

## WHO ARE FRIENDS?

In my mind the query rises ;  
 In this wise the question tends ;  
 " In our day of varied dogmas,  
 Creeds and tenets—who are Friends ?"

Like a vision comes the answer,  
 In a dim, uncertain way,  
 As when morning light is breaking,  
 Ere the mists have cleared away.

The term of Friend is not confined  
 Within the bounds of those  
 Who, meeting week by week,  
 Are strengthened till the close—

For some within the bounds of home  
 Find duty there more clear,  
 Altho' the meetings that we love  
 To them may be as dear.

Not merely names upon our books  
 Can contribute to this end,  
 It is not membership alone,  
 This cannot make a Friend.

But there are those whose names  
 Upon our books have ne'er been known,  
 Yet who can tell the wealth of good  
 That by their hands was sown ?

Who in their daily walks and lives  
 Shall uphold unto the end  
 The simple faith that is so plain,—  
 The faith that makes a Friend.

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In the quiet home at Swarthmore.  
 Far across the waters wide,  
 Where George Fox, our founder lived ;  
 Where he toiled and where he died ;

There he taught our simple doctrine,  
 Strong in power and in might,  
 Ever counselling his followers,  
 Bidding them to "mind the light."

What was true when he was living  
 Is as true for us to-day.  
 We must come then to the Shepherd  
 Who hath said, "I am the Way."

Coming thus to our Creator  
 In the days of this—our youth,  
 We must worship Him in spirit,  
 Yea, "in spirit and in truth."

Though our simple form of worship  
 Might to some seem very odd,  
 Yet in the silence of the spirit,  
 We may hear the voice of God.

In that calm and holy silence,  
 That is oft too deep for speech,  
 We may find that "voice" within us  
 Trying willing hearts to teach.

As He tells us if we're faithful  
 To the duty that He sends,  
 We'll be called no longer servants  
 But shall be called His Friends.

And when we come to fully know  
 The truth that grace doth lend,  
 Our lives shall be more fitting ones,  
 And each shall prove the truer Friend.  
 Byberry, Pa. —A. CARTER.

## THE RELIGIOUS PARLIAMENT.

It was my privilege to be present at the meetings of the Religious Congress held at the Art Palace in Chicago, 9th mo. 11th to 27th. I was a regular attendant with the exception of the Opening-day and a few sessions devoted to our own denominational Congress.

During the first week, I greatly enjoyed the company of my Friend Isaac Wilson, of Canada, who, with myself, esteemed it a great privilege to sit in the reserved seats to which our badges entitled us. By our side was our dear Friend, Phoebe C. Wright, whose deep interest in the advancement of religious life and thought prompted her to brave the heat and the crowd which thronged the building.

During the last half of the Congress, my wife joined the company, also the editors of the REVIEW, and their sister, whose earnest countenances betokened their deep interest in the subjects presented. I regarded it as the greatest event of a like nature of my life.

How glad I should be if the depth of thought and personal influence which pervaded the assembly from time to time could, as if by a photographic process, be conveyed to the world at large. In order that the wonderful phenomenon of the Congress may be treasured up and made helpful, I will record some of the impressions left on my own mind.

To behold the representatives of the Unitarian and Evangelical faiths meeting on a common level with the understanding that each present in the best manner possible the underlying principles of his belief was a wonderful