

fluence of the paper, though the growth may be slower than we would wish, and we appreciate highly the kind words and still more helpful endeavors, which are being extended from so many sources. The subscriptions have been supplemented in the past by individual aid, which has made it possible for the publishers to maintain the paper in a growing condition, and we have not altogether overcome the need for such aid yet. The past has given us faith, and faith, hope.

AN OMISSION.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

In giving the list of Friends who are regular attenders at our Meeting the name of Mary Arnold was unintentionally omitted. She is a member of our Society, but not of our Preparative Meeting. I regret this oversight.

Mendon Centre, N. Y. W. W. C.

DIED.

MARSH—First month 14th, 1895, at the home of her sister, Emma MacKellar, Hazelton, Pa., Gertrude, beloved daughter of Jacob and Louisa Marsh, Coldstream, Ont., aged 19 years 10 months 12 days. Interment at Friends' Cemetery, Coldstream, Ont.

Weep not, though she hath left us;
Mourn not that one so fair
Is called to come up higher,
Beyond all pain and care.

She was so mild and lovely,
While here she seemed a part
Of that vast world of love.
Her pure, o'erflowing heart

Filled from the fount e'erlasting.
The call came soon—Divine,—
"Sweet one, come up higher,
Oh! thou child of mine."

To meet her was to love her;
To know her, to adore;
The world, by her living,
Was better than before.

Always pure and innocent,
Filled with every grace,
Not one earthly blemish
Humanity can trace.

Oh! would the world had more
Of lives as pure and true;
That each would only strive
Their part as well to do.

A. C.

BARNES—At the home of her foster mother, Cynthia Marsh, at Coldstream, 1st mo. 27th, Libbie Marsh Barnes, just passing her 13th year.

As when the lily, outgrown its clayey pot of earth, the observant gardener transplants into a richer and more ample mould, where its growth and blooming may go on unchecked; so the wise Heavenly Gardener, seeing that the spirit guest had outgrown this frail vessel of earthly clay, has transplanted it into diviner and more ample mould, where it may grow and bloom and flourish unchecked forever.

IN RETROSPECT.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

With the coming of the new year many thoughts are stirred from within.

Some months have gone by since giving you a pen visit, but feeling so much in the spirit of it now, it seems a pleasure for me to do it

First, let me ask your kindly forbearance for my own personality in the story I have in mind to tell you, as I can not well give it without.

Instead of trying to look into the unknown future, I find my thoughts turning backward to the time when I was in my cottage home a busy housewife.

Among the pleasant memories the form of a sweet lovely child comes before me. It is my little nephew of scarce four summers. His mother being ill he spent some months with us—husband and me. Among the pleasant duties which came it was mine to instruct him in the first lessons of "A B C," which, with the spelling, came almost of itself to him.

But learning to read was quite another thing. On this particular evening which I recall, while waiting the evening meal for his uncle, I thought to put in the time by hearing the little one read. His healthy appetite giving a zest to