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Young • Friends' • Review.

“NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE.”

VOL. VII.

LONDON, ONT., SECOND MONTH, 1892.

NO. 2

GOD'S MERCY.

Vast is the mercy of God, and when a man doeth aright.

Glad is the right-hand Angel, and setteth it quick on the roll;

Ten times he setteth it down in letters of heavenly light,

For one good deed, ten deeds, and a hundred for ten on the scroll.

But when one doeth amiss, the right-hand Angel doth lay

His palm on the left-hand Angel, and whisper “Forbear thy pen!”

Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent him and pray;

At the end of the seventh hour, if it must be witness it then.”

—Edwin Arnold.

OUR PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES.

Wherein do the principles and practices of the Society of Friends differ from those of the larger denominations of Christians sufficiently to make its existence desirable?

Written for YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

There are certain truths held in common by every organization claiming to be religious, among which are immortality of the soul, an overruling power all call God, and among Christians a belief in Jesus Christ as in some form the Saviour of the world. How to be in harmony with the requirements of these, are the themes that divide the sentiment of the people so as to seemingly make necessary the various religious organizations.

We will try to not go too much into detail, but confine the remarks to the difference between our branch of the Society of Friends and the so-called evangelical bodies. In briefly drawing these lines I do so with the earnest

hope of not misrepresenting evangelical views, and hope if it is done some one interested will rectify the error through these columns. It is truth we all want, and truth only.

It is claimed sin came into the world by our first parents and was by them entailed on their posterity—that their disobedience is the primary cause of all the suffering and death the world has ever known, all this inflicted by an offended and outraged God who was ready to condemn humanity to temporal and eternal ruin. At this critical juncture the Saviour Christ appears as God's only son, and intercedes for man, promising at some future time to leave his heavenly home and come down to earth to die on the cross and thus satisfy his offended majesty for the Adamic, or Adam's entailed sin, which was fulfilled according to the promise, and the Christian world looked forward in faith to a coming saviour who should upon his own sinless body receive the stripes that was their dues, and thus satisfy the demands of justice and make salvation for them possible. After the advent and life of Jesus and Calvary's tragic scenes evangelism looks back to what *was done and suffered* vicariously for them in the same faith as those who existed before looked forward to his coming. I believe the above statement necessary, that we may draw the lines of difference and give our theme the weight that is its due. As a Society we do not believe in entailed sin, imputed righteousness, or vicarious atonement. Our first parents from the beginning had evil within them, else they could not have communed with the evil when it appeared to them in the garden. It was evil in the heart of Eve when she heeded the message

of the serpent who declared unto her she should not die but would be made wise, and their eyes be opened that they might know good from evil. The human heart is the same to-day, there has been no change from that time to this, they had nothing to do with entailing sin, and are in no way accountable for *any* of the suffering and death, that through all time, has been the lot of humanity. Sin is a violation of a *known* law. I know of no other except it be violations resulting from ignorance of laws we had the opportunity of knowing, but neglected or refused to learn. This was in the beginning of the religious history of the world. We do not find very great evidences of spiritual development. "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform." Man's highest conceptions of right are always God's highest laws to him, and so, because of the darkness of their minds, there was much formality and ceremony in their religious rites. But this was not universally so. Job, a supposed contemporary of Abraham, leaves on record a remarkable religious code, almost the equal of the so-called new dispensation, and all through the old Bible we find the various necessities of humanity met by a sufficiently saving power up to their ability to receive it. We will not follow in detail but come directly to the coming of the promised Messiah, through whom all nations should be blessed. We will leave the point of his parentage, but insist on the Divinity of the life in that prepared body that made him indeed the Christ, the son of the Living God. All things were ready, He did indeed open a new dispensation by a new exemplification of an old truth. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. God is love, pure and undefiled. *He never needed to be reconciled to man, but man to Him.* Jesus left his precepts for the world and He lived them all out—exemplified them in his life. Sometimes with His pathway strewn with flowers and the shouting thousands

proclaiming hosannas to Him that cometh in the name of the Lord. Later in the Gethsemane deserted by the people, with his disciples indifferent, he suffered and prayed alone; unmoved by either—ever the same, and closed his career with the most sublime expression that ever fell on mortal ears, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Surely he died that *truth* might live. He died for the sins of the world, and in that He died for me. He could not fully exemplify his work without it. But why follow this blessed theme of redeeming love farther? He promised the world through his disciples a comforter that should guide into all truth. And on one occasion when they marvelled at his wondrous works, he exclaimed "greater things than these shall ye do." The office of the priesthood was at an end; every one willing to receive the truth was a prophet of the Lord unto themselves, a man should not say to his neighbor or brother, know the Lord for all shall know Him from the least to the greatest. That time had come. Mankind was slow to receive it—are slow yet, without it goes far back into the misty past and comes forth clothed with all the formality and law—found before the opening of this wonderful light. How much more an object of love and admiration such a Saviour must be to the thinking mind than to establish a faith in the vicarious suffering of perfect love for the result of a sin committed six thousand years ago.

From the differences of opinion of men have resulted the various religious societies and various ordinances and forms of worship. We are but one, and, we painfully realize, one of the smallest. We know much about the methods of work in other societies and acknowledge the great good they are doing in the world, and only desire to stand by their side and aid in every effort to elevate humanity. In so doing we are compelled to walk in the light as we see it, believing that Christ is "that

true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" and "in him is no darkness at all."

We believe we can enter into our closet and pray there surrounded by thousands. We need no human power to lead us in worship in our assemblies, all depends on individual faithfulness to manifested duty. That God is the teacher of His people Himself, and will manifest Himself as plainly to *me* and be as much wisdom and strength for *me* as he ever has for any, in any age of the world. That here and now is the beginning of eternal life, and we *must* work it out with fear and trembling. I leave the enlargement to others in hope that in our investigation the advancement of truth only may be our aim. May anything else meet its merited doom, as chaff fit only for the fire, but gather the pure wheat into the garner.

Holder, Ill.

EDWARD COALE.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Wherein do the principles and practices of the Society of Friends differ from those of larger denominations of Christians sufficiently to make its existence desirable?

The difference in Friends' belief from other Christian bodies is, that Friends' believe that God's office can be neither limited nor divided, that He is Maker, Lord and Saviour. He is the beginning and ending of undefiled wisdom, from whom all blessings flow. "There is a something in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding." The followers of the pure spirit know that the gospel is obtained through our Father and is not negotiable; because "He teaches His people Himself," and as man cannot teach, we fully realize, and in social intercourse with society become brethren in spirit, walking in the Light.

Another difference is, Jesus' office was one of service; perfect example in

obedience. Be ye also perfect and rest in the knowledge of the Father's presence—*who is authority*. God's supremacy was Jesus' authority, and is ours, for, *by obedience to God salvation is procured*. Practically understanding "my doctrine is not mine, but him that sent me"; conforming and giving precedence to the pure spirit, as taught by the founder of Christianity—is a peculiar feature of this body.

Again, forms and creeds are not employed by Friends in worship. When the kingdom of Heaven is set up and maintained in man the spiritual sacrament and baptism is greater than man can confer, consequently symbols are valueless in spiritual worship to this body; for types, emblems, shadows all have passed away, having no place at the spiritual feast and baptism.

Again they have no paid ministry. Because God amply rewards His servants by His spirit for all they are worthy of; a commodity in which greenbacks, or coin is not a legal tender with this religious denomination.

Friends make no show with their houses for worship; neither in or outside nor burden their members with taxation, or seek assistance from other organizations to liquidate extravagant tabernacle debts; taking care of their own needy; consistent and plain in their manner of living; maintaining and giving Jesus' teachings precedence to all others.

They believe and teach that war is sinful—strenuously advocating national arbitration; for conscience' sake they cannot enter into the practices of the world; that slavery was sinful; that partaking of alcoholic drink as a beverage is evil. In all reforms the Society of Friends holds a conspicuous place in history, and in keeping with Jesus' teachings; advocating and living up to their convictions since the birth of this peculiar people; while the world at large slowly comes into a realization of Friends' early belief and practices. And it has ever been so. Reforma-

tion comes through untiring patience with ignorance and bigotry, having the world (so to speak) to contend with.

Then, is it not apparent that this body should continue as an educator until it shall have lost its usefulness? There still remains much work for them to do. Progress is slow but sure. Educate the people in higher walks with God where brute force and all sorts of persecution dwindle. In daily life let justice be practiced at all times. Speak not, nor eat, nor drink that which defileth, and be clean is the law of physical and spiritual health.

H. G. MILLER.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

WILLIAM PENN'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Dear child, these words which briefly I declare,
Let them not hang like jewels in thine ear,
But in the secret closet of thy heart,
Lock them up safe that they may ne'er depart.
Give first to God the flower of thy youth,
Take for thy guide the holy word of truth ;
Adorn thy soul with grace, prize wisdom more
Than all the pearls upon the Indian shore ;
Think not to live still free from grief and sorrow—

The man that laughs to-day shall weep to-morrow ;

Nor dream of joy unmixed here below,
No roses here but what on thorns do grow ;
Shun this deluding world that most bewitches,
And place thy hopes in everlasting riches.
Make room for Christ—let not so base a guest
As earth have any lodging in thy breast.
Bad company as deadly poison shun,
Thousands by it are ruined and undone ;
The giddy multitude still goes astray,
Turn from that road and choose the narrow way ;

Keep death and judgment always in thine eye ;
He is only fit to live that is fit to die ;
Make use of present time, because thou must
Shortly take up thy lodging in the dust.
'Tis dreadful to behold the setting sun,
And night approach before our work be done ;
Let not thy winged days be spent in vain,
When gone no gold can call them back again.
Strive to subdue thy sins when first beginning,
Custom, when once confirmed, is strangely winning ;

Be much in prayer, it is the begging trade,
By which true Christians are the richer made.
Of meditation get the blessed art,
And often search thy own deceitful heart ;

Fret not with envy at thy neighbor's wealth,
Preferment, learning, beauty, strength or health.

Abhor the lying tongue, vile fraud detest,
Plain hearted men by Providence are blest.
Take heed of idleness, that cursed nurse
And mother of all vice, there is nothing worse ;
And fly from pride, high hills are barren found,
But lowly valleys with choice fruits are crowned.

Short sinful pleasure's delights eschew,
Eternal torments are their wages due ;
The rules of temperance observe and keep,
That thou offend not in meat, drink or sleep ;
Nor costly garments wear, let men admire
Thy person rather than thy rich attire ;
Get a good treasure laid up in thy heart
Whereby discourse thou riches may impart ;
To profit other holy thoughts within,
Will guide thy tongue and keep thy lips from sin.

Learn to distinguish between faithful friends
And fawning flatterers, which for base ends
Will speak thee fair with words as soft as oil,
And make a show of friendship to beguile.
The secrets of thy friends do not disclose,
Lest by so doing thou resemble those
Whose ears are leaking vessels, which contain
Nothing poured in but what runs out again,
But all their thoughts proclaiming them unfit
Of any trust, and void of any wit.
If thou resolve to change a single life,
And has a purpose to become a wite,
Then choose thy husband not for worldly gain,
Nor for his comely shape or beauty vain ;
If money makes the match, or lust impure,
Then bride and bridegroom, too, shall weep
be sure ;

But with the fear of God most excellent,
Be chiefly minded, look for true content ;
Cast off all needless and distrustful care,
A little is enough, too much a snare ;
Our journey from the cradle to the grave,
Can be but short, so no large portion crave ;
For such convenience as must be had,
Trust in thy God, who hath so richly clad
The fragrant meadows with fresh silver show-ers,
Sent down to nurse up tender plants and flow-ers ;

He for each chirping bird provides a nest,
And gives all creatures that which feeds them best.

To Him give thanks for mercies which before
Thou hast received, and that makes room for more ;

Faults before his face reprove thy friend,
But all good deeds behind his back commend.
Labor for peace, choose to contend for none,
Let reason with sweet calmness keep the throne ;

Treading fierce wrath and lawless passion down,

The grace of meekness is a woman's crown.
Be loving, patient, courteous and kind,
So doing thou shalt grace and honor find

Here upon earth, and when conquering death
 Thy body shall disturb, and stop thy breath
 Upon the golden wings of faith and love
 Thy soul shall fly to paradise above
 Where sin and sorrow shall for ever cease,
 And there be crowned with endless joy and
 peace.

OUR GREATEST NEED.

George Fox said : "Mind the light." This doctrine of the inner light is one of the fundamental principles of our Society, and we believe in it as that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world ; and which, if heeded, will guide us ever in the right way, the path that leads to peace.

We profess to be guided in all things by this light which reveals to us the will of God concerning us, but do we, faithfully, live up to our profession? Have we not departed, many of us, from that earnest devotion to principle which characterized the earlier Friends?

In the early days of Quakerism, when there was such fierce opposition on every hand, there was but little chance for the real professor to grow luke warm ; but in these more favored times when we enjoy the freedom to worship God as conscience dictates, I believe there is a lack of real live interest in the principles and practices of our Society, among a large part of our members, for :

" 'Tis always so easy to wander
 When our lives are glad and sweet."

Thus we suffer our light to grow dim till those with whom we mingle would scarcely recognize us as "children of the light."

When the light in our lamps becomes dim we know that something is wrong ; either the oil is of inferior quality, the wick needs trimming, or the globe has become clouded ; thus making the light which should be bright and clear, appear dull and insufficient for our needs.

Now, it appears to me that at least one of the greatest needs of our Society is that we are more concerned to have our lights trimmed and burning, so that they may be, not only a light unto

our own path, but that they may reflect on any around us, who may be groping in darkness. Jesus said : "Let not the light that is within you become darkness," and again, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
 I pray you look quickly and see ;
 For if it were burning, then surely
 Some rays would fall bright upon me."
 M. V.

THE GREATEST NEED OF OUR SOCIETY AT THE PRESENT TIME.

There will be different opinions in regard to this important subject. If there were not, it were not worth while to consider it here. There will be, no doubt, on the other hand, repetition of the same views, in the various articles ; but the variety in language and manner of presenting may make amends for the repetition in thought.

Some may think that the greatest need of our Society is more attraction in our churches, and more entertaining display in our services to entice the young, and the older ones as well. We are severely simple. Enchanting music, and flowery eloquence, and ceremonial display, would, no doubt, attract more to our Society. But those who understand the genius of Quakerism well know that these things can never form a part of our worship. It was partly a reaction against those very things that called our Society into existence, and as these things creep in it is a convincing evidence that Friends are falling away from their true and primitive faith. God is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit.

The organ's tones, and the outward ceremony and ordinances, only tend to arrest the mind from turning in to hold sweet communion with the All-spirit, only tend to entangle it in outward and material things. This arresting is fatal to true and acceptable worship, and the proud devotee is filled and puffed up

with these husks and shams, and manifests none of the love and humility, that are at once the results and the badge of true worship with the Father. There is a music that God delights to hear from His worshippers, but it is not the gross and grating tones of the organ, or even of human lips, but it is a hymn of praise and thanksgiving that arises spontaneously and silently from the pure soul. Cease to do evil, and with all thy heart love thy fellowmen, and thy soul will vibrate in grateful harmony with the all-source whence it sprang. Whoso has felt and heard this sweet ethereal music can never be satisfied with the discords of mouth or organ.

Then we can safely say that these outward ceremonies are not the needs of our Society.

Is it then that our principles are unworthy a larger following? If we may judge from fruits it may seem not. Our glorious principles have made our Society foremost in nearly all the reforms of modern times. It leads in liberating the slaves, in freeing the conscience, and in the emancipation of women, in prison reform, arbitration, prohibition, and many more philanthropic movements. Our principles have proved equal to the demands in all emergencies. In the early times of our Society they sustained the mind in persecution, in the loathsome prison, and at the fiery stake. Aye, they have not gone untested, neither have they ever been found to be insufficient. They are as sure and as unfailing as God Himself, because they have their root and life in Him. Can anyone conceive of anything higher in religion than this: "We believe there is a God and that He reveals His will to men; and obedience thereto ensures happiness and heaven." This is the whole essence of all religions. The world is slowly but surely gravitating to it. It is getting more and more dissatisfied with the husks of senseless creeds and empty forms.

All masks and shams will some day be down
hurled,
And God will have the homage of the world.

We have examined the things our Society has inherited from its founders—mode of worship and belief—and have found nothing wanting in either. Let us look next to ourselves. I believe we will find the fault there. What are we doing worthy of such high principles as we have inherited. I believe we are doing nothing at all adequate. I believe we have been, as a Society, very negligent of our divine principles for the last one hundred years. We have been content to believe them, or half-believe them, ourselves, without making very much exertion to enlighten those around us. Our ministers have done and are doing their part, I believe, very faithfully. But we have done very little through the press, and it is acknowledged that the press wields, to-day, by far the greatest influence in the civilization of the world. In our Society there has been, in modern times, a marked dearth of able writers. Look at the brilliant galaxy of writers that illuminated the first era of our Society, and compare with it the mediocrity of to-day. Or let us compare our own exertions in this respect to the herculean efforts made by the energetic and highly intellectual members of our sister society, the Unitarians. They have essentially the same religious views with us, no doubt learned them of us, but are greatly in advance of us in teaching them to others.

The world is ripening for the advanced religion. Thousands are dissatisfied with the old beliefs and are only waiting for something better, and we are in a position to give it to them:

Orthodoxy is crumbling away,
The old dogmas have domineered their day;
A day of blood and slavery, hate and war,
And superstition, but, thank God, its o'er,
A brighter day is dawning on the night,
Let us help usher in the purer light.

Let the light of truth, and the love of universal brotherhood be shed abroad. By giving we add more to our own. Let us think seriously of these things, and act on our honest conclusions. May we be more thoughtful of the op-

portunities granted us along the path of life for helping our fellowmen. We pass this way but once. This is our age and our opportunity for advancing our Society and bettering the world.

E. M. Z.

THE GREATEST NEED OF OUR SOCIETY AT THE PRESENT TIME.

George Fox could find no rest for his mind until the "true religion" had been revealed to him. Ministers and priests could not give him that for which he sought because they possessed it not. The common people, relying upon the clergy, possessed no original idea of true religion, and could not aid him. Study of the Scriptures, after the common form and regarding it literally, did not aid him. But when the light did dawn upon his darkened and troubled soul, all darkness and unrest disappeared. His star of Bethlehem had indeed risen and showed him where the "Saviour of men" lay. Then was his duty made plain. That inward voice guided his action, his thoughts, and his life. So brightly did the light shine in him and through him that he demanded respect and obtained followers.

Thus was practical Quakerism, in a collective sense, first brought before the people since the days Jesus Christ lived upon the earth. For I believe that true Quakerism is the religion he taught, although the people, for sixteen centuries, comprehended it not.

Our present and future can best be judged by a comparison with the past. We find that Fox and his followers obeyed implicitly the dictates of conscience regardless of the fact that they jeopardized their mortal lives. Whipping, imprisonment, and death could not make them forsake their guide. The religion they established, although it has been accepted slowly, has stood the test for two centuries. *Earnestness* and *steadfastness* has done this. And if we are falling off or lacking to-day,

may it not be attributed to a lack in these two causes since they are the primal.

If this is an axiom, then we may clearly see the remedy; pay closer heed to Penn's injunction "Friends, mind the Light." Be more earnest and steadfast to the principles which our predecessors labored so hard to establish.

Consent to be guided by the voice of God, Christ in the soul. It will guide thee by still waters and through green pastures. It will fill thy soul with a light that will be loved and revered by those around thee. Thy life will be rounded and perfected, and at its close, God will say with the world, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

This being true individually, will be true collectively. Our Society will be perfected and strengthened. Its influence will widen, and the world will feel more plainly its harmonizing influence, and it will be emulating the principles of its founders. *Our* work has not been for us. The founders of the Society did but their own. And since they did it so well it behooves us the more rigidly to perform *our* work well. We younger members are, perhaps, too ready to fall in with the unreasonable haste of the 19th century. Stop! Listen! Thy conscience will tell thee there are no calm reasonable reflections in hurry. God works with no haste. Listen to him and come to that state of earnestness and steadfastness which characterized our forefathers. Be not too ready to discard the old for the new.

Stand firmly by the helm, and hold the ship in the direction in which it was directed. Give the world no chance to say: "The Friends are not as they once were." Remember our Society has a place to fill in the world which makes it indispensable, and its perpetuation depends upon our being earnest and true to the "*still small voice*."

REUBEN P. KESTER.

Grampion Hills, Pa., U. S., 1st mo. 21, 1892.

THE CHILD MARTYR.

A TRUE STORY.

Printed by Request.

PART I.

It was a summer morn in May,
The air was sweet and mild ;
The birds sang in the leafy trees,
And nature round me smiled.

I left my inn, and wandered forth,
In meditative mood,
And bent my steps, I know not why,
To where a churchyard stood.

It was a quiet resting place,
And crowned a lofty hill ;
The dark blue sea beneath it rolled,
The spot was hushed and still.

'Mid humble graves, a monument*
In beauty stood alone,
A wondrous work ; the sculptor breathed
A life into the stone.

A group in marble, pure as snow—
Two maidens young and fair ;
The hands of one were clasped ; her eyes
Looked up to heaven in prayer.

And o'er them both an angel bent,
So graceful, tender, light ;
A starry crown was in her hand,
Of lilies pure and white.

The marble seemed to speak to me—
To whisper in mine ear—

" I have a history to tell,
You would do well to hear."

The sexton soon was at my side—

A feeble, aged man ;
His form was bent, his hair was white,
His face was pale and wan.

To my quick questions, slow, he said :

" Ay, sir, full well I know,
As sad a tale as e'er was told,
Of them who sleep below."

" Yes, sit ye here upon this stone,
The legend I will tell,
My mother told me when a boy,
And, sir, I love it well."

He put aside his spade, and sat
Upon a gravestone cold ;
His aged eye regained its fire,
As thus the tale he told.

PART II.

" 'Twas in the time of ancient strife,
'Neath religion's sacred name,
When bloody Mary held the sway
O'er England's fair domain.

" Amidst these rocky, frowning hills,
This northern Scottish land,
High in the mountain fastnesses,
There dwelt a Christian band.

" Among the few who weekly met
To pray 'mid rising fears,
Two lovely sisters always came,
Two girls of tender years.

" The elder maiden, Margaret,
Was only twelve years old,
She'd deep blue eyes, and golden hair,
A spirit firm and bold.

" The younger one was Alice called,
She'd but ten summers seen ;
Her eyes were dark, her hair was brown,
A little Highland queen.

" They with their father lived alone,
High on the mountain side ;
Their mother died some years ago,
He was their only guide.

" But ere that mother slept, she called
The eldest to her bed,
And gave her Bible, old and loved,
To keep when she was dead.

" ' I have not long to stay, my child,
It is my last request,
Oh, read and prize this precious book,
When I have sunk to rest.

" ' Dark times are coming o'er the land—
The scourge, the stake, the sword—
And they who love the simple faith
May suffer for their Lord.

" ' I see the clouds—I hear the roar
Of bigotry's fierce flood ;
You, child, may suffer for your faith,
And seal it with your blood.

" ' Should ever that dark trial come,
Be firm for Christ that day ;'
So saying, with a faint sweet smile,
Her spirit passed away.

" But that tender heart those words
Held long a mystic sway ;
And how she kept that last request.
My story soon will say.

" Ay, sir, 'tis well for you and me
We worship undismayed ;
In perfect liberty and light,
None maketh us afraid.

" But not so then—soon tidings came
Of sainted men, who bore
Both axe and flame for Chri-t's dear name
As in the days of yore.

" And soon a stern command went forth
From crown and Roman see,
That all should go to mass, or burn'd
As heretics should be.

*The monument is to be seen in Stirling churchyard.

"Ah, then ! that Bible loving few
 Re-fused, and held their way,
 And met in caverns far remote,
 To read, and praise, and pray.

"But sad to tell, they were betrayed,
 And creatures fierce and bold
 Came down on that devoted band
 Like wolves upon the fold.

"And where a stern tribunal sat,
 In priestly pomp and pride,
 'Mid mitred heads and shaven crowns,
 They dragg'd them to be tried.

"The two sweet sisters, hand in hand,
 Amongst them could be seen ;
 They both refused the Roman Church,
 The Church of England's queen.

"The Bishop said to Margaret,
 'Row to the Pontiff's will ;
 Abjure thy faith' ; she meekly said,
 'Please God, I never will.

"'The Pope is but a mortal man,
 'Tis Christ who sets us free ;
 I need no man save Christ the Lord,
 Between my God and me.'

"'Hold, for thy life ! the prelate cried,
 Fanatic, do you know
 What 'tis to die a lingering death
 Of agony and woe ?'

"She lifted up her calm, blue eyes,
 And slowly, firmly said,
 'My Saviour gave His life for me,
 For *Him* my blood I'll shed.'

"'Enough,' he cried, 'your doom is sealed,
 For mercy vainly cry ;
 Your weeping sister shall be spared,
 But you, rash girl, shall die.'

"They led her where the tide was out,
 And bound her to a stake
 With iron chains, as tho' they feared
 The frail thing could escape.

"Robed in pure white, serene she stood,
 And o'er her shoulder fair
 Her long hair fell in golden showers—
 Her hands were clasped in prayer.

"A weeping crowd stood on the shore,
 For all had loved her well ;
 The very wind moaned o'er the rocks,
 And seemed to sigh her knell.

"She sees the hungry waves draw nigh—
 She hears the breakers roar
 In answer to the rising wind,
 And roll upon the shore.

"They reach her snowy feet ; then rides
 Into the stormy sea,
 A man with pardon in his hand
 If she'll a Papist be.

"'Now, say you will recant,' he cried,
 'And we will set you free !'
 'I love my Lord too well,' she said,
 'His love is liberty.'

"The man rides back—the waves rush on,
 As eager for a race ;
 Her waist they reach, the maddened spray
 Now dashes in her face.

"*Again they ride—again they cry,
 'Revoke your words and live !'*
 'Tempt me no more,' the maid replied ;
 'My life I freely give.'

"Higher and higher rose the tide—
 Salt tears stood in her eyes,
 They saw her hair like bright sea-weed
 On the billows fall and rise.

"Once more they struggled through the sea ;
 'Give in—give up !' they cry ;
 'The tide is strong—five minutes more,
 And you must surely die !'

"But in that last and bitter trial,
 Above the storm and clear,
 Her mother's last and dying words,
 Were ringing in her ear.

"A radiant smile lit up her face—
 She wished, she longed to go ;
 And raising her bright eyes to heaven,
 She firmly answered 'No !'

"Then bent her head beneath the flood—
 A struggle—all is done ;
 And her pure spirit winged its flight
 To rest beyond the sun."

ADA L. MARTEN.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Japan has appropriated \$630,765 for its representation at the Exposition. A splendid Japanese exhibit is assured.

The World's Fair Board for Kansas is promoting a plan whereby it is expected that the expense of erecting the Exposition building for that State will be borne by school pupils. The proposition is to have all the schools in the State observe a "World's Fair Day," by holding an entertainment with music, recitations, tableaux, etc., to which a small entrance fee will be charged. The proceeds are expected to be sufficient to pay for the State building. Over the main entrance of the structure it is proposed to have the words : "Erected by the School Children of Kansas."

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

*Published in the interest of the Society of
Friends at*

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,
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We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed in communications over the name, initials or other characters representing the contributor.

We prefer that remittances be made by post-office order or by registered letters. If bank drafts are sent from the United States they should be made payable at New York or Chicago. Postage stamps (American or Canadian) are accepted for change.

John J. Cornell and wife have removed from their home in Mendon Center, N. Y., for a few months, to 1923 Park avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Isaac Wilson, of Bloomfield, Ont., has a minute to attend Westbury Quarterly Meeting, New York, and some other meetings belonging to New York and some within the limits of Philadelphia. At this writing he is in the prosecution of this religious work.

It has been said that the Society of Friends does not give due encouragement to its young people, hence too large a proportion of them are lost to it. As publishers of a paper, especially in the interests of the young

people of the Society, our experience has given us, perhaps, as good an opportunity to test the feeling of Friends towards the younger members as could well be acquired in any way. We believe we can state, with some degree of authority, that whatever remissness there may have been in the past there is almost universally an interest and nearness of feeling growing with our old members and manifesting itself towards the younger. This, too, is being reciprocated, and if the growth continues we shall see in time, as the result, a rebuilding of the broken walls of our Zion and an enlargement of our borders.

This number of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW contains twenty pages. We have been endeavoring for some time to attain to this size regularly. But the finances of the undertaking would not warrant it; neither will they now. Our aim has been too, to have its contents very largely original, in order that our Society might be benefited by the encouragement we might give young writers to become proficient in expressing the faith that is in them. Up to the present time there has been no demand for larger space for this object, but the prospect is, we are pleased to find, that more space is likely to be required in the near future.

The New York city club stands at the head of the list for 1st month, and claims the prize of \$4.00 offered for same. It was sent by Harry A. Hawkins, a very efficient worker and warm friend to the REVIEW, and calls for 46 yearly subscribers.

For the past four or five years there has been a continual increase in the circulation of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW, still the increase has not been as great as we would have liked, and some of the improvements which we have had in contemplation has had to be abandoned. At present the prospects for an advance seem brighter than at any past period. Cheering words have come to us, from young and

old, from many quarters. We are anxious to send out A TWENTY-PAGE PAPER, at least, every *alternate month* this year. Without a greater percentage of increase in our circulation than ordinary we cannot do it. Are members of our Society ready to help increase the circulation of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW enough to make it possible? *Three hundred extra subscribers* (regular rates) *will do it.* That means only \$150. READ NEXT PARAGRAPH.

For each \$25 received for this object we will send the Young Friends' Review to 60 new subscribers one year, and the paper will be enlarged to twenty pages one month. Six such contributions will give a twenty-page paper for six months of this year to all our subscribers. Who will start the ball rolling by sending us the first \$25, and the names of 60 new subscribers. We prefer, in every case, to have the names come with the money, but if the contributors desire otherwise we are in a position to furnish the names, and, if desired, we shall send a list of same to each contributor. Remember this offer is to *new subscribers only.*

As usual we are obliged, unwillingly, to strike from our lists, at this time of the year, a few of last year's subscribers. We shall be most pleased to replace them again. But we do not continue the REVIEW after the time of subscription has expired, except at our expense. We think this method requires no apology from us. We considered it the only just plan for us to adopt, and several years' experience have justified the wisdom of the method. We ask our subscribers who have not already done so to please renew now, as all unrenewed names must be cancelled, and we don't want to part acquaintanceship.

God is the working force of the universe. Man is a factor of God.

A fine character is the highest revelation of God that can exist on earth.

OBITUARIES.

We have just learned (2 mo. 1) with profound regret of the death and burial of Stephen R. Hicks, of Long Island, N. Y. The publishers of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW have just cause to mourn his loss. We extend to his family our sincere sympathy. In her letter of 1st mo. 27th, our friend writes us: Stephen Hicks' funeral was largely attended last First-day, and the testimonies borne by eight different Friends to his worth were appropriate and well deserved, for his life was one of peculiar usefulness. He delighted in doing kind things to all about him, and the poor whom he had helped were especially demonstrative. His place will be hard to fill in our Yearly Meeting, for his counsel was always so well considered that it carried great weight. The Indians, when Friends seemed to be losing interest in their affairs, never lost their place in his affections.

PAGE—At her home, Effingham, Pelham, on the 8th of First month, 1892, Martha F., wife of Hiram Page, in the 71st year of her age. A member of Pelham Monthly Meeting.

ARMITAGE.—At his father's home, near Arkona, Ont., 2nd mo. 1st, after an illness of about 4 years, Thomas Seth Armitage, aged nearly 30 years. A member of Norwich Monthly Meeting of Friends.

Only three weeks before the parents of this young man (Mark and Margaret Armitage) received the sad news of the death of their daughter, Maggie Horner, of Minnadosa, Manitoba, leaving a babe but a few days old, which was brought, immediately after the mother's burial, to the old home, near Arkona. The child is doing well. S. P. Z.

CARPENTER—Died at his residence in Purchase, Westchester Co., N. Y., 1st mo. 19, 1892, Elnathau Carpenter in the 34th year of his age, a useful member and for many years a valuable elder of Purchase Monthly Meeting.

The following letter received by the family from a friend, written upon hearing of his death, fully expresses the true statement of his life and character: B.

The mysteries of life and death, time and philosophy have never solved; it is so in the wisdom and goodness of the Heavenly Father. In the beautiful twilight of age another heart has ceased to beat and an elder in Israel has passed from among us. The shadows of sadness have gathered about us, and we must patiently wait the coming brightness of other days, that are certain to come, for such is the wise provision of the loving Father. We were not created to mourn without hope or comfort. The lips are silent and cold that so recently spoke loving words of kindness and imparted wise counsel, the gift of a generous heart, matured by years of experience. Such gifts and gems constitute the wealth of a good man. He who is now clothed in the garment of peace and enshrined in the silent beauties of death, has been a dutiful son, a loving brother, a kind husband, an affectionate father, a generous neighbor and an honest man. These truths fully realized will build a monument of glory and renown above the humblest grave.

Your father in some things was always a child: Simple, sincere and as full of joy and hope as spring is of beauties. Every day with him was a day of sunshine. He anticipated no cloudy mornings. He was my friend. He was a friend of all deserving ones, and that friendship will be hallowed in memory and embalmed in the hearts of many still living. He was a true and sincere Christian. In the bower of his hope and prospect there did crawl and coil a serpent of eternal suffering.

He bowed in humble reverence before a supreme Being, in whom he believed and trusted. He accepted the philosophy of nature and desired that humanity should be with him a guiding principle. He realized that we are often indebted to labor and self-denial for what we enjoy; and as he had partaken of the fruit from trees that others had planted, he cheerfully planted and labored that others coming later might also feast. Our father

and friend believed that every kind word, every disinterested act, every voluntary contribution to the happiness of others increased and hastened the harvest of general good. His was a religion that enriches the poor and enables them to bear the burdens and disappointments of life. A religion born not of selfishness and fear, but of love and hope. In the presence of death, how creeds, doctrines, beliefs and dogmas wither and fade away; and how loving words and kind acts blossom and are fruitful of comfort and consolation. All wish to be happy beyond the grave and all will be who keep the commandments and obey the laws of the living God. All hope to meet in the future their loved and lost ones, a hope the good will realize. In every loving heart there grows the sacred flower of hope. Immortality is a word that hope through ages has been whispering to the anxious. Though we cannot understand the miracle of thought, or comprehend the mysteries of life and death, we can trust in the object of our creation and in the goodness of its author. The dear departed father and friend had faithfully discharged all the duties and realized all the blessings of a lengthy life, that he could no longer enjoy, when he was gathered home to rest.

He has bequeathed us a rich legacy in the bright example of a consistent and well spent life; and carried with him the love of his family and personal friends and the benedictions of a people with whom he had lived; all united in the belief that for him death had no sting and his grave could claim no victory.

C. F. S.

The London Polytechnic Institute expects that its plans for bringing artisans and others of limited means to the Exposition will result in enabling 1,500 or 2,000 such persons to visit Chicago at a total expense of something like \$125 or \$130 each for the round trip.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Kindly words from various quarters received with still more substantial evidences of continued interest in the shape of subscriptions.—

From South Easton, N. Y. : "The outlook for the REVIEW the coming year is an interesting one."

From Ohio : "The latest number of your paper always seems the best."

From Erie Co., N. Y. : "I anticipate monthly the little paper as a pleasant visitor and real treasure."

From Lockport, N. Y. : "The motto of your little paper is really an inspiration, while its contents are truly helpful in their leadings up the mount where truth is found—always in robes of purest white."

From Lancaster Co., Pa. : "Friends cannot get so much excellent and refreshing reading from any source, at so low a rate, as from the columns of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW."

From Thedford, Ont. : "My friends in England express much pleasure in reading it monthly."

From Pickering, Ont. : "Among the Friends in this vicinity, who have always taken the REVIEW, there seems to be the same living interest taken in the paper, all wishing it success in its mission of good."

From Baltimore, Md. : "I desire to congratulate the Y. F. REVIEW upon its continued success, and increasing popularity among Friends generally."

From Wilson, Kansas : "I enjoy its contents. It is very acceptable."

From Chester Co., Pa. : "The REVIEW is an excellent paper and welcome visitor, and we should be sorry to miss it."

From Toronto, Ont. : "I hope your special efforts to increase the circulation of the REVIEW will be crowned with success. We highly appreciate

the privilege of reading the REVIEW every month; in fact, if it were issued semi-monthly at double the price I would prefer it."

CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

It has sometimes been thought that the cultivation of the mind would be an injury to those who obtain their living by actual labor—that supposing every man, be his occupation what it may, were to have his mind cultivated, it would render him uneasy in his lot—nothing can be wider from the truth, for if you raise men toward equality in intellect and education, you bring them nearer actual equality and the distinctions of property and occupations will sink away into nothing.

Look at our beloved Washington? Was he less respected when he became a practical farmer, than when at the head of a nation? No cultivated man can be degraded by his employment.

It is the mind that makes the man, and that makes one man equal with another.

It is said the two best educated nations on the face of the earth, are Denmark and the United States—the Government of one is a Despotism, and that of the other is opposite, Republicism—and yet, the inhabitants of these two countries are probably the best contented in the world. An educated mind has so many resources within itself, that it has not to depend upon outward circumstances for happiness.

A man with a cultivated intellect would feel neither disgrace nor uneasiness, were we to find him employed in the common duties of life, nor would we, if our minds were rightly educated, respect them any the less.

A very great number of our most valuable inventions and improvements are to be traced to intelligent men, in the common walks of life. We have many examples to prove the truth of this assertion. The discovery by which the "electric fluid" was brought under the control of man, has immortalized

the name of Franklin, and the page of history will bear record to future generations of his untiring efforts until he succeeded in accomplishing his long cherished object for which we should ever remember him with feelings of gratitude. In France and Germany, where the lightning is said to be far more destructive than with us, this discovery is valued as it ought to be.

It has been truly said that "Franklin caught the lightning," and at a later day "Professor Morse harnessed it," and made it subservient to the will of man, while it has wrought a change throughout the civilized world.

Look now at the telegraph, how it spreads the news with the speed of the wind, what tidings of sorrow and of joy does this mighty engine convey through the land; almost in a moment of time we hear from one part of the country to another, what is transpiring in their midst, and yet these *little wires* send in silence their various messages alike to friends and foes.

I have read somewhere, that it was found the *steel dust* which was created by grinding needles, which is inexpressibly minute, filled the atmosphere, filled the lungs, and invariably caused consumption, gauze veils of the finest construction were tried, but all to no purpose, no veil could prevent it from entering the eye and the lungs. At last a *workman* notices a child playing with a magnet, drawing the needies and the steel dust after it, as we probably have all done in childhood, the discovery is now made, a veil of fine magnet wire is drawn over the face, and the air is strained pure, all the dust of the steel being attracted and held by the wire, and the labor of grinding needles is now hardly more dangerous than any other business.

It is both interesting and instructive to trace the many advantages that have been given to the world, by minds that were turned toward the advancement of science in every variety, and the *poor mechanic* has contributed his share to a large extent.

ELIZA H. BELL.

ONE VIEW OF IT.

It is exceptionally easy in religious matters, to take the convictions of our forefathers as guides, to walk where they lead, and believe the doctrines they believed. I think in no other religious organization, save, perhaps, the Roman Catholic, do we find so many who are luke warm in matters of spiritual import, who, being birthright members, have never considered it necessary to question the soundness of doctrines, or through the questionings, to become convinced of their divine authority. Yet, if we cannot do this, cannot bring every principle and practice, however endeared it may be by the memory of those who honored it to the bar of unprejudiced reason, and with all the light God has given us, decide for or against it, we are children unworthy of our parentage.

If I read history rightly, there was a call, a need for the Society of Friends when it arose. George Fox was as divinely commissioned to teach a new doctrine to the sons of men as were many who preceded and have followed him. During all time there have come periods in religious history when torpidity must be overcome by the inflowing current of inspiration, and inaction by the uplifting power of enthusiasm. Such a time was Savonarola's, Augustine's, Martin Luther's and George Fox's. The works of the latter more closely interests us. We are familiar with the story of early Quakerism, how it met with violent persecution in the Old World, then reached the shores of the New, where, after many trials and much torture, it found a peaceful home. That was many years ago. By the aid of the imagination, we can comprehend how all things have changed since then. There exists no need now for many doctrines and practices that were of importance then. Change is the law of nature. We see this law operating everywhere. It is wise. It is good. But Friends have ignored this. With a tenacity unknown

in regard to other things, they have clung to the old forms and practices. They have failed to realize that this day is better than George Fox's and the light is brighter. What would we think of a farmer who refused the aid of modern inventions, and cut his grain with a sickle and bound it with his hands for no better reason than because his forefathers did so?

Truth is unchanging, yet it is buried deep, and we must search long and wide, with prayerful earnestness before we can hope to grasp our share of it. We cannot say, I have all the truth, my brother there has none, because he believes and acts differently from me. We may trust the All-good, who has never allowed evil to gain the majority, but He has always sent into the world good men and women who have worked righteousness in His name. He has not called them all to be Friends. We have known them as Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics, Jews, and by many other names. His plans are all-reaching, He is never thwarted by his creations, and His truth will prevail. So the doctrines declared by George Fox will live because it is *truth*. But the time is passed when it will be repressed for the good of a few, under conservatism and ascetic forms. It has risen above the bounds of Friends would have kept it in and flowed into other societies. It is not necessary that the Society of Friends should exist longer as a Society; their mission is performed. Others are now taking up the work and will do it better than they can. The empty, decaying meeting houses or the handful of Friends, who now gather where hundreds once came, prove the inadequacy of their ways to meet the needs of the people. It is not on account of their wickedness or the perverseness of the people, but on account of a want, a necessity for more life, more freedom than the Society is able to give them.

We need to be more far-seeing in our views, and note the changes abroad. We must look forward, not

backward, or we shall stumble. The fundamental principles upon which Friends built—that of silent worship—is widely believed in by all Christians. Yet it is not necessary that we wear a plain bonnet or broad-brimmed hat, go to an unadorned meeting-house and sit upon rude benches in order that we may enjoy it. True children of God can worship anywhere, everywhere, and because of silent worship during the week will be the more benefitted by a good sermon on the Sabbath.

Not all sermons delivered without notes or manuscript are directly inspired from God, nor do those written and read always lack such inspiration.

There are practices held by Friends to be of importance, that seem to be contrary to nature's laws, as the love of the beautiful, which was plainly intended to be one of our sources of happiness. If brown and drab are the chosen colors, why did God put a red vest on the robin and dress the oriole in yellow? if adornment is sinful, why did he notch the rose leaf and curve its petals? if it is a moral crime to beautify our homes, why did he create bright skies, lovely landscapes, and tantalize us with the love of imitation? if music is wicked, why should not the birds build their nests and rear their young without songs? Or, if music is good for the home, why not for the church?

There are sins of repression as well as expression, and while many have erred in the latter, Friends may have strayed as far from the truth on the side of the former.

Macedon, N. Y.

S. F.

STAND BY YOUR CALLING.

A paper written by Edgar M. Zavitz for the Farmer's Institute at Coldstream, and read by Rebecca Zavitz, of Guelph, Ont

A friend of mine—a young lady—said recently, when she heard that her intended was about to leave the farm and seek a situation on the railroad, "Well I am glad he has pluck enough

to be something besides a farmer.' I see a goodly number of young ladies here just passing out of girlhood into life's love time, I want to say to you despise not the vocation of your honest parents, do not look down upon the profession that has nurtured you and given you "sound minds in sound bodies," do not hold in disrespect the horny hands of toil when they come to woo you, they may belong to the kindest heart you shall ever meet with in this world. Many a farmer's daughter has rejected the open hearted honest son of her neighbor, and wed the smooth tongued and sleek dressed city beau, all veneer and polish, and perfume, only to drag out a weary life, sighing the sad refrain: "Ah, alas! it might have been!" No. I challenge the world to show me a vocation more likely to keep a man, physically, intellectually and spiritually, more nearly what the Creator intended he should be, than the calling that forms a partnership with Him in raising grain and raising flocks. We grow familiar with the laws with which an all-wise Intelligence endowed nature by watching the marvelous developments and results of their workings. The farmer is surrounded by the charming and deeply interesting phenomena of plant and animal life. The soil of the farm is not dirt, but the vitalizing loom where nature weaves the sunshine and the dew into form and color and beauty. Behold the lily in the field. There is not a lord or lady, King or Queen that rides through the most fashionable boulevard, or that treads the costliest carpet in all their pride and pomp and glory arrayed like that humble lily. We till the ground in faith, in hope, we sow the grain and trust God for the increase, and are rewarded with golden harvests. See what lessons in faith, in hope, in trust, in dependence and the abundant reward for all these. Farming is a living Bible, teaching by daily example and object lessons the love and magnificence of the Creator. All these things must have a powerful influence on the

heart to keep pure and innocent and true. Other people may *preach* righteousness but no class *lives* it more than the farmer.

Physically rural life and pursuits are acknowledged to be superior to all others. How many a city mother, remembering the pure air, the free life and health inviting pursuits surrounding her rural home in girlhood, has said to her child John or Mary, "You are getting so pale and puny we must let you go into the country, to your aunts for a few weeks to recruit up." And the boy or girl goes back with cheeks like the red rose or sun-kissed apple. There are societies justly termed humanitarian, organized for the special purpose of airing the sickly human plants in the large cities. These plants are called the fresh air children." How significant in this connection are the terms humanitarian and "fresh air children."

But you say, it is all well enough to sojourn on the farm, to spend a few weeks or months there, but it is a different thing to be bound down to it as a life work. Farming is too hard, you say. It is drudgery. It makes slaves of us. There is some truth in that, I acknowledge. As I pointed out to you two years ago, those drawbacks result mainly from the fact that other trades band together and induce Parliament to favor them in their special line, and when ever these selfish demands are granted and the natural adjustment of things interfered with, it almost always directly or indirectly places the farmer at still greater disadvantage. But the fault is partly with the farmers themselves. They have depended too much upon their hands and not enough upon their brains. They have misunderstood that command: "By the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou earn thy bread." They thought it meant manual labor alone. But it does not say by the sweat of thy hands or thy elbows, but by the sweat of thy *brow*, indicating that it is the *brain* that must work. We are slow to learn that prosperity de-

pends more upon the brain work in farming than upon manual labor.

Agriculture is the most ancient of pursuits, and we have just wakened up to the fact that it is a *science*, and I am glad that it has acquired this dignified title. It may help to reverse the order of things that existed when "Mother's fool" was good enough for the farm and the smart chaps went to the city. This new regime is already upon us. I can look over the past four or five years and see those who were too dumb to make prosperous farmers sell out and enter some profession more suited to their limited brains.

I commenced my paper with advice to the young ladies, I have some now for the young men, and the boys the coming farmers. You step on the stage of the world in a very auspicious moment. Never were the prospects of the farmer more hopeful and bright since Adam was turned out of Paradise. I will read how it was only a few years ago as described by a Yankee. He says:

"Father used to say when I lived on the farm along with him: 'Sam,' says he, 'I vow I wish there was jist four hundred days in the year, for it's a plaguey sight too short for me. I can find as much work as all hands on us can do for three hundred and sixty-five days, and jist thirty-five days more if we had em. We hain't got a minit to spare; you must shell the corn and winner the grain at night, clean all up slick, or I guess we'll fall astarn, as sure as the Lord made Moses.' If he didn't keep us all at it, a drivin' away full chisel, the whole blessed time, it's a pity. There was no 'blowin' time' there, you may depend. We plowed all the fall for dear life; in winter we threshed, made and mended tools, went to market and mill, and got out our firewood and rails. As soon as frost was gone, came sowin' and plantin', weedin' and hoein'; then harvest and spreadin' compost; then gatherin' manure, fencin' and ditchin'; and then turn tu and fall plowin' ag'in. It all went round like a wheel without stop-

pin', and so fast, I guess you couldn't see the spokes, just one long everlastin' stroke from July to eternity, without time to look back on the tracks."

But blessed be progress. I am glad the time has come that the farmer is beginning to realize that the world owes him time to cultivate his intellect, and if we could measure the real knowledge of the various classes to-day the farming community would stand surprisingly high. It might not be so intense in special lines, but it is broad and varied. The average farmer has a truer general idea of things than is found in any other profession. The men who control the Church, the State, and the commerce of America to-day had the foundation of their knowledge laid on the farm. A few years ago W. D. Hoard, Governor of Wisconsin, standing in the produce exchange in New York city, looking over the 500 men who represented and controlled the commerce of the U. S., said to Mr. Armour, one of the Armour Brothers, of Chicago, who was himself a farmer's boy: "How many of these 500 men do you think were born on the farm?" He was astonished when he was told, and you will be when you hear it, that 80 out of every 100 of the men who were then controlling the commerce of the nation were born on the farm.

Then he put a second question to him: "What about their sons?" He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Degenerate sons of worthy sires. The city is a great maelstrom; it is a great hopper; it grinds up human flesh and blood; but the farmer's boy, of all other boys, is the boy who can stand the grind."

Young men and boys, I would say to you, stand by your own. Do not despise your vocation, for how can you then expect others to honor it? Stand by your own, magnify your calling. For out of the broad agricultural heart the future expects will come the intellect and the energy that is to direct the Church and the State as well as the commerce of the world.

ON SHOOTING A SWALLOW IN EARLY YOUTH.

I heard a little spring of secret tears,
For thee, poor bird; thy death-blow was my
crime:
From the far past it has flowed on for years;
It never dries; it brims at swallow-time.
No kindly voice within me took thy part,
Till I stood o'er thy last faint flutterings;
Since then, methinks, I have a gentler heart,
And gaze with pity on all wounded wings.
Full oft the vision of thy fallen head,
Twittering in highway dust, appeals to me,
Thy helpless form, as when I struck thee dead,
Drops out from every swallow flight I see,
I would not have thine airy spirit laid,
I deem to love the little ghost I ma'ne.

CHARLES TURNER.

FORM IN EXPRESSION.

The article on first page of the *Intelligencer and Journal* of 10th mo. 3, 1891, over the initials J. R., treating of how Friends, from his stand, might adopt the expression, "Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," which he thinks, would be more acceptable to many. He asks to know why they cannot adopt that phraseology.

Jesus taught it not. That God's supremacy was Jesus' authority none may question, and it is ours, for by obedience to God salvation is procured. This is the testimony of the devout down through the ages, from evidence beyond criticism. Herein is authority of a reliable, ever-present, Saviour before the advent of Jesus of Nazareth, who appealed to the same Head-Declaring God to be his authority, and without God he could do nothing.

"What is man that thou art mindful of Him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?" "I delight to do thy will, O my God, yea thy law is within my heart." "In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenest me with strength in my soul." "He sat my feet upon a rock and established

my goings." "In G d is my salvation." "Blessed is the man who dwelleth in thee." "In thy presence is fullness of joy." These expressions are but a small portion of David's testimony. Isaiah has left a corresponding record. "O, Lord, our God, other lords besides thee have had dominion over us; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." "Keep silence before me; for I am with thee, I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, leading thee by the way thou shouldest go." "My soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation." "Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer." As space will not admit of continued multiplication, I submit a few quotations from the new book. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." "My mother and my brethren are they which hear the word of God and do it." "He that is of God heareth God's word." "I seek not my own will, but the will of the Father." "My father is greater than I" "My doctrine is not mine, but Him that sent me." By the followers of the spirit the above quoted is regarded as authority that God teaches his people Himself, for they witness it, in keeping with God given light in this generation. Each one of these instruments, impelled by the same force, declared that God established their goings — that he doeth his work in person, in each of the human family who dedicate their lives to him; ordained by the Supreme Head, and legally officed through God's sanctifying presence, whose perfect law is eternal. If we admit the Psalms of David to be inspired, and the testimony of Isaiah facts, together with Jesus' teaching; then each servant obtained from the Father his line of duty through direct appointment by visitations of our Heavenly Parent. They were God's special instruments — acting under prescribed rule in the Father's employ; which law Jesus declared he came not to destroy, but to maintain. Another

servant saying: "There cometh one after me whose shoe latches I am not worthy to unloose," but because one had greater degrees altered not the eternal law of salvation through obedience to God, for God was with each, and Saviour of both; not one of the other. Every child of God may receive appointment from Him, and have clear conception of *unfoldment* in the higher life, through Wisdom's calling. "Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from Him cometh my salvation." "Our Father, our Redeemer." This teaching Jesus particularly emphasized, "Enter thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. He taught no other doctrine, but that God is our Father and His Father—His Saviour and our Saviour, the beginning and ending of the gospel in man. This was plainly the teaching of Jesus, and was maintained by the followers of the Light, that God taught His people Himself. "Behold! God's hand is not shortened that he cannot save," for the operation of the leaven is authority—because it is of God. Herein is established the fact, that mankind had a reliable Saviour in God before the advent of Jesus of Nazareth, who also appealed to the same Head; that God was his authority and without God he could do nothing. To conform to the usage of society at the expense of God-given facts is not in keeping with the teachings of the founder of Christianity in whose precedence Friends are justified in maintaining. Yet the so-called orthodox so construe the letter, and in their zeal give it precedence to the spirit which giveth life. And in the spirit of love the writer submits the sentiments of those gone before under God's special care, together with personal experience, seeking not to impose, or interfere with the religious convictions of any. Still it seems strange that God is not universally accepted as Saviour, for in Him is salvation, but as we are very much the

creatures of circumstances many calmly accept the usage of society without due investigation. Therefore I feel to call the reader's attention to God's relationship to man down through the ages. No matter what stage of progress is attained God's position remains the same, lovingly presiding, blessing and saving all who obey Him, and is no respecter of persons is a fact beyond the range of doubt. This sacred school of inspiration, established in the beginning, is the one and only channel by which we know our Lord and Saviour, the creator of heaven and earth, and unto Him we ascribe honor and praise now and forever, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.

H. G. M.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

OUR COZY CORNER.

Playhouse, 1st mo. 18, 1892.

DEAR COUSIN JULIA,—

Thanking thee for thy kindly *New Year's Wish*, we must tell thee about the great time each of us had to see the *old man's face* in the picture of a mountain, the rocky front of which looks like a *giant human face*. When held up to view and asked to look carefully to see what it looked like, all scrutinized it industriously for a while, meanwhile exclaiming, *what is it?* why it's nothing but a mountain! Yes, it is a mountain; said the teacher, but you can see a picture here, passing her finger over the outline of the side whereon the likeness was to be seen. Well, we looked more and more intently but saw nothing only unmeaning rock—the teacher using every means to incite to better endeavor, still we saw nothing more, and began to give up trying to find it out. Then to our query she answered "that a *large man's face* was distinctly outlined. Then our waning enthusiasm arose to a high degree, and we nearly tumbled over one another to get the first look, and to be the first to behold the mysterious puzzle, but alas, for our zeal; it had

another chance to see, and no man's face could we see; but the teacher patiently tried every means to make us catch a glimpse—at last one exclaimed, "I see it now!" clapping her hands in glee, oh it is so plain! why could I not see it sooner! then she strove to help the rest to see it—by and by another saw it and so plainly too, she acted as if disgusted with herself for being so slow, then turned helper and there were three interested teachers, until another solved the view, each in turn trying to enlighten those still in darkness, and so on until most had become acquainted with the *old man's face*, but after all this striving at the time, some remained blind and could not see what we saw, after working just as hard and faithfully, with tear bedimmed eyes sat in discouragement—we were so sorry for them that the whole of us wept, teacher also, who must have been sorely tried with our stupidity before any one saw the huge face.

Is not this a striking illustration of our trying to see the "light" which shines within the soul? "The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. Are our teachers as particular to get us instructed in how to see the "light within," as was the teacher in the illustration? The main thing is first to *behold it*—to believe that the "light" is *indeed* there.

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When we have recognized the "light" and heard the "still small voice" speaking within the soul, and know whence it cometh, all else will be easy, if we are only obedient children. Things are *so easy* to those who know how—and *so hard* to those who do not understand.

We feel deeply for those still sitting in darkness. Who can understand and help the children's friend?

HOPEFUL BAND.

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