

the morning went to Lincoln to the usual meeting, notice having been given, the large house was nearly full on our side. The gospel testimony was to show that God was Love, and man's highest duty was to love Him. It was very attentively listened to and the meeting closed under a precious solemnity. We went home with William Brown for dinner, and, after an afternoon of social enjoyment, went to Elizabeth Gregg's to tea, and thence to Edward and Eliza F. Rawson's to another parlor meeting, this much the larger one that had been held. At first our views on the divinity of Christ, the atonement and the Scriptures, were explained and an opportunity given to ask questions if anything had not been made clear; no question being asked, a number of states were addressed, and the meeting closed in a deeply solemn feeling, after which came many expressions of thankfulness for the opportunity that had been given; some who had expressed, as we had been informed, a desire to ask some questions, said all had been answered satisfactorily. We went home with A. B. and Susannah Davis, for the night, and returned to Baltimore, Sixth-day, thankful for the blessing of peace. The weather had been delightfully pleasant, roads good, no frost in the ground, many ploughing, which was unusual for this time of the year, and formed a strong contrast with what we had been accustomed to in our New York home. We cannot but think that a blessing will attend our labors, that seed has been sown that will some day bear fruit to the honor of the great Husbandman. JOHN J. CORNELL.

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To Editors YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I hesitate greatly in coming into your presence with my pen, particularly in view of the many you already have, who are so richly gifted in supplying your needs. And, too, knowing your paper is a broad field, open for the *young* more especially. Still, sitting in the quiet of

my room, with the brightness of the sunbeams coming in at the window, something of the same stirred me from within, opening the window of the soul to the Light. And this language came so forcibly to my mental ear, I could not silence it. "Why longer excuse thyself? Awake thou that sleepest and no longer idle; neither despise the one small gift given thee, lest that, too, be taken." Thus awakened and humiliated, I have aroused myself, feeling that perhaps the one little offering may be the heaven needed in some far away corner. I want to tell you (in my humble way) of the true heartfelt interest I have felt from the first in the work you have undertaken. More and still *more* do I desire your success, feeling assured you are earnest and true in the cause for which you are laboring. While you have extended so kindly a helping hand to the young, the same has been extended to all, none the less cordially, and its influence has been greatly felt. I can well understand you have had to struggle with embarrassments in a financial way, but with it all you surely have been strengthened with the feeling that you were laboring faithfully for the good, not only of our own Society, but of all whose minds you may have reached. Surely the reward thus earned must come back to you with a rich blessing, knowing you have helped to promulgate principles that can never die out. These are implanted in every soul to be carried out in some way. The monitor within, the "still small voice" is with us everywhere and never grows weary with long waiting. We need not travel to a far country, or go to the great or learned to find out the things required of us to do. Letting the Light come into our spiritual being is all we need to do. How simple and easy it is, and we should deem it a privilege to be guided by a Teacher who is all goodness and love, so patient with our many short comings and mistakes.

Not *one* in the great universal fold