

the world to make its acceptance as a basis for belief in immortality very general.

The strongest assurance we have is a failure in ourselves to conceive of a stopping-point in existence; but even this is not proof that there can be none. Generation after generation has sought to know the truth in this regard and no light has been gained. People often *feel* perfectly sure of a future life, but, however they may *feel*, they do not *know*. Other people spend years of unhappiness because they cannot feel sure, and others, still, are indifferent until some great affliction makes them long to know that the loved ones await them in a better world.

But definite knowledge has not yet been gained and the wise man is he who can trust and quietly pursue his work, determined that nothing shall prevent his living his best life whatever may be the end. Emerson has tersely said, "Of immortality the soul, when well employed, is incurious; it is so well that it is sure it will be well. It asks no questions of the Supreme Being."

FRIENDS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Some one remarked recently, in the hearing of the writer, that Chautauqua is next door to paradise. While that may be a pleasant exaggeration, that delightful summer city in the woods does have some of the elements we expect to find in paradise. One of these is the union of religious sects, for though the Assembly grew out of a Methodist camp meeting, and its wonderful development is largely due to the inspiration and work of a Methodist bishop, John H. Vincent, every person, Jew or Gentile, Christian or Heathen, is made welcome, ministers of various denominations are heard from the great amphitheatre platform, and only the distinctive headquarters of some of the larger churches occasionally remind one that all Christ-

ians do not see truth through the same glasses.

Among those who have tasted and appreciated the rich feasts offered at Chautauqua have been many Friends. Three years ago, and possibly earlier, a desire was felt on the part of some of those present to bring all members of the Society together. A public call resulted in a meeting, which was attended by members of both branches. As the call had been made by some of the other branch, the meetings which followed were conducted according to their forms. These meetings did not continue more than a season or two.

Last summer some of our Friends there felt a desire for our own quiet meetings, and decided to gather together such as sympathized with them on First-day mornings, an hour before the regular services. The first meetings were held under one of the trees in the beautiful academic grove, with only the sounds of bountiful nature around, and in that sweet Sabbath stillness the spiritual life of each was lifted up and drawn into sympathy with the great All-Father.

This summer the meetings were held in a large room of the Kellogg Memorial Building, and notices of time and place were given on the Seventh-day bulletins, and were included in the regular announcements from the platform. This brought to the meetings Friends of both branches from various parts of the country, non-members who were drawn by the memory of some plainly dressed, sweet faced mother or grandfather, and visitors who were curious to know what a Friends' meeting might be like.

Though our room was large, on three First-days several stood in the doorway unable to find seats. Visitors unaccustomed to Friends' ways readily observed the opening silence, and only once was it interrupted by the semi-audible questions as to when