

and to realize more fully the importance of its performance. Could we but possess the *earnestness* of primitive Friends we would behold living issues that are of vital importance, which would gather number and power. The question is sometimes asked whether or not our Mission, as a Society, is ended. I believe our mission—to bear witness for the truth and against all kinds of oppression—is the same as in former times. Many things have passed away. Many things appear new. George Fox could not have taught the principle of universal suffrage better than by the establishment of Women's Meetings. To-day they are useless for that purpose. If we compare our meetings of the present with those of former times we must use the infallible test, "By their fruits ye shall know them," etc. We compare our condition to-day with that of former times, and fancy that we have reached a much higher plane than those zealous workers of two hundred years ago. Whatever may be our standard let us not be unmindful of the possibility of the future, which is a higher criterion than the achievements of the past. From an altruistic standpoint, we still retain much of the dross, which prevents us from comprehending fully the rights we owe to others as equal partners in the storehouse of a generous Providence. Perhaps the existing law concerning the holding perpetually that which is essential to life from so many is unjust. We have abolished chattel slavery, but there are other forms of slavery which will exist as long as justice is denied any. Under our present laws wealth is being centered into the hands of a few. That which is made by a community becomes the private property of a privileged class; many of those who created it become strangers. In the rural districts of our country 36 per cent. of the land is tenanted, and 34 per cent. mortgaged. In cities 61 per cent. is tenanted, and 35 per cent. mortgaged. Let us consider the rights of the strangers with us. Yes, the un-

born millions that are to follow us who are entitled to an equal right in every thing essential to life and pursuit of happiness.

C. E. L.

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STOCK IN TRADE.

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

From Young People's Weekly.

The subject of our sketch was a very humble person—a poor, ignorant Irish woman, going from house to house, employed about the most menial work. Yet from her I learned a valuable lesson. Will you?

A friend has long given her employment. It was there I first looked into that sunny face; she came to the room where we were sitting for orders, as my friend was an invalid, and could not leave her room.

As Bridget left the room, I exclaimed, "What a flood of sunlight she seemed to leave behind her!"

"Yes, she is a veritable sunbeam! Always as you just saw her, and yet I hear her's has been a sad life."

"Let us ask her when she comes in again how she manages to be so bright and cheery; perhaps we can learn something from her."

Later in the day, a timid rap at the door, followed by "Come in," and the subject of our conversation stood before us. Her face showed signs of weariness, but it was still restful to look upon.

"Sit down," said my friend. "I want to ask you some questions. This lady has been making inquiries in regard to you, and I am forced to confess that I have been so much wrapped up in my own ill-health, and sorrow, that I know little about you. Now tell us, Bridget, if you can, the secret of your smiling face. You have had a hard day's work, and must be very tired. Why don't you show it in your face, as most people would?"

With ready Irish wit she replied, laughingly,—