

as though the immortal could ever die, and they say that it makes no difference how good and true a life a man lives unless he relies on the blood of Jesus to save him he is forever lost. I listened to such preaching from the pulpit all the days of my childhood and youth (which is the seed time of life), and I sincerely believed it to be the truth. Is it any wonder it has taken so many years to overcome my early teachings, or to see even as I do now, as it were, through a glass darkly? I am like the blind man who said, after the first laying on of hands, that he saw men as trees walking, meaning that he still saw imperfectly. And if I have the same willing spirit which he had I may have my spiritual sight restored. Whether the man received his physical sight need not concern me—the lesson remains the same. "Ask and ye shall receive," "obey and thy soul shall live." The lesson of obedience seems to be the hardest for man to learn. It should be taught from our earliest childhood. Obedience to earthly parents will lead to obedience to the will of the Heavenly Father revealed in the soul. While I do not think of the Bible as I once did as being the Word of God and therefore infallible, yet the precious promises therein recorded hold a deeper meaning to me, and I am able to feel that "the Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul."

I believe that in every human breast there is a desire for something better than has yet been known and a longing for a blissful immortality. In very many it is but a spark, and at times seems to be altogether extinguished. But even in the savage Indian, as he roamed the plain, showed that desire in his invocation to the Great Spirit and his longing to go when he died to the happy hunting ground.

The Hindoo mother, when she throws her babe into the sacred river, does so in the hope of speedy entrance

for it into happy immortality. And who shall say that even the most hardened criminal does not at times feel a longing for something better? It is the groping and reaching out of the finite after infinity, the mortal after immortality.

As I muse on the events of my life from my youth till now I seem to see in it all an overruling power and a guiding hand. And what is true of my life may be true of your lives. We struggle to do what seems best to us, just as a little child struggles in the arms of its parent striving to have its own way, and through it all a kind Heavenly Father would take us by the hand and say, "this is the way, walk ye in it."

And now, dear Friends, as you gather once more in your Half-Yearly Meeting, many of those who helped to establish that Meeting, and who have worked for its prosperity, will be far away, and as there is a desire in all our hearts to hold a place in your memories, I shall close this letter with a verse from a song that is dear to me:—

Sow in the harvest, if others may gather  
Sheaves from the fields that in spring we  
have sown;

Who plowed or who sowed matters not to  
the reaper,

We are only remembered by what we have  
done.

FANNIE C. LOWNIS.

## THE RACE QUESTION.

Paper read by Chas. E. Hiller at "Young Friends' Association" of New York and Brooklyn.

It has come to be understood that the whole world to day is making rapid progress in most every line possible to think of. Of course, if we accept the general idea and agree with the majority that there is an onward tendency which leads us to seek new inventions and ways of living, we will have to admit that, as we are constituted free and with the power of choice concerning our actions, it lies with us, and is a liberty afforded us, whether our line of progress be in the direction which seeks the elevation or humiliation of