

be the ones to blame for not standing longer.

It must be they have clung to it fondly for two hundred years, or there would not now be such a Society, for there is not one member among them over two hundred years old.

As I said before, there are no children recognized in Friends' literature. In it we never read anything about them, neither of them, nor for them. Sympathizing with the children, in vain have I looked over such notably excellent papers as the Friends' Intelligencer, &c., finding no food prepared expressly for their growing digestion. One sentence I did find that struck me very forcibly as the truth, namely, "See how Friends love one another!" Yes, *they do!* and they live in the warmth and glow of a love and sympathy that surpasses all things earthly, a love that wins everything to it except the children. Of course it is held in reserve for them in their great loving hearts, that yearn for their embrace, but the *children* are not allowed to feel it. It would spoil them, just as sugar plums would injure their teeth. And so they go on, each yearning for the other, and waiting for the time when they shall grow up and come to claim their share. Outside the Society there is scarcely a newspaper, either secular or religious, that does not have a Children's Department, that does not fulfil the command of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Now it chanced one day that a paper was placed in my hand, and when I read the title, "Young Friends' Review," the thought leaped up with delight, "Now the children are to be instructed and entertained!" but on looking it through I found no Children's Department. There was plenty for the older children, but nothing for the little folk. Upon acquaintance with it, I found it contained so much that was grand and lofty, and in keeping with my ideal and my needs, that

I had not the heart to say it lacked anything. I know the editor is sympathizing with the children, and longing to gather them into the fold, but an editor cannot do everything. He is waiting for some of you to help him. Who will do it? Who will fulfil the command, "Feed my lambs?"

Do you think I am saying too much? Am I speaking too plainly to the Society I love best? Perhaps so; but this thought has been pent up so long it must come out, yet I hope to be forgiven and gathered to its heart again, for I speak in loving kindness and for good to come.

Behold, light breaketh over the troubled waters! When I was casting about for an answer to the query, "What shall Friends' grandchildren do for instruction," some member of the editorial staff kindly sent me some copies of the First-day School Lesson Leaves, which I found to contain pleasing stories and pictures illustrating the highest truths. Here indeed is the olive branch of peace! Some one has discovered that the most valued precepts may be taught through stories and pictures, and form a lasting impression on the mind too young to understand a deeper explanation. But who, *O who*, is the writer of the stories? I wish we might know. Why will not people who write give their full names sometimes? It would be so pleasant to feel acquainted with our benefactors!

JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, N. Y., March 26th, 1891.

[There are many good ideas and well clothed in the article above. Though we may not exactly agree with some of the criticisms, they are so frankly and honestly and charmingly put, that we cannot be offended at them. We might state, however, as the writer may not be aware of the fact, that we have in our Society a very excellent publication expressly for the children. We do not know of a paper in any Society more applicable to their needs, more elevat-