

I have written thus fully so thee can make out a suitable report for the REVIEW.

Sincerely thy friend,
TRYPHENA P. WAY.

We now have a membership of 74 in our Mission School, with an average attendance of 40, and it is surprising to find that all of the 7 Teachers and Superintendant are actually members of Friends—that too is more than we had hoped at the beginning.

We thank the Friends in Lobo who have contributed and sent to us through Wm. Cornell, also Yarmouth Friends who have done the same. These moneys shall go only towards the actual necessities of the school.

(We are pleased to receive the above from the Secretary of said Mission School. The school has certainly made rapid progress, and we wish it due success. The efforts which the officers and teachers are making will doubtless be of mutual benefit to themselves and to the children who have been too long unused to such elevating associations. We hope Friends will provide the necessary funds to carry on the good work.—EDS.

THOUGHTS.

Intuition (with or without enunciation from recipients) conceived by the pure spirit in men, wherein they commune with their God—inspiring and qualifying them was established by Jehovah in the beginning and continues unceasingly forever throughout the realms of the universe; prerogatively maintaining, and by His own hand (so to speak) personally blessing each communicant, from His own celestial board.

These are they who discern the light—distinguish the voice and are gathered though obedience in the Fathers' employ with salaries beyond worldly endowment. H. G. M.

"Thought birds' are not to be caught with chaff; and good grain must be sown for golden gleanings.

Twelve new months are for most of us in store, each with its thirsty golden grains. What riches await the true treasure seeker.

Generosity and just dealing are easily confounded. Methinks God often condemns our dealing just where men laud our generosity.

Constant use can never dim the lustre of the Golden Rule L.

There is a power in us, but not of us, sufficiently wise to guide us far better than we can guide ourselves. And only those who are led by it, can know it truly, and can trust it fully. Z.

1889.

Drifting by—Pass ye slowly
Minutes—one by one:

I would add a prayer

I would have ye bear

All my spirit's yearning to the Throne.

Drifting by. Must ye leave me?

Richly treasured!

Laden thus with tears,

Freighted thus with fears,

Holding the seal of many sacred years.

Drifting by How the tide runs!

As some gallant barque

Gliding to the dark

Of the limitless,

So I see my treasures

On the waveless current borne

Down into the darkness of the Past.

Drifting by—dumb, relentless,

By no praying moved.

Must I loose my hold,

And let the hour grow old

That bore away the presence of the loved?

A TALE.

NINE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

The last rays of an eastern sun are lighting up with intense brightness the palace of a king. The queen in her royal robes ascends the stairs to the very summit of the building. Leaving her attendants, she leans far over the balustrade as if she longed to gaze upon something beyond the reach of vision. Picturesque hills lie round about, and beyond, but within sight stretches the