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Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VII.

LONDON, ONT., TENTH MONTH, 1892.

NO. 10

A DAY WITH WHITTIER.

Of all the memories that come
In waking hours or sleep,
There's one of an immortal day
My soul must ever keep.

Registered deep within my heart,
Where no inquiring eye
Can trace its true import or aught
Of its real grace descried.

A day with thee! O poet soul!
Spirit whose essence fine
Sets thee above all other men,
And stamps thee as divine.

No fulsome words of eulogy
Delight thy listening ear;
No empty sound of praise from men
Wouldst thou e'er deign to hear.

Thy life is like an aroma
From some pure woodland flower;
Thy songs will live in all true hearts
And sway them with their power.

Poet! From whose resonant lyre
Celestial strains are sung;
Poet! From whose immortal soul,
Pure and sweet songs upspring.

Thou hast fulfilled thy mission here,
Thou art a chosen one!
Thou hast interpreted the Christ,
And thou too art a son!

—*Martha Baldwin Ensign, in Inter-Ocean.*

IN KANSAS.

For Young Friends' Review.

Time and circumstances have been such that until the present we have not been able to report ourselves to the REVIEW, while we have not been unmindful of its interests, and find it in a number of the Western homes and highly appreciated by all its readers. But its monthly, instead of weekly issue, makes it insufficient as a medium through which to report our visit in detail, as requested by many of our Friends. While the six weeks already

spent have been very full, the time closely occupied with meetings following in quick succession, yet the hearty endorsement and apparent appreciation have all served to confirm us in the rightfulness of our mission. And we only speak of it with thankfulness, that we do feel very sensibly the desire that the good manifested for our fellowmen may be the mainspring of action and motive power by which we are directed. And if so, we feel assured that our labor will not be in vain.

And while we do meet, and shall expect to meet, the critic and the unscrupulous, yet these in all are only a minority compared to the enquiring, earnest seeking hearts who are ready and waiting anxiously to know the truth, but early instructions have impressed the mind with the fact it was to be obtained through the written word and human instrumentality, but as years roll on the human and intellectual knowledge is developed. There is found in the human life an instinct, a prompting a tuition, in fact a something, that when listened to and cultivated, sets in motion a life and power, not denominational, theological, nor yet alone, human, but so nearly allied to human life and answerable to all its wants, that such enquirers say give us the Truth in its simple garb (and we can understand), and use or live it divested of the mystery that ages of Theology's tradition have thrown around it.

I had no intention of penning these thoughts or facts when I took my pen, but they may serve to show why we are stimulated in our labor to even greater diligence, and made strong in that courage needful to the task. And we do feel more and more to admonish all who claim the name of Friend to be

faithful to the principle, and in so many relations of life wherein it has been neglected it would have proved a great blessing to humanity and a source of individual enjoyment. of which many have deprived themselves. I refer just now to temporal affairs, not giving sufficient attention to the fact that organization is essential to the prosperity of the cause, and how many there are to-day, who, from Friendly parentage and affection for the principle, would gladly be situated so as to enjoy the privilege of society. We would not infer that these are without their use in the world, and to what extent the religious denominations and public sentiment are being leavened by such lives we are not prepared to say and only feel to say, take the true Friend's principle in all of life's actions and duties and no fear need or will deter its bold advocacy.

But I must not trespass upon your valuable space, but if these words of encouragement should find a place in some hearts with whom we may not meet, perhaps they may not be lost.

This leaves us in Girard Kansas, where we find a hearty welcome among a number of Canadian associates of our younger days and while but few, if any, have retained a membership in our Society, we find them alive and actively engaged in Christian labor among others, but if circumstances warranted the establishment of a meeting many would find a religious home that are now without because the teachings of the day do not meet the enquiries of their minds.

We attended an appointed Meeting on First-day afternoon, in the Presbyterian Church, and felt it to be a favored occasion, and our visit thus far has been accompanied with much enjoyment. And while widely separated in the outward from many of the readers of the REVIEW, yet we thankfully feel the helpfulness of sympathetic hearts and earnest desires for our welfare as well as their united interest in the cause for which we are engaged. And as we go on in the great Western field before us, we trust the same protecting and

directing Love and care of the allwise Father will be with us, and in due time permit our safe return.

Since writing the above, the REVIEW for this month has come to hand, and it is a welcome visitor. so full of interesting matter, and I embrace this opportunity of publicly endorsing the project of our Friend, Wm. G. Brown, and encourage the co-operation of all, if only in small shares, and I am willing to pledge myself at least to stand with one hundred and ninety-nine others (if found) to raise the sum required. While this may not be done, a suggestion presents itself that I am willing to submit (and I would only be too willing to help in the work if circumstances at present permitted), viz: That a personal canvass be made in the different Meetings. I believe if the proposition is rightly understood, and a living interest felt for the advancement of our cause through such an enterprise, there would be comparatively few that would do less than take a share of \$10, and many that would do more. I shall feel under obligation to work in its interest. And let me say in conclusion that if all our members could realize as I do (in my mingling with the world), the need of and the willingness to receive the principles we profess, none would withhold their little, and the individual and collective blessing of having done what we could will be ours.

ISAAC WILSON.

Girard, Kansas, 9th mo, 26.

It pays better to share our blessings with others, than to share our troubles with them.

Clouds do not really darken the sky, it only appears so when seen from the earth, but we know that "Behind the cloud is the sun still shining." Just so what we call our troubles are not really troubles they only appear so to our earthly nature, but the eye of faith can see the sunshine of God's love behind them all.

THE QUAKER POET.

SERVICES IN MEMORY OF JOHN GREEN-
LEAF WHITTIER, AT THE FIRST
METHODIST CHURCH, ST.
THOMAS, ONT., CAN.

His to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away,
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sun-hine in.

"Great because he was good" is in brief the summing up of the character of the editor and poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, by Rev. R. J. Treleaven in his eulogy in the First Methodist church yesterday morning. The services, which were exceedingly interesting and impressive, were in memory of the Quaker poet. The hymns sung were from the dead author's poems. They were "The Mission of the church," "Our Maker" and "The Eternal Goodness." The sermon was a fitting and eloquent tribute to Whittier's memory. Mr. Treleaven took for his text, John, i, 6: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." In the morning of the nineteenth century, said the speaker, another man was sent from God whose name was John—John Greenleaf Whittier. He was born in the State of Massachusetts, a State honored not only by the birth of Whittier, but by also being the birth place of four other contemporary American poets - Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell. Born December 17, 1807, died Sept. 7, 1892, nearly four score years and five. What a lease of life was his. His was a noble life, an exemplification of the words of Tennyson:

How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood,

If simplicity of faith, kindness of heart, goodness, if these constitute nobility, then we see our poet's name standing high on the scroll of God's true noble-men. His life was one of encouragement to the young. A farmer's son, with few opportunities to rise, he still

rose step by step to the very highest pinnacle of fame. His poem "Homeward," said the speaker, more than any other verse, excepting, perhaps, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," gives a beautiful description of home life and of his life on the farm. He had the sturdy manliness of the Quaker, and his career as editor and poet gave proof that the morning hours or his life had not been misspent. He was diligent, determined, but a man true to conscience. The part he took in advocacy of the freedom of the slave was eloquently commented upon. While monuments of marble commemorate the valor of those who fought and fell in the field of battle, some of Whittier's poems stand to-day, and will abide forever, as literary monuments to the great part he took in the slave's emancipation at a time in America's history when

Her brutes were happier than her men;
Her brutes at least were free.

The dauntless heroism of the man was shown by his poem "The Clerical Oppressors," John Greenleaf Whittier was not only the poet of freedom, but the poet of humanity. He was great because he was good. No man since the time of Christ himself more fully merited the description—"He went about doing good." He was a friend of the friendless, the helper of the needy, and the champion of the down-trodden. His reward is on high. His work is with God. A week ago last Saturday, when his remains were lying in state, a wreath of eighty-five white roses and carnations, the tribute of his oldest friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, decorated his bier. A white flower for every year of his pure, white, untarnished life. If all the hearts made better by his presence, to whom he has been a joy, an inspiration and a comfort; if all these could have been to the expense of a plant as an offering of gratitude to the great and the good,—what a perfect paradise of flowers it would have been, a scene to vie with Eden itself. He was the poet of the home and home

lations. The beauty of little children was a joy to him. The barefooted boy, the maiden making hay in the meadow, the woodman with his axe, all had aspirations for him. He felt their joys and sorrows. He possessed a simple, childlike, unswerving faith in God. He was a poet and prophet, and an ambassador of love. During his remarks, of which only a summary is given, Rev. Mr. Treleven quoted extensively from the works of the dead author.—*In Southern Counties Journal.*

Lilian Whiting in *Inter-Ocean* (Chicago) writes :

"I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies."

"O sweet, calm face, that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven !
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven !

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives ;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He :
And love has still its Olivet
And faith its Galilee."

In the dawning flush of rose and pearl and gold that ushered in this resplendent September morning the soul of our saintliest poet was set free from its earthly tabernacle to live wholly in that spiritual world which his eye hath seen, and his heart conceived, and his pen portrayed during his long and beautiful life. There is something significant—something one loves to dwell upon—in Mr. Whittier's going forth from the earthly to heavenly at 4.30 this morning. It has seldom in my life chanced to me to see the outer world—to be awake—at this hour, and I am grateful and glad, as well as wondering, that something this morning wakened me about this time, and I arose and opened my shutters and looked out.

It was not yet sunrise, but the world was flooded with light—so pure, so beautiful, so quivering with faint, opal-

escent gleams of the dawn-sun, that it was a wonder-world—a miracle world. I looked out upon it and thought of Paradise gloria for a few minutes and after that had again some few hours of sleep. But it will always be a picture enshrined in memory ; this morning when with the earliest dawn, the poet Whittier put off the mortal and put on immortality. When later in the day I heard of his death, I could but think of the expression of being "covered with light as with a garment ;" of being "clothed with glory," so fair in its hush of dawning splendor were the early hours of this day ; so beautiful was the scene, in the glory of sea and of sky, on which his soul went forth. Who may tell us what dawned upon his spiritual vision ? "It is beautiful," Mrs. Browning said in her last moment as she went. If ever the heavenly vision shone around a life it attended that of John Greenleaf Whittier.

The world in which Mr. Whittier lived transcended even the best that this world can offer, and still those who think of him as in any sense dreamy, unpractical and impracticable, would fail to grasp his character. He was intensely practical, but he was not material. There is a difference. His life dealt with actualities. He had the manly, vigorous fiber of New England and the prominent and active part he took in all the abolition movements and anti-slavery work proved him no formless dreamer. It is the idealist who is most truly practical, or, at least practicable : it is he who lives in spiritual realities who most truly and deeply lives. He was no stranger to manly indignation at corruption and wrong, though he was meek and lowly of heart.

Of all the American poets, Mr. Whittier is, perhaps, best known, the choice lying certainly between him and Mr. Longfellow, in virtue of that popularity which made each name one of every household.

ALICE AND PHEBE CARY.

I was much interested in his account

of his acquaintance with Alice and Phœbe Cary, "They were beautiful girls," he said, "and the way they came to me has always seemed a strange tale. I was in Boston for a few days attending to some literary matters. The girls had sent for my approval at different times some of their poems. I had taken great interest in the development of their talent. Several times I had received good remuneration for them which delighted them greatly. It seems they had saved their money and come from their Ohio home unannounced to visit me. It was a great journey in those days. Ohio was the 'Great West,' and how they ever made the journey alone, I could never imagine, for they were the most unsophisticated pair of travelers you ever saw. Phœbe was all fire and passion, with her pretty feet firmly planted on terra firma, but Alice was the most ethereal spirit I had ever met." "That poem in which you said 'what forbid the singing bird to sing' referred to her, did it not?" I interrogated. He assured me it did, and then continued: "After the girls found I was away from home, Alice was inclined to think they had been too presumptuous in coming, and like a girl, she began to cry, but Phœbe was more courageous, and my sister, who was keeping house for me at that time, consoled them, and told them I would soon be home, and delighted to see them. So Alice became more hopeful, and it was a pleasure which has rarely been mine to entertain those two girls. They were the very opposite in looks and temperamen, but they complimented each other. Alice would not have been Alice without Phœbe, and Phœbe wouldn't have been Phœbe without Alice. She only survived Alice a few weeks, but mourned her soul away for her. They are buried in Greenwood, side by side."

If we were to ask a dozen admirers of Whittier which of his poems they liked the best, those that could tell would name perhaps as many different poems as

their number might be. Whittier almost always seemed at his best. The following is the favorite of one noted critic.—[Ed:—

OUR RIVER.

To the Merrimack.

Once more on yonder laurelled height
The summer flowers have budded ;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales of home are flooded ;
And once more, by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river ;

Its pines above, its waves below,
The west-wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
Beheld it seaward flowing,—
And bore its memory o'er the deep,
To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human love and glory :
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And cunning hand to show it,—
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks
That graze its shore in keeping ;
No icy kiss of Dian mocks
The youth beside it sleeping ;
Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human ;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing ;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
Around the settler's clearing :
In Sacramento's vales of corn
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley-born
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle fills
The summer air with clangor ;
The war storm shakes the solid hills
Beneath its tread of anger ;

Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
 Now point the rifle's barrel,
 And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
 Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
 And rivers still keep flowing,—
 The dear God still his rain and sun
 On good and ill bestowing.
 His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait,"
 His flowers are prophesying
 That all we dread of change or fall
 His love is underlying.

And thou, O mountain-born I no more
 We ask the wise Allotter
 Than for the firmness of thy shore,
 The calmness of thy water,
 The cheerful lights that overlay
 Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
 To match our spirits to our day
 And make a joy of duty.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Buffalo News: His life ended like
 a calm sunset.

Sioux City Journal: He was al-
 ways more the teacher than the pure
 poet.

New York Press: First and last and
 all the time, the Quaker poet was a
 good man.

Philadelphia Record: He sang of
 common things, and of the simple
 joys of home.

Boston Advertiser: Mr. Whittier,
 was almost, if not altogether, the great-
 est of American poets.

St. Paul Globe: His trespasses
 were as few as it is given erring human
 nature to ask forgiveness for.

New York Herald: Whittier by his
 songs has made it easier for men to
 live and easier for them to die.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: He was
 one of the choicest products of Ameri-
 can life in the Nation's heroic age.

Boston Traveller: He was indeed
 The hope of all who suffer,
 The dread of all who wrong.

Milwaukee Sentinel: Perhaps the
 most thoroughly American in spirit of
 the poets this country has produced.

New York World: Other Ameri-
 can poets may be more highly regarded
 than Whittier; none has been better
 loved.

Toronto Mail: He has never been
 one of the versifiers whose poetry has
 been simply the amusement of elegant
 idleness.

New York Recorder: Less than
 any of his chief contemporaries was he
 indebted to classical learning for his
 poetic triumphs.

Brooklyn Standard Union: In his
 death America and the world loses one
 of the purest, sweetest, and most sym-
 pathetic bards this earth ever knew.

Toronto Globe: There are steps to
 Parnassus, although some critics
 write as if none were legitimate dwellers
 there save those who stand on its
 peaks.

Boston Herald: No man has lived
 whose latter years have witnessed more
 universal respect than has been accord-
 ed to the aged poet and philanthropist.

Des Moines Register: Great poet
 or not Whittier was dear to the Ameri-
 can people. He lived close to the
 best heart of the people. He was the
 poet of their National and humanitarian
 aspirations.

Pittsburg Dispatch: The termin-
 ation of such a life so ended is not an
 occasion for mourning, but for plaudits
 and emulation. Such an ending of
 such a life is what all men might well
 wish for, but what few can hope to at-
 tain.

Pittsburg Commercial: Much of
 the credit for the repeal of slavery
 laws in the North belongs to John G.
 Whittier, and to him belongs much of
 the credit for creating the sentiment
 that finally swept slavery out of this
 country.

Rochester Democrat: When the
 great Western Republic becomes at
 last the realization of an idol, almost
 forgotten by some of us, the result will

be somewhat due to the righteous leaven set to work in the hearts and homes of the plain people, by the poems of John G. Whittier.

Buffalo Courier: In his private life Whittier was another of those who have shown the fallacy of the notion that a genius requires a moral code fitted to his individual desires. Like Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell and Holmes, he stands as an example of the pure gentleman and the revered poet.

Toledo Blade: He is never a metaphysician, not concerning himself with the recondite problems of existence; there breathes through his poetry a genial piety, the loving trust of a child in an all wise Father, in whose wisdom and beneficence all can safely confide, without troubling over questions which, from their very nature, can never be solved by a finite mind.

Philadelphia Inquirer: As a poet Whittier's place is secure. There is no Whittier cult as there is a Whitman cult and a Browning cult. Nobody has gone through the poems to pick out striking lines in order that the number of Whittier pages in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" may be swollen, as somebody has done for Browning. But the happy lines, the tersely expressed thought, the tender fancy and the pleasing pictures are there in profusion. In thousands of households where there are but half a dozen books one of them is the Bible and the other is Whittier's poems.

Springfield (Mass.) Union: The quibbles of the theologians were of no interest to him, but again and again he enforced in his sweet verse that faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen. Who can deny his inspiration in such words as these?—

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

New York Tribune: To how many, when the news of his death reaches them, will occur the exquisite expression of his faith which is to be found in "Snow Bound";

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees:
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play.
Who had not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own!

He (Whittier) was thoughtful and affectionate in his conversation with younger men and women and gave up his time with reckless sacrifice if only he could inspire them. He showed himself thus to any young companion as one of the most unselfish and considerate of men, and all young aspirants in literature who were called into activity by the great struggle for national existence and the destruction of slavery, knew that they would find in him a sympathetic adviser.—*Edward Everett Hale*

Don't fail to treasure up your good thoughts for the benefit of others.

The *Kennet (Pa.) Advance* (ninth month 24) relates that our friend, Margaretta Walton, with her companion, Anna Mary Martin, recently called on Amelia E. Barr, the author of "Friend Olivia," at her home at Cornwall, on the Hudson, being on their way homeward from a visit to Lake George. They were most cordially received and hospitably entertained, and Mrs. Barr was so pleased with her visitors that she presented Margaretta with the first copy of "Friend Olivia," a volume which her daughter had carefully treasured.—*Intelligencer and Journal*.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

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

In writing from Kansas, our Friend Isaac Wilson expresses a deep interest in the proposed Friends' school at Toronto. The object is a very desirable one to be attained. We hope enough such men as Isaac will be found to make the project a reality. See 8th and 9th month numbers of the REVIEW for particulars.

Isaac Wilson, of Bloomfield, Ontario, who is making an extended religious visit through some of the Western States, is now, 10th month 1st., working westward through Kansas, stopping at Girard, Chanute, Ellis, &c., and expects to go as far west as Denver, Col., returning via Nebraska, where he hopes to be in attendance at Nebraska Half Yearly Meeting, near the end of this month.

Lord Tennyson, England's poet laureate, is dead.

Few men leave this world as much and as widely respected as John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, who died 9th month 7th, 1892. So long as Quakerism can produce such characters as John Bright, Lucretia Mott, and John G. Whittier, in one generation, the influence of Friends' principles throughout the world shall not wane. Such sterling worth and integrity of characters, are the natural product of pure Quakerism, and go far to raise our estimate of the possibilities of true manhood.

MARRIED.

MILLS—EDSALL—At the residence of the bride's parents, Hartland, Iowa, ninth month 1. 1892, at 12 m, Oliver P. Mills, son of Abel Mills, of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, Illinois, and Mary Lillian Edsall, daughter of Nathan and Susan Edsall, of Marietta Monthly Meeting, Iowa.

THE PROGRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Secretary's report at the Philanthropic session read at Coldstream, 9th mo. 25, 1892.

It is scarcely possible for me to say when the first whisperings of reform started. But, however, some time in the fore part of the present century, probably about 1830, a society was formed in the New England States, pledging the members to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, excepting on the Fourth of July, Christmas, and a few other feast days. Probably that was about the first temperance pledge, at least on this continent. Since that time different societies and individuals have taken it up until public sentiment is aroused, and it is at the present time one of the most important subjects that our people have to deal with.

In Canada, one of the first prohibitory laws, or the first law bearing in that direction was the Duncan Act, which permitted each municipality to prohibit

the retail sale of liquor within its district. Then came the Scott Act, which was similar, only perhaps a little more effectual.

A few benefits of these laws were that they destroyed the licensed liquor sellers trade of making drunkards under sanction of the law, and helped to make the business unpopular.

They took the responsibility of the drunkenness, disease and poverty caused by the use of liquor, off the people, and put it on the shoulders of the law breakers.

They took the respectability away from the seller and consumer on account of the broken law. If a man does not obey the law he is a criminal and so considered.

They destroyed the treating system which is the most important school in connection with manufacturing drunkards.

If we drive liquor into holes, dens and back rooms, we will save hundreds from seeking it that would take a glass if it were before them. This being sanctioned by the law is where the liquor traffic gets its strength.

Even with people who recognize the drink system as a terrible evil the fact of its permission tends to prevent their total horror as it would if outlawed and disgraced. If any other evil of half the size of this were to be suddenly put into operation without the protection of the legislature, destroying life and morals for the enrichment of a few money grabbers, society would rise in indignation at once and proceed to punish the promoters.

Our present prospect of prohibition may seem small, but public sentiment, antagonistic to the whole drink system, is rapidly growing and becoming so important, and wielding such an influence over our elections that politicians dare not ignore it. Even to men who are merely ambitious the situation must seem embarrassing. Those whose motives are purer, and are really interested, feel it necessary

to move cautiously, fearing that over hurry may bring disaster to the cause. There are also strong party men who believe their party will set all things right when they get in power, therefore their first duty is to make that party strong. So thus it is more is not accomplished because our law makers dare not take either side decisively, but try to conciliate both sides by giving the temperance people half measures and promises, and winking at the other side.

While these limitations of the sale of liquor may do good, nothing will be effectual but total prohibition, which must be our final aim.

While we have in Canada no distinctive temperance party there are staunch Conservatives who believe in prohibition, and opposite them sit strong Reformers who believe in prohibition. They both say this is the only and proper remedy for intemperance, but the men will not break from party, and neither party will move.

What would be the result if these temperance men in Parliament would join hands and say, "This is the most important subject before the country at the present time. We will stand by the party that will give us immediate, unconditional, and total prohibition." The government would be compelled to yield to their demand at once, or give way to a government that would. The situation is plain. What we want is a manly, independent stand to be taken by our politicians and voters.

It is time that the thousands of voters were ready to sink party prejudices in the nation's great need, and vote for the good of home and their native land.

The business is inconsistent with all the laws of Christianity and brotherly love. It is inconsistent with that law of God that requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves. It is in violation of that law that requires us to honor God. "Whether ye eat, drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" This is not a business

that is ever engaged in with a desire to honor God.

The question resolves itself to this, if it is right, honorable and moral, let it be driven on with wealth, power and energy, and if it is wrong it should be stamped out of our fair Canada. There are only two sides to the question, and I think few honest people will say it is a good thing, let it prosper.

ANNIE L. CUTLER.

TOBACCO; ITS EFFECTS PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY AND MORALLY, ON THE HUMAN FAMILY.

An essay read by Hugh W. Zavitz at the Second Quarterly Philanthropic Meeting at Coldstream, 9th mo. 25, 1892.

It was not until I had been chosen to write on this subject that I realized its magnitude and importance. We are so prone to follow in the footsteps of others that we unconsciously adopt bad habits without realizing the consequences. For who of us, after giving the subject serious consideration, could indulge in the use of a plant which is so injurious to the human system as tobacco.

Dr. Richardson declares that "while there are no grounds for believing that the smoking of tobacco can produce any organic changes, it can, and does produce various functional disturbances in the stomach, the heart, the organs of the senses, the brain, the nerves, the mucous membrane of the mouth, causing (what has been described as the smoker's sore throat), and on the bronchial surface of the lungs."

Major Houston, of the marine corps, who is in charge of the Washington navy-yard barracks, says that "one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease, of which ninety-nine cases in one hundred come from cigarettes. His first question is, 'Do you smoke?' No, sir, is the invariable reply, but the record is stamped on the very body of the lad, and out he goes.' Germany, with all

her smoke, says: 'No tobacco in the schools. It spoils the brains, and makes the boys too small for soldiers.'"

"A boy can never make a man of himself by smoking cigarettes," says the Picaune, "though he may succeed in becoming a sickly dwarf if he neglects other business and smokes industriously."

"Not long ago a lady visited one of our eastern colleges to attend commencement, and bring her son home. At this college there was a young man that was in the front in his studies, abilities and good conduct, he was the pride of wealthy parents and a hard student, but had acquired the habit of smoking cigarettes. He believed it helped him in the labor of study, and the habit grew on him until he became a very slave to it, and his system became so terribly poisoned that it gave way and he was struck down by paralysis as by lightning."

"Some of the cigarettes which are smoked to so large an extent are said to be dangerous articles. A physician had one of these analyzed, and the tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium; while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was whitened with arsenic, the poisons combined being present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker the habit of using opium without being aware of it, and which craving can only be satisfied by an incessant use of cigarettes. If any one wishes to be a slave here is a chance for him to walk up and have the fetters riveted on; if not, let him beware of the silken threads which increase to galling bonds, and end in fetters of iron or brass."

"Tobacco is the porch of entrance to the drinking saloon. It is a very rare thing to find a lover of rum who is not also addicted to the smoking and chewing of tobacco. In a large proportion of cases the passion for intoxicating liquors was caused by saturating the system with the juice or fumes of tobacco."

Our Ontario Legislature, seeing the evil effects of tobacco on the young men of our country, enacts the following: "Any person who either directly or indirectly sells or gives or furnishes to a minor, under 18 years of age, cigarettes, cigars, or tobacco in any form, shall, on summary conviction thereof before a Justice of the Peace, be subject to a penalty of not less than \$10 or more than \$50, and any minor, under 18 years, seen smoking on the street or in any public place is liable to a fine."

This Act shall go into effect on the 1st day of July, 1892.

Friends, is there not a field of useful labor open to us here that we may use our influence against so vile a practice? Are we doing our duty in regard to the traffic in tobacco?

Henry Ward Beecher, not long before his death, wrote: "I rejoice to say that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind."

Boys, if you wish to grow to be agreeable intelligent, strong and useful men, with your physical, mental and spiritual faculties fully developed, do not indulge in the use of tobacco, for its tendency is to make boys nervous, disagreeable, dwarfed and useless.

MEETING IN TORONTO.

A small parlor meeting was convened at the residence of our Friend S. K. Brown, of Toronto, on Third-day evening, the 27th of 9th month, at which our esteemed Friend Serena Minard was present. The discourse in which she portrayed the simple teachings of Jesus, was most instructive and convincing, and we are sure that every heart was made to acknowledge the sweet spiritual covering which mantled the evening's devotion.

FRED. C. BROWN.

ESSAY

READ AT BLUE RIVER FIRST-DAY
SCHOOL QUARTERLY CONFERENCE,
HELD AT BENJAMINVILLE,
ILL., 9th MO. 2, 1892.

By Elizabeth H. Coale.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time;
Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's troubled main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

In former days he was counted a hero, who could lead to the battle field his army of marshalled hosts, and in deadly combat with the foe, count his slain by hundreds or thousands; *he* was a great man, who, having subdued many countries, sighed for yet more kingdoms to conquer; *he* was illustrious, who, at one time, could lead his troops over mountains hitherto deemed insurmountable; at another, march them over barren steppes, covered with ice and snow, which, at frequent intervals, received the dead bodies of those who would fall from exhaustion, starvation, and cold, during the long journey. These, and such as these, were extolled in history as examples for the young to copy after, and as cynosures for all, and the record of their exploits handed down to succeeding generations as worthy of emulation. But are the footprints they leave, the kind our poet refers to in his poem, from which the heading of this article is an extract? Think you *they* are such as to cause a poor, disheartened brother to take heart, to nerve him to press forward, to try to take his place in the ranks of good men? Nay, verily, for thanks to the increase of intelligence the world over, and the spread of Christianity, a more humanizing sentiment has been wrought, and this kind of hero worship, this laudation of those who have devoted their best energies, not to the improvement of the condition of their fellow beings, but to their

enslavement and degradation, is coming into disrepute, and a more healthy and ennobling feeling is gradually, but none the less surely, superseding it, and now our ideal of a hero and a great man is embodied in the Christian statesman, the honest juror, the upright legislator, the man of integrity, in whatever position placed, and to however great temptation subjected; the politician whose vote cannot be bought, the man who dares to do right because it is right, though in face of much opposition; the man whose voice is ever raised in defence of the innocent, whose ear is ever open to the cry of the oppressed, whose lips are unstained by the use of profane or vulgar language, to whom women and little children can appeal with confidence, feeling sure their trust will never be betrayed. Many of these may not be known beyond their own little sphere; their outward condition may be the most humble, yet their daily conduct is an exemplification of the beauty and purity of a Christian life, and *their* footprints are most assuredly such, that others, seeing them, may take heart.

It is said that a stone, ever so small, thrown into a lake or pond, will cause a ripple, small at first, but gradually widening and reaching out, until it finally touches the other shore. So the influence of one good person, however humble will make itself felt on others, radiating indefinitely, till we know not how many are elevated into a more noble existence; and if in humble stations, the effect is so great, what must it be when the sphere of action is broadened by greater abilities, and enlarged opportunities; and, oh, what responsibilities rest upon those who, from their position and capabilities, may be ranked as leaders of opinion and moulders of sentiment. How it behooves these to bear in mind that where much is given, much *will* be required, and let them see to it, that their public and private records are clean, and that their character, no less than their reputation, is good, for the

first is of infinitely more value than the last, and is what we make it ourselves. It is known of God and does not depend upon our reputation, which may in the sight of man be good, but the all-reaching Eye will discern flaws where they exist, which the keenest mortal vision may fail to detect. To gain this character, to achieve this good,

“ We must be true ourselves,
If we the truth would teach,
Our soul must overflow, if we
Another's soul would reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech,
Think truly, and our thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed,
Speak truly, and each word of curs
Shall be a fruitful seed,
Live truly and our life shall be
A great and noble creed.”

When we reflect that our footprints may mislead a wandering brother, who is striving to rebuild the fallen structure of his character; when we consider the influence we may exert upon him for either good or bad, we may well shudder at the possibility of the effect one false step of *our* feet may have upon those who are watching our steppings. Who can estimate the extent of this influence over others, if the *noble* faculties of our mind are cultivated in accordance with the design of Him who should be the supreme ruler in every heart. We all know that we have failings and frailties, and it is good for us to enquire into the cause of these. He who spoke creation into birth, who said “ Let there be light, and there *was* light,” gave us all the faculties we possess, and designed that their proper training should promote our present and future well-being, as also of those over whom we have influence, and when inquisition is made of us, as to how we have used our influence, what kind of footprints we have made, how happy, if we can say, “ Here am I, Lord, and those whom thou hast given me.”

“ We are building every day,
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose,

Till in every arch and line,
All our faults and failings shine :
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this,
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair ?
Lo, its name is character.

Build it well, whate'er you do ;
Build it straight and strong and true ;
Build it clean and high and broad ;
Build it for the eye of God."

The great end of education is to awaken the mind into activity ; to call forth and develop native power, to unfold thought, to trace effects to their causes, and appropriate to the mind's culture, whatever is available for that purpose, to cultivate the indigenous growth, rather than plant with exotics ; and this is the work of a life time ; *all* the influences surrounding us from the cradle to the grave, helping to make us what we are. Then, in view of this, let us look at our privileges, and contemplate our responsibilities, by appreciating the one, we will be better qualified to discharge the other. In an especial manner, as never heretofore, has the attention of thinking people been turned in the direction of the great moral evils by which we are surrounded, and to the best and most available means of eradicating them, and if these means are not the same that our predecessors in reforms used we may remember, that,

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth "

Temperance, equal suffrage, social purity and kindred subjects, are claiming the serious consideration of thousands, where, but a few years since, they were counted but by the score. Progress is the watchword, and he who is opposed to any movement having for its object the betterment of mankind, will as certainly fall before the crushing wheels of the car of progress, as in other chimes does the Hindoo devotee fall under the car of juggernaut.

We can not stand still and keep our place in the ranks ; for these mighty movements will overtake us, and if we make no effort to keep in advance, or even abreast of them, we will surely fall before them. If, on the other hand, a wise judgment is exercised in joining in these reforms, we will induce others who have confidence in our integrity of purpose to tread in the footprints we leave behind us, and though at times they may be sorely discouraged, will "take heart again," and "still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait." Labor earnestly for the accomplishment of all the good they can do, and after having done all in their power, wait patiently, but hopefully for the full fruition thereof, in God's own time, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Therefore

"Rejoice, oh heart, send up thy glad thanksgiving,
For stars of hope illumine the evening sky,
And seed long sown is springing forth,
Proclaiming the harvest night."

In an especial manner would I urge upon all F. D. S. workers the importance of their position in regard to those whom it is their privilege to train. I say privilege, advisedly, for I think it is so, and will be so considered by all right minded, interested teachers, rather than a task, and a hard one, too, as some seem to feel it. These little ones watch our walk, and if they see that our footprints give unmistakable evidence of an uneven, halting, uncertain step, will they not be affected thereby ; will not their faith in good be shaken ; will they not feel that their confidence has been misplaced, and in consequence, instead of taking heart, they will lose it, and become truly forlorn and shipwrecked ; but with an abiding trust in the goodness the justice and the mercy of our Heavenly Father ; with zeal according to our ability, yet tempered with discretion ; with knowledge born of the truth as it is made manifest to us daily from the great

fountain head of *all* truth, we will be enabled to lead in the right path, those who are looking up to us as examples, as teachers; and although we may not live to see the result, we will *know* that the good seed we have helped sow, *will* spring up and bear fruit abundantly. Then,

“O sower, that soweth with tremoling hand,
And faith that looketh beyond the dust,
Fear not what the fruit of the seed will be,
Which is dropped in the spirit of love and truth.”

CANADA HALF-YEAR'S MEETING. ING.

Canada Half-year's Meeting was held at Yonge street, the 24th, 25th and 26th of ninth month, with a very good attendance from all the Monthly Meetings but one. Serena A. Minard was present from Nowich monthly meeting. The company of this dear Friend at this time was a great blessing from the hands of the all-wise Father, and under the tender, loving influences of her ministry our hearts were warmed and baptized into a newness of life.

The meeting of ministers and elders was very well attended. Serena spoke words of encouragement and helpfulness, and the impressiveness of the occasion I trust will not soon be lost.

The weather on Seventh-day and First-day was excessively warm, and we thought unusually so at this time of year. In the afternoon of First-day a thunder storm passed over with cooling effects. Second-day morning the change was so extreme that a fire in the meeting house and wraps felt not uncomfortable.

The meeting on First-day was of good attendance. Serena Minard spoke from the words, “Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.” Her sweet words of gospel love were an anointing to the soul, and bread

to the hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

Richard Widdifield was present at this meeting, and spoke briefly. He returned home in the afternoon on account of sickness in his home. On Second-day Serena spoke from the parable of the sower. “And some fell on stony ground where it had not much earth, and immediately it sprung up because it had no depth of earth” The discourses on both days were excellent, and the close and appreciative attention given them throughout, and the expressions of satisfaction at the close of the meetings gave evidence of enjoyment in them.

We hope the soil of the heart was prepared to receive the Word as it was handed to each one, and bring forth to the glory and honor of the Master some thirty fold, some sixty, and some an hundred.

After the spiritual had been amply provided for from the Father's table, the physical also received sustenance. An excellent lunch was provided in a hall near the meeting house by the Friends of the neighborhood, and the pleasant social mingling with Friends was enjoyable to the utmost.

The business session was then entered into and transacted in good order. At the close of the meeting it could truly be said we had had a rich feast of spiritual blessings. We had supped with the Lord and he with us.

Our temperance meeting was held as is customary on Seventh-day evening, was well attended, and in harmony with the other meetings.

ALBERTA WEBSTER.

Sometimes what at first seems but a common place thought, may, when transferred to another's mind, expand to a much greater degree of fruitfulness; just as a delicate flower when transplanted to different soil and subjected to cultivation, will attain a much greater degree of vigor, beauty and fragrance.

—M. V.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE
WEATHER.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the humble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless, vagrant ;
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant ;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning ;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining.

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white winged seeds are sowing
And in the fields still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing ;

When springs run low, and on the brooks
In the golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting ;

When comrades seek sweet wintry huts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WHITTIER

From Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.

When Whittier came to Philadelphia to live in 1838, he came from the native State of my father and mother, and from the yearly meeting of which they had been members, for they first met at Newport Yearly Meeting, she coming from Nantucket, and he from central Massachusetts. When Whittier came to Philadelphia, years later, they were no longer members together, but very many anti-slavery people were attracted to the house of my father (the late Thomas Earle) and it was doubtless anti-slavery sympathy which chiefly attracted the poet. I was then young,

but I remember especially his personal appearance, which was attractive. To a phrenologist the high and retiring forehead, the hair growing far off above the temples, would be very noticeable.

A few years after when I was older and he probably less diffident, I met him casually in Boston. He was in the company of an English Friend, I think the late Joseph Sturge, an anti-slavery man. Our acquaintance then had become more assured, and the interview was cordial and pleasant.

When Dr. Gibbons established *The Journal* he was a great admirer of Whittier, and sent him the paper. I was sometimes employed in writing "Letters by the Way," which appeared in it, and while on Long Island, having an errand at the house of William Cullen Bryant, the poet, I had a few minutes' conversation with him. I scarcely know what brought up the subject (it was doubtless their poetical kinship), but I remarked to Bryant the vein of tender mysticism in Whittier's verses, which I thought was due to his Quakerism. Bryant replied that he had noticed this, but had not thought of referring it to the cause mentioned.

In writing a letter to *The Journal* I doubtless introduced this conversation, for I received a letter afterwards from Whittier, in which he said :

"I have been interested in thy 'Letters by the Way,' and although connected with what are called Orthodox Friends, yet I have a warm recollection of the kindness of the liberal Friends of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and of their noble efforts for the enslaved. How I wish we were all together again!"

P. E. GIBBONS.

Bird-in-Hand, Lancaster Co., Pa.

All rhyming is not poetry, and so-called prose may contain thoughts that are exceedingly poetical ; so lives that to some appear dull and prosy, oftentimes contain snatches of real poetic beauty.

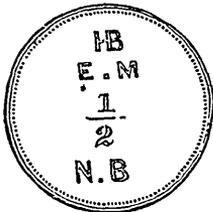
FOR OUR COZY CORNER.

OUR GEOLOGY LESSON.

Dear Hopeful B—, methinks I see
 You studying Geology ;
 'Twas once I went, on plunder bent,
 Down 'mid Bellona's rocks intent,
 And found rare shells, whose beauty dwells
 Imbedded in their rocky cells ;
 I scan them o'er, and wonder more
 Than I had wondered e'er before,
 To think that these, wee shells, and trees,
 Forms insect, animal, with bees,
 And ferns and flowers, 'mid shaded bowers,
 Once had a life as real as ours ;
 They're now one block of solid rock,
 With strength to stand an earthquake shock,
 Their work, though done, yet just begun ;
 Two giant kingdoms joined in one
 To form a third ; without a word
 The voice of all their lives is heard,
 What they had done beneath the sun,
 Though long ago their race was run.
 Low in their bier for many a year,
 The beauty of their lives is here,
 To show the truth that beauteous you'h
 Is never lost to view forsooth,
 But will live on when we are gone,
 Its record carved in time's deep stone,
 Rare forms to be where angels see,
 Preserved through all eternity.

—Julia M. Dutton.

READY OCT. 1st



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