

light on the old-fashioned table whose outspread leaves bent under the weight of books — large and small — papers, manuscripts and maps, thrown about in apparent confusion. The young man is slightly above medium height, of slender build but firm of muscle, and capable of great endurance. As he raises his head and pushes back the thick, brown curls, a broad, high brow is revealed, of almost marble whiteness; a mouth as gentle as a woman's, but offset by a chin which bespoke great firmness; and last, but not least, dark, blue eyes, large, and thoughtful in expression. At the first glance, one might think they detected a melancholy spirit pervading those fine features, but a closer scrutiny would reveal a deep hopelessness underlying all else.

At the age of twenty-two David Ellsworth found himself alone in the world. From his father he inherited a well-invested fortune and an ardent love of study; from his mother a deeply religious temperament — nay more, a most reverent love of God, and an earnest desire to impart to his fellow-men the knowledge of a religion which, while supplying the necessary guidance through the trials and labors of life, would also satisfy the higher cravings of man's nature, and supply that most-longed-for Presence which removes all fears in the hour of death.

Long before he had finished his university course he had decided to devote his money and himself to the missionary cause. It is his last evening home, as he calls his two small rented rooms, for his trunks are packed and he has been selecting from the mass of papers before him what he wishes to carry with him. On the morrow the steamer sails which is to carry David Ellsworth on his way to India, the land of his dreams since childhood; the land of his hopes and fears; hopes that to that benighted but highly intellectual people he may carry the knowledge of the "Light of the World"; fears that he may prove

unequal to the task, and his life, after all, be but a failure.

Not only the mind of this young man, but his heart, his soul had been educated, not only by all the teachings of books and schools, but by that higher wisdom which cometh from God to the heart open to receive it. He felt himself bound by no creed, save what his Bible taught, and he looked upon all mankind as his brothers. With a heart full of love and hope, and a firm reliance upon God, David Ellsworth prepared to enter upon what he considered his life-work.

To be continued.

POSSIBILITIES OF WORK FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSO- CIATIONS

BY MARIANNA S. RAWSON.

(Continued from last issue.)

The Society of Friends has always stood on the broad platform of admitting no creed. The "Inner Light" being the guide each Friend must believe as it directs him. While the State or the Church undoubtedly has a right to set limitations about a man's actions, his belief is his own, and he should be answerable only to God for it. I fear few of us realize what a noble heritage has come to us in this privilege and duty of entire liberty in religious belief. The Friend is not only allowed to believe as he sees best, but if he be true to this high principle he must believe as his light directs him, and not as directed by some other human being. When, in the history of our Society, the distressing separations came that we still hear too much about, it was because the members were not true to this most beautiful of the principles for which the Society has ever stood—freedom in religious beliefs.

We Young Friends are in danger of forgetting about it, too, when we constantly ask what Friends believe. Let us remember that we are not true to our high standard unless we, by serious