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Young - Friends' - Review.

“NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE.”

VOL. III.

LONDON, ONT., FIRST MONTH, 1888.

NO. 1

THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is dying, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold.
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free ;
The larger heart, the kindlier hand
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—[Alfred Tennyson.

LIFE'S LOAN.

Tho' Providence hath lavish been
In blessing you with talents ten ;
Put them to daily use you must,
Or they'll be injured by the rust ;
Not fold in napkin—dormant lay,
But put to use and interest pay ;
When Lender comes, calls for his own,
Requiring interest on his loan,
You'll be prepared—your duty is,
To render all to Him that's His.

Plainfield, N. J.

M. M. T.

ANSWER TO “A QUERY.”

For the Young Friends' Review.

A query appearing in the REVIEW of twelfth month, 1887—“What has our peculiar faith to offer to the conscience-stricken or disheartened offender that can compare with the statement the churches outside make when they say : ‘Jesus, though pure and perfect, died for you’—does our faith lack the element of love, etc.?”

Our beloved *brother*, Jesus of Nazareth, said : “I of myself can do nothing, but the Father who dwelleth *in me*, He doeth the work.” Here the oneness was established *in brother* Jesus, and must be *in us* in order to be Christians. How? By the Seed receiving from the Father fertilization ; hence the new birth—becoming the sons of God ourselves—because of the divine birth *in* Jesus and *in us*, the Christ of God, or Son of God—*same in kind*—which is the only begotten Son and heir of the Giver of all good gifts. Hence divine supplies are from the Celestial alone, for we witness it received through lineal inheritance. How? By becoming heirs of God by birth, from whence cometh teachings in divine unfoldment and is to the children thus taught—authority. Why? Because it cometh from *the Head*, not through an instrument partaking more or less of the vessel through which it passes, but directly from *the Fountain*, consequently pure. First the physical, then the celestial child, and in obedience to this innate leaven—we know The Voice, Saviour—obeying, following and speaking from it, practical lessons flow from the lips of the qualified. Why? Because God is teaching His own in person.

The Father doeth the work in me, doeth all the preaching ;
Hear ye Him and know His voice, in the temple teaching.

Hence Jesus offered *practical* lessons to his brothers and sisters in the divine household, of the Supreme Head's administering to His offspring if they are obedient to the will of *our* Father. Hence positive knowledge in authentic salvation furnished the children of men. by becoming the children of God, as our beloved brother taught, and agreeable to us, His brothers and sisters' understanding, positively witnessing *in us* blessings from God, crowning, so to speak, His recipients *in person*, in happiness, and proclaiming same to the people to be the *only* source of help to the throne of grace, no intercessor known, in this capacity declaring "I and my Father are one." Not the child of Mary. Why? Because it was a physical body, consequently no part of God, who is a pure spirit; but the *indwelling* Christ of God, or Son of God, is spirit body, part and parcel of the Deity, and through this birth alone divine qualification comes to the children of men. Why? Because the leavening process produces the oneness—the animal or earthly nature, stilled into passiveness, becoming a fit abode for the King to dwell in, illuminating the sanctuary of His subjects.

A lady said a few days since, convinced I am that we
Deal with God directly, for He speaketh unto me ;
And no one else comes unto me to teach me of His ways,
I worship and I love Him, and give Him all my praise :
For I too know the Father, and in my measure see,
His mercy and His goodness proclaim it unto me.

Through obedience to the Father, brother Jesus was resurrected while in the physical body above this life into a life of divine unfoldment, lasting and enduring through all time. Here in this life He received it, to hold and enjoy same eternally, *growing* in favor with both God and man, inviting us to

obey as he obeyed and receive the crown of righteousness, while in *this* life to know of the truth of this fact—experimentally living in the enlightenments of the higher life, wherein each recipient is rewarded in obeying *our Father*; the one and only process of salvation ever furnished man, wherein the little child may receive yet may not be able to talk from it, lacking language to impart same, yet partakers of the divine growth, where God is catechism and bible, indelibly printing His law on the tablets of each heart, reliable and enduring, which no human ingenuity can deface. Consequently to such as are born and taught of God the book called the Bible *is not the way*—the letter *is not the life* to God's children, simply a sign-board, so to speak, pointing to the way. Why? Because inspiration is of God, therefore God alone *is the way*; and when inspired by Him His children know it, for when the new birth connects the line of communication between the Father and *His subjects*, they not only instantly know, but positively know it ; therefore have not to resort to books and get tangled with this or that quotation, but in spirit and in truth offer *that only* which they have tasted and handled, consequently *authority*, and logical as wisdom herself.

We thank Thee, dearest Father, that Thou showest us the way,
How we must live and worship, and unto Thee we pray ;
Thy kingdom comes upon this earth, we bless Thee for the gift,
Will labor in Thy vineyard our aspirations lift
Unto Thee, most Holy Father, for goods Thou keeps in store,
Providing loving children who come in through the door.

Divested of traditional mists, the veil is lifted, so to speak, and we see with our own eyes. Why? Because history has no part in the service where God furnishes the instrument—agreeable to Jesus when he said he was about his Father's business; the Father doing his work *in us*—God *in* man reconciling man to himself. See,

God is no respecter, and *His* children are *all* born of Him, consequently divine when the leavening process prepares the first birth to know and follow the second in paths of true peace, making them legitimate sons and daughters of God, for this birth is regardless of sex, in male and female alike accountable, *each child* receiving from the Father, through immediate presence of the divine, power to become the sons of God by and through the ordination of the Divine Father *alone*. How do we know this? Because we have received and can ourselves bear testimony to it.

The prodigal left the Father's house of plenty and to spare,

Entering into riotousness, spending all his share;

No mediator intercedes conditioning for the heir, But in the depths of love He gave, as love will everywhere.

Going out to meet His son, even while he's far away,

Looking off He saw him coming, ran to meet him on the way.

So He does with all His children who repent and homeward turn,

Saving all who gather in Him is the lesson all may learn,

In every quarter of the globe transacting business with

His children as they come to Him, the Mediator's myth.

This one and *only* process of salvation was, and *now is* to the children of God, *the Key* and Saviour of them—unbroken lineal inheritance handed down through all time, as the children in the new birth testify, Daniel caring naught for his persecutors. Why? Because the All-sufficiency sustained him. David declaring of the Shepherd—his divine support; Jesus proclaiming The Father protector and doing his work for him, *each one* knowing the Voice *in* themselves and obedient thereto, consequently *recipients*, direct communication from *The Head* supplying *each one* of God's children by and through His immediate presence *in* them. Thus Daniel, David, Jesus, and the entire human family who *were* and *now are* born of God, are the children of God and heirs of immortal life, receiving, as brother Jesus received, each

one according to his measure and use of talents. *Hence divine birth and obedience thereto is the line of communication between God and the children of men, by which the natural man is taught divine things, leading him safely homeward* from the earliest historic account to the present day, and in no age did His legitimate children grope in darkness when following the illumination of the superior birth in the children of men that they may drink from the cup provided by the divine hand alone. The identity of the new birth in man (child of God), call it by whatever name we may, is as positive as the physical to the outward eye identified and have their places in the spheres they occupy. Subordination to this growth leadeth man Zionward. Such is the valid teaching of Jesus, that in supplicating the Head we at once appeal to the source from whence divine flow proceedeth. Our brother was often in supplication, teaching: when ye pray pray to the Father, who is Saviour, and He will reward, He does save; yes, and we testify to the truth of it. The word of God is not obtained in books, for it is found in the heart; coming, not by natural school education of lessons by the letter, but dedicating our temples to the service of the Sovereign learn lessons not set in type, proclaiming to the masses what the pure Spirit saith unto the churches—knowing no mediator in the temple, and is no part of our pattern brother's teaching, only the dear Father alone lovingly protecting His own, which is the personal experience of His spiritual household. I have nothing else to invite us to but the divine flow, unfiltered from *the Rock*, cleansing to purification. We are enjoined to tarry, wait for the tempest and all disquieting excitements of the natural to pass by, for it is necessary that a preparation be made for the Seed to break ground to witness the new birth; endued with power and know of the doctrine, through stillness, the animal nature, by the spirit, graciously receiving *the word* of God, the Saviour,

in the sun where doubt and mystery hath cleared away by receiving and entertaining Him, positively knowing the true Christmas, which may happen on any day or night or season. In this condition we are able to declare, by and through the presence of the Divine, we know Him and are saved. The way of life by the Light is so plain to the writer that he is at a loss to know why it is that those who claim to know (leaders in the churches) saying salvation is through Jesus of Nazareth, for our pattern brother said he obtained through or of the Father, and we must in the same way, to know the truth of his teaching; for he taught there was no other saviour than he who knows our every wants—putting his entire trust in God and his lineal relation worship after this manner, learning salvation by and through the Eternal Head.

H. G. M.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

A PRAYER.

Jesus, Lord, thy love and spirit
Evermore I crave,
God's blest realms with Thee inherit,
Far above the grave.

And on earth, as e'er in heaven,
Still Thy will to do,
For thus only here or yonder
Will my prayer come true.

I am weak and heavy laden,
Burdened with my dross;
Thou, the one and only Helper,
Bid'st me bear the cross.

And I take it, take it gladly,
As my only rest;
Thou, O Lord of earth and heaven,
Knoweth what is best.

EUNICE COLEMAN.

Religion is not a pot of hyacinth, to be set in a parlor bay-window for passers-by to look at, and to be examined only by ourselves when we have company, but it is to be a perfume filling all the room of the heart. —[Talmage.

WHITTIER THE POET.

[The following essays were read at a meeting of the Olio in the spring of 1887 in connection with an evening devoted to the poet Whittier, and may be accepted at this time in consideration of the 80th birthday of the poet, which occurred on the 17th of last month.]

I will endeavor this evening to give you a brief sketch of the poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier. I presume that most of you present are in a measure acquainted with his writings, and find that one cannot read many pages without detecting the presence of his simple and earnest soul. One writer says: "He has been before his countrymen for upwards of forty years as a writer of verse, during which time many names which in the beginning outshone his own have vanished like summer meteors."

Notwithstanding his parents regarded his early attempts at poetry with suspicion he still persisted in rhyming. It seems that the earliest traces of the writings of Whittier are to be found in the Newburyport *Free Press*, and were published when he was but 19 years of age. I know not whether the contributions were in poetry or prose, as many of his earlier legends were at first written in prose and afterwards transposed into verse, such as Mogg Megone, Bridal of Pennacook, Cassandra Southwick and Mary Garvin. At the age of 23 he produced his first volume, consisting of both prose and verse which was entitled the "Legend of New England," and soon afterwards another volume named "Moll Pitcher" a poem founded on a once famous witch of Nahant. Although these works displayed much talent in one yet young, they are not considered to be of much importance when compared with his later productions.

About the time of his first election to the State Legislature he produced his first volume of poems considered to be of importance, he was then about 28 years of age. We find that he now became a prolific author and that his writings from this time have been

mostly in verse, and many beautiful little poems remarkable for their love of peace, sympathy for the oppressed, and pure affection for all God's creatures, have been handed forth to the world from time to time, each endearing us more and more to their author. This volume consisted of Indian Legends, the chief of which was entitled "Mogg Megone." When speaking of it in later years Whittier says: "The long poem of 'Mogg Megone' was in a great measure composed in early life and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not one such as the author would have chosen at any subsequent period." In 1838 he produced a volume of ballads consisting of many widely known poems and including "Maud Multer," "Mary Garvin," and others. Space here will not permit me to mention each succeeding volume, yet I would like to call your attention to a few of them to show you how deeply in earnest he has always been in all the great reform movements of his age. His "Voices of Freedom," consisting of his anti-slavery poems were brought before the world between the years of 1833 and 1848; "Songs of Labor and Other Poems" in 1850; in 1860 "Home Ballads and Other Poems"; in 1863 "In War Time and Other Poems," and in 1865 "Snow Bound," a winter idyl, a poem which it is thought has done more than any single composition to fix Whittier's celebrity as a poet. It contains early recollections of the author's home, and is dedicated to the memory of the household which it describes. Many of his later poems are of exceedingly high merit; they are mostly short, but few of his productions could be classed among long poems. We cannot look forward to his declining years without some feelings of regret, knowing that ere many years have flown the hand that has wielded the pen for the good of his fellow country-men will be quieted forever. Whittier never married and we read that a tender shadow rests

upon Whittier's whole life on account of the early death of the object of his youthful affections, and some think that he alludes to her in his little poem entitled "In School Days," where

"He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hands light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because, the brown eyes lower fell,
'Because you see I love you.'

"Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing,
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

"He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, because they love him."

I will close this essay by giving you a few quotations from different writers pertaining to Whittier. In Appleton's Cyclopædia I find the following: "Whittier's poems have been largely inspired by current events, and their patriotic, democratic and humane spirit gives a strong hold on the public." From *Gems of Poetry*, "For accuracy and beauty of versification Whittier's poems are unsurpassed." From *Universal Knowledge*: "These poems have a rugged picturesqueness and correspondence of sound to sense, which secure wide circulation." From *Independent*: "He has a high standard of religious belief which seeks to attain the spirit that giveth life and not the letter that kills;" and again, "There is a limpid purity about his language which places him in the foremost ranks of living singers, and which is in striking contrast with the poetic jargon of the period." Rossetti writes: "The grace of simplicity hangs about all he has done in his earlier writings, this is mostly a moral grace but as he proceeds and progresses it becomes a grace of art likewise;" then again, "Without exaggerating his poetic station or his general literary excellence we may safely and cordially

say this that America is to be congratulated upon owning as hers, in so sound a poet as Whittier, so good and unblemished a man." I. C. Z.

WHITTIER—THE MAN.

It has been said that "The good alone are great." In the highest sense I presume this is so. When goodness and genius are found in the one person we may be assured that that name is to reach down into the future, and for good. When we become interested in a man's works we are anxious to know something of the man himself. Hence there are two phases of great men which are of interest to us—their works and their lives. With some authors their writings manifest their lives. This is the case with Whittier in an eminent degree. As wife and I were appointed to each write an essay on the poet Whittier we adopted the idea of giving you as best we could, with the limited means we have of obtaining a correct knowledge—"Whittier, the Man" and "Whittier the Poet."

To those of us who are Friends he is an interesting character, but not to us alone. Loyalty and love for the name of Friend may indeed intensify the respect and love which English-speaking people bear him everywhere.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in a farm house near Haverhill, Mass., 12 mo. 1807. It was the old homestead where several generations of the family, who were Friends, had lived. His education was limited, acquired chiefly in the winter months spending the rest of the year as farmer and shoemaker, writing occasionally, until at the age of 21 he became editor of a Boston newspaper—the *American Manufacturer*. This brought him into notice and he became well-known throughout the country. In 1830 he became editor of the *New England Weekly Review*. In 1833 he wrote an essay, which was his first con-

spicuous effort in the great anti-slavery cause. In 1835 and again in 1836 he sat in the State Legislature as a representative of his native town of Haverhill. In 1838 and '39 he edited the *Philadelphia Freeman*, an anti-slavery paper. Rossetti says: "In those days anti-slavery men needed the courage of heretics, and the constancy of martyrs; if they valued property, limb, or even life more than principal they were not the men for the emergency, and accordingly it was not very long before Whittier's printing office was sacked and burned by a mob." About this time he became one of the secretaries of the Anti-Slavery Society—edited the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, and later the *Lowell Standard*. He was also corresponding editor of the *National Era*, published at Washington. Throughout all these trying times it has been said "he worked on with cheerful, single-minded boldness and unabated vigor." In 1840 he removed to Amesburg, Mass., where he still lives. Apart from a poet Whittier stands as one of the most prominent actors in the anti-slavery cause. Denouncing in poetry and prose, with an unsparing hand, the iniquitous nature of the traffic in slaves. At a time, too, when to do so was not only unpopular, but dangerous to life and limb. When anti-slavery printing establishments were being mobbed and burned, and when public meetings in favor of the cause were being scattered by mobs and the buildings in which they were held burned to the ground, notably the Hall of Freedom, in Philadelphia, concerning which Channing says: "And this was stormed by a mob; a peaceful assemblage was driven from its walls, and afterwards it was levelled to the earth by fire." He further says: "I doubt whether at that hour there were collected together in any other single spot in the land so many good and upright men and women, so many sincere friends of the race. In that

crowd was John G. Whittier, a man whose genius and virtue would do honor to any city, whose poetry bursts from his soul with the fire and indignant energy of an ancient prophet, and whose noble simplicity of character is said to be the delight of all who knew him. In that crowd was Lucretia Mott, that beautiful example of womanhood." This at a time, too, when many who had professed to be preachers of the gospel were according to Channing "teaching the rightfulness of the slave's yoke, joining in the cry against the men who plead for his freedom, giving the sanction of God's name to the greatest offence against his children."

Although but few in those days dared to raise a voice against this great evil, still their influence was like the leaven destined soon to leaven the whole lump, and not many of them but had the satisfaction of seeing every slave in the United States a free man. If many of us deprecate the manner, the bloodshed and sufferings consequent to a protracted and terrible war, and think wiser and more humane means might have brought about the same results by following the noble example of our own dear England, yet none of us I hope but rejoice that the shackles have been struck from their feet, and that the United States is, as Canada has been for many years, in this respect at least, the land of the free. For a peaceable solution of the problem no man worked harder than Whittier. Whittier's love of justice also inspired some of his most spirited writings against the intolerant spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers which so cruelly persecuted alike witches, Baptists and Friends, showing that they had in themselves that same intolerant spirit which drove them from their native land. Joseph Cook in speaking of Whittier in one of his lectures on anti-slavery times, says of him: "That sound heart in Amesbury yonder, in sight of the sea; that soul which often led us in our dark days as

a pillar of Hebrew fire; that entranced poet and reformer never broke with the church, because he was in a part of it that had adopted God's rule of excluding from church membership those who held slaves—a church," he says, "great in quality, not in quantity."

And Whittier, and Garrison, and Binney, and Wendell Philipps, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Lucretia Mott, who in those days were considered fanatics by some, are now acknowledged by all to have been wiser in their generation than were the children of the world. What a revolution! What cause for thankfulness! With what feelings of rejoicing can Whittier look back and see the wonderful harvest that has been reaped from this seed sown in trials and persecutions, and even death. (I do not refer here to the war.) As he sits in his quiet home in Massachusetts awaiting his 80th birthday, still displaying the same simplicity of character for which he has been noted throughout his long life, what a worthy example he is to follow! What an incentive is his life to us who are young to manfully take up the work laid out for us by an All-Wise Father.

There are moral victories yet to win, for there are slaves yet—slaves to intemperance and sin, and it will take self-sacrificing work, brave work, suffering work, to free them, for the spirit of persecution is still in the land. Are you ready for the work? Study Whittier and you will become better prepared.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

My sincerest desire is that we may.

S. P. Z.

God is a kind father. He sets us all in the places where He wished us to be employed. He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to him if he does it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do.—[John Ruskin.

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"I thought how once Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for
years,

Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals old or young."

And what shall the triple 8 bring to each one of us? At the threshold let us pause and ponder. The old year is gone. It has taken its farewell of us and the world. May there rise up to us no sad memories from the past to trouble the present and the future. Wherein we have erred in judgment, or failed in performance of duty, may we be warned against those weaknesses and pursue the better way. May we take with a cheerful hand whatever gifts the sweet years bring us and go on rejoicing in our contentment. It

matters not our outward circumstances, rich or poor, king or peasant, so long as we honestly and earnestly strive to fill the place designed. Let us, my dear young Friends, as we are pausing on the threshold of a new year, secretly and in all earnest vow the vow of Jacob, saying in our heart of hearts "if God will be with me and will keep me in this way that I go, then shall the Lord be my God."

We are pleased to announce that some of our friends have sent us the five-dollar bills, each of which will carry the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW into *eleven* homes to gladden them during thirteen months. Now, we can dispose of as many five-dollar notes in that way as our friends may send. And to you who can well afford it we ask how in any other way can you, at so small a cost, disperse so much happiness, so much that will tend to bind the younger members of our Society to each other, and to the Society and its principles? With each such bill we would prefer the sender would send the eleven names and addresses. We have to thank those who have broken the ice in this direction.

We have been enjoying splendid winter weather here at Coldstream so far this season—only at one time has the mercury touched zero. We have known nothing of the severe weather we read of to the east and to the south and to the west of us. We have had two stormy days, but then the thermometer indicated from 10° to 14° above zero. Sleighing is fine.

We are receiving letters by every mail containing kind and encouraging words, and *substantial* evidences that our Friends are working with us and for us in this, to us, new but in many ways interesting and lovable work. Keep the stone rolling. A little effort on *my* part, dear reader, might perhaps add a few more names to our list, and thus help the cause.

Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting will be held at Pelham on the 11th and 12th of second month.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

John L. Thomas, Pendleton, Ind., says in sending us three names: "We like the paper, and I hope to meet the workers in the paper at the F. D. S. G. C. next summer."

Lizzie Lippincott, Moorestown, N. J., says on renewing her subscription to the REVIEW: "Am very much pleased with it, and hope the paper may have a wide circulation and benefit all its readers as it has me."

Wm. F. Searing, of Scipio, N. Y., says: "We like the paper very much, and hope that it is, or soon will be, on a paying basis."

J. D. Noxon, of Mendon Center, writes in sending more names: "I hear people speaking commendingly of your paper, and think that you are gradually raising the standard in editorial management and matter, and I may add that I trust you will be enabled to continue to broaden and deepen its channel of usefulness, and may further add that you have done remarkably well, as new beginners, in the enterprise without previous experience."

Thomas O. Matthews, of Maryland, writes: "Enclosed thee will find \$1.50 to pay for three subscriptions to the REVIEW. And with little effort I do not see why every former subscriber could not obtain a similar number. It is a welcome visitor, and every article that it contains is read with much interest."

E. S. Smith, Canandaigua, Mich., says: "I hope the REVIEW may continue a success. Its visits are very pleasant. It seems to keep us a little nearer to Friends."

Cynthia A. Green, of Farmington, N. Y., says: "Enclosed I send a few lines, written after reading the REVIEW this month. Though not a member of

Friends' meeting, I am heartily in sympathy with your work. The REVIEW has been a great comfort and inspiration through long weeks and months of sickness."

These are a few from among many like expressions we have received, indicating the opinions of our readers.

A PLEA FOR THE OLD LIBRARY.

Oh, those old and musty volumes,
Packed away with moths and dust,
How I've lingered o'er their treasures,
Years gone by so well discussed.

Many years have they reposed there,
Lost in this world's dashing haste,
Now they're deemed as fit for nothing,
Nothing but a mass of waste.

Newer books have filled their places,
Seemingly with wise intent;
I will not deny that they are
As a blessing to us sent.

Nor shall I complain of new books,
Well I know we need them much—
Happy homes their presence causes,
Charmed as by a fairy's touch.

O'er those old books I have pondered,
I have read them day and night,
And I cannot see them moldering
Without grieving at the sight.

Prose and poem heaped regardless,
Order there a thing unknown,
Like an old professor's cranium,
All things in confusion thrown.

They have filled the vacant longing
For a knowledge of earth's store,
Pleasure, too, with wisdom furnished,
From the vastness of their lore.

Do you wonder that I love them?
Will you stand with me and say
That they never shall be scattered,
But together kept away?

May the dollar, god of nations,
Ne'er their bidding place invade,
May long life to them be given
When my debt to dross is paid.

CHARLES I. ALMER.

OBITUARY.

KIPP.—Died, at the residence of her uncle, Hiram Kipp, Sparta, Ont., on the 30th of 12th mo., 1887, of consumption, Estella Kipp, in twentieth year of her age.

She was of a gentle disposition, and endeared herself to all with whom she mingled; was patient through suffering, and thankful for any service rendered her. On the morning before her death she expressed to her aunt a feeling that it would not be long before her departure which she looked forward to with joy. The funeral was held at Friends' Meeting House, where very impressive discourses were given, in which we were reminded that this was the first day of the New Year, and admonished to choose this day whom we would serve. The young were feelingly encouraged to sow now seeds which would bring forth good fruit, and by faithfully attending the callings of divine goodness they would be enabled to live righteous lives; or, if called like our sister, while the dew of youth was yet upon their brow, they too would be ready to enter the mansions of eternal bliss.

E. & A. S. H.

THOUGHTS.

God our religion-Christianity; but religion our God-fanaticism.

The cultivation of a habit of coherent thought is the secret of a ready pen, fluency and wisdom of speech.

An hour alone with the "silent voices of God"—which we are wont to speak of as "nature," and so speaking too often forget that aught lies behind them—hath for the reverent ear sermons more powerful than the most eloquent teaching of pen or tongue.

In days like these in which we live, the rush of life is so overwhelming that on the one hand the supernatural world is almost forgotten, and on the other—by force of contrast, I suppose—when it does touch us closely, it is very keenly felt.—[Rev. W. J. Knox-Little.

LAMENT FOR EPHRAIM W. HAIGHT.

Touch thy harp, my soul, as thou art wont
sometimes when wild with gladness,
Slacken now the chords, though with thy
trembling fingers, and sad hearted,
In a strain befitting, wail thy lamentations, full
of sadness,
For a friend departed.

If the world should ask me why I pour my
heart-felt miserere,
As a cloud of sadness over all the sunshine;
this the cause is—
Pensive contemplation presses out a sweet
wine from these dreary,
Almost cruel, losses.

Beat the slow and sad refrain, with eyes be-
dimmed with grief and tearful;
Gather with the mourners, weep in sympathy
with her who's weeping,
For a loving husband, true to every promise,
kind and cheerful,
The last sleep is sleeping.

Beat the slow and sad refrain, all through the
silent house bereaving;
For a kind and gracious father, true to every
tie paternal,
Wise in duties in the sacred sphere of parent,
now is leaving
For the leave eternal.

Beat the sad refrain, for we shall nevermore
behold his presence
In our place of meeting, nor his words our
thorny lives will soften.
He, alas! hears not those sweet lips dropping
words of homie'd essence
O'er his sealed coffin.

Beat no more, but cease the sad refrain. I hear
the angels voicing
Forth their greetings to him, with my
lamentations sadly blending,
Welcoming him in, with his own warm-
hearted welcome, where rejoicing
Lasts through time unending.

E. M. Z.

Coldstream.

WHERE IS MY BOY?

Part of an essay read at the Temperance Conference of Scipio Quarterly meeting, 9th mo., 25, 1887, by Amelia G. Searing.

Attending a crowded assembly with my 8-year-old boy, I found that many times the restless little fellow had slipped away unnoticed, and as I went about questioning one and another, I thought how many mothers throughout our land are asking, "Where is my boy," and meeting with a bitter response. During his earliest years the boy is constantly in her thoughts lest he come to some bodily harm. Then as he learns to care for himself, the mother's watchfulness relaxes and before she realizes the separation he is living in a little world of his own beyond her kiss. As he outgrows the amusements of childhood, what has taken their place. Is he, with his schoolmates and companions, reckless and mischievous, delighting in an uproar and a terror to quiet-loving neighbors, fond of prowling about and disturbing the peace that falls with the shades of night. Is she obliged to seek a sleepless pillow and oft times wet it with her tears as she exclaims "Where is my boy?" Or worse yet, he may have gone beyond the bounds of thoughtless fun, and though yet in his teens have lost his liberty and become the slave of the intoxicating cup. Then who can paint the anguish of the mother's heart, the dread horror in which she lives by day, the visions of danger, crime and death that visit her pillow by night! What thoughts of his happy days of childhood, of the time when he followed her about with eager questionings and besought her interest in his play or his picture book.

Did she put him aside with a hasty word as her mind was engrossed with her daily tasks? How gladly now would she return to those early days, when she could bid him climb to her knee and win his confidence and listen to his plans.

Her own pursuits that seemed so

important, how freely would she have them now to help him with some impossible boat or wagon; anything would she do could she keep him by her side pure as in those early days. But what can she do to regain an influence over him? Can she follow him into the saloons that open their attractive doors on every side? They are open to the thoughtless boy, but what he finds there his mother can only guess by the tainted breath, the reckless bearing, the careless and profane language that he learns, and the wreathed cigar that once ignited and applied to his lips will burn on until it gnaws at his very vitals.

Young people love variety and amusement. Their overflowing spirits may be directed into harmless channels, but temptations are on every side and habits are formed by the thoughtless boy that may enslave the man with chains he will never have strength to break. Even as I write comes the story of a neighbor, an aged mother. All day she had been saying, "to-night I shall have news of Mike." Did some mysterious premonition arouse the mother's anxiety; never long asleep, leading her to ask "where is my boy?" Ere night came the swift-winged message of death: "Drowned; in his pocket two bottles of whiskey."

EDUCATION.

An article in the REVIEW for 12th month on "Higher Education" has arrested my attention. Much is said on this subject, and in these later days of higher education, it is a grand thing to have a rounded education, but I hold it a greater thing to know how to apply and use it when one has had this great favor.

How many fond parents there are who have toiled early and late that their children might have an education, sent them to college, and their return in many cases, with all the honor granted them to fill no higher places

in society than many who did not have a chance equal with themselves. They did not have the energy nor push about them to rightly use the gift given of a classical education. I will own it was not the fault of education, but in the person. "To silver scour a pewter cup, it will be pewter still."

Self-made men like Franklin and Newton, whose deeds are monuments of their well earned fames, conceived a purpose and in bending their powers together with plans in a given direction accomplished in a crude state what has been a basis, in a large degree of which science has since wrought.

Benjamin Franklin dabbled in journalism and was a moving thought in his day. Few have excelled him in his sayings of truth, however coarse and roughly put together. They improved the gift that was in them, which the world honors, and whose names will be handed down to future posterity as advanced lights of their day.

Others might be named whose education was limited that can be classed in the foremost ranks of their times. The thoughts they imbibed went out to the world as honesty and up to the talent they had, and have filled a place together with those who have had rare advantages, and no more credit is due them for work wrought superior to their brethren of less education.

May those of us who did not receive a college course and limited in a graded school, sit not idly down and think we can not wield an influence for good in the world. Our sayings may not be rounded and flow as smoothly as the Greek orators, but may reach persons below our understanding.

The world is made up of all classes of people and let each with the education he or she has, use it to a goodly purpose and leave results to Him who knoweth the motives of the heart.

JOSEPH FRITTS.

Macedon, N. Y., 12 mo., 19, '87.

PELHAM FIRST-DAY SCHOOL.

Knowing that as a letter from a long absent unheard of member of a family is cheering and reviving, even though it contains no flattering news, so remembrance of kindred in association may be likewise beneficial. Feeling that a brief account of the first attempt at F. D. S. work in Pelham Monthly Meeting of Friends, which adjourned for the winter at the end of 9th mo., might be of interest to some and perhaps incitement to others. I will endeavor to state what we did wherein we were benefitted, and what the feelings are concerning its future as have been expressed. Although organizing on the basis of a school, in reality we were only a class. The aged, middle aged and youths meeting together, reading and talking over the lesson assigned for the day, one hour before the meeting for worship. Fifteen average attendance for 21 weeks, where there were only three youths to attend—considering the situation of each, and multiplied years of some, is felt to be a portion for deep heart-felt thankfulness and sufficient encouragement for perseverance another year if Divine wisdom permits the taking up of the work again in the season suited to our condition.

A Friend from abroad, of considerable experience in F. D. S. work, favored us while in session with a welcome visit and spoke encouragingly to us, saying that a degree of originality was necessary for success in any position, and especially so in our peculiar one—that a rule cannot be laid down for another, as we are circumstanced so differently—we must each endeavor to seek for that which is suited to our needs in our own situation. Surrounded as we are by large S. Schools of various religious denominations, where every element is used without let or hinderances, that is calculated to attract the outward eye and youthful mind, we need scarcely hope for any filling up from outside

our own domain, rather may we look for depreciation in other's eyes—however, it is only ours to see to the provision for our own—feeling not to be excused until each have done all they can that God requires of them, being “Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord.” As to the benefits received therefrom, for myself I unhesitatingly answer that I have won the prize. A peaceful and buoyant spirit, which is worth more than all the trembling steps and fears of man in taking up and bearing the cross laid upon me by my Heavenly Father. The chords of love have been strengthened, I feel as it had been a knitting process, a binding together of soul and soul—I love my people more—we seem nearer than we did before, because I know them better. Then, too, I have profited by the perusal of the lessons for each day, always finding more and more to learn as I read onward and upward. One Friend expressed the thought that the hour thus spent was calculated to prepare the way for solemn thought in the after meeting for worship. Others expressed gladness for the effort and exercise, which all made apparent by promptness generally to the hour. What joy it gave to see the aged fathers and mothers with smiling faces and ready willing voices and thought sustain the work, God only knows. Now, it simply remains to say that the desire was expressed for the continuance of the work, and since the adjournment some have expressed regret that we did not prolong the session another month.

A. R. P.

King Humbert, of Italy, has always been an abstainer from liquors and almost a total abstainer from wine. He has smoked cigars quite freely, if not excessively. About three months ago he noticed that something in his habits was hurting his health. Physicians said it was cigars, and hinted at more moderation. The King at once declared against the use of all tobacco, and has done no smoking since.

FRIENDS' QUARTERLY MEETING.

In company with quite a number of Friends, I attended Easton and Saratoga Quarterly Meetings held at Easton the 16th of 11th mo., and Marshall Seminary, a Friends' school house at the same place. While there I gathered the following facts concerning Easton meeting. The present house was built in 1787, one hundred years ago. The first meeting held here was in the house of Zebulon Hoxie in 1773. The first preparative meeting was held in a log house in 1775, near the present meeting house.

At one time a party of Indians with fresh scalps dangling at their girdles and leading some prisoners entered the log meeting house just at the close of the meeting. Zebulon Hoxie invited the Indians home with him to dinner. They accepted the invitation and partook of his hospitality. He must have had an unusual company of friends to dine with him that day. The revolutionary struggle found this peaceable people in the midst of war and suffering much from persecution and loss of property. Almost in sight of this meeting house the surrender of Burgoyne's army took place. The monument at Schuylerville, which marks the spot, can be seen from near the meeting house.

This meeting, like many others, is much smaller than formerly. A remnant of concerned Friends still remain who keep up a creditable meeting. Among the long list of recommended ministers who once belonged to this meeting we find the curious names of Thankful Merritt and Pardon Tripp.

Duanesburgh Quarterly Meeting held at Quaker street, following soon after, two of our company attended that meeting also. We found an interesting company of concerned Friends with a large First-day School, which we believe will be a great help in keeping up an interest in the meeting. Our

mingling with Friends there in a religious and social capacity made us thankful for the opportunity.

JOSHUA B. WASHBURN.

THE DAWNING.

Dark was the night, but the morn is approaching,
 Far in the east doth the dawning appear,
 And its red gleam now stirs up our soul's deep emotion,

While the votaries of darkness now tremble with fear.

Long has the night been, and fearful its visions,
 Glad will we wake from this night-mare of woe,

When the blood of the mother, the wife and the daughter
 Were poured at the feet of this merciless foe.

O Rum is a tyrant most potent and cruel,
 He taketh his victims from cottage and hall;
 At first with a honey-like nectar he feeds them,
 But soon they discover 'tis worm-wood and gall.

The youth in his strength, and the maiden all beauty,
 Are marked by this demon for sorrow and care,

For, like unto Molock of Biblical story,
 He feeds on the blood of the young and the fair.

O Rum is a fiend, for the home he has blighted,
 The tears of the woman he laugheth to scorn,
 And drags down the father from all that is noble,
 And curseth the infant before it is born.

Oh! lovers of Temperance, our cause is a true one,
 Then be not disheartened whatever betide;

Though fierce be the struggle, you're certain to win it,
 For God and the right are arrayed on your side.

The prayer of the mother, the cry of the daughter,

The earnest appeal of the true, loving wife,
 Ascend to the throne of the infinite Father,
 For help that will bring you success in your strife.

O glad will the morn be, and joyful the anthems
 Which then will arise to the Father above,

When in place of the tumult, the weeping and cursing,
 He sends us Peace, Happiness, Christ and Love.

EDWARD W. HARNED.
 Chappaqua, N. Y.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL NOTES.

Our First-Day School, which has been carried on very successfully through the spring and summer months, has now closed for the winter season. We all feel that it has been a great strength to us, especially this summer as it opened with brighter prospects in the spring, and the same interest has seemed to prevail all along. And now we hope that the winter's frost may not blight that interest, but that we may meet again in the spring with renewed energies for the work. We have now organized a Reading Circle, in which we use the Lesson Leaves, thus keeping up with the beautiful lessons given us.

I send an address written by Bertie Wilson, which was read at the closing of our school:

DEAR FRIENDS:—As the time approaches when we must cease, for a time, our active labors in the First-day School, we are naturally led to reflect on the work of the season about to close, and in so doing we shall doubtless be able to recall many, if not all our efforts, as laden with rich rewards and, I trust, true pleasure and enjoyment, which are invariably the result of faithful performance of duty, great or small.

Our number, although small on many occasions, was composed of earnest workers, whose interest in the welfare of the younger members, and in

the maintenance of the Society as well, prompted them to service in this field, where "the harvest truly is plenteous."

But while we mention these we do not fail to appreciate the admirable conduct, may I say, of the pupils in the various classes. They have manifested an interest in their work and for their teacher a kind respect which we must admire, and hope to see continued as years pass. Who can doubt that in these young minds, so susceptible to impression, has been dropped many a precious seed which may take root, to bring forth in time the fruits of a noble life.

Yes, may we not together say that this hour on Sabbath morn has been to us a pleasant one? But, further, what are to be the lasting effects in our career? A Friend gifted with poetical nature has said in a recent number of the REVIEW that all men should have an ideal which is the representation of that which we esteem perfect. To all this must appear the important truth in which lies the hope of benefit to the young, in setting before them lines of conduct such as lead to the higher and better parts of their natures. This path all may choose, and they who do not take an ideal and hold themselves to it are but drift wood driven hither and thither by the circumstances in which they are placed. Surely if we aim at an ideal perfect our life must be better, though we fail to reach it, for in the exertion we have gained strength and mounted to many a height which we had never reached had the gaze not been fixed on our brightest star. Oh, the golden opportunities for willing workers to direct, aye lead the way, by closely examining the noble lives of those whom our lesson suggest from time to time.

The story may be suited to the understanding of the youngest member of the class, and we may be certain some impression is formed though we may fail to detect any sign. The minds of the youth are full of wonderings, expectations and desires

which, sooner or later, must combine, and when listening to the accounts related they will readily grasp ideas that we little dream may attract their attention and a resolve is made to imitate the example, thus taking a step toward the ideal. To young people entering the years which bring serious responsibilities this ideal is doubly important. Life is not all sunshine, nor yet all storm, but clouds will come and opposing winds will nigh overpower us unless with determination to reach our destined goal we bravely face the blast, assured that sunshine will greet us when the storm is past and the long hoped-for haven reached. Let us carefully guard ourselves in the selection of companions and literature, they largely determine our progress. We have had discussions on these subjects and may the interest remain firm when our school is adjourned. We certainly regret that circumstances render it necessary to suspend for a short time, but we may in the meantime be acquiring strength for the work if permitted to again assemble in this capacity.

B. W.

Bloomfield, 12 mo., 14, '87.

Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done" with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—[Geo. MacDonald.]

Canon Farrar has offered a standing reward of £100, in these terms:—"Cruikshank, the artist, offered £100 for proof of a violent crime committed by a total abstainer; and the money remains unclaimed to this day. I offer as much for the proof of any one case—either in the church or out of it—where drunkenness has been cured without total abstinence. In the present shaky circumstances, the only safe way of drinking—as an Irishman puts it—is to 'leave off before you begin.'"

"And in general I have no patience with people who talk about the 'thoughtlessness of youth' indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and the indulgence due to *it*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in *any* after years rather than now—though indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there." JOHN RUSKIN.

SAVE THE LEISURE MOMENTS.

It is astonishing what can be done in any department of life when once the will is fixed with a determination to use the leisure time rightly. Only take care to gather up your fragments of leisure time and employ them judiciously, and you will find time for the accomplishment of almost any desired purpose. Men who have the highest ambition to accomplish something of importance in this life frequently complain of a lack of leisure. But the truth is, there is no condition in which the chances of accomplishing great results are less than in that of leisure. Life is composed of an elastic material, and wherever a solid piece of business is removed the surrounding atmosphere of trifles rushes in as certainly as the air into a bottle when you pour out its contents. If you would not have your hours of leisure frittered away on trifles, you must guard it by barriers of solid work, the

"must be done" that cannot be put off. The people who have done the most for their own and the general good are not the wealthy, leisurely people who have nothing to do, but are almost uniformly the over-worked class. Such people have learned how to economize time, and however crowded with business, are always found capable of doing a little more; and you may rely upon them in their busiest season with far more assurance than upon the idle man. It is much easier for one who is always exerting himself to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose than for him who does nothing to get up steam for the same end. Give a busy man ten minutes in which to write a letter, and he will dash it off at once; give an idle man a day, and he will put it off till to-morrow or next week.

There is a momentum in an active man which of itself almost carries him to the mark, just as a very light stroke will keep a hoop going, when a smart one was required to set it in motion.

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