

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Mt. Palatine, Ill., 4th mo. 28, 1894.

DEAR FRIENDS,—The following letter from an old-time friend of my parents, was received after I had visited them at their home in 2nd mo last. He and wife are over eighty years of age. He has been an active member of our Society; they are now members with the Methodists. ABEL MILLS.

In speaking of your prospects in religious matters, and of Friends' Society in particular, thee incidentally remarked that some, in consequence of the decreased attendance of meetings for worship, were having a discouraging influence in some places where, in the past, they had been hopeful. Now if, as has been written, one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, it will come of that power, which is given us by Him who holds all worlds in His hands, and if one man, with Christ with him is a majority, oh, where is the cause for discouragement. In looking at these things as the world looks at it, there is a cause for discouragement, but to take hold of the arm of Christ, the power of God, as we are encouraged to do, is to enlist all heaven on our side. "Turn, oh backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you, and I will take you, one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Z'ion. Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings. Behold we come unto thee. For thou art the Lord our God." Oh, be encouraged, dear friend, the arm of power is not shortened, but is still held out to His enquiring children, saying, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for a possession." Lest, by multiplying words, I may darken counsel, I stop here and remain thy friend,

TWO YOUNG FRIENDS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In A. D. 1662 a strange scene took place in the little hamlet of Mile-End. A Quaker Meeting had gathered into holy silence; each soul was turned to God waiting to hear His Word within, whether in reproof, command, or the breaking of the "bread of life" and the giving of that peace which the "world knows not of." As yet the solemn silence has not been broken when an officer and bevy of soldiers enter the room, their loud voices in strange contrast with the calm silence of those they come to disturb. But they are at some loss how to proceed, for they can distinguish no leader and no one can be arrested for speaking. Exasperated by the silence they proceed with harsh words and blows to drive out the people. Near the door sit two women, whose faces would attract attention even from a careless observer, for it seems as if the Holy Spirit was visibly brooding there. Surely the most hardened must feel respect in their presence. But no! urged on by the officer two of the most ignorant and brutal of the soldiers advance and roughly seize these women, who, although they offer no resistance, are rudely pushed out with such force that one of them falls heavily and cannot rise.

Two youths now appear on the scene. They are the sons of those women and sat just back of them in the meeting. One, a broad shouldered boy of thirteen years, the other nearly sixteen but scarcely larger than his comrade, is more slender but strong and wiry in his build; he has dark eyes, hair and complexion, while the other is light with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

Alfred Merlane, the youngest boy, hastens to assist his mother, but he is not allowed to raise her up, and as his companion, Ernest Ives, stands by the side of his own mother, who is tenderly bending over the form of her friend, the two boys are seized and marched off to the Tower. But they are too

It is not enough to have a sound mind: the principal thing is to make a good use of it.—*Descartes.*