

exchange of views, and therefore we solicit articles on it which we shall, with discrimination, publish in future issues of the REVIEW. The title may remain worded as above "Faith," and "Faith in God."—ED.]

DIED.

PRIESTMAN.—At his residence, Welland Co., 9th mo., 25, Joseph Priestman, aged 79 years and 9 months.

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

[An address delivered by Elizabeth P. Bond at Swarthmore College, on First-day, the 6th of 10th mo., sent by our Swarthmore correspondent.]—ED.]

In this quiet hour, in which we may free ourselves from all sense of hurry and pressure, and consciously bring into the presence of the Most High our deepest needs and our highest hopes, I would direct your thought to to a very practical and also a very personal theme. When, less than a month ago, you said farewell to those nearest and dearest to you and turned your faces Swarthmore-ward, doubtless the thought that was uppermost in your minds was what you should *get*, what you should add to your possessions within these walls. You came as miners seeking treasure. A part of you had learned already the resources of these mines, many were strangers; but all came hoping and believing that the year spent here would send you home richer and greater than when you came. Before you lay the locked treasures of language, the marvels of science, the laws of mathematics, the riches of literature—all this wealth of opportunity only waiting to be appropriated. And this was the thought too in the minds of father and mother when they come to the great sacrifice, of separation, and perhaps to the added sacrifice of personal comfort and ease when they choose a year of stinted expenditure for themselves, it may be that your wants might be fully met.

This thought of what you should *get* was by right the first thought in

your minds and in the minds of your parents.

But there is another thought which I would most earnestly press home upon you to-day—the thought of what you are to *give* in this closely associated life of our little community. In the sheltered life of a home, where father and mother are like protecting walls and sheltering wings to their precious children, the individual life is merged in the life of the household, but college life is of a necessity different. Closely as we are associated in private room, in class room, in dining-hall or parlor, there can be no merging of the individual life here; each member of our community stands out, as do the trees of a forest, with an individuality all his own. To many of you this is a very great change. At home father and mother were largely responsible for the tone of your life; at college you yourself strike the key-note of your own life, to be a note of harmony or discord in your associate life. A new responsibility is upon you. I would not oppress you with this thought, but I would awaken you to it, and I purpose to address myself to each individual student. Whatever may be the outcome to yourself of this year at Swarthmore, the thought which I would press home upon you in this hour is this: That your presence in this community will incurably impress itself for good or ill upon one, or few, or many, of those who come into relations with you. To-day, at the outset of the year, I would awaken you to a realization of the fact that when the year comes to its close you will have unconsciously done a work that, like an accusing angel, will pursue you and rise up against you all the rest of your lives, or, like an angel of comfort, will go with you, winning for you perpetual benediction. For human souls are very sensitive, are like the sensitive plate of the photographer, taking and holding in a greater or lesser degree the standards and motives of those about them. It comes to this: If you