

the proper construction of its foundation; so must we watch diligently lest the foundations of our hearts become faulty, and thus mar the beauty of our lives. If we act unadvisedly the foundation is at fault, as the Spirit is ever with us. Few persons are so perfect but need ask frequently, "what lack I yet?"

The secretary next read a short piece entitled "Real Strength." It assured us that there is no better proof of a man's real strength than the way he bears himself under just reproof. Every man has his faults, but not every one has the strength of character to admit an error and accept with meekness the criticism which he may justly deserve.

Our work for this day being finished we closed the school with feelings of satisfaction.

Mary Christy, Florence Christy, Freeman Talcott and Joseph J. Brown were appointed to read next Sabbath.

L. T., Secretary.

Bloomfield, 5th mo., 12, 1889.

For the REVIEW.

LOST.

On the 18th of 6th mo. a valuable gem—a large piece broken from the solid ore of the manhood of Pennsylvania. The loss is heavy to our sister State, for she stood that eve before the nations in all the pride of honest integrity, wearing this, her most precious jewel, as a sign to all the world that honor was above rubies. Her sons should have guarded this with their lives: yet the gem is lost. Shall she weep and languish as one without hope? Or shall all the energies, all the tireless vigilance of her realm be put into action and bent toward the restoration of that which was lost? This was no division of sentiment as to the best ways of doing a right thing; it was a clear-cut decision for or against a crying evil right at our doors. It was no cry of "Peace! Peace! where there is no peace," but an open declaration of war against the pure and true in the heart of every citizen who gave honor

for gain. In the words of Chairman Palmer: "Where is the rejoicing to-day?" Naturally when a state or nation achieves a victory there is rejoicing among her best and bravest subjects. How is it to-day? Do Pennsylvania's noblest sons rejoice? Do her most pure and virtuous daughters sing her praise? Is it upon her mountains, in the beautiful open spaces, in the broad smile of day that these celebrate her latest achievement? In the lowest dens of the vicious, in the gilded haunt of the profligate, under the darkest frown of the night, where the voice of argument is seconded by the sharp click of the revolver and the gleam of the deadly knife—where virtue dies and angels weep—from such places, with such voices comes up this triumph of a state. Are we proud of her laurels? Are we glad for her fame? Let it rest. "Our times are in God's hands," yet not more surely than that "God is with the right"—that He has placed each soldier of the cross at his or her own post. Not his or hers to turn the tide of battle; not hers or his to fix the hour of victory; but each *to die*, if must be, at his post, with every heart throbbing true to God and man and true nobility. R.

Hockessin, Del., 6th mo., 1889.

COMMENCEMENTS.

The school-day toils and pleasures are closing all over our country.

These June days are conferring honors upon many who have applied their minds in gaining knowledge from books, to fit them for higher duties. It is but fitting the occasion that a few remarks should be made upon commencement day at Chappaqua Mountain Institute, on the 21st of 6th mo., 1889. As the state of the weather forms an important part in such exercises, that was all which could be hoped for. Student and guest were alike gratified. Many came with the morning train, which (in consequence of the running time) brought the