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Young • Friends' • Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

WOL. VI.

LONDON, ONT., SECOND MONTH, 1891.

NO. 2

A HYMN.

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

One step I see before me,
'Tis *all* I need to see ;
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee ;
And sweetly through the silence, came
His loving : " Follow *me*."

Oh, blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know ;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In *Him* who loves me so.

So on I go *not knowing*,
I would not if I might,
I'd rather walk in the dark *with God*
Than go *alone* in the light ;
I'd rather walk *by faith with Him*
Than go alone by sight.

REFRAIN :—

Where *He* may lead I'll follow,
My trust in *Him* repose ;
And every hour in perfect peace,
I'll sing : "*He knows, He knows* ;"
And every hour in perfect peace,
I'll sing : "*He knows, He knows*."

—MARY G. BRAINARD.

A FEW OF THE HEROES OF CHRISTIANITY.

How does the glory of earthly battles pale into insignificance by the side of the conflicts between light and darkness, between Christianity and Paganism, and between true Christianity and that which is false. After the most memorable event in the history of the world—the birth of Jesus Christ—we see the infant Church during the Apostolic age receiving strong support from the

authority of those who received instructions from the lips of Jesus himself, and after three centuries had passed away since the birth of the Messiah we find evidence that the body of Christians closely followed the example of their divine leader, bearing a strong testimony against war for which they suffered torture, and living pure, blameless lives in the most marked contrast to the wicked, shameless lives of the people by whom they were surrounded, both those who were high in authority and who caused themselves to be worshipped as gods, and those who blindly followed them. But there were *some* beautiful exceptions in this time of great darkness as we shall notice hereafter.

The next great event in the history of the Church was the so-called conversion to Christianity of the Emperor Constantine the Great. We have not the time to discuss here the controversy between those who believe in his actual conversion and those who think he was prompted by wordly ambition and the vast increase in the number of Christians ; be this as it may, one thing is certain, into the pure simple forms of order of the early Christian Church, Constantine introduced many Pagan rights and ceremonies, which greatly corrupted the Church, and which are still perpetuated by the Roman Catholics.

Passing over the centuries of "war and woe" which followed this union of Christianity and Paganism, we see the Church, so called, corrupted almost beyond description, emerging into view as a great spiritual and temporal sovereignty.

We see the Pope, from being simply Bishop of Rome, becoming a great

temporal prince, adding to his dominions by the wars between different princes, as he threw his powerful influence on one side or the other, whichever was the best able to add to his ever-increasing power; and while we see him taking the Bible from the people that he may deceive them into believing in his own divine authority, he takes to himself also the titles due to God and Christ alone, thus literally fulfilling the prophecy of Daniel, "And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and shall think to change times and laws."

And during this dark and dreadful time where shall we look for "the saints of the Most High," the true followers of Christ? In the dens and caves of the earth we find them, "worn out" indeed by persecution.

We shudder at the history of Pagan persecution, but only three millions perished by it. *Only*, I repeat, for how does that compare with the *fifty-one* millions destroyed by the Church of Rome, and dying under the most horrible tortures which human ingenuity could invent.

But let us turn to a more pleasant view in the history of Christianity. In the commencement of the 14th century, through the darkness and gloom of superstition, we see arising the figure of the immortal Wyckliffe. Under the strong protection of princes, he was able to give the Bible to his countrymen and to open their eyes to the errors of Popery; only after his death did his enemies obtain what revenge they could by burning his bones. One hundred years later two prominent martyrs stand before us—John Huss and Jeromé of Prague perished for their unflinching testimony against the corruptions of the Church. And still one hundred years more roll away before one shall arise who by his bold, fearless denunciations shall shake the very foundations of the Papacy. The name of Martin Luther will be loved and honored through all time, and

justly, for he stood alone as it were against that cruel, anti-christian, but mighty power, the Papacy; but he, too, had the protection of a powerful German prince, the Elector of Saxony, and although one of the greatest and best men in history, an instrument raised up and protected by the power of God, we still find him clinging to some of the superstitions of his time.

The question now arises, can we find a prominent figure in the history of Christianity who, supported not by earthly power, but by the power of God alone, and standing with the firmness of a Luther, preaches a pure, spiritual religion, such as Jesus and his apostles taught, uncorrupted by any earthly thing? Let us see. Martin Luther had the friendship of men so powerful that had he met his death at the Council of Worms it would have plunged his nation into civil war; and after his friends had hidden him in the Wartburg so great was the commotion that one of the Papists said, "The only way of extricating ourselves is to light our torches and go searching through the earth for Luther till we can restore him to a nation that *will* have him." Thus we behold what powerful earthly support he had.

But let us pass over another hundred years in which, after the reformation of Luther's time, we see his followers divided, and not only the Lutheran Church established, but Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and numerous other sects springing up, all bearing the common name of Protestants, and all adhering more or less to some of the old Romish rites, and all making their religion to consist in part if not wholly of outward ceremonies, notwithstanding Jesus said, "They that worship the Father must worship Him in spirit and in truth," "For He seeketh such to worship Him," and also the declaration of God, "I will write my law upon their hearts."

In 1624 there was born in Leicestershire, England, a man whose words and works will endure through all

time. Too little known to the world is the name of George Fox. Wm. Penn said of him, that "He walked nearer to God than other men." Let us see if this strong assertion can be proved. He was born in humble life, the son of a weaver, but of virtuous, pious parents, and was instructed in the doctrines of the Church of England. He lived a remarkably blameless life from childhood to manhood, as his schoolmates and companions testify, but he fell into great melancholy, and oppressed with a sense of his sinfulness he sought the aid of ministers and priests in vain, but one day, while walking in the fields alone, he heard a voice addressed to his spiritual ear, saying, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition." This gave him great joy, and as he was faithful to this inward monitor other things were made known to him; one was that it "Was not sufficient to receive a university education to fit one for the ministry." This surprised him, as he had always been taught otherwise. But it was made known to him that a true gospel ministry consisted in a God-given gift of such words as the conditions of the people required, and once when suffering greatly in his mind, as if for sins which he knew he had not committed, he cried out in agony, "O, Lord, why am I thus afflicted?" Clear as ever voice sounded to his outward ear came the answer, "Thou must be baptised into all conditions, else how canst thou speak to all conditions!" Thus was he prepared for his great life work, which consisted in drawing the people away from outward forms and directing them to that light within them which the apostle tells us "enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

Why did George Fox suffer so much, as we shall see that he did, for proclaiming this doctrine, which no man can ever proclaim with more force than it is given us in the few simple words of scripture, which a child can understand, but which contain the most important—yea, the grandest testimony

which the mind of man can receive. What are we told of the power which led the Jews of olden times, "They all drank the same spiritual drink, for they drank of the spiritual rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ." And what is Christ? Jesus said, "Before Abraham was I am." Not Jesus the outward body, but Christ the power of God unto salvation which dwelt in Jesus, we are told, without measure; the same power which will lead us also; it will lead us far above all outward forms and ceremonies to the true knowledge of God in our own souls. But the Bible tells us that this light "enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." How many professors of Christianity will acknowledge this Bible truth in its true meaning to day? Now, as in George Fox's time, they explain it away, calling it a natural light, reason, etc., but if so, what are we to do with the words of scripture, which say, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was God, and the word was with God, in Him was life, and the life was the light of men, and the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not," "There was a man sent from God whose name was John, he was not that light, but came to bear witness to that light, that was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

George Fox was a man of dauntless courage. Had he taken command of soldiery, which was repeatedly offered him, never would braver commander have led an army against a foe; but he was the follower of Him who hath said, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword," and he preferred the most loathsome dungeon to disobedience to the voice of God in his conscience, that voice which had cleared away all his doubts and difficulties, and had shown him how he might partake of that greatest privilege given to man—direct communion with his Maker. And this brings us back to the text before quoted in regard to

the "light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," and as this was the keynote to all George Fox's preaching and is the fundamental doctrine of the Society of Friends, we must look into it thoroughly and take it in the broad sense in which it was given us. If it "enlighteneth every man" we must go beyond the pale of those who profess the name of Christ. What was the light which shone in the heart of Socrates and gave him strength to die in the faith of some great power which he felt to be so infinitely greater than the idols of his countrymen, that he refused to pay to the idols divine honors, and death was the consequence? And what was the light which enlightened Seneca, and enabled the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, to live a pure, reverent life amid such great temptations and in a court so corrupt? Let us go still farther back before the Christian era. What was it that led Buddha to live so pure a life, who, with a heart full of love and compassion, taught the doctrines which are believed by four hundred and seventy millions of our race?

And George Fox proved by an Indian, ignorant barbarian as he was, that he felt and acknowledged a guide within him, which distinguished between right and wrong. The apostle tells us "when the Gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things contained in the law, these having not the law are a law unto themselves, which show the works of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." Is not this clear enough? God is not divided. The light he gave the faithful Abraham, which he followed so closely, that he was called the "Friend of God," the same light has enlightened every great religious reformer since the creation of the world. That this light is given to every man is proved by the fact that no nation exists or ever did exist upon the earth but that acknowledged a

supreme power. History proves to us that when ambition makes tools of ignorance and superstition, times of such dense darkness ensue that excepting those who cherish the light given them in secret it would almost seem as if pure religion would disappear from the earth. Were it not for the strong, pure men whom God raises and strengthens to proclaim his truth against all the powers of darkness, and although it was the light of God which gave every great reformer what power he had to contend with the evils of his time, none of the reformers save George Fox taught us of this light itself, and how, if we follow its teachings, it will direct us how to act in all things. And do we not need something *within us* to direct us in our walk through life? Our *every action* cannot be guided by any outward law; actions proceed from motives formed in the heart, and God has given us that which is always with us if we will but listen to its dictates.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS.

True religion is of slow growth.

Religion is a realization of our oneness with God.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties.—F. Martineau.

Don't place temptation in the way of others. Make it as easy as possible for them to do right, and as hard as possible for them to do wrong.

By troubling ourselves about what may be required of us in the future, we miss the duties lying near us and unfit ourselves for the performance of them."

If we keep the disagreeable things of life ever before our minds we will fail to see the good things awaiting us. Better keep the blessings so close before us that the disagreeables will be crowded out of sight.

A FRIENDLY GREETING.

A Happy New Year we wish for thee,
 Dear YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW !
 Thou holdest a light that we may see
 All that is good and true.
 This is the aim thy life hath sought,
 Since its course begun,
 This is the work thy heart hath wrought,
 And will till its race is run.

All that is bright in the world abroad,
 All that is bright within ;
 At peace with all and at peace with God,
 Keepeth hearts free from sin,
 Free from turbulent, weary strife,
 Quiet in hopeful cheer ;
 Oh ! blessing be on thy beautiful life,
 Many a bright New Year !

If I pen some thought that was hidden quite,
 The same thought from over the sea
 Comes flashing back, and, two beams of light,
 They meet betwixt thee and me.
 They are one and the same, yet with added force,
 They are more than they seemed to be ;
 And we marvel much at the rapid course,
 That thought flies over the sea.

So oft, dear REVIEW, at thy fount I quaff
 My own life back to me swirled,
 That I think of a mental telegraph
 Connecting around the world.
 If I drop one tear or but heave a sigh,
 O'er some thought that has smouldered for
 years,

It is wafted to me when thy ink is dry.
 And melteth me oft to tears

Some other spirit has dared proclaim
 What has trembled within my breast,
 And nestled and fluttered and leaped in vain,
 Then quietly sank to rest.
 And I inwardly rise and take by the hand,
 My brother and sister free ;
 On the rock of true motive I take my stand,
 When I ask for a blessing on 'hee.

—JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, N. Y., First mo. 1st, 1891.

A RETROSPECT OF OUR LATE
VISIT TO OUR WESTERN
FRIENDS.

For Young Friends' Review.

Having been requested by the editors of the REVIEW to write an article under the above head, I most willingly comply, because of my interest in those Friends, which leads me to do what I can to interest others in them.

As I sit in the quiet of my home, and memory brings before the mental vision the many incidents connected

with the visit, while I find much that gives me a great deal of satisfaction there is all the while the feeling that the work is not complete. The time had at my command was too limited to cover properly the large field into which we entered. And yet I feel that all was done that the time allowed, and I cannot find but that it was well done. The yearly meeting of Illinois was not only an interesting but a profitable season. There is an earnestness about the Friends, that compose that meeting, that evinces not only a conviction of the truth of our principles, but a strong desire to live them out in their practical application to themselves and for the good of mankind in general. While we miss the calm dignity evinced in some of our older meetings, and see less of the old form of dress, the mind that can get deeper than these, can feel there is a newness of life which recognizes obedience to the voice of the Divine as the highest guide for man. And still there is a full manifestation of the feeling that they need the sympathy and the aid of the older meetings, for they have a problem to solve which differs from almost all the others. Their members are widely scattered, meetings long distances apart, a few families settled here and there, and these, amid active, enterprising, educated communities, who are thoughtful, and who are hungry for such spiritual food as we have to impart, when that food is divested of traditional forms, and they are realizing this more and more ; and the important problem with them is, how best to reach these hungry ones, and aid these scattered families to become a nucleus around which to gather meetings.

When visiting the different meetings composing that Yearly Meeting, we found a great openness among other denominations to not only attend the meetings held in our own houses, but to tender and open their houses for us, and, after listening to the testimony given in every instance, meeting us cordially and wishing us godspeed in

our work. When in Fulton County, Illinois, in a neighborhood where had once been a meeting, we learned much while it interested us—saddened the heart. The younger members wanted to move the meeting where it would be more central, and where others would have an opportunity to attend, but a few of the older ones would not consent, and while they were able kept up the little meeting, but they dropped out one by one, until they are now nearly all gone, the meeting-house dilapidated, no meeting, and the younger friends going hither and thither, with no church home, and some of them hungry and longing for a live Friends' meeting. As the enquiry was made, "what shall we do?" It was more than I could answer satisfactorily to myself. It opened to me a new field of thought, regarding our mission as ministers, and this question forced itself upon me, and it still rests with me. Ought we not to use more time in such neighborhoods? Stay with them a number of days, visit socially each family and hold a meeting each day? Not meetings in which to excite the mere emotional in our nature, but to reach and convince the judgment, and hold other meetings in which to answer the questions which may be required to be solved before these minds could be willing to enter upon the responsibilities of maintaining a regular meeting, and as we proceeded in the prosecution of our labors, these questions would force themselves upon me again and again, until I am brought to the conclusion that along some such line as this, will lie our future work, if our Society is to be maintained as an organization. In one place in the State of Missouri, where, excepting one family, there was no acquaintance with Friends; after holding a meeting in the morning, some of those present came to me urging me to hold another in the evening, to which I consented, and after the evening meeting they gathered around me to learn how long I would stay among them, and when told I would leave in

the morning, expressed their regrets, saying, if you would only stay and hold meetings all the week you would gather a Society here, for your doctrine is what we have been longing to hear, for it satisfies our judgment as being reasonable and easily understood. In Ellis, Kansas, we had one meeting first day afternoon in the Grand Army Hall, obtained by our friend Daniel Griest, because, as he said, there were some whom he knew, goodly men, who would not go to a church, because they did not believe the doctrine taught, and because of the system upon which their finances were managed. These men were at the meeting, and Daniel writes me, since my return, that if they could have such meetings, they would furnish the hall and warm it free of expense to us. At another meeting held north of Ellis, where I was led to open my view of the text: "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." After the meeting expressions like these were made, "I never heard it put in that way before, but it is most reasonable," and Daniel writes me they feel that my work is not done among them. As these evidences of the state of mind of those western people, outside of Friends, come to me, I am made to believe there is a large field, for profitable labor, open before Friends. There are no such prejudices to meet as exist in the East, as the resultant of the unhappy division, and I am fully assured that if the proper kind of laborers enter the field, and work under the master's directions, there will be a prosperous future for the meetings of Friends in the west. And right here comes in the most intricate problem to solve, "Where are that kind of laborers who can leave their secular concerns and enter upon such a work, giving to it the ample time it requires." With the idea so long entertained that our ministry must be a free one, and coupled with this that they must use their own means to meet all their travelling expenses unless some other way be made for such as are competent to enter upon such a labor as

I have indicated, the work must be left undone, but if those who are blessed with ample means could realize the good to the individual and to society in the spread of our principles, could feel the freedom and the willingness to aid such as might apprehend they had a part in this work, and who had given evidence they were competent, under the Divine aid, to enter upon it. From my experience in this recent visit much good could be accomplished. Illinois Yearly Meeting is doing all it can, and all it can afford to do, through its Visiting Committee, but the meeting is small and, as I said, its members and meetings are scattered, and it is beyond their power to properly cover all the ground, and if it is done it must be by the aid of members of the eastern meetings, and I humbly trust the dear Lord will so open the hearts of those interested in this work, that dedicated ones may be formed, who may be furnished by those who are able, with the needful means, to enter upon this service and conduct it to the glory and honor of the Master, and the building up of that pure religion Jesus taught as all sufficient to secure the happiness of man in this or the eternal life.

JOHN J. CORNELL.

FROM TOLSTOY'S "SPIRIT OF CHRIST'S TEACHINGS."

CHAPTER II.

"AND THEREFORE MAN MUST WORK, NOT FOR THE FLESH, BUT ACCORDING TO THE SPIRIT (WHICH ART IN HEAVEN)."

The Jews, considering themselves true believers, worshipped an external God, the creator and Lord of the universe. According to them, this God had entered into an agreement with them, in which he promised to help them, and they to worship Him; one of the chief conditions in the agreement being the keeping of the Sabbath. Jesus said, the Sabbath is a human institution. A man who lives in the spirit is above all external rites. The keeping

of the Sabbath, like all rites of outward worship, includes a delusion. We cannot do nothing on the Sabbath; a good deed must be done at anytime, and if the Sabbath hinders the doing of a good action the Sabbath is evidently an error.

Another condition in this agreement with God was the avoidance of the society of those of another faith. Concerning this, Jesus said that God required not sacrifice, but mutual love. He also said, referring to the rule of absolution and purification, that God requires charity before external cleanliness; all such ceremonies, he said, were harmful, the very tradition of the church an evil, as it leads men to neglect the most important deeds of love towards a father or mother, and to justify themselves by tradition.

Concerning all that is eternal, the rules of the former law, which defined cases of defilement, Jesus said: "Know all of you that nothing external can defile a man; he is defiled only by what he thinks and does."

After this he went to Jerusalem, the town that was considered sacred, and, entering the temple which the orthodox believers of the time considered the abode of God, said that man is more important than the temple, and that it is only necessary to love and to help one's neighbor. Jesus said also that there is no need to worship God in any definite place, but that we must worship the Father by deed and in the spirit, which is the consciousness in man of his sonship to the eternal spirit, which may neither be seen nor shown.

Temples are needless, for the true temple is the world cemented together with love; and external sonship is both false and hurtful when it encourages evil deeds, like that of the Jews, which enjoined murder and the neglecting of parents, and because the man who is exact in the accomplishment of rites becomes self-satisfied, and neglects the doing of love.

Man is the son of God by the spirit, and therefore he must worship the Father in the spirit.

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We acknowledge with gratitude the many and most kindly expressions which have come to us regarding our work, and the tone and usefulness of the little REVIEW. We would be pleased to publish them, but our space will not allow it.

We thank our many club-raisers who have worked so nobly for the REVIEW during the past month or two. We are pleased to announce that with your help, and with the continued interest of our friends, we have again made an advance—increasing our list considerably over that of a year ago. Every mail is adding to it, and we have the promise of many more names. Don't relax your efforts. We are prepared to send the back numbers to many new subscribers yet, thus completing the

volume. Send in the names as soon convenient.

SPECIAL OFFER—To every association of young Friends we will send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW the coming year at the following rates, viz.:

10 copies and over, one year, 30c. each.
20 " " " " " 25c. each.

Money sent in letters come at our risk when registered; not otherwise.

We ask our club-raisers to renew their endeavors to introduce the little REVIEW into every *friendly* home, and thus largely increase its circulation. With *double* its present circulation we could improve it wonderfully.

DIED.

BONNELL—At the home of her parents on the evening of 1st mo. 20th, Stella May Bonnell, fourth daughter of Henry S. and Elizabeth W. Bonnell, after a brief illness. Her age was 18 yrs. 7 mo. 2 dys. The funeral was held on First mo. 23rd, at 11 o'clock.

One dear, patient sufferer gone to her rest,
One star disappeared from our earthly sky,
One young heart attuned to the joys of the blest,
One more star shining bright in our heaven on high.

—J. M. D.

WEDDED.

NITOBÉ-ELKINTON.

Yesterday morning at the Friends' Meeting House, Fourth and Arch streets, Mary P. Elkinton, daughter of Joseph L. Elkinton, of this city, was married to Inazo Nitobe, of Sapporo, Japan.

The permission of the meeting to proceed with the marriage was given last Thursday, so the invitations were out only a few days. This, however, did not prevent the public from getting information as to the day, and the house was filled with friends and visitors.

The wedding company took their places about 10 o'clock, and, soon after the meeting had settled, the bride and groom arose and repeated the ceremony, after which they signed the certificate. This was read by Dr. Maris,

and the regular religious meeting proceeded.

The bride and groom were dressed in ordinary street dress, and little unnecessary show was made. To the right of the bride were seated Ephraim Smith and his wife, while next to the groom were Prof Rendel Harris and wife, of Haverford College. The bridesmaids were Hannah Morris, of Olney; W. Virginia Nicholson, of Haddonfield; Sue Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and Elizabeth S. Ecroyd, of Overbrook. The groomsmen were Dr. W. S. Sharpless, of West Chester; Dr. Edward G. Rhoads, of Germantown; Charles E. Gause, Jr., and J. Clinton Starbuck, of Philadelphia. At the close of the meeting the wedding company retired to the house of the bride's brother, William Elkinton, at 733 Spruce street, where the reception was held.

Dr. Nitobe in 1878, while a student in a Government college in Japan, embraced Christianity. He came to this country about seven years ago, and while studying in the Johns Hopkins University, became especially interested in the doctrines of Friends and joined that religious society. It has been erroneously stated that he had joined the religious society for the special object of accomplishing his marriage with Miss Elkinton, while the facts are he was received into membership at Baltimore before they had met. He occupies a good social position in his own country. By birth his rank corresponds with that of the English gentry, and his father was Vice-Chancellor at the court of the Prince of Nambu.

Dr. Nitobe has recently published, through the Johns Hopkins Press, a work on "The Intercourse between the United States and Japan," his former efforts in the line of authorship having been a German Treatise on Landed Estates in Japan, recently translated into French under the auspices of Dr. Schwiedland, of Vienna, and another on the "Emancipation of the Peasantry of Japan."

He returns to Japan to occupy a professorial chair in the Imperial College at Sapporo.

SOME FEATURES CONCERNING REFORM UNDER THE GROWTH OF SCIENCE.

Standing to-day upon a wider plain of research than when science was in its infancy, we hold the chain of reason in a firmer grasp, and bid adieu to an unintelligible orthodoxy.

No longer do our enlightened thinkers entertain the belief that Hebrew was our mother-tongue. Such men as Max Muller and a host of the most profound students in philology have swept away the dust of a fallacious past.

God has endowed mankind with the power of analysis, which is no other than reason itself. The more we tread this pathway of reason, aided by an enlightened conscience, the more closely do we attain to the Father's likeness. If, on the other hand, we are willing, without questioning, to accept the myths and legends of a darkened age, we must expect to find our lamp of true intelligence decreasing in its power.

Men are afraid of an honest doubt, therefore science is deemed by the unthinking world a dangerous thing. An honest doubt has often been the bridge to a grander truth.

God breathes into the hearts of his children, and will, by gentle taps upon the door of consciousness, bring the wanderer into a brighter light. We, as a people, need more confidence in the good Father Himself, and less in the letter of the law, which can in no wise give us life without the spirit's aid.

Erring humanity must be taught the omnipotence of *right*, right for the *sake* of right without thought of its reward.

Science is endeavoring, by a continuity of thought and reason, by a consummate study of philological investigations, to divest truth of her past unbecoming drapery.

MARY ELLA W. CLARK.

DIAMONDS SET IN SNOW.

Oh! ye glittering, glistening diamonds,
That dazzle and sparkle so,
How you flash your millions of brilliants
From out of the pure white snow.

Oh! your's was a pure, pure setting,
Well might you sparkle so,
With such rays of warm sunshine upon you,
You could not but glisten and glow.

Little snowflakes did not glisten
When they fell upon the earth,
But came down on softest pinions
Telling nought of wealth or worth.

But they spread their mantle over
Mother earth and her decay,
Shielded bulbs left unprotected,
To spring forth some other day.

So you see they had their mission,
Little snowflakes, in their way,
Did their work in faith and duty,
And as diamonds shine to-day.

There are other little diamonds
That might sparkle as these do,
Would they bask in God's warm sunshine,
Do the work He would have them do.

Need I tell you more about them?
Listening ears, and eager eyes,
Willing hands and ready footsteps,
These may glisten beyond the skies.

Little children, little children!
Are you diamonds set in snow?
Do you sparkle? Do you glisten?
Do you on love's errands go?

If not, then there's One who wills it,
And would gladly have you so,
One who gave you life in pureness,
White, as whitest of the snow.

—MYSTIC.

THE INFALLIBLE GUIDE.

The light makes plain the Christian's pathway to the holy city. We cannot wholly shut it out. Selfishness, injustice, or any sort of illegitimate use of our talents, partially shuts out divine illumination, or enough of its ray (so to speak) as to darken our spiritual sight; and not until we reject unlawful things, can we enter the way to the holy city of peace. The Word of God is divine inspiration—an innate infallible guide—by which truth and error is recognized and defined; and speaking

from this source understandingly, the Word of God is imparted to our associates. The divine Father is the producer of the unwritten word, which is the gospel of God, unto the minds and souls of his subjects; because it has its origin in God, making a peculiar people, teaching them to renounce unrighteousness and live God-like, which is not only the invitation of Jesus, but personally witnessed within each recipient, by the illumination of this God-given light, word, gospel of Christ. The word is nigh you even in your heart and mouth. It is there the unwritten law is practically opened to our spiritual understanding. There is heard the voice that will lead it in safety to his fold. Depending entirely on the letter or instrument detracts and keeps us away from the true source whence spiritual counsel flows, and it was unto this gospel Jesus invited all. Enter the closet and there pray and receive reward openly from the Father, to know the truth as it is in Jesus. This Gospel, he said, was unto life everlasting, "for my doctrine is not mine, but Him that sent me;" consequently, the life of God in the soul receiveth not spiritual food from the things of earth. God alone is the moving power in spiritual enlightenment as taught in the Old and New Testaments: "I will pour out my spirit on all flesh," "Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit," "Thou art with me," and the instrument if called to public service voices the Father's diction, "Simply clay in the potter's hands." For God is head of the church, whose office is perpetual. Herein we see the pure spirit living before Abraham and endlessly continuing, and was the power moving Jesus in pathways of holiness among his associates, cherishing the visitation of God's holy spirit in the souls of the children of men, that it is by divine conception we attain to a life in God, submitting to this same inborn counsellor, wherein the gospel of inspiration

is acquired. Every one hath the seed, and if cultivated will grow and fill the garden, overshadowing the weeds and undergrowth, so these will have nominal effect in retarding divine fruitage. The prescribed law found in the gospel of God is: Personally learning from the word, voice and head of the church His will concerning us. They who receive and act therefrom know of the doctrine unto salvation—the heirship in the kingdom of heaven. The spirit-birth discloses to man the identity of the immortal body; leavening our natures into the divine, which constitutes the oneness; an established fact, acting under the influence of the leaven. Consequently not my doctrine but him that sent me, in which the wayfarer may walk and not err. Jesus's teachings were all practical and easily understood in the spiritual field; laboring with the masses to enter into a condition wherein they could be taught of God; personally knowing that which is of man and that of the pure spirit—the Son sent and His Gospel—wherein we may adopt his language, “Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

H. G. M., Sing Sing, N. Y.

FRIENDS' CIRCLE OF BALTIMORE

For Young Friends' Review.

The Friends' Circle of Baltimore held its first meeting, since its re-organization, in the library room of the Park Avenue Meeting House, Sixth day evening, 12th of 12th month. After disposing of the regular routine of business interesting exercises ensued. The occasion was made doubly interesting by a prolonged discussion as to the practicability of conducting the business of the monthly meeting in joint session. Joseph J. Janney opened the field for discussion by the reading of an able and, we might add, an almost exhaustive argument in advocacy thereof, which elicited a very general expression of unity therewith, and so practical was the reasoning, so con-

vincing the language, and so forcible the argument, that even the few present who had not previously felt prepared for the change, seemed almost ready to sanction the movement. The writer has long advocated joint assemblages throughout all branches of the meeting, from the yearly meeting down, believing such a course to be conducive to the best interest of society, the welfare of the whole body. The writer has long contended, too, that the partitions in our meeting-houses were detrimental, a hindrance to the mutual progress of the body. Though we must admit that it was after much reflection and observation that we were led to acknowledge the wisdom of the change. As in early childhood the writer was taught to believe that it was essential to the right government of the body, for families to be separated in meeting by wooden structures in whatever capacity assembled, whether for the purpose of rendering acceptable worship unto the all wise Father or to transact the affairs of the church, and that it would be considered improper and in fact classed as bad behavior for both sexes to be promiscuously seated when convened for the purpose noted. We would not be understood as advocating changes, for the sake of change. As the writer is somewhat wedded to many of the old ways, if we might so term them, and he can recall with feelings of gratitude, of satisfaction, and of pleasure, being permitted to mingle with, or rather to hear them relate the pleasantries of by-gone days, and sit under the ministry of those who were wedded to good old times, but were they here now, and permitted to witness the earnest heart-felt uprising of their children, and their children's children, we do not believe that they would longer advocate the separation of the sexes. We know, too, that some of the opponents of the change express the fear that some of our yearly meetings, and more particularly Philadelphia and Baltimore, the greatest numerically, would prove too

unwieldy. If the fear thus expressed should be verified, after adopting the course proposed, we would say by all means divide them, and have more yearly meetings, but do not separate sexes—and though by such an act the bodies would necessarily be fewer in numbers, there may be no lack of life, of power, of wisdom, of action, and of spiritual growth in consequence thereof. Some, too, have expressed the fear that if such a course is adopted, that other changes will follow; that we will let out our seats, rating them according to location, and that singing and music will be introduced, and still further will come the clamor for a paid ministry; but we have no fear of such demands, of such an innovation, and if such were the case, if such should come to pass, the writer, in unison with others, would have to proclaim his entire disunity therewith. As in the language of the great revivalist, Moody, we could not contribute to the support of an ungodly choir, whose renditions in so many instances are only for the compensation received, coupled with desire to gain commendation and praise of their audiences for the talent displayed, and totally devoid of any spiritual emotion. Neither could the writer contribute to the support of a man whose subsistence was dependent upon his preaching, to point him the way unto life, when there is something within that tells him that he does not need an intermediator or intercessor, but that he can go direct unto the Father himself, and seek that forgiveness, that light, that spiritual consolation that man, in his varied journeys through life, oft feels the need of. Some of its opponents, of the gentler sex, say if this reformation was introduced the men would do all of the talking. We but add that their modesty might restrain them for a short time, but woman, in the end, generally has her say. An act of either branch cannot become perfected without being sanctioned by the other. They are recognized as being equal. They are alike interested in the welfare of the body. They serve

upon the same committees. Reports and business of every nature are required to be transmitted to both branches of the body for approval. Then why this separation? We could not probably more fittingly close this article than by relating the language of the writer's revered teacher, T. Clarkson Taylor, uttered by him a short time previous to his translation to a higher life, and which so forcibly impressed me at the time. That he was one of the purest, best of men, deeply interested, too, in the welfare of his people, and the society which he so fondly cherished, all who knew him will admit, and as his utterances always emanated from the proper source, the inmost recesses of the heart, they were full of deep meaning and had their weight. He said, in substance, as follows: "I hope that the time will come when I may be permitted to enjoy spiritual feastings with my family seated around me at meeting, as well as around the fireside and family board at home.

M. O. T.

Baltimore, 12th mo. 26th, 1890.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, in a sermon recently preached in his own pulpit, entitled "Helping the Under Man," says: "To be a Christian is business as well as pleasure; it is occupation as well as luxury; it is stout performance as well as holy exercise; it is belonging to the first rank of society, but matching with the rear rank, and helping to carry the knapsack of those that are tired; it is being respectable ourselves and fostering respectability among the disreputable; it is surviving because we are fit; and it is taking those that are not fit to survive and making them fit. Loyalty to Christ means carrying forward in our century the work he began in his; not only worshiping him on our knees, but working with him on our feet; not only keeping up with the rush of the times and the push of necessity ourselves, but helping to keep in trim and in step some poor stragglers that have fallen out, and that have no heart and sound legs to keep up with."

COMING.

“It may be in the evening,
 When the work of the day is done,
 And you have time to sit in the twilight
 And watch the sinking sun.
 While the long bright day dies slowly
 Over the sea,
 And the hour grows quiet and holy
 With the thoughts of Me ;
 When you hear the village children
 Passing along the street,
 Among those thronging footsteps
 May come the sound of My feet ;
 Therefore I tell you, Watch
 By the light of the evening star,
 When the room is growing dusky
 As the clouds afar ;
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home,
 For it may be through the gloaming
 I will come.

“It may be when the midnight
 Is heavy upon the land,
 And the black waves lying dumbly
 Along the sand ;
 When the moonless night draws close.
 And the lights are out in the house ;
 When the fires burn low and red,
 And the watch is ticking loudly
 Beside the bed ;
 Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
 Still your heart must wake and watch
 In the dark room,
 For it may be that at midnight
 I will come.

“It may be at the cock-crow,
 When the night is dying slowly
 In the sky.
 And the sea looks calm and holy,
 Waiting for the dawn
 Of the golden sun,
 Which draweth nigh ;
 When the mists are on the valleys, shading,
 The rivers chill,
 And My morning star is fading, fading
 Over the hill ;
 Behold, I say unto you, Watch :
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home ;
 In the chill before the dawning
 Between the night and morning,
 I may come.

“It may be in the morning,
 When the sun is bright and strong,
 When the dew is glittering sharply
 Over the little lawn ;
 When the waves are laughing loudly
 Along the shore,
 And the little birds are singing sweetly
 About the door ;
 With the long day's work before you,
 You rise up with the sun,

And the neighbors come in to talk a little
 Of all that must be done ;
 But remember that I may be the next
 To come in at the door,
 To call you from your busy work
 For evermore ;
 As you work your heart must watch,
 For the door is on the latch
 In your room,
 And it may be in the morning
 I will come.”

* * * * *

So I am watching quietly
 Every day.
 Whenever the sun shines brightly
 I rise and say,—
 “Surely it is the shining of His face,”
 And look unto the gates of His high place
 Beyond the sea.
 For I know He is coming shortly
 To summon me
 And when a shadow falls across the window
 Of my room,
 Where I am working my appointed task,
 I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
 If He is come ;
 And the angel answers sweetly
 In my home,—
 “Only a few more shadows,
 And He will come.”

—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

OVER THE SEA.

TENNYSON LAND.

(Concluded.)

Almost within the sound of the brook is the hamlet of Somersby, inhabited by two score simple old-world people. And yonder on the right is the pretty white house where the Laureate was born. It is a curious tile-covered house, costily situated in an ideal environment. It nestles among the trees, and before it is a beautiful lawn separated from the public road by the holly hedge planted by old Dr. Tennyson when the poet was a child. The house was the Rectory of the parish for nearly a hundred years, but the present rector, Rev. John Soper, has deserted the historic house and dwells in the neighboring parish.

And this is the house where Tennyson spent his youthful prime and where he composed many of his chief works. As “In Memoriam” is the record of a

soul-struggle fought out on this very ground, we may expect to find in that poem many local references. To this place often came Arthur Hallam "from brawling courts and dusty purlieus of the law" to drink the cooler air and mark "the landscape winking through the heat." Here often he joined the rector's happy family "in dance and song and game and jest." To this place was brought the cruel news of Hallam's death which felled the poet's sister in a swoon and turned her orange-flowers to cypress. Here for many gloomy years the broken-hearted poet plied the "sad mechanic exercise" of writing verse to soothe his restless heart and brain.

Adjoining the birthplace of the poet, and partitioned from it by a row of trees is "The Moated Grange," with which all readers of Tennyson have become familiar in the sad lyric of "Mariana." It is a desolate looking place and a fit abode for the forlorn maiden who cried in her despair :

"I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead."

The Grange is interesting because of its connection with another of Tennyson's poems. The old house is the reputed residence of John Baumber, the Northern Farmer. In the churchyard opposite I read the names of many Baumbers, that being the commonest name on the tombstones.

The only other structure of interest in Somersby is the little church of which Tennyson's father was rector for many years. It is very small and very old.

When, a few years after his father's death, the Tennysons departed from Somersby "to live within the stranger's land" we hear a minor chord in the great memorial elegy sounding thus :

"Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows ;
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone."

About a furlong beyond Somersby Church is one of the prettiest spots this

dull old earth can show,—*"Holywell Glen :*"

"Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers
weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs
in sleep."

Its a wild, romantic spot—the favorite haunt, we may be sure, of the poet's boyhood. Trees of many kinds—larch and spruce and ash and beech and sycamore—clothe the steep sides of a natural terrace that slopes down to the bottom of a gorge through which flows a limpid stream. This beautiful glen takes its name from a natural well over which the stream courses. Long years ago, it is said, visitors came from far and near to taste of this "holy well" and to enjoy its healing virtues. If the water of this well has no supernatural merits, I can at least attest its superior quality, taking a draught of it, as I did, in my extremity of thirst on a warm August afternoon.

I had always clung to the ancient saying that poets are born, not made. My views are somewhat altered since I have seen the glories of Holywell Glen and all the enchantments of rustic Somersby. Here, if anywhere, nature could inspire the most sluggish spirit and put some music into the tamest heart.

But I must leave this rustic nook and this quiet hamlet. As I leave Somersby behind and climb the hill on the road to Horncastle I recall those sad stanzas of "In Memoriam" in which Tennyson gives voice to his regret at leaving forever the home and the haunts of his young days :

"I climb the hill ; from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend.

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple style from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold ;

Nor heavy knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill,
And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

Nor runlet trickling from the rock ;
 Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
 To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
 That feed the mothers of the flock ;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
 And each reflects a kindlier day ;
 And, leaving these, to pass away,
 I think once more he seems to die."
 —J. E. WETHERELL.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE LIFE.

The first semester closed on the 31st ult. The last two weeks were principally taken up with examinations in all the departments. The senior announcements for commencement day will be given during the first two weeks of the new semester. Upon a petition from the present senior class, the faculty decided to change the commencement day programme in this way : There will be six honor speakers as before and two orators ; the orators will be chosen by the faculty.

George W. Cable lectured before the college on third-day evening, the 27th ult.

The competition orations for "the Phoenix prizes" were put in the hands of the judges on second-day, the 26th ult. From all those competing six will be chosen to speak in public for the two prizes offered by the staff of Vol. VII. of the Phoenix.

The Magill prizes in oratory have been discontinued this year.

Robert Haviland and Joshua Washburn, of Chappaqua, N. Y., were visitors at the college on First-day, the 18th ult. The former spoke very acceptably before the students at the morning meeting.

The Eunomian Literary Society holds its re-union on the 20th inst. A large majority of the 175 ex-members expect to return on that occasion. The re-union is held on the day previous to the meeting of the Swarthmore Club, in Philadelphia.

Dr. Edward H. Magill lectured before the college on Fifth-day evening,

the 29th ult. His subject was "Racine." His two lectures have proved very interesting and were well attended.

All the class and society elections take place in the first week of the present month.

At a mass meeting of the students, called by President Appleton, A. Mitchell Palmer was elected to represent the students at the inauguration of President-elect Foulke, on 3rd mo., the 10th

The retiring presidents of the four college classes are : Edward C. Wilson, of the senior class ; Benj. F. Battin, of the junior class ; John F. Thayer, of the Sophomore class, and Edwin P. Bond, of the Freshman class.

Those of the literary societies are : Esther Haviland, of the Somerville ; Edward C. Wilson, of the Eunomian, and Chester P. Martindale, of the Delphic.
 E. C. W.

"Day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, shall not fail." Each succeeds the other in turn, all lovely in their different phases, and, while to the thoughtful they inspire gratitude, a sense of obligation settles deeper and deeper as time rolls onward. Even stern winter is grand, when the ice king rules with relentless sway over land and water. Fierce stormy winds have music in them, as they sweep on fulfilling the word of the great Supreme ; they purify the atmosphere, and cleanse infectious regions as they pass, while fleecy clouds, "a beauteous semblance of a flock at rest," gather and then pass away, in quick or slow procession, scattering their treasures broadcast, like pearls and diamonds beautifying the landscape, and causing the embryo seed to generate, come to perfection, and crown the year with gladness. May it be thus with the immortal mind and all the gifts bestowed ; though doomed to pass through summer's heat, and winter's cold, and all the varied changes meted here. May it endure all in patient.

resignation, though at times the heavens seem as brass and earth as bars of iron, no rain nor dew to nourish, no wine to cheer, nor oil of joy to smooth the rugged pathway, but the seed of life is there, watched over by a loving guardian, and by a hidden process being prepared for a more full development.

O, let us watch the time, and when the rising sun, that lights the inner chambers of the heart, shines there and warms the little seed, its growth be not hindered, but carefully tended, till all we have, and are, partakes its nature. Then will we lead the higher life, commune with God, and drink of the crystal streams, ever flowing from the stream of life.

'Tis right to watch and wait, our Holy Leader said so; but quite as needful to rise up and work. The fig-tree that bore no fruit was cursed, though in the distant view so green that it drew the hungry toward it; but alas 'twas only leaves it bore. May ours be fruit that will the Father honor. His children bless by bringing each into his own appointed sphere, to act the part assigned him, using every talent given. In acting thus, the giver has his share, and the receiver's portion is doubled.

We want such men and women now to enter our ranks, who will feelingly do the Master's bidding.

FAINT NOT.

Dark now, and rough and cold thy path may be,
And sad the past day weary feet have trod;
But, child, it is the way, that leadeth thee,
Straight up to joy, and rest, and peace, and
God.

And say not in thine heart, Yes, there will be
Rest—rest enough, when death shall end
this strife;

But ah! till then hush, God can give to thee
Richly, above thy thought here in this life.

Work, then, and wait and hope; but sit not
down

Idly upon the ground to weep and fret;
Good deeds, like precious seeds, must needs
be sown;

Faint not, a joyous harvest waits thee yet.

—Irrey Pressibel.

It you depend for water on a pond that is only filled by thunder-storms, you will often want water; but if you have a conduit that brings in water from a deep and ever flowing fountain, you never want. Human feelings and excitement, and emotions created by appeals to our feelings, may produce a temporary action, but it is only the soul which is actually "Joined to the Lord" by a true and living *faith*, that never wants strength, because Christ, who supplies that strength, can never fail.

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