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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IX.

LONDON, ONT., EIGHTH MONTH 1st, 1894.

NO. 15

## THE HIGHER DUTY.

I saw the sun. He shone in splendor bright,  
Casting his radiance over dale and hill.  
And all creation joyed to see his light,  
He shone, and thus fulfilled his Master's will.

I saw the moon and stars. They gave their light  
To guide the sailor o'er the trackless sea,  
To show the traveller his path by night.  
They shone, fulfilling all their Lord's decree.

I looked to earth, and saw the plants and trees,  
Each growing fitly to the pattern made,  
And yielding proper flowers and fruits. And these  
All grew, and thus their Master's will obeyed.

I looked around and saw my fellow-men,  
Created by the same Almighty hand ;  
A higher destiny was granted them—  
To rule the earth, obeying His command.

And, as I looked, the vision grew less bright,  
And only through the darkness could I see  
That, in their power and God-given might,  
Men ruled fulfilling half their Lord's decree.

Here was much chaos and confusion still ;  
And here no perfect concord seemed to be ;  
Each lived as best accorded with his will,  
Men ruled, all heedless of their Lord's decree.

And, as I looked, deep sorrow filled my heart ;  
"Oh, man," I cried, "In God's own image  
made,  
Shall sun, and moon, and trees all do their  
part,  
And thou alone fall short and retrograde ?

"Thou—greatest of all God's created things !  
Thou—ruler, by His order, of the earth !  
Shake off thy sin and on aspiring wings  
Rise ! and be worthy of thy glorious birth."

I cried, and from the darkness forth there came  
A voice which said in harsh and mocking  
tone :

"Dost thou possess so undefiled a name,  
Art thou amongst thy fellows good alone,

"That thou should'st vilify thy fellow-men ?  
Thou art not innocent nor free from guile—  
Thou too art man. Go, nor return again,  
Sinful, thy fellow-sinners to revile."

It ceased. But as I turned to join the strife,  
In milder accents spake that voice again :  
"An humble heart, a pure and useful life—  
And not vain words—will raise thy fellow-  
men."

Toronto.

—P. L.

## THE CHRISTIANITY OF QUAKERISM.

Quakerism being a belief that God reveals his will in the human soul *to-day* even as he made it known to man in ages past, differentiated in degree only according to the receptivity of the individual. Christianity, from the Quaker standpoint, must be somewhat different from the Christianity which is claimed to be "evangelical" by the majority of the Christian Churches, for it may be assumed that nearly all Friends, in every period of the history of the Society, have differed in belief from the majority of Christians in the following important particulars :

1. Quakerism does not maintain that the revelation of God's will to man has ceased, and that the Bible contains the only access to a knowledge of God's will.

2. Quakerism does not and cannot concede the "evangelical" doctrine of the origin of sin. All Friends subscribe to the view that sin has its beginning in a conscious departure from the known will of God in the heart, and that it can in no manner be imputed to the agency of another ; in other words, that it cannot be transmitted from one generation to another.

3. Quakerism does not demand a belief in the efficacy of the sacraments as practised by the Christian Churches. "Baptism," says Barclay, "is a pure and spiritual thing, to wit, the baptism of

the Spirit and fire," and "the communion is inward and spiritual . . . by which the inward man is nourished in the hearts of those in whom Christ dwells."

Logically these departures from the faith of those who claim to be the only evangelical Christians, carries also a departure from their creed regarding the nature and mission of Jesus Christ. For if God is spirit—if His will is revealed spiritually—if baptism is a spiritual experience and the "Lord's Supper" is a communion in spirit with Christ, then it is Christ the Spirit and not Jesus of Nazareth that has ever been the Saviour of men.

Is, then, Quakerism Christianity? The answer depends upon the definition of Christianity. What is it to be a Christian? Webster defines it to be "a believer in the religion of Jesus Christ." According to this, a Christian may be (1) a person who imitates in his life and character, as nearly as he possibly can, the life and character of Jesus Christ; or, (2) it may be a person who ascertains and adopts, as nearly as he can, the belief of Jesus Christ concerning God's relation to man and the mode by which He communicates his will to man. It seems to me there is no other method of becoming a Christian. There is, it is true, a third standard of Christianity, and that is the one generally adopted by the Christian Churches, namely, that of the adoption, as fundamental truths, of certain formularies of Christian doctrines concerning God, the origin of sin, the nature of the Son of God, of justification, etc., etc., as contained in the Apostle's Creed, the Athanasian creed, the Nicene doctrines, the Augsburg confession or the Westminster confession of faith, but it seems to me this is rather to be a follower of Paul, of Peter, of the early Christian fathers, of Luther or of Calvin, in other words to be a follower of some expositor of the nature and function of Jesus Christ, rather than to be a follower of and believer in the

Christ, and hence, a Christian. It may be a bold assumption to declare that Friends are more eminently Christian in their religious faith than are the adherents of any other Christian sect, yet it does seem to me that religionists, who believe that "Christ" was the spirit of God in Jesus; that the "Word of God" is the "Christ," and not the Bible; that sin is disobedience to the "Word," and that "Heaven" is being in perfect accord with the Spirit of God are, if their practice corresponds with their faith, pre-eminently Christians, as judged by either of the first two standards set forth above. If judged by the first standard, viz., that the life of a Christian should conform in character as nearly as possible to the life of Jesus Christ, then the *testimonies* of Friends that the righteousness of Christ is fundamental to a Christian life, and that there is no "efficacy of sacraments" apart from this, are indeed pertinent.

If judged by the second and more important standard, viz., a harmony of view with Jesus, regarding his relation to God, and man's relation to God; of God's will to man, and man's duties to God; then Quakerism, true Quakerism is, indeed, Christian in character. Jesus certainly affirmed his relationship to God in very positive words. He declared himself to be the *son* of God, and invariably addressed God as Father. Did he believe his relation to God and his Father different from the relationship which those he addressed should hold to God? If he did, it is inexplicable that he should have said, "Love your enemies, that ye may be *sons* of your Father which is in Heaven," or, "Be ye perfect as *your* Father in Heaven is perfect," or, most especially, that he should have declared, "And call no man your father on the earth, *for one is your father which is in Heaven.*"—It is true that he is reported as saying to the Jews who asked of his relationship to God, "I and the Father are one," but that he meant "one" in spirit, "one" in purpose and in will, is shown in his prayer for his

disciples, "That they may all be one, even as thou, Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us." "Show us the Father," says Philip, "and it sufficeth us." Jesus answered, "Have I been so long time with you, and, dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me, hath seen the Father. Believe me, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me." Do we suppose he meant this in a physical, visible sense? If so, let us read a little farther, "Yet a little while, and the world beholdeth me no more, but, ye behold me; in that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Interpret this by the light of Quakerism, or in a spiritual sense, and there is no mystery. Christ, the Spirit of God, makes us one, the Father, Jesus, and all other Sons of God, who keep in the presence of God by dwelling in the love of God. Interpret it in a material, or physical, sense, as the majority of Christians do, and we stultify language. Evidently Jesus meant what Quakerism teaches, that to the degree which the human will permits men become "children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." And as Jesus declared his dependence upon God for inspiration and guidance, so Quakerism teaches a similar doctrine, for, to quote again from *Quaker Strongholds*, "The one corner stone of belief upon which the Society of Friends is built is, the conviction that God does indeed communicate with each one of the spirits he has made, in a direct and living in-breathing of some measure of the breath of his own life." Did Jesus set himself apart from men, and above them, in this particular, or claim access to the Father not permissible to every human being who seeks to follow him? Jesus declared, "I can of myself do nothing; as I hear, I judge; and my judgment is righteous; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me," and in like manner Quakerism teaches that no man except

as he is enlightened by the immediate inspiration of the will of God, can know the truth or do it, but, given this, his judgment is righteous. Quakerism is, therefore, eminently in accord with the teachings of Jesus, who endeavored to turn the attention of his disciples to the *inward*, as the 14th Chapter of John abundantly shows. But like Philip, who desired to behold a *visible* deity, the "evangelical" Christian fails to find Christ, the Spirit, in his material conception of deity. Quakerism, then, tested by the "evangelical" standards of Christianity fails to meet the requirements, but tested by the doctrine proclaimed by Jesus, it is pre-eminently Christian, being, as George Fox declared, based upon God's "everlasting truth," that from the beginning has inspired the souls of men with a knowledge of God.

WM. M. JACKSON.

New York, 7th mo. 13th, 1894.

#### THE LADDER A SYMBOL OF TRUE LIFE.

Every right life has one end based on the earth. Our bodies must be cared for. We must eat, work, do business. That is a false idea that would separate true life from the earth and hide it from worldly care, and work, and pleasure. God's saints are found in the marts of business, amid the hum of machinery, in the activities of life, far more than in hermit's huts or convent walls. But the top reaches heaven. Every step is a step toward heaven and God. Shall your ladder, standing on the earth, reach to heaven? or is your ladder in its whole length flat upon the ground? I mean your plans in life. Do they really go up and consciously take hold of the future and the spiritual? Woe be to him who lays out a plan which has nothing in it but this world! Your ladder must be long enough to reach and rest its top in heaven. The way is step by step, and every earthly and

spiritual good is reached in the same way.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round."

### PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES.

Read before the Nebraska Half-Yearly First-day School Association, held at Lincoln, Nebraska, 4th mo. 29, 1894.

The present only is ours; let us use it, and act with sterner truth and more loving will! Be up and doing! If we have whispered the truth, whisper it no longer, but speak as the tempest speaks, sterner and stronger. Wait not for days that may come to do grand work, but reach a helping hand, for

"There's no time like the present time,  
The future is not ours;  
If we would make our lives sublime,  
Improve the present hours."

Opportunities like lessons, depend one on another. Every one unimproved weakens the foundation on which others rest.

"We who are least may do our best,  
And none can farther go;  
And all are great, what 'ere their state,  
Who do the best they know."

The grandest yet the simplest opportunity of life to me is the religion of Jesus, that which is laid open for every one if they wish to accept it. Life is not worth living unless we do accept this opportunity to be led by the voice of God. It is no doubtful path, for destiny will lead our course aright.

Christ says, if a man lose his life for my sake, then shall he find it.

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

The great aim of our lives should be to benefit mankind, in so living as to make the world better and happier by our living and doing each day that goes by some little good, not in dreaming of great things to do by-and-by.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed."

Do we improve every little opportunity and give what seems given us? Sow the seed of good, however small it be, only God knows what the fruit will be. If it is only a glad "good morning" as we pass by the way,—spread the morning's gladness. But who can tell how vast the plan of some little opportunity of to-day, perhaps unnoticed, and yet may prove, when understood, the harbinger of endless good. How beautiful are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things.

Everything is an opportunity in life if we but aim in the right direction. We do not set a high enough price on our little opportunities and leisure moments. They are sands of precious gold, which, if properly expended, will procure for us a stock of thoughts which will fill, stir, invigorate and expand the soul.

"Look not backward for instruction,  
Look at the present need and time,  
Grasp to-day the good before thee,  
Grasp the truth, and it is thine."

Think nothing to little, nothing too lowly, to do lovingly for the sake of God. An opportunity becomes a duty both spiritually and intellectually. To do our duty bravely if it is a weary task, let us go to work and do it. Life is full of sunshine, and many know it when they strive to find their duties clear and do them. Labor with a will, make life a useful one and joy will crown our work at last if we do so.

Then a voice within our breast  
Whispers audible and clear,  
As if to the outward ear;  
Do thy duty that is best,  
Leave unto the Lord the rest."

If we always list to the voice we need not struggle alone; for help is near us where'er our footsteps roam, and he will guide us, light us, help us home.

Oh! the good we may be doing as the days are going by, and to let the Christ image in us shine expressing to men its precious love, all who will may wear the sign that needeth not the lips confession. Is it not the willing earnest workers that God wants? Fields

of labor can be found everywhere, and

There's is no time like the present ;  
To-morrow's far away,  
And what our hands may find to do  
God bids us do to-day.

Be ready in the Golden Now  
To do a helpful deed,  
And never let a chance go by  
To meet a sister's need.

Don't wait until another time,  
For she who waits may lose  
The grandest chance of all her life ;  
It is not curs to choose.

The opportunities to do,  
They come at God's behest,  
And she who never squanders one,  
Is she who lives the best.

NETTIE SHOTWELL.

Garrison, Nebraska

### THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE.

Ages have passed since first was planted  
A seed with hidden power stored,  
In soil well fitted to receive it,  
In the fair garden of the Lord.

And this seed so carefully nurtured,  
Watched and tended, grew and throve  
Till it was of all most beautiful,  
And they named it simply—Love.

As it grew there were two branches—  
Love to man and love to God—  
And the flowers, brightly blooming,  
Smiled up sweetly from the sod ;

And the colors were so varied,  
Grand, indeed, the joyful sight,  
With Love's blossoms ever blooming,  
Striving upward toward the Light !

As you stood in this fair garden,  
A sweet perfume filled the air,  
You were lost to all things earthly  
For a perfect Peace was there.

Many came to view the beauty  
Of this treasure rich and rare,  
And they begged of the Head Gardener  
That they too might have a share.

Gladly did He grant their pleading,  
And now in every land and clime,  
There's no garden quite completed,  
Save it hold this precious vine.

And there is no hedge or boundary  
Built so high it cannot reach,  
And by its trust and perseverance,  
A lesson will to mortals teach.

In this love that knows no boundary,  
In this love we feel is true—  
Will you take this heartfelt greeting  
As a message, friends, to you ?

Co-workers in our Father's vineyard !  
As we gather here to-day,  
Comes a whisper of our duty  
As travellers in the narrow way.

Are we faithful gardeners ever ?  
Tillers of this earthly soil—  
We are under God's own orders,  
His the planting, ours the toil.

Are we ready e'er to nurture ?  
Receive the seed and till the ground ?  
(For 'tis thus by faithful service  
That the perfect Peace is found.)

And adown the countless ages,  
Until right has the battle won—  
Until sin and crime are ban'ished—  
Man's work here will ne'er be done.

Do we show to those around us  
By our every act and deed  
That we practice what we're teaching—  
Living day by day our creed ?

Thus we make our union stronger,  
If each striving human soul  
Fits itself with true exactness  
To help build the perfect whole.

And if, of the realm of nature  
We'll become a complete part,  
We'd guard Love as chiefest treasure  
In the Garden of the Heart.

Do we think that in the future—  
In the time that is to be—  
Our work here will be rewarded  
In the vast eternity ?

Let us wait not till the future—  
Until time for us shall cease—  
But begin our heaven sooner  
Enjoying here our "Love and Peace."  
Byberry, Pa. A. CARTER.

### THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

There is something sweet and restful in the calm quiet of the twilight hour, when we hold communion with all that is pure, holy and beautiful in nature, and the spirit, in harmony with the peaceful surroundings, rising above the petty concerns of life, soars upward to the Fountain of all Life and Light, all joy, all truth, all Peace. There is something typical in each day's sunset of the Peace that comes at sunset of each virtuous life. J. M. D.

## "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."

The poets were the earliest observers and they have never abandoned the field. In proportion as they have studied Nature in her varying moods and phases; as they have watched men, the play of their emotions and the development of their motives into action, have they been the interpreters of Nature and of men and have sung songs which linger in the world long after their voices are still.

Tennyson wrote:

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies:  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

Thus has the poet shown at once how close together life and its source are and how close is the kinship between the scientist and himself. Both seek for verities, and so far as they find them and hand them over to their fellows are they of use in the world.

Science has done much in breaking down superstition, and in unraveling mysteries, in saying with Scripture, "The truth shall make you free," but it has done more; it has taught men to use their eyes so well as to be slow about basing conclusions upon too few data.

Professor Huxley, in writing of his friend Tyndall, says: "That which he knew, he knew thoroughly, had turned over on all sides, and probed through and through. Whatever subject he took up he never rested till he had attained a clear conception of all the conditions and processes involved or had satisfied himself that it was not attainable. And in dealing with physical problems, I really think that he, in a manner, saw the atoms and molecules and felt their pushes and pulls." And thus do we learn that imagination is no less the servant of the scientist than of the poet.

It would be difficult to find better

illustration of the fruit of quiet-eye observation than that shown in the work of Mr. Hamilton Gibson. His remarkable lectures on "Cross-fertilization of Seeds," made doubly clear and interesting by beautiful charts of his own invention, prove that he is as worthy to be named among scientists as among artists.

Time is not too precious, he has thought, for him to spend enough in concealment near a clump of milkweeds to watch the bumble-bees and learn the secret of their relation to that plant. The fertilization of the trumpet creeper had never been satisfactorily explained until Mr. Gibson discovered that it is the work of humming birds. They thrust their long bills down into the nectaries at the base of the blossom, and come out with their backs covered with pollen, which they give to another flower when they seek the same sweets there.

We have all found flies entangled in carollas and seen birds and bees darting about among the flowers, often too intent to be frightened away by our approach; but not even botanists of fair repute in our century have been close enough lookers to find out that the blossom and the insect have been made for each other—that the perpetuation of species is secured by that drop of sweetness hidden where it cannot be reached by the insect or bird without coming in contact with the pollen.

The old Arabian proverb, "A fig tree looking on a fig tree becometh fruitful," has now an explanation. Pliny and other early writers mentioned the fact that two kinds of fig trees must grow near together if they produce fruit, but they do not account for it.

Close observers in recent times have discovered that the proverb is based not merely upon the existence of staminate and pistillate flowers, but also upon the intervention of an insect which fertilizes them.

Every seed of the fig represents a blossom. The first crop of figs ap-

pears in April. These have on them a wasp much like a gall fly; it has four gauzy wings, jet armor and a piercing poniard. When the first pistillate flowers are ripe, crowded together on their receptacle, it creeps down among them and lays an egg in the ovary. A hundred eggs may be laid on one receptacle. The ovaries nourish the embryos of the wasps; they grow there, passing through the grub and pupa states; the males die there, but the female wasps come out and are ready to make a similar attack upon the June crop. These blossoms differ from the early ones in that they have pollen. The wasps going into these, cannot get out without becoming covered with pollen, and from them they go to another tree near by which bears true figs, and give to them the pollen; this fertilizes the ovaries, they grow and develop into luscious fruit. There are, therefore, three crops, as it were. The first two are called *capri* figs: the ancients knew them by this name; they sometimes hung branches of the *capri* figs upon the true trees, finding that unless they were brought together in some way, no fruit matured.

The secret of the insects' work has been a modern discovery. Mr. Gibson calls attention to this, one of the most curious examples of cross fertilization, along with those that he has himself made.

The soundness of judgment which the scientist must possess and the gift of expression which the poet has belong to the few, but their methods of observation we may all adopt. And as the resurrection miracle of the spring time is once more going on, there are inviting opportunities. A thrifty robin proved the truth of this a week ago. She was looking about in the grass before my window and had already in her bill what seemed to be a good load of twine, when she spied a rag which had probably been the tail of a kite. It was narrow, but fully half a yard long. Mrs. Robin evidently considered whether she should leave

the twine for this larger prize, but decided to take both. She picked up the rag, dropped it, and took it up again, and again, until she had it so nicely balanced that she could take to her wings. The first flight took her only to a low bough of a tree near by; a little higher she stopped again; the third flight carried her out of sight among the topmost twigs. The precious rag could not have been more useful in the home the robin was building than were the lessons in perseverance and industry which she gave to her unseen observer.—*Scientific American*.

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 CANTICLES 2 : 4.
 

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I sat alone—I saw the banquet spread,  
I saw the guests in wedding robes pass by;  
I saw each to the place assigned him led,  
“No place for me,” I thought with weary sigh.

I sat alone—my eyes were dim with tears;  
My soul was faint, and hunger pressed me sore,  
“Must I,” I cried, “through all the coming years  
See others feast, yet hunger evermore?”

Then starting up, I said, “The King I’ll seek,”  
And at His feet will lay my treasures all;  
Perchance that He some gracious word may speak,  
Some crumbs may grant that from His table fall.

So, scarcely seeing for the blinding tears,  
One forward step I took, and fainting, fell;  
But swift was raised by One who calmed my fears,  
And gently whispered, “Daughter, all is well!”

Then, looking up, I first beheld the King,  
In all His glorious beauty, bending o’er;  
White-robed I stood, and on my hand a ring,  
And heard, “Come, sup with me, nor hunger more.”

Fast clinging to His hand, I reached the board,  
And by His side I sat, a willing guest—  
Thus to be honored by my gracious Lord;  
I had not dreamed that I could be so blest.

He fed me with His hand, and as He gave  
Of sweetest things, I raised my eyes above  
And saw a silken banner o’er me wave,  
And on its folds I read the one word, LOVE.

—Selected.

# Young Friends' Review

A SEMI-MONTHLY.

Published in the interest of the Society  
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,  
ONTARIO, CANADA.

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TERMS—Per Year, 75c. Single Numbers, 4c.

Matter for publication should be addressed to Edgar M. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ont. 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 express order, drawn payable at London, Ont. 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. Money sent by mail will be at risk of sender, unless registered.

The Conferences of Friends to meet at Chappaqua, N. Y., to which the attention of our Society has been called repeatedly of late, is fast approaching, and will soon be a matter of history. It is likely to be one of the most notable gatherings Friends have yet had, and we have no doubt of much interest and profit, especially so to our young people. We hope to see these conferences largely attended by the young people, for in them some idea can be obtained of the work going on throughout the limits of our Society. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to "all who are interested with Friends in the work of the Conferences and have a desire to attend whether they be members of the Society or not." Jos. A. Bogardus says:—"The railroads embraced within the territory

east of Chicago and St. Louis (not including New England) have agreed that all persons attending the above meetings, and who pay full first-class fare to New York, shall be returned for one-third fare, provided that they obtain a certificate from agent at starting point, which must be countersigned by Clerk of General Conference at Chappaqua." The first session of the Conferences is held on the morning of 8th mo. 9th, and the last one at 3 p.m. 8th mo. 15th. For programmes see our issue of 6th mo. 1st.

Friends at the Conferences at Chappaqua wishing to do business with the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW may apply to Anna or Arletta Cutler, who will act as our agents.

Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting will be held at Sparta 8th mo. 18th. Monthly Meeting on the 17th; select meeting to M. M. at 9.30 a.m., and to the H. Y. M. at 3 p. m. on the 17th.

*To the Editor and Patrons of Young Friends' Review :*

I heartily endorse Lydia J. Mosher's criticisms in last number of REVIEW, 7th mo. 15th, also the editorial comments thereon, but why don't they themselves put in practice the true remedy. I am personally acquainted with a number of good Friends who write for the REVIEW, and at my home have enjoyed with my children the many anecdotes and reminiscences of their early lives told and retold, and must ask, as the children wonder, what has become of that fund of entertainment which the youth enjoy when they the authors take up their pens to write. Is a Friends' meeting and a Friends' paper only fit for beasts and birds, as it were, that cannot laugh. Why, even animals become more religious, playful and kind by our cheery words and smiling countenance. I am acquainted with some of the youths who write, but their articles are for the aged and not for themselves it seems, and read

oftener by themselves than by others of their age. Now, how would a story like this look in a Friends' paper, mixed in as spice in solid food. Forty years ago I attended midweek meetings. In those days shoes were the common footwear for boys, but brother and I were just then sporting new boots, and went with pants tucked in to show to advantage the legs with red tops and pull straps. Each bench in the old meeting-house had a back rail for a shoulder rest, and from that down to the seat was open, so that the coat tails of those in front dangled around the boots of those behind. An old uncle one day, in the stillness of the meeting hour, reaching back for the pocket of his pigeon-tail, accidentally caught his crooked finger in the pull strap of brother's boot leg, and it was real funny to see him wiggle, and nothing really wicked. Dear friends, our religion should not be all dry, sober and sad seeming. God, through the sunshine, smiles down upon his children, which He created with a power to laugh, a privilege specially bestowed, and needs to be encouraged.

GEO. D. JOHN, Sterling, Ill.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

### YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

The Young Friends' Association, of Lincoln, Nebraska, having been postponed a week, was held Sixth Month 3rd, 1894, occupying the time usually spent by the First-day School.

The minutes of last meeting were read by the secretary, Carrie C. Coffin.

J. Russell Cook read a review of XV. Chapter of *Janney's History of Friends*, which includes the years 1660-61, and portrays the sufferings and deaths of Friends at Boston, the release of several Friends from prison, caused by the interference of the English Government; and the public calamities, believed by Cotton Mather and others to have been judgments against the people for their wickedness.

Among these calamities is mentioned witchcraft, by which several innocent lives were lost.

Friends not only increased in Rhode Island, where they were freely tolerated, but in the other colonies, where they were persecuted, they rapidly increased.

James Cudworth, a magistrate of Plymouth, who refused to join in the persecution, wrote, in 1658, that their patience under suffering "hath sometimes been the occasion of gathering more adherents than if they had suffered them openly, to have preached a sermon."

"The first Monthly Meeting instituted in America was at Sandwich, and prior to the year 1660 one was established at Scituate, now known as Pembroke Monthly Meeting. The circumstance of Monthly Meetings having been thus set up in America, before they had been generally established in England, is an interesting feature in the progress of the Society in the new country, and deserving of particular notice."

An interesting paper on "Gaming and Diversions," as treated in our discipline, was read by Rebecca De Peel.

Discussion of the papers followed.

Hamtonetta Burgess was appointed reporter, in place of Allan Cook.

Our Associations seem to be increasing in interest.

CATHARINE ANNA BURGESS.  
College View.

### AN ESSAY ON GOVERNMENT.

The duty of the Government of any country, especially that of the United States of America, is to see that its inhabitants are satisfactorily situated and, if not, to endeavor to remedy the evil that may be existing in a way that may be satisfactory to the complaining party, which, of course, would not be by military force; this would only exasperate them, but by furnishing them with necessary comforts, food, etc., until

they could get employment and supply themselves with their needs.

This could be done cheaper than by military force, and, see how much more humanely.

This, I believe, is our Heavenly Father's plan, and would bring about a more friendly condition of society than to use military force, which cannot insure that harmony in society that the first plan proposes.

"My ways are not your ways, says the Lord, one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

Now, the first plan is God's plan, the latter, by military force, is man's, and the law of man's making, which never made anything perfect.

"Therefore, cease from your evil ways, saith the Lord, and I will be unto you a God, and you shall be unto me a people, and joy, and gladness, shall fill the whole earth."

7 mo. 9th, 1894. ANONYMOUS.

#### THE KINGDOM OF (HEAVEN) GOD.

"The Kingdom of (heaven) God is within you," according to Luke 17 : 21 verse, also 20th verse, "it cometh not with observation," or as in the margin, "with outward show." That is, as I understand, it cometh not with outward observance. "Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within (or in the margin among) you," St. Luke, 17 : 21 verse, and St. Matthew, 13 chap., 31-32 verses, "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed which a man (or any one) took, and sowed in his or her field;" which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. This implies a state of growth. Read the whole of the 13th chap. of St. Matthew, 38th verse, "The field is the world (of mankind); the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the

children of the wicked one; and it seems that Jacob (see Gen., 28 chap., 17 v.) found the house of God, and the gate of heaven was established before the birth of Jesus of Nazareth." From which I infer that all good people, from the foundation of the world, who have lived correctly and done rightly, so as to please our common or universal Father, have entered into it. But it is a state of growth, and compared to a seed put into the ground, which is to be cultivated that it may come to full maturity, so that the full benefit of it may be received, which has to be done whilst in this state of being, for the night of death cometh when no one can work, and "there is no repentance in the grave," but "where a tree falleth so it lieth." Then how important it is while time, health and opportunity offer that we cultivate this good seed, for we have the privilege of choosing to cultivate it or not, and to encourage its growth if we will. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." See no compulsion about it. Will we be so unwise as to choose the evil or that which is not good? I think not. Well, we want to cultivate that which is good, please instruct us how to cultivate this good plant. Well, I will, as far as I know, but more depends upon yourselves eventually than upon others. You know we are all created with a good spirit and a bad one. The first one is the good small seed, small at first; the other the bad seed. The first is the spirit of kindness and love, which is our heavenly Father's law, and is the Christ power or spirit by which if we are led will cause our actions to be in harmony with His will, and consequently save us from sinning and give us a hope of glory. The other spirit is carnal, sensual and called devilish. The first keeps the carnal nature in subjection; the second gratifies it, which is enmity to God or a heavenly state, which must be commenced and carried on whilst in this state of being. How many of us are nourishing this good seed?

Don't you think there is much more need of its cultivation than there is? Wouldn't the state of society be much better than it is if this good and unselfishness were more practiced? You can't help but answer, "Yes, it would." It would do away with all these strikes and difficulties that are bothering the community, and what a blessing that would be, and what a saving of life and millions of money. When will the people learn to be kind and unselfish to each other, and "lay up for themselves treasures in heaven where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal," and have that happiness both here and hereafter they so much desire?

ANONYMOUS.

7th mo. 20th, 1894.

#### WITH WILD ROSES.

It is a June morning. June skies above, June roses in the earth, June glory everywhere. What a sight it is, this old gray world renewing its freshness and vigor with each returning spring! How it seems to mock its tenants with its ever reviving youth, while they, ever-aging, seek in vain for some elixir of life to restore the lost brightness. I am lying half-buried in the long, thick grasses, and shaded by thick foliage above me. A book is in my hands and yesterday's newspapers beside me, but I care not to turn any but nature's pages to-day. What a many-paged, much illustrated book hers is! The records of men and their doings have lost their interest for me. Political strife and tumult, the rise and fall of Ministries, the great concerns of statecraft and kingcraft, new world demagogism, and old world Anarchism fade into nothingness. Yesterday I thought there was no question worth a moment's thought except the great paramount question whether the Mowat ship went down or breasted the storm. To-day such things as these seem afar off and of no particular account. Nothing is of much account, except rest and quiet.

For yesterday I left behind me the trappings of city life and came out to this beautiful rural retreat. I am not far away; I have only to run down the hill and an electric car will carry me in a few minutes into the heart of the metropolis. Not to-day, however, in this conservative, Sunday-observing city of ours. So I am safe for one day at least.

Presently my four small cousins appear in sight, their arms laden with the wild roses I sent them to gather for me from the field beyond. Bright, sturdy little fellows they are, the free, healthful life showing itself in the lithe grace of their active little bodies, and in the rich coloring peeping through the brown cheeks. They are like the flowers they are bringing, fresh and sweet and unconventional. As they come up in boyish, boisterous fashion, I hold up a warning finger, and point to the little carriage in front of me, where, beneath a blue silken canopy and among soft cushions their baby sister lies asleep, for I am in charge of the family this morning. When, after breakfast, the question was raised, "who should go to church?" I magnanimously volunteered to assume the duties and responsibilities of the holidaying nursery maid. It was the only way I knew by which, in that stronghold of Presbyterianism, I could secure immunity from church attendance. The tired mother protested in a half-hearted manner, but I insisted that my qualifications for the position were excellent. "If it were not for baby——" she began.

"The baby will be all right. My knowledge of babies and their requirements is profound."

Seeing that they were still doubtful, I made still more liberal offers, including the contract to teach the boys their catechism and golden texts, which, considering the fact that I knew nothing about either, was sufficiently generous. Finally a little fracas after breakfast settled the matter. The boys had been despatched to the library to study their Sunday School lesson. A few

minutes later strange sounds announced that said Sunday School lesson was of a somewhat stirring character, to judge by the amount of disturbance it was producing. The paterfamilias repaired immediately to the scene, where his presence seemed to have a wonderfully soothing influence. The soothing influence, however, proved only transitory, for presently a succession of vigorous outcries showed the still rousing qualities of the Sunday School lesson—or something else. The outcries soon subsided, and the paterfamilias returned to the drawing room, apparently quite pleased, even amused.

"Those young rascals were playing leap-frog, instead of learning their lesson," he explained.

I mildly protested on behalf of the "rascals" that I thought their taste was natural, and rather to be admired than otherwise. I would suspect there was something wrong about a boy who preferred catechism to leap frog," I said. He could not be a healthy child, and I should expect him either to die young or turn out badly.

"Well," answered the paterfamilias, who evidently was secretly very glad his children had the normal amount of wickedness, "that may be, but it would never do to relax discipline."

Indeed this is one of the few families I know where anything like discipline exists. Scotch, rather than American ideals prevail, though it is a modified Scotch system, I think. The precepts of Solomon (who ought to be an authority, considering the somewhat numerous family he brought up, though, for all that, the results do not seem to have been altogether satisfactory in their case) are not literally observed, though a certain deference is paid them.

Just at this point the carriage came round the drive and the heads of the family departed. I went to the library to see how the catechism was progressing, but found that nothing but leap-frog and the book of Lamentations

had yet been learned, so I turned all the boys loose out in the grove at the back of the house, while I wheeled the sleeping baby and her carriage out upon the tennis lawn and into the shade of the trees that bordered it. We should have catechism later on, I announced.

Now the boys have come back, their woes forgotten. It is not only children who find that if they can but touch nature's spirit they will go forth healed of almost any sorrow. They fling down their spoils upon me in a perfect shower of roses. My lap is a mass of soft, dewy, pink petals. Beautiful little things, in an hour they will be faded and limp, but what of that? For a moment only the sad suggestiveness of it comes with the memory of one of Shelley's sweetest but mournful little songs:—

"The flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow dies;  
All that we wish to stay  
Tempt and then flies;  
What is this world's delight?  
Lightning that mocks the night:  
Brief even as bright."

Pretty poetry, but misleading philosophy. The roses I hold in my lap this moment, and whose fragrance I take in with deep inhalations, will soon wither and die; but in yonder field thousands of buds are bursting into bloom, and when their hour is past others will take their place. And when the month of roses is over, the bountiful earth provides other flowers and other beauties. The glory is constantly changing, but there is always glory about us.

My eyes fell upon a catechism. "Come, boys," I said, "let us get this work done."

First I try them collectively, but the plan fails. Then I decide that individual teaching is the best; so I begin with the eldest, a serious little fellow of ten, who is so fond of poking into mysteries that I have named him the wise man. He knows his lesson considerably better than his teacher does in less than a minute, so he is dispatched

to bring up No. 2. So the work goes merrily on, each graduate bringing up a fresh victim and standing by watching with enjoyment the spectacle of another going through the tortures from which he has so recently escaped. All goes well till at last the youngest is brought forward. He is a little fellow of four, lately emancipated from the thralldom of kilts, and rejoicing in all the glory of knickerbockers and pockets. He is the brownest, merriest, manliest little man of my acquaintance. He stands bravely up before me, his cap tilted to an angle like that of one of Her Majesty's loyal volunteers. (The sight of a regiment or whom so charmed the little fellow that ever since his determination has been to be a "sojer boy," too). Oh, gallant little heart, if indeed the child is father of the man, you will be a true and courageous fighter in whatever kinds of warfare fate may call upon you to engage.

The "sojer boy" has not as yet been introduced to the metaphysical subtleties of the shorter catechism. His work is only to commit the text. Word by word, phrase by phrase, he says it hesitatingly after me. He is somewhat disposed to make alterations in Scriptural phraseology, and I have some difficulty in convincing him that "passover" and "turnover," though apparently synonymous, are not quite interchangeable terms.

"Now," I say, when at last the thing has been pretty well mastered, "say it all over."

Deeper down into the recesses of those wonderful pockets go the chubby fists; more firmly do the small bare feet, as far apart as possible, plant themselves against the ground; more determined grows the expression of the big brown eyes, and out it all comes rapidly, as if propelled by electricity, and without the slightest pause from beginning to end:—

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us I know where there's a nice bird's nest."

We are just scampering off together

to find the nice bird's nest, when another voice calls me. Science-loving Bob, aged eight, comes, dragging along a heavy bar of rusty iron.

"Cousin Jean," he says, as he comes up, panting with the exertion, "do you think this is a thunder-bolt?"

"A thunder-bolt, Bob?"

"Yes; don't you remember, you told us about Jupiter hurling his thunder-bolts? I found this under the trees. I guess it must have come down with all that rain last week."

(To be continued.)

## OUR COSY CORNER.

### RE-ASSEMBLED.

Dear Children,—It is a long time since I thought I would tell you something about the books I loved when I was a child. There was one small one, printed very fine, and bound in black cloth. This seemed nearer to me than any other, and I used to carry it with me about the house for hours at a time, before I was old enough to read it. It was the New Testament. There was one chapter in this book that most of all I loved to have read to me. It was the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, a portion of Christ's sermon on the Mount. Now, if you read this chapter carefully, you will find that there are a great many sermons in it, a new sermon every few lines, nice short ones, just right for little boys and girls, and so easy that you can easily learn them by heart. I used to say a great many of them. In fact I could repeat the whole chapter, yet, fearing I should fail to interest you in its beauty, I have let the thought pass of telling you about Christ's sermon on the Mount. Thinking of you one First-day recently, I said, "I will go to the nearest church to-day, I will listen intently to the text and the sermon, and see if I can gather anything for the little people." And what do you think? The first thing the Minister told us was: "We will take our text to-day from Christ's sermon on the Mount, Matthew 7:21,

'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' Dear children, do you think you can understand the text? As he rendered the sermon, I hardly think you would; but if you could think of the soul's prayer to our Heavenly Father, and compare it with the way you would ask favors of an earthly parent, perhaps you would comprehend. Suppose you desire to please your parents, and also require a great many favors at their hands, which would be the better motive, to try to please them because it is right, and because you love them, or to do so merely because you wish them to do a great deal for you? And suppose, instead of trying to *please* them, you set about to *tease* them for things they thought not best for you to have? In the first place, you must remember that they claim you as their own, your life a part of their lives, to care for and watch over, that no evil may come to you, and their great love for you prompts them to do every thing that is necessary for your comfort and welfare. When you are good, it rejoices their hearts, and when you are naughty it grieves them, but they love you all the time. Just so the love of our Heavenly Father watches over our lives and our spirits, which are a part of His spirit, supplying whatever is best for our need whether we ask or no; "*For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him.*" Would the best prayer be for more blessings, or for a right spirit to appreciate those He has sent? Of two children in one family, which would dwell the more in joyful harmony with the parent heart, the one who tried to do every good thing in accordance with his wishes, or one who, regardless of them, was continually following about, asking for more, and praising his own good deeds? Now, let us read the fifth chapter of St. Matthews. Open your books, and each one read.

Cousin JULIA.

## LETTERS FOR ONE CENT

—  
 WILL SHORTLY BE SENT TO ANY PLACE ON EARTH—TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW THIS DISSIDERATION WILL BE THE COMMON HERITAGE OF MANKIND—A BRIEF, BUT SUCCINCT HISTORY OF THE POSTAL SYSTEM.

—  
 Recently Mr. Harry Wardell, of London, England, for many years associated with Mr. Fawcett, the late Postmaster-General of England, was in Toronto. He is considered a great authority on all matters connected with postal affairs in Europe. To a reporter, who asked him if he would give a brief account of the history of the postage system, he proceeded with this interesting narrative:

It is not known who first formed the idea of transferring thought to paper and conveying it to the mind of another at a distance. It is known that letter-carrying was practiced by the Egyptians, Persians and Chaldeans. In those almost prehistoric days there were post stations within a day's journey of each other, and saddled horses were used. In Assyria the mails were only used to convey the wishes of the kings to the different officials, but gradually the system was adopted by private concerns, the promoters of which charged a fee for the transportation of the packets according to their size and weight. Charlemagne was the first monarch to establish a Government postal service. Couriers were used for the purpose. In 1464 Louis XI. revived the Egyptian system of mounted posts, and required the men to be ready at any moment, day or night, to carry messages.

England was late in the field. Up to as late a date as 1635, butchers who went about the country purchasing cattle were the principal carriers of private letters. After the crusades, business became quite general between the different countries of Europe and Asia, and a more perfect system was found necessary. A regular system

of stage coach was then adopted for the regular transmission of mails and passengers. The first stage of this character ran between Vienna and Brussels in 1516.

In 1635 James I. appointed Matthew Le Quester postmaster of England. This man was the first English speaking postmaster. His first act was to establish a post between London and Edinburgh, to go night and day and to return within a week's time. Twenty years later the Government fixed rates for letter carrying all over the kingdom. It cost four cents to send a letter seven miles, and twenty-eight cents to send it 300 or more miles in those days. In 1784 the net revenue of the English postal service amounted to but \$750,000. Since that date fast trains have been introduced, and last year the revenue amounted to over \$8,000,000. In connection with our postal service we have the telegraph and savings banks departments and these return a very large revenue apart from that of the post office. There are at present in the united kingdom over 20,000 offices and 17,000 road letter boxes.

The present postal system of Germany was only established in 1871, the same year that the Japanese adopted the same system. The French have the best system in the world. It is also the cheapest. They will take anything in the shape of a letter or parcel from your door and deliver it at any point in the world known to civilized man. I have known English merchants to send letters for South Africa to Friends in Paris, where the letter would be readdressed, French postage paid, and the letter forwarded.

Russia has perhaps the worst system, not even excepting China. In China the ancient Persian system still obtains. Official despatches are sent at the expense of the Government by mounted couriers. Private enterprise supplies the public with a safe and speedy service. The Chinese love competition. After a Chinaman has

written his letter to a friend in America, for instance, he goes to the shop of a man whose business it is to forward letters. They dicker as to price and the Chinaman departs and has another dicker with another postman. After the bargain has been made he receives a receipt for his letter, and in case it is not delivered as agreed, the postman must pay a forfeit agreed upon when he received his fee. In Turkey the mails are chiefly handled by the foreign post offices at the sea ports.

The United States were without a postal system until 1710. It was not until 1874 that the postal system of the present day became practically universal.

During that year there was a postal convention held at Berne, Switzerland, and a treaty for the formation of a general postal union signed. The countries now in that union are France, Belgium, Austria, Hungary, Denmark, Egypt, Germany, Great Britain, United States, Greece, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Roumania, Netherlands, Africa, Russia, Servia, Canada, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Sandwich Islands, Japan, Corea and Australia.

The system of prepaying postage was adopted in England in 1840, when adhesive labels were sold to the public, and received at the offices as evidence of payment when attached to letters. It was seven years later before the United States adopted the system which is now universal. Ever since the stamp system has been introduced the rates of postage have been decreasing, but are yet far too high. Twenty years from now I hope to see a letter posted at Toronto go for one cent to any place in the civilized world. It could be done now, only the governments fear to lose money. I believe if the rates were reduced that, on the contrary, more revenue would be derived, since the small cost would stimulate activity among business men."

Mr. Wardell, who has retired from service, is visiting Canada for the first

time. He has a son at Edmonton, N. W. T.—*Exchange.*

Prejudice may be considered as a continual false medium of viewing things, for prejudiced persons not only never speak well, but also never think well of those whom they dislike, and the whole character and conduct is considered with an eye to that particular thing which offends.—*Bishop Butler.*

How wonderful is the human voice ! It is indeed the organ of the soul. The intellect of man sits enthroned, visibly, on his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written on his countenance, but the soul reveals itself in the voice only.—*Longfellow.*

## NOTICE.

All persons interested with Friends in First-day School or Philanthropic work, will be welcomed at the Conferences to be held at Chappaqua, N. Y., in eighth month. Those expecting to attend from New York or Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, will notify the Chairman or Secretary of the Reception Committee. All others will please give their names to the correspondent of the Monthly Meeting in which they reside, to be forwarded to the Chairman.

JENNIE C. WASHBURN, JOHN W. HUTCHINSON,  
Chappaqua, N. Y., 650 Columbia Ave.,  
Secretary. Chairman.

## GENERAL CONFERENCE . . . . AND PHILANTHROPIC UNION Reduction in Railroad Rates.

The railroads embraced within the territory east of Pittsburg and north of Washington (not including New England) have agreed that all persons attending the above Meetings, and who pay full first-class fare to New York, shall be returned for  $\frac{1}{2}$  fare, provided that they obtain a certificate from agent at starting point, which must be countersigned by the Clerk of the General Conference at Chappaqua. It is expected that the same reductions will be made by roads south of Washington and west to Chicago and St. Louis. A special excursion ticket between New York and Chappaqua must be purchased in New York.

JOS. A. BOGARDUS,  
Chairman of Com. of Arrangements.

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