Nightingale, though one filled Europe with the honor of his name, yet in the scale of moral greatness, the name of the latter far outweighs that of the former.

Speak kindly in the morning, it lightens all the cares of the day, and makes the household and all other affairs move more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before dawn some beloved one may have finished his or her life, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Speak kindly at all times; it encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing, and often awakes the erring to earnest resolve to do better. Always leave home with kind words, for they may be your last.

"A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere."

Hamilton, Va. A YOUNG FRIEND

## A CHILDREN'S MEETING IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

\* Written for THE YOUNG FRIENDS REVIEW.

It is Sabbath morning in the city of Bristol. As the cathedral bells are calling people to worship let us follow one of the narrow streets which leads beyond the business part of the city. As we proceed we notice that the houses are closed and silent. Surely something more than the calm of a Sabbath day broods over this place. A little farther on is a large, square house, whose door stands invitingly open. We enter and may well be surprised at the sight which meets us. Chairs and benches line the walls, and seated upon them are children whose ages vary from the little one of only a few summers to the manly boy of sixteen. Here is truly a meeting for worship, but where are the parents and older ones? In prison, and for what? For claiming the right to worship God according to the dictates of His voice in their souls. For proclaiming to the world that "all the children of the Lord are led by the Lord," and "as many as are led by the spirit of God are the sons of God." For teaching the people the simple but eternal truth which Jesus came to proclaim that God has put a law in our hearts above all that man can ordain. For these things the most honest, industrious, God-fearing people of England languish in prison; and such prisons! standing knee deep in water and filth; unable to sit or lie down, whipped and abused by brutal jailers. Noble men and women were they whose faithfulness and sufferings prepared the way for the liberty we now enjoy. But let us return to the children's meeting. The calm of a holy silence fills the air, broken at last by the voice of a young girl who, kneeling by her chair, thanks her Heavenly Father for His presence in their silent waiting, and implores His guidance each hour of their lives, that they may not wander from the path in which He would have them walk. She