

## NOTES ON TEMPERANCE WORK.

Thinking that perhaps it may be of interest to some, I will say a few words in regard to the temperance work in our place.

A little less than a year ago some of the young people thought to start a temperance society of some kind, as there was none in the place, and but few of the younger people had ever even signed a pledge. Various methods were discussed, and finally, in the early part of Ninth month, a society was organized, which is known as the Young People's Temperance Society.

There being a large Farmer's gathering about that time, we took advantage of the occasion to obtain members, and much to our surprise and pleasure we found, upon counting the names, that they numbered thirty-two, all, or nearly all, unmarried people.

The work being rather new, we experienced some difficulty in knowing just how to proceed in our undertaking. A number of the W. C. T. U. of Troy very kindly came and assisted us.

The meetings are usually opened by repeating the Lord's Prayer, the minutes of the last meeting are read and the roll called. Then comes the business portion of the meeting, after which we have some literary exercises consisting of readings and recitations, and sometimes one is appointed to present a subject to the meeting for discussion.

The meetings are all open for anyone to attend, which we believe to be better than having them private, as some will attend who would not were it otherwise.

There has been considerable interest manifested, and our numbers have gradually increased until we now have fifty-six. Married people becoming honorary members.

Some have joined whom we cannot

help but to rejoice to see. Hoping that they may all keep to their good resolutions, we go forward with the thought that if one soul is saved from ruin, one body from the drunkard's grave, it will be sufficient reward for our united efforts.

When Isaac Wilson, of Canada, was making his very acceptable sojourn with us in Third month, he visited our society and gave us words of strength and encouragement.

Easton, N. Y.

P. A. HOWE.

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## COUNT THE MERCIES.

Count the mercies ! count the mercies !

Number all the gifts of love,

Keep a faithful daily record

Of the mercies from above.

Look at all the lovely green spots

In life's weary desert way;

Think how many cooling fountains

Cheer our fainting hearts each day.

Count the mercies ! count the mercies !

See them strewn upon our way.

Count the mercies ! though the trial-

Seem to number more each day ;

Count the trials too, as mercies

Add them to the grand array.

Trials are God's richest blessings,

Sent to prompt our upward flight,

As the eagle's nest—all broken

Makes them fly to loftier heights.

Count them mercies, count them mercies

That brings heaven within our sight

Let us number all our jewels,

Let us estimate their worth ;

Let us thank the gracious giver.

Strewn blessing- o'er the earth :

Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness.

Let us tell the wonder- o'er,

Till our multiplying treasures

Seem a countless, hoardless store :

Then let praise, grateful praises,

Be our language evermore.

However good you may be, you have faults ; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are ; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some not too painful, but patient- efforts to get quit of them. [John Ruskin.