

Richardson, Levi L. Benson and Enos Heacock were also present with minutes. The meetings were not so large as twenty years ago, but there seemed as much or more vigor now than then. The Friends there are certainly not dead, and the unity and harmony prevailing the entire time was truly encouraging. They hold two sessions daily, providing dinner in their large basement that is admirably adapted to that purpose. They placed themselves squarely on the record for prohibition, and seconded the recommendation of Genesee Yearly Meeting, to prohibit from our mails papers reporting prize fights, etc. Surely the world does move, and we must move on or move out. On Fifth-day evening, in company with Joel Birdsell and Nathaniel Richardson, I went with Abraham Shoemaker and wife sixteen miles to their pleasant home in Preble County, Ohio, attended an appointed meeting at Westfield Meeting House on Sixth-day. It was small on account of so many from home attending the county fair, but was very satisfactory. We returned that evening to Richmond, and spent a little time socially and very pleasantly with relatives. Taking the train next morning for New Castle to attend an appointment at Duck Creek Meeting-House at 2 p. m., which was satisfactory, though not large, partly on account of rainy weather. These are both small meetings, and are to some extent neglected by travelling Friends. We should be more careful not to neglect these needy ones. On First-day I attended the Regular Meeting at Fall Creek, near Pendleton, and appointed one in the evening. Both were quite large, and seemed impressive occasions. It seemed to me it was good for us all to be there. The First-day School was no larger than usual, and there were at least 75 young people there, all intelligent and earnest. It brought to my mind a train of reflections. Are we meeting the needs of our young people

spiritually? So far as I have noticed and read of the Young Friends' Associations, they do not supply this need. The history of the past is good as a teacher, but the link that binds this past history to the living present is the need of the hour. This young element, earnest and desiring activity, are longingly reaching forth their hands. What have we to offer? They do not need the milk for the babes, and are not ready for the strong meat for full-grown men and women.

On Second-day I returned to my home, leaving behind many newly-found bonds of love, but bringing away that peace of mind, which is the result of doing in our peculiar way what we can.

EDWARD COALE.

HYMN-SINGING IN MISSIONS AND FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

My attention has lately been called to the matter and manner of hymn-singing in Missions and First-Day Schools, and the conclusion forced upon my mind is, that we, as Friends, should hesitate in countenancing it. Before giving any reasons may I state, as showing that nothing has previously biased me against congregational hymn-singing, that, for sometime acting as accompanist at a Mission-Service, I have, as a natural consequence been enabled to see both the best and worst side of the question.

The first objection is, that it leads *many* to sing words which for them are distinctly *untrue*; for instance, missionaries are very fond of choosing *for all* to sing the following lines:—

*I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me;
That on the Cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.*

Those words are sung by *all* the congregation who are physically able to join in, and, as the chorus has a "swing" it "goes well!" This is only one instance out of many that might be brought forward; for, as a rule, missionaries prefer what are designated