

rouse these to action in our favor. We need your help.

We want all our *old subscribers* to RENEW, and, in addition, *one thousand NEW subscribers*. This will be an easy matter to accomplish if *each one does a little*. "Many hands make easy work." Don't wait until the middle of next year to get up a club. Now is the time to begin. Let those who have been in the habit of sending us large clubs endeavor to make them still larger for 1893, and in neighborhoods where but one or two copies are taken it will be an easy matter to procure a good sized club. Remember the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW is but 50 cents per copy a year.

Our term are 50 cents per copy a year; 25 cents for six months. For every club of (8) eight yearly subscribers we give an extra copy to the sender of club.

We prefer remittances for subscriptions to come by Post Office orders, and express orders made payable at London, Ont., or by registered letter. Address—S. P. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ontario, Canada.

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### DIED.

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FERRIS.—At her home, in Buffalo, 11 mo. 14th, 1892, Maria H. Ferris, aged 76 years.

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### OUR COSY CORNER

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Playhouse, 10th mo., 30th, 1892.

DEAR COUSIN JULIA:—

Though we are learning to "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," yet we have never made geology a special study. While we humbly confess ignorance on that subject, we thankfully acknowledge the reminder given. We are glad thou dost not forget to treasure up thy good thoughts for the benefit of little learners.

In our gathering to-day we talked over a good many things with our

writer, sometimes nearly forgetting the rules of politeness in our eagerness to tell what we wanted said in this letter.

Some of us have been wondering if it was easy work to write sensibly the utterances of eager, earnest children? Or is it quite a fine art? At least we think it must be somewhat puzzling. Perhaps, if we only tried it, we would find it as good exercise as it is to solve picture puzzles, or even study geology.

Dost thou, Cousin Julia, begin to think that some of us ought to write for ourselves? Why, we would be just as fearful of success as we would be to go alone into the dark, deep caverns of the earth searching for geological facts and get out unhelped. We think it is best for us to keep on cosy terms with our hitherto willing letter-writer. Though she tries to impress upon our minds the thought that that is not a hopeful outlook for the future, when she can no longer do it. But, dear cousin, would you "trouble trouble until trouble troubles you?" Please tell us if that is a lazy way of shirking duty? If beautiful youth lives on forever, and is never lost to view, then what of the ill favored? Do they not imprint their impress as lastingly? Tremblingly, we fear to be classed with the bad. As we forget so soon the good which is taught us, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, we really think it best for us to continue practicing these plain instructions of wisdom until they are firmly rooted, before we meddle with hidden things. When we have our feet firmly established upon the Rock of Ages, then, if time be given for further research, a spirit of scientific investigation may be especially bestowed, or developed under divine discipline, in some yet untutored minds amongst us for the study of geology. We know that God's messages are to read everywhere, and we desire to learn how He sends them in all his handiwork, and we hope to be made willing to "launch out into the deep," believing in the promise, "Seek and ye