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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IV.

LONDON. ONT., FIFTH MONTH, 1889.

NO. 5

"GOD KNOWETH BEST."

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry
Because His wisdom to the end could see;
And, even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine

Pour out this potion for our lips to drink,
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find the key.

But not to say: Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
Where we shall clearly know and understand —
I think that we shall say God knew the best!

—[CHRISTIAN UNION.]

A SERMON.*

AS outward objects have never been revealed to man in any other way than they now are by the light of the outward sun, so Spiritual truths and realities have always been revealed in the same manner they are at present, for God is unchangeable. His manifestations of love are the same yesterday, to-day and forever. His promises are yea and amen. He is a Spirit and speaks to man, not in the voice of words, but in the silent language of impressions does he make Himself understood. If we hearken to the still noiseless voice and dwell under the regulat-

ing influence of truth we find an anchor sure and steadfast for the tossing waves of life, a helper nigh in every time of need. According to ancient testimony, "There is a Spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding," and the office of this Spirit of God in man as mediator, redeemer, guide and helper, is to bring man, the creature, into harmony with his Creator, by man coming into the image of God, where all is peace. This same Spirit, even the Spirit of truth, abides with us to-day, and is that which is testified of by Him who said that He came to bear testimony to the truth, and who, when He was about to go

*Notes on a Sermon by Serena A. Minard at Monthly Meeting, Coldstream, Fourth mo. 10. 1889.

away from His disciples, explained to them that though they could no longer lean upon Him they might possess another comforter, even the Spirit of Truth that would lead them unto all truth, that they might press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling. It would also bring teaching and words to their remembrance, that nothing might be forgotten which might be to their help. And as for them so for us. Christ works in us and for us to lead us into all truth; to help us discriminate between truth and falsehood; between the wisdom of the flesh which withereth as the grass and the word of the Lord which liveth and abideth forever. To the humble comes still the manifestation of love and grace; to the weary and heavy laden there is still a holy rest; to those bowed down under a sense of their own sin there is promised pardon and peace. Let all flesh be still and look to power Divine for help. Nothing hard is required of the dedicated mind; the yoke becomes easy and the burden light; the way of the cross becomes the way of life; the hidden realities of the Divine life, of the new birth, work to the purifying and regenerating of the soul.

The true Saviour is a Spiritual one, under whose ministration "old things shall pass away, all things shall become new, and all of God." Have we not known its sweet influence enabling us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously and Godly in this present world? It does not abridge our enjoyments, but worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. All who have obeyed that authority in all ages have found themselves hedged around by safety, while those who have chosen differently may fall on the right hand and on the left. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; it shall not come nigh thee."

May we all, as time rolls on—the young people, too, for none are ex-

cepted—come to see and to choose the better part, from which naught can separate us, "neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor things present, nor to come." May none of us be satisfied until we know a full submission to the indwelling Word, which, like a refiners fire or as fuller's soap, is able to purify us, and bring even the whole manhood into its own likeness.

The Christian life is not one of self-content, not one of accomplished attainment, but rather one of aspiration, of constant development, of effort to escape all that is base and unworthy, searching for the pure and holy, longing to be at peace with God. The soul in the highest sense is a vast capacity for God. Our religious faculty is a talent the most sacred and splendid we possess, but subject to natural conditions and laws. If any man wrap his talent in a napkin and hide it, though it is doing him neither harm nor good, he is not allowed to have it. In the parable of the ten talents given by Jesus, this man's crime was simply neglect. "Thou wicked and slothful servant." It was a wasted life, a life that had failed of the holy stewardship of itself.

't is significant that it was the man that had only the one talent who was guilty of neglecting it. Those who have larger gifts either direct them nobly and usefully, or misdirect them irretrievably. But we with our small gifts, what difference about our sowing? Our temptation is not to sow at all. The interest on our talent would be so small, we excuse ourselves with the reflection that it is hardly worth while. If we would let the power within us work, it would waken up, one by one, each torpid and dormant faculty until the whole of our powers would be enlivened with strivings against the undue gratifications of our natural propensities, and every avenue would be open wide for God.

Salvation—escape—means gradual putting off of all the controversies that

the Spirit is against and a putting on of Christ. His sheep hear his voice and He calleth them by name. Here is the opportunity for the culture of the soul; a gateway through the Shepherd's fold to hear the Shepherd's voice. There is a spiritual hunger and thirst after righteousness, a something that tastes and sees that God is good.

There is a great capacity for love, even for the love of God, the expanding capacity of feeling more and more

its height and depth, its length and breadth. Until that is felt no man can really understand the language, "so great salvation." For what is its measure but that other "so" of Jesus Christ—"God *so* loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son." Not only *gave* but continues to give the light and life which animated Jesus, by which we also may experience salvation from all that is evil and wrong.

JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT the statesman, orator, moralist, Quaker, passed away peacefully at his home in One Ash, Rochdale, England, on the 27th of 3rd mo., 1889. Every nation on the globe that esteems worth and goodness and greatness in man has been so'lemnly touched by the sad, though expected and inevitable news, while all classes of his own country, political friends and political opponents, are loud in eulogizing his many virtues and extraordinary qualities.

John Bright inherited a membership in the Society of Friends, and with it a conscientious adherence to principles in public matters as well as private, and an industry and business tact that increased the manufacturing business that his father had established and become prosperous in. His mother, Jacob Bright's second wife, was the daughter of a tradesman, and is described as a "woman of remarkable faculties, fond of poetry, clear minded and studious." John was the second of eleven children. His education was not very extensive, and that in the line of his manufacturing business, having finished at the Friends' School at Ackworth when but fifteen. At 28 he married Elizabeth Priestman who was also a member of the Society of Friends.

Though engaged in an extensive business he was quite a young man when he entered upon public life.

"What the youth admired,
The boy endeavored, and the man acquired."

Perhaps influenced by the discipline of his religious Society he was found first of all advocating for the cause of temperance and education; but politics soon arrested his attention, and gave him ample opportunities to exercise and develop the brilliant powers with which he had been endowed. At 20 he came out as a Reformer. But not till six years later did anything occur that would have left him a fame in after years. It was then that he became identified with the Anti-Corn Law League and publicly associated with Richard Cobden. The following is the remarkable description Bright gives of Cobden's first appeal to him to join in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws:

"I was in Leamington, and Mr Cobden called on me. I was then in the depths of grief. I may almost say of despair—for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called on me as a friend and addressed me, as you may suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said: 'There are thousands and thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives

and mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn-laws are repealed?" I knew that the description he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description. I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted his invitation, and from that time we never ceased to labor hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made."

Nor did they. They were earnest men laboring in what they believed to be a righteous cause and they conquered. There is one phase in the characters of those two great men even more remarkable than their eloquence, their courage their patience, and that was their close friendship. It has been declared that "there was never a friendship more devoted than that which subsisted between the two men for so many years, and which terminated only with the death of the elder." A scene more profoundly affecting was never witnessed in the House of Commons than when, after Cobden's death, his loyal colleague and staunch friend attempted to speak of their friendship, and of the deceased's virtues. He spoke of him as "the manliest and greatest spirit that ever tenanted human form," and quite broke down as he added "After twenty years of most intimate and almost brotherly friendship with him I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him."

This mark of esteem and love was reciprocated lately when there was lowered on the coffin of Bright with three other wreaths one from Richard Cobden's daughter with a card attached bearing the inscription, "in loving memory of Father's best friend."

Justin McCarthy says of them, "from that time (referring to the acceptance of Cobden's invitation to Bright to join in the Anti-Corn Law League) dates the almost unique fellowship of these two

men, who worked together in the closest brotherhood, who loved each other as not all brothers do, who were associated so closely in the public mind that until Cobden's death the name of one was scarcely ever mentioned without that of the other. There was something positively romantic about their mutual attachment. Each led a noble life; each was in his own way a man of genius; each was simple and strong. Rivalry between them would have been impossible, although they were every day being compared and contrasted by both friendly and unfriendly critics."

Bright's parentage and early training in a Quaker home impressed principles and truths upon him that he carried unflinchingly through all his political career, even though he knew they would often make him unpopular and at times unseat him in parliament. This was notably the case when he opposed the Crimean war in which, perhaps his moral courage was put to the severest test. But he stood firm advocating his peace principles when all England was wild with enthusiasm for the war; firm when the three great victories in the first campaign were gained which added such lustre upon the British and French arms; firm amid the jeer of his countrymen in and out of parliament calling him a fanatic and coward. But what is the verdict now. No English statesman of any note attempts to justify England's course against Russia at that time. They acknowledge the fulfilment of Bright's prophecy which was uttered in the house of parliament where he stood almost alone. This speech furnishes an oft quoted passage which represents the very height of eloquence:

"The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the very beating of his wings. There is no one to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; but he calls at the castle of

the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, equally as at the cottage of the humble; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal." His statement that the war "could not be justified out of the documents" laid before the house was followed by the memorable prophecy referred to above: "Impartial history will teach this to posterity, if we do not understand it now."

And what came of the war? Fourteen years later Russia took unobstructed the privileges and powers that the western nations denied her before and sacrificed thousands of noble lives to debar her of. And all the blood-shed and misery caused by the Crimean war gain nothing. But Bright who took no part in the war will have greater glory from it than the victors of Balaklava and Inkermann. He stood alone when the war fever ran high and it is now recognized that he stood alone in the right. By it he was spurred to the highest pitch of eloquence and was raised superior as an orator to all others of his time and worthy a place beside Pitt and Burke and Fox and Sheridan. He lost no opportunity of impressing the nation with the utter unchristianness of war and the high and holy principles of peace. As a sample of his eloquence we will quote a passage from a speech in Edinburgh:

"Within the limits of this island alone, on every Sabbath, 20,000, yea, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble that they may worship Him who is the 'Prince of Peace' Is this reality, or is your Christianity a romance? Is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your Christianity is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely among the

people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and which will be better than all—the churches of the United Kingdom, the churches of Britain awaking, as it were, from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labor earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last for ever, when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

An estimate of his many gifts may be gleaned from a short poem that appeared in a magazine many years ago, when his exertions and achievements for free trade, for a redistribution of electoral districts, an extension of the franchise and his fervent and sublime appeals for peace were fresh in the minds of the people:

The bold asserter of the people's rights,
The conqueror in many a glorious cause
Dragging monopoly and bigotry,
And old misrule, like unclean birds of prey,
From their high nests and antiquated perches,
And trampling them beneath his scornful feet:
Frightening the cormorants of Church and State.

Shaping anew the form of government;
Making his enemies to do his bidding,
Sending the trimmers to Adullam's cave,
And giving breadth and strength to popular rule,
A man of many gifts. Rich every way;
Rich with an ever-teeming intellect,
Cultured and balanced by long exercise,
Endowed with hurring eloquence of speech,
Yet with a soul attuned to poetry.
A bold true man with something of the lion
Depicted in his broad and massive head;
A man to stand before the cannon's mouth
Of opposition and unjust abuse—
Not to be purchased not to be cajoled,
Not to be daunted by the fear of man—
A heart devoted to his country's good!

Bright was never a slavish adherent to any political party. He carried the independence of spirit that his religion especially engenders, as well as its principles, through all his political course. He was a Free Trader when many of the leaders of the

old Whig party utterly failed to grasp the principle, he opposed a Liberal Ministry in the Crimean war, he left a Liberal Ministry because of the bombardment of Alexandria, and in his closing years he conscientiously adhered to his views upon Irish government, although by so doing he was brought into conflict with many with whom he had long worked in personal and political friendship. "He was a strong man in independence and force of character, and it was this strength by which he made parties serve his purpose if he could, but never himself become a party servant."

Although the Irish Question separated him politically from some of the comrades and fellow workers of a life time it never impaired in the slightest degree their private affections and love, and we hear Gladstone in the house of Parliament uttering the following grateful, noble and just eulogy in honor of his long-life companion and bosom friend.

Mr. Gladstone, upon rising, was received with cheers. He said: Mr. Bright has been to a very remarkable degree happy in the moment of his removal from among us. He lived to see the triumph of almost every great cause to which he specially devoted his heart and mind. He has established a special claim to the admiration of those from whom he differed through his long political life by marked concurrence with them upon the prominent and dominant question of the hour. (Hear, hear.) But though Mr. Bright came to be separated from the great bulk of the Liberals on the Irish question, on no single occasion has there been any word of disparagement. I acknowledge that I have not through my whole political life, fully embraced the character of Mr. Bright and the value of that character to the country. I was one that could not agree with the particular views he and some of his friends took of the Crimean contest, but felt profoundly and never ceased to

think, what must have been the moral elevation of men who, nurtured all their lives in the temple of popular approval, could at a moment's notice consent to part with the whole of that favor they enjoyed, which opponents might think the very breath of their nostrils. (Hear, hear.) They accepted undoubted unpopularity, for that war commanded the enormous approval of the people. Amongst other gifts Mr. Bright was delighted to be one of the chief guardians of the purity of the English tongue. * * In Ireland, when support of the Irish cause was rare; in India, when support of the native cause was rarer still; in America, at the time when Mr. Bright, foreseeing the ultimate issue of the great struggle of 1861, stood as the representative of an exceedingly small portion of the educated community of the country although undoubtedly representing a large part of the national sentiment, (hear, hear)—in all these cases, Mr. Bright went far outside the necessities of his calling. Whatever touched him as a man of the great Anglo-Saxon race, whatever touched him as a subject, obtained, unasked, his sincere encouragement and enthusiastic aid. (Hear, hear.) All claims having his powerful advocacy made a distinct advance in the estimation of the world and distinct progress toward triumphant success. Thus it has come about that he is entitled to a higher eulogy than is due to success. Of mere success, indeed, he was a conspicuous example. In intellect he might claim a most distinguished place. But his character lies deeper than intellect, deeper than eloquence, deeper than anything that can be described, or that can be seen upon the surface. The supreme eulogy that is his due is that he elevated political life to the highest point, to a loftier standard than it had ever reached. He has bequeathed to his country a character that can not only be made a subject for admiration and gratitude, but,

and I do not exaggerate when I say it, that can become an object of reverential contemplation. In the encomiums that come from every quarter there is not a note of dissonance. I do not know of any statesman of my time who had the happiness of receiving, on removal from this passing world, the honor of approval at once so enthusiastic, so universal and so unbroken. (Hear, hear.) Yet none could better dispense with the tributes of the moment, because the triumphs of his life were triumphs recorded in the advance of his country and of its people. His name is indelibly written in the annals of time and on the hearts of the great and overspreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interests of mankind."

John Bright's domestic life was one of extreme felicity, Quaker plainness in all outward things and Quaker contentment at heart. The place where he worshipped is thus described: "Leaving 'One Ash,' the mills lie across the road, and their magnitude is indicative of an immense annual output of cotton, of plush, and of carpets which are the commodities manufactured. Next we turn towards the Friends' Meeting House, at which Mr. Bright was a regular attendant whenever at home and able to go out. It is a little structure of grey stone, very plain and unpretending, in George Street, about a mile from 'One Ash.' It has a burial ground attached, and here one notes a distinctive example of that rigid simplicity which forms one of the tenets of Quakerism. About half-a-dozen plain gravestones are laid upon the ground. "Then there have not been many interments here?" you remark to the remarkably polite janitress. "Oh yes; the ground is mostly occupied. Here lies Mr. Bright's first wife, here his second, here his father, here his stepmother, and so on; and, following

the directions given, you perceive gentle undulations in the grassy turf, and find that this bit of God's acre has indeed pretty fully served its solemn purpose, but that a stern resolve to pay no homage to worldly pomps and vanities has deprecated the placing of any tablet or memorial stone. There is no actual prohibition, however. It is a matter of option, though the "Book of Christian Discipline of the Religious Society of Friends" very closely prescribes the extent to which "monuments and inscriptions of a eulogistic character over the graves of deceased Friends" shall proceed. Within the meeting house, again, simplicity reigns supreme. No pew, but plain black forms, provided however, with backs and cushions. Mr. Bright was accustomed to discard the latter luxury. Accordingly the cushion of the bench on which he invariably sat stops short at the seat, and the rugged old Puritan was content to rest upon the plain board. A square room, lofty, with bare walls painted in blue distemper, and lighted by uncurtained windows. Such is the temple in which Mr. Bright has been a fervent and regular worshipper, and to join in the service at which he made his last appearance out of doors. The meeting house dates from 1808.

In this quiet, quaint corner of England beneath a low mound that the sun will soon kiss into luxuriant verdure lie the remains of John Bright, but his soul and his memory are immortal; and the good works he done in his life time, and the noble example he set will continue to bless his fellow men through time without end.

E. M. Z.

Coltstream, Ont.

The Christian is he whose life-work glows and grows under his hand, who is conscious of an unceasing call for strenuous activity, who takes for his watchword the great apostle's question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—Rev. A. P. Peabody.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published in the interest of the Society of Friends at

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,

ONTARIO, CANADA.

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TERMS:—Per Year, 50c. Single Numbers 5c

Matter for publication should be addressed to Edgar M. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ont., and should be in by the 1st of the month. Business letters to the Treasurer, Coldstream, Ont. The name of an author must accompany the article sent for publication, as a guarantee of good faith.

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.

A meeting for worship has been started in Toronto by the Friends here. There were 23 at the inaugural one. It is held every seventh-day evening at the different residences. No street cars running on First-day and the families being widely separated it seemed impracticable to meet then. A bible class has been organized in conjunction with the meeting.

The age of superstition has not yet entirely passed away from so-called Christian lands. The suggestion that John Bright be laid away in Westminster Abbey, the conservatism of England's noble dust, was met by a

refusal on the ground that he had never been baptized into the Established Church. Oh, our short-sighted creeds on all sides hemmed about by superstition. As if forms and ceremonies were more to be esteemed and honored than good, pure, living. Can we imagine the angel at the gates of Heaven refusing a resting place to a virtuous soul because it had omitted to perform some empty ceremony. Oh, the absurdity.

But John Bright had no desire to be laid away in the dim vaults of the great Abbey. Lying beneath the low mossy mound, kissed by Heaven's free sunlight would please him better than the fretted arches of superstitious grandeur, for he was often heard to repeat the sunlight passage of Burke, "I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little churchyard than in the tomb of the capulets."

That nature abhors a vacuum is never more forcibly illustrated than in the experiment of stretching a penny to cover a pound. The gap must be filled with something, and if the base metals which creep into that filling do not poison us in the handling we are fortunate indeed. Trashy goods may be cheaply purchased and dearly paid for. Suspiciously popular papers and periodicals have three-fourths of their space devoted to equally suspicious advertisements of wonderful things to be had for little or nothing. Blandiloquent dealers offer us five dollars' worth of goods for half that sum or pledge themselves to present one with all sorts of articles from the hackneyed "chromo" to a "silver set" with every purchase. In view of all this the lesson cannot be too early learned that one penny buys one penny's worth only, sometimes less perhaps, but never more without creating a vacuum or shortage to be filled up somewhere. A standard and acknowledged principle of Quakerism is to deal justly. Let them bear testimony against this grab-bag system of

paying the penny and expecting the pound's worth. But I am not sure that even greater evils do not arise from the pursuing of that false economy which saves the penny and in so doing loses the pound. Life is so largely made up of the little things which a few pennies will purchase, and which to do without is to sacrifice much more than their cost. Three times a day usually finds a united household gathered round the family boards. These should therefore be seasons of more than mere physical refreshment. Certainly they are hours during which some of our strongest influences are imbibed. Let us not ignore the importance of little things, nor underestimate the power exerted by every detail of home life. We cannot afford to sacrifice any refining or elevating influence within our reach. Cracked or nicked dishes, unneat table linen or meals unattractively served are too expensive to be tolerated. They cost too much in the demoralizing influence they exert in the home in the carelessness or coarseness their continual reappearance is likely to beget in the household. In these days of cheap ware the poorest family may sit down to an attractive table. See to it mothers and sisters, that the appointments of your rooms and tables are silent teachers. Let the flawless ware, clear glass, and, if you can afford it, shining silver set constantly before the household silent witnesses to purity and perfection of character. Slowly and unconsciously, but surely, lessons in promptness, politeness, neatness and order are taught and learned in the home dining room; and nowhere can they be more impressively or lastingly taught. Don't use china and silver on state occasions and rusty or discolored metal for your own family. It is not the stranger whose welfare you have most at heart, nor is it the occasional guest who will be most influenced or affected by your courtesy. A little difference you may naturally and justly wish to show your guests, but not in

such marked difference of household ordering that a lesson in deception is irrevocably driven home and the receptive and imitative young minds taught to don company faces and manners with their best clothes or to turn to the world the fair side of a naturally false face.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE NOTES.

The Somerville reunion was held on the 27th ult., and proved a very interesting and enjoyable occasion to all present.

The space enclosed by the quarter-mile track on "Whittierfield" has been graded during the past few weeks, and adds much to the appearance of the college grounds. Visiting foot ball and base ball teams that now come to meet our men will do so on a ground far superior to all former situations.

Members from the Sophomore and Freshman Classes have been selected to compete for the President Magill prizes, as follows: From '91, Josephine T. Aucona, William C. Sproul, Ester Haviland, John W. Hutchinson, Jr., Eliza R. Hampton and Z. E. Udell; from '92, Gertrude Hutchins, Georgia Porter, Charles B. Hart, Florence D. Reid, Laura M. Smith, and Edwin M. Underwood.

Seventy of Swarthmore's Alumni banqueted at the Hotel Bellevue on Seventh-day evening, the 13th ult. A pleasant evening was passed by the representatives of all former classes of the college.

At the in-door sports of the athletic association, held on the 20th ult., a large number of students and others were present. Six silver cups were presented by Dr. J. F. Shell, the physical director, for the following events: the running high jump, the pole vault, and the tug of war. The jump was won by Robert H. Brooke, '91; the pole vault by Walter Roberts, '90, and the tug of war by the seniors.

The Somerville girls' literary society, and the Delphic, one of the boys' societies, held their joint meeting on the 20th ult. An interesting order of exercises wiled away the evening hours.

De Witt Leland, who was to have lectured at the college on the 12th ult., will not appear this year, owing to the interruption caused by the spring vacation.

The *Halcyon*, a college annual magazine which each year is published by the juniors, came out on the 27th ult. It is much larger than in any former year, and has received a large sale.

Wyatt A. Randall, a former student of Johns Hopkin's University, has been chosen assistant to Dr. William C. Day in the chemical department.

The *Phoenix*, the college monthly, will in the next issue be enlarged four pages.

The Sophomores will not be allowed to plant their class-tree this year as other classes have done. Henceforth such exercises will take place in the senior year. It is the intention of the managers to turn the strife which has always existed between the Sophomores and Freshmen into a more scholarly direction.

The following members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes spoke in the lecture hall on the 26th ult.: Mary R. Phillips, Laura M. Smith, Annie Hillborn, John W. Hutchinson, Chester P. Martindale, Mary J. Murphy, Eva M. Daniels, Edith N. Trump, Elsie Stevens, and Albert H. Smith.

The first annual spring games of the preparatory school took place on the 24th ult. A large number of visitors and students were present and all were well satisfied with the first attempt of the school. Although a high wind prevailed, the running was good and a number of splendid records were established. E. C. W.

Consistency is a jewel, because it is crystallized life, of which truth is the organizing principle.—[Com.

A WORD.

There's life alone in duty done
And rest alone in striving.

—J. G. Whittier.

What is it that brings rest to our minds? Is it not faithfulness and dedications to the laws of God revealed to us, and doing the duties devolving upon us in the life and power which comes from Christ? This will be of acceptance to God and advantage to our own soul.

To all those who have been financial helpers in sending into the homes of over seventy families (as we see by this month's paper) the benefit of the REVIEW will receive their reward. Many of these families who are now living in the West, isolated from Friends and meetings, have left the homes of their childhood and their fostering care, when they were instructed by pious parents to attend their religious meetings and walk in the way of God's Wisdom. Although far separated from these scenes, there is an influence that lives on and on after the mortal part has returned to its native dust. To these homes, as well as our own who are surrounded with Friends and meetings, the paper will be a welcome visitor, a sunbeam to warm the heart, to stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance. Let each of us gird the armour of faith in God's ways more closely around us and be steadfast in the right, serving Him in the way and manner He directs although we may stand alone as to the formalities of the world.

Purchase, 4 mo., 12, '89. E. H. B.

A little light too much, and you are blind; a little too much sound, and you are deaf. Perhaps a little more knowledge of God and immortality than is allowed us here would rethronize reason. So I sit in the evening-tide shadows, and say, "My God, give me patience to wait."—[Elizabeth Thompson.

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.

NOTES ON TEMPERANCE WORK.

Thinking that perhaps it may be of interest to some, I will say a few words in regard to the temperance work in our place.

A little less than a year ago some of the young people thought to start a temperance society of some kind, as there was none in the place, and but few of the younger people had ever even signed a pledge. Various methods were discussed, and finally, in the early part of Ninth month, a society was organized, which is known as the Young People's Temperance Society.

There being a large Farmer's gathering about that time, we took advantage of the occasion to obtain members, and much to our surprise and pleasure we found, upon counting the names, that they numbered thirty-two, all, or nearly all, unmarried people.

The work being rather new, we experienced some difficulty in knowing just how to proceed in our undertaking. A number of the W. C. T. U. of Troy very kindly came and assisted us.

The meetings are usually opened by repeating the Lord's Prayer, the minutes of the last meeting are read and the roll called. Then comes the business portion of the meeting, after which we have some literary exercises consisting of readings and recitations, and sometimes one is appointed to present a subject to the meeting for discussion.

The meetings are all open for anyone to attend, which we believe to be better than having them private, as some will attend who would not were it otherwise.

There has been considerable interest manifested, and our numbers have gradually increased until we now have fifty-six. Married people becoming honorary members.

Some have joined whom we cannot

help but to rejoice to see. Hoping that they may all keep to their good resolutions, we go forward with the thought that if one soul is saved from ruin, one body from the drunkard's grave, it will be sufficient reward for our united efforts.

When Isaac Wilson, of Canada, was making his very acceptable sojourn with us in Third month, he visited our society and gave us words of strength and encouragement.

Easton, N. Y.

P. A. HOW.

Selected for the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

COUNT THE MERCIES.

Count the mercies ! count the mercies !

Number all the gifts of love,

Keep a faithful daily record

Of the mercies from above.

Look at all the lovely green spots

In life's weary de-ert way;

Think how many cooling fountains

Cheer our fainting hearts each day.

Count the mercies ! count the mercies !

See them strewn upon our way.

Count the mercies ! though the trial-

Seem to number more each day ;

Count the trials too, as mercies

Add them to the grand array.

Trials are God's richest blessings,

Sent to prompt our upward flight,

As the eagle's nest—all broken

Makes them fly to loftier heights.

Count them mercies, count them mercies

That brings heaven within our sight

Let us number all our jewels,

Let us estimate their worth ;

Let us thank the gracious giver.

Strewn blessing- o'er the earth :

Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness.

Let us tell the wonder- o'er,

Till our multiplying treasures

Seem a countless, hoardless store ;

Then let praise, grateful praises,

Be our language evermore.

However good you may be, you have faults ; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are ; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some not too painful, but patient- efforts to get quit of them. [John Ruskin.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Some incidents of the home life of George Washington, extracted from "Mary and Martha Washington." Read at a meeting of Purchase Social Literary Circle Dec 23, 1889.

Yesterday being the 157th anniversary of the birth of Washington, whom we regard as the Father of his country, and of whom it has been said, "Of all men that ever lived he was the greatest of good men and the best of great men." I thought this evening to ask you to turn over the pages of the history of our country at that eventful time and call your attention to some extracts from his life and words, and to those noble traits of character that made him what he was, particularly to the influence of the teachings of his mother and the self-sacrificing and enduring love of his wife. Washington himself attributed his success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education which he received from his mother. Her maiden name was Mary Ball, of whose youth and early womanhood very little is known. Her father appears to have been a well-to-do planter on the left bank of the Rappahannock River, near where its fresh waters co-mingle with the brine of Chesapeake Bay. She seems to have grown to womanhood in the serene and healthful seclusion of a well-ordered home in a sparsely settled country. Like most of the girls in the colony at that time, her attainments at book learning must have been acquired under the paternal roof, for early in the last century schools were almost unknown in that part of our country. Gov. Berkely had half a century before thanked God that there were no free schools nor a printing press in Virginia, and hoped there would not be in a hundred years. But her career indicated that she had secured at home an education for the higher duties of life of greater value and importance than any taught in schools. From her mother, who died in 1728, after a widowhood of many years, she had, doubtless, inherited the noblest quali-

ties of mind and heart, and had been taught all those domestic virtues of which cotemporary testimony and tradition tell us she was a bright exemplar — industry, frugality, integrity, strength of will and modesty, and with deep religious convictions. She was strengthened by an abiding faith in Divine promises, which made Mary, the mother of Washington, a model woman and yet

A creature not too good
For human nature's daily food.

She was married to Augustine Washington at the age of 24 years. His home plantation stretched along the Potomac River more than a mile, containing about 1,000 acres in the northern part of Westmoreland Co., Va.

The dwelling to which he took his young wife was a modest one, yet it ranked among the best of Virginia farm houses at that time.

It was in this modest home, on the banks of the Potomac, that George Washington was born in 1732. Prosperity blessed the happy pair—frugality and industry had prevailed in the household. Augustine Washington had managed his affairs prudently, had added acre to acre, but in April, 1743, he took a severe cold and died from its effect at the age of 49 years. This sad and unexpected affliction tried the character of Mary Washington by a sharp ordeal. She was then 37 years of age. Her brave heart never failed; she submitted to the Divine will with the strength of a philosopher and the trustfulness of a Christian. None knew the depth of her anguish from outward manifestations, nor the poignancy of the grief that assailed her heart and mind from any uttered word. Above all the tumults of emotion she heard the commands of duty and obeyed them. She had five children, the oldest (George) only 11 years old, who were left to her sole care and guidance. They were taught to be obedient and self-reliant, to be industrious, honest, just and truthful, to love God supreme

ly and their kind tenderly, and to be good and generous to all living creatures. She held a firm hand in the enforcement of discipline, but it was never otherwise than kindly in its operation. There was a dignity, a majesty, and a benignity in her mien and deportment at all times, which inspired beholders with respect, awe love and admiration, such as afterwards distinguished her illustrious son, who grew up a sturdy youth, well proportioned in person, healthful, strong, courageous, obedient and truthful. By persistent study and home practice he became an expert land surveyor, and at about the age of 16 was appointed to the honorable and lucrative office of public surveyor. When about 19 years of age he was commissioned a major by Gov. Donordlie, of Virginia, and in July, 1775, he was with General Braddock on the battle field of Monongahela, where they were vanquished by the French and Indians. Braddock was mortally wounded, and Washington was the only one of 65 officers who escaped death or wounds, and returned to Mount Vernon much exhausted. Soon after, having occasion to cross the Pamunkey River, near Williams' Ferry, he was met by Major Chamberlain and pressed to accept the hospitalities of his house for a day or two. The soldier declined, giving as an excuse urgent business with the Governor and Council at Williamsburg. Major Chamberlain persisted in urging him to tarry. The young officer still declined, and was about to ride on when the Major brought up his reserve of persuasion by telling him one of the most charming young widows in all Virginia was then under his roof. Washington made a conditional surrender, the terms being that he should dine—only dine with Major Chamberlain and his family. With him was his body servant, Thomas Bishop, who was ordered to stable the horses and have them ready for departure at a specified hour in the afternoon. Major Chamberlain and his guest en-

tered the house. The hero was charmed by the beauty of the person and the fascinating manners and good sense of the young widow. The hours sped swiftly. The guests lingered long at the table, quite beyond the time appointed for the departure of Colonel Washington. Bishop, punctual as time, had waited at the gate with his master's steed with puzzled mind, for its rider had never been tardy before. "Ah, Bishop," writes a fair eye-witness describing the scene, "there was an urchin in the drawing-room more powerful than King George and all his Governors! Subtle as a sphynx he had hidden the important dispatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his ears from the summons of the tell-tale clock, and was playing such pranks with the bravest heart in Christendom that it fluttered with the excess of a new found happiness." The sun had touched the western horizon when he arose to depart. Major Chamberlain, who had watched his lingering in conversation with Mrs. Curtis with amusement and satisfaction said, "No guest ever leaves my house after sunset." The Colonel was not loath to stay. He and the young widow lingered long in conversation in the drawing-room after the other guests had retired and the sun had risen high in the firmament the next morning when he took leave of the fascinating lady and the hospitable host and journeyed on to Williamsburg, completed his business with all possible dispatch and retraced his steps to the Pamunkey, calling at the residence of Mrs. Curtis (who was a widow with two children), at which time their troth was plighted. About seven months later, on his way to take his seat in the Virginia Assembly for the first time, he spent a day or two at her residence, and the time for the marriage was fixed for the 6th of January (old style), 1759, about three weeks in the future. He took his bride, soon after their marriage, to his residence at Mount Vernon, where he owned a large estate, and

from the beginning of her residence there she was greatly beloved, because of her abounding charities toward the needy and her motherly care of all the servants of the large estate. She ever tried to conceal her deeds of charity from all but the recipients, not allowing her left hand to know what her right hand was doing.

In the year 1758 Washington was elected a member of the Virginia Assembly, and from that time until the commencement of the war for Independence, a period of about 15 years, he was continuously a member of that body. No children had blessed their union, and upon his wife's son and daughter Washington bestowed in full measure the wealth of his affections for the young with which he was abundantly endowed. The daughter died in early womanhood when the son was about to be married, and Mrs. Washington, unwilling to mar with her serious face (because of the loss of her daughter) the gayety that should prevail at the marriage, sent the following note by her husband, to be handed to the bride immediately after the nuptial ceremonies :

My Dear Nelly,—God took from me a daughter when June roses were blooming. He has now given me another daughter about her age when Winter winds are blowing to warm my heart again. I am as happy as one so afflicted and so blest can be. Pray receive my benediction, and a wish that you may long live the loving wife of my happy son, and a loving daughter of your affectionate mother,

M. WASHINGTON.

A crisis in public affairs was now rapidly approaching. Washington was chosen a delegate to the First Centennial Congress, which met at Philadelphia in September, 1774, and also to the Second Congress, which assembled on the 10th of May, 1775, when all the colonies, and especially those of New England, were in a blaze of ex-

citement. When Patrick Henry was asked, "who do you think is the greatest man in Congress?" he replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." At the Second Congress he was made Commander-in-Chief of the army, and for a period of nearly nine years spent most of his time in the discharge of his duties as such commander. You are all familiar with the history of this great struggle for Independence, and it is not my purpose to speak of the many victories and defeats, privations and disappointments to which he was subjected during this time, many of which were shared by his ever faithful wife. The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown virtually closed the war, but the army was not actually disbanded until late in 1783.

After resigning his commission, he thus writes to Gov. Clinton, of New York, "I arrived at my seat the day before Christmas, having previously divested myself of my official character. The scene is at last closed. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues." He also, about this time, thus writes to the wife of Lafayette, "I am now enjoying domestic life under my own vine and fig-tree, and in a small villa, with the implements of husbandry and lambkins about me. I expect to glide gently down the stream of life till I am entombed in the mansion of my Fathers." He was doomed to disappointment in the expectation of leading a retired life; his advice and counsel was constantly sought, and after the adoption and ratification of the Constitution, in which he took an active part, he was unanimously chosen the first President of the United States, and was inaugurated April 30th, 1789. The

ceremony took place in Federal Hall, on Wall Street, New York City, then the temporary seat of government. The house provided for the residence of the President was at No. 10 Cherry Street, near Franklin Square. The mansion was quite elegant and spacious for the times, and was in a very respectable, though not the most fashionable, part of the city, which was then in Wall and Broad Streets. It was regarded as up town. The house in Cherry Street became too small for the increasing official business. They removed to a more spacious dwelling on Broadway, a little below Trinity Church. There the President lived until the autumn of 1790, when the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia and fixed there for ten years. He refused to accept the office of President a third time, and in the autumn of 1796 published his famous farewell address, and in the following spring retired to private life to become a plain farmer on the banks of the Potomac. Punctuality was one of his distinguishing traits. At his dinners when President his rule was to allow five minutes for the variation of watches or clocks, and then go to the table, be present or absent whoever might. He would say, "I have a cook who never asks whether the *company*, but whether the *hour*, has come. He died December 14th, 1799, a little over two years after retiring to private life.

On the anniversary of his birth, in 1885, the corner stone of a monument to his memory in the City of Washington was laid, and on that occasion Robt C. Winthrop said, "The storms of Winter must blow and beat upon it; the action of the elements must soil and discolor it; the lightnings of Heaven may scar and blacken it; an earthquake may shake its foundations; some mighty tornado or resistless cyclone may send its massive blocks asunder and hurl huge fragments to the ground; but the character which it commemorates and illustrates is secure. It will remain unchanged and un-

changeable in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will more and more command the homage of succeeding ages in all regions of the earth. God be praised that character is ours forever."

SEED-TIME.

With Spring comes seed-time, and we notice with what caution farmers and gardeners select their seeds, choosing only those that are pure and perfect, that with the careful cultivation of them they may expect a rich and plentiful harvest. They take care that no precious moments shall be wasted in sowing unfruitful seeds.

Can we not learn a useful lesson from this? We are in the *Spring-time* of our lives, and are daily, whether we realize it or not, sowing seeds which shall, sooner or later, yield us a harvest.

"Oh, what will the harvest be?" Will it be thorns, or roses? Will it be noxious weeds, or golden grain?

Let us choose with care, sow with diligence, and water with prayerfulness, that we may reap with glad hearts the fruits of our labor. Let us "Scatter seeds of kindness for our reaping by-and-by."

M. V.

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Printed at the office of A. Talbot & Co.,³⁹ Clarence-st., London, Canada.