

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

I hope other First-day Schools will take example from our Bloomfield correspondent and send just such reports of the workings of each school. Belonging as we all do to the one Gen. Con what an interesting little corner the REVIEW might have if each month the working of some school would be reported. It would not only be interesting, but beneficial as well. Friends' Mission Schools also please report.

T. P. WAY.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW :

My attention being taken with some remarks made in the editorial of 4th month, I felt hardly satisfied to let it pass without some comments, more especially that part with this sentiment: "Is there not established among Friends, though we so loudly disclaim against it, a sort of priesthood, when we think that only ministers are inspired to bring the gospel of truth to mankind." Now this appears to be a subject of vital importance to all who claim the name of Friends. This appears like going back under the yoke of oppression which our early Friends were endeavoring to free themselves from. Shall we place our gospel back into the hands of the favored few after our predecessors have labored and gained this privilege under much persecution and suffering. Not saying that we can change the order and dispensation of Almighty Goodness to the children of men, but through traditional influence and the leaders of the people, which cause them to err, that gospel, which was designed to be of universal application, comes to be a hidden, secret thing, and we are lost to that liberty we should enjoy, agreeable to the testimony of the apostle where he says: "If our gospel is hid, it is to them that are lost, not in the sense I conclude of being eternally lost," but lost to the real meaning and hope of the gospel, having it confounded with literal and theo-

logical studies, confined to a privileged class, who are the vendors of it to the people. Now the real spirit of the gospel must be of universal application to all the children of men, otherwise God would be partial in His dealings. But blindness in part has happened unto us as unto Israel of old and this is why we are enshrouded in mists of darkness, but to all who believe and obey it is the power of God unto salvation, and these will be made to travel together, being of one mind and spirit for the hope of the gospel. Now what we lack, it appears to me, is a better understanding of what our real principles are, and we would find there is something which would be feeding and sustaining, and give us that stability which ought to characterize a people professing as we do.

C. WHITE.

Bloomfield, 4th mo., 30th, 1889.

—◆◆◆— LINES ON A LEAF FROM VIRGIL'S GRAVE. —◆◆◆—

The Mantrean bard, who gently sung
Of shepherds, fields, and heroes' deeds,
Breathes through thee, my little leaf,
Soul-stirring songs of southern meads.

O, gentle leaf! that in thy breath
Drank classic air from Italia's land,
I hold thee close, and gently ask,
Did'st thou know him beneath the strand?

Did'st thou e'er know the mind that sleeps
Beneath the turf from whence thy life?
Speak, my leaf, and answer me,
So quell this ever-questioning strife.

If thou could'st speak, my treasure green,
From every vein would spring a rhyme,
And thou would'st put to shame the pen
That dares to tempt the poet's line.

No answer comes, but silence still,
And so I lay thee gently by;
I find a romance through thy veins,
And feel thou bind'st me with a tie—

A tie no human power can break.
Near to that lone southern grave,
My heart but wanders with the leaf,
And I the skill of poets crave.

ELLA WEEKS.