

which the compiler cannot so conveniently transcribe with his typewriter. In this way, each supplementing the other's deficiencies; these brothers are producing a work that must prove of interest to many living in this vicinity and their descendants.

To interest the young in the history of their country and prompt them to emulate worthy examples, an excellent plan is to acquaint them with the deeds, traits and times of their own ancestors and the origin and development of the towns and states in which they lived.

NOTICE.

If any meeting within Genesee Y. M. has not yet received "Blanks" for an enumeration of our Members, as requested by our late Yearly Meeting, they may procure them by notifying me of the fact. I have forwarded all, I think, as requested. The enumeration should be made at the beginning of the New Year. See instructions on back of blanks.

S. P. ZAVITZ,
Coldstream Ont.

OBITUARIES.

At No. 20 Kennedy street, Syracuse, N.Y., Prudence, wife of Israel J. Titus, departed this life 11th mo., 18th, 1888, aged 82 years, 7 months and 2 days. Remains were taken to Bernhard's Bay, Oswego County, for interment, where funeral services were held on the 21st inst., which, had she lived until that time, would have been their 61st wedding anniversary.

We sadly learn, from a private letter, of the deep bereavement that has fallen upon our friends, Joseph A. Bogardus and wife of New York, in the sudden death, by accident, of their little girl and only child, Bessie. It happened on the 24th ult. Our heart grieves with the grieving parents who have thus lost, so suddenly and forever, the joy of their home and their hearts.—
[ED.]

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER RYAN.

[We are sent the following poem by a kind subscriber, who says of it: "The enclosed exquisite poem I have for some time desired to send for the *YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW*. If the author had written none other than this poem I think he would be fully deserving of his well-known title of 'The Sweet Poet of the South.'—Ed.]

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alor,
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met only human and sin.

I walked through the world with the world;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world, each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is toned on the shores of the real,
And sleeps, like a dream, in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the Human of Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the Human,
And I moaned mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,
And heard a Voice call me; since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence,
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a Voice said "Be Mine";
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray:
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops