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Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XIII: LONDON, ONT., CANADA, SECOND MONTH, 1897.

No. 2

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain ;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease !
How many go forth at morning,
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words
spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest ;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah ! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah ! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn !

INSTITUTIONAL CHRISTIANITY.

WM. G. BROWN, TORONTO.

A study of the Christian Church naturally suggests an enquiry into : —
1st. Its primitive condition, and that which gave rise to it.

2nd. Its progress and development to the time of the Protestant Reformation.

3rd. Its subsequent influence and progress to the present time.

This investigation may be practically considered the study of two great reformations, the former arising in the Jewish Church and marking the dawn of a new dispensation, its most prom-

inent character being Jesus ; the other, a protest against some of the abuses into which the church of the new dispensation had grown, the most prominent and forceful character in connection therewith being, perhaps, Martin Luther. Each were marked by many similar characteristics. There was the protracted period of preparation ; men heralded the coming of a better understanding of things, until finally appeared a man in each case strong enough to carrysweeping conviction and enthusiasm to the many minds anxious to know the truth ; the recognition of higher ideals of life, privilege and duty, assisted in breaking down the traditional yoke in one as in the other ; conspiring with them to that end were the evils of the times as well, for the absence of spirituality, and the presence of a formalism, and a mercenary spirit in the church, marked both periods.

In referring to Christianity either historically or ethically, it is almost needless to say that it manifests itself as, perhaps, the great religious movement of the world. In one sense it is as old as the universe and pervades more or less all religions. We, of course, propose to consider it in a more limited sense, namely, from that eventful period in which the Christ, the spirit of Christianity, was transcendently demonstrated in the life of Jesus, its founder. We make the birth of that Divinely anointed Man the great land-mark of history ; His life and death the measure of human experience and character. That which formally and officially endeavors to identify itself with his doctrine, and through its sacraments to interpose as

a necessary intermediary between man and his God, is the church. This latter idea, it may be well to say, does not so strongly prevail in many of the dissenting bodies of Christians, in Quakerism least of all, and as an institution absolutely not at all. As the church has been a great exciting cause to virtue on the one side and to cruelty and bondage on the other, its progress must be of profound interest to the devout, the humanitarian, and the critical.

Were we to ask what makes a true Christian church? the reader would probably reply, "Christian men and women!" But who are Christian men and women? Many sects have been formed to answer this. To my mind, and I think to the Quaker mind it will be safe to say—they are those who love, follow and reflect the same Christ that Jesus did. They must be measurably like Him—well anointed (Christos) sons of God. And whether man was made for the church or the church for man; whether it was by Divine appointment, or assumes to be such, extending or withholding salvation to man; or whether it is the outgrowth of Christian character to fill a social need, one thing is certain—that as the especial exponent of Christianity it ought in all respects to be Christ-like; to teach and consistently reflect the practical virtues of Jesus Christ. That it has not always done so is certain. At the same time it is well to remember that it, like all organizations, possesses the difficulty of eliminating the selfish and unduly ambitious; and affording to more or less extent in its construction the opportunity for such natures. Young Friends should study and compare our religious organization, note its similarity to the Primitive Christian Church, its great opportunities, and help to make it partake of a genuine Christian character.

Now, before considering the Primitive Christian Church, we will briefly review the circumstances which gave rise to it, the First Reformation. The Jewish

Church taught the commandments of Moses. It observed the rites, and celebrated the events connected with the long history of the people of Israel. Nothing was more splendid than its appointments, unless it was the dignity and authority of the Imperial City and the Roman Empire. Its age carried with it respect and veneration. Time had stamped upon it the impress of authority. Its objects were worthy, but its service became largely a performance. It was rich with mental imagery and well calculated to fasten the allegiance of the simple, the superficial and the selfish. The Temple had become through its sacrificial rites a temptation to the mercenary. It had, in fact, become a "den of thieves." The priesthood was largely vain and jealous. Philosophy and sophistry was developing a cold intellectuality. Immorality throughout the Roman Empire was alarmingly general. The touching up of the heart with "a live coal from off God's altar" was wanted. A reformation was never more needed, and a reformation was at hand. John saw it coming when his call to repentance was as yet "the voice of one crying in the wilderness"—such was the state of these unhallowed times. The abuses, the corruption, the hypocrisy, his single-heartedness and simple devotion perceived, and he opened the way and heralded the day-dawn of the great reformation. What he was to this, such as Erasmus and Melancthon were to the Protestant Reformation, it may be said. He pursued the priestly function of baptism, one of the symbols of the Jewish Church, but realized how shadowy, how insignificant was his performance beside "the baptism of the Spirit and of fire" by Him whose shoe-latchet he considered himself unworthy to unloose. This virtue of humility, Jesus, it is well to note in passing, emphasized when He himself washed the feet of the disciples, and symbolized for all time to come, the attitude of the truly great towards the weak, viz: that of loving helpfulness and comfort, that

the most menial service is not beneath the dignity of the highest servant of God. It teaches us that our business is not attended to in symbolizing, but in practical doing.

Jesus belonged to the old church. His aim was to save rather than to destroy; and thus being a reformer rather than a separatist, he sought to purge the Temple. He suffered himself to comply with the form of baptism and some other rites, all the more effectually, no doubt, that he might as one of themselves, call them away from the shadow to the substance, to the reality. He came to work upon the inward consciousness of men. The outward symbolic forms of worship in which men in their ignorance and degeneracy placed their faith, he appears not, while speaking plainly, to have over-assailed, knowing full well that the reformation and regeneration of the heart will find its appropriate expression. His work in reform was largely inductive, and it is the valuable method to-day.

If, however, he did not think it prudent nor important to draw up an order of church government, we would naturally expect that if He did prescribe, its features would harmonize with His doctrine. It would be above all things consistent, and therefore plain, simple and sincere in its services. It would be free, equal to all, and intensely helpful not only to members, but more especially to others. In it we would not expect to find vanity, pride, extravagance and luxury, the expression of selfish minds. Its oversight would not prohibit any kind office to man or beast at any time or place. It would be observed as an honest, simple, loving, helpful brotherhood, wide enough to embrace humanity, without limitations as to the love and goodness of God to man in this world or in the worlds to come.

It is worth while for Young Friends to consider more earnestly which of these things are realized in our Society and which not, and why?

The next paper will endeavor to trace the development of the Primitive Church, and describe what it really was.

TWO THANKSGIVING HYMNS.

Written for a children's "Band of Mercy" by
Cornelia J. Shoemaker, Lincola, Va.

Far away in sunny southland,
Where the air is sweet with flowers;
And where lithsome bright-winged
warblers
Sing in many woodland bowers.

In a spot whose untold beauty,
Pictures nature's fairest mood,
Is a happy egret heron
Bending o'er her little brood.

And her soft and waving plumage,
Token of her motherhood,
Sweeps with loving touch the nestlings,
As she bends to give them food.

Joy unbounded fills that bird-heart;
Lifting up her head she sings;
One clear note of glad thanksgiving,
Sweetly through the woodland rings.

But its melody is silenced;
Hovering wildly near her home,
Soon her throbbing, love-filled bosom
Presses closely o'er her own.

Ere-long, rough hands finding, seize her,
And tear soft plumes from her breast,
Which kind nature gives her only
When the fledglings fill her nest.

Bleeding, bruised, bereft of motion,
While her starving babies cry,
She is left, this child of nature,
By un pitying hands to die.

* * * * *

Many—many miles to northward,
On this same November morn,
In a church whose spire-crowned summit
Upward towards the Heavens is borne,

Sits a richly dressed assembly,
Which has gathered that it may,
Unto God a grateful tribute
Offer this Thanksgiving Day.

Heads are bowed in adoration,
Lips move now in silent prayer,
And ere-long the organ's full tones,
Throbbing, pulsing, fill the air.

Yet when all those heads uplifting,
Voices join the grateful strain,
Seen the glad notes downward pinioned
By the weight of hundreds slain.

For the breezes sadly stealing
O'er the head of many a fair,
Kiss with loving touch, and tender,
Misplaced birdlings nestling there,

Sighing stir the graceful plumage,
Once the egret mother's pride,
Ere to please the eye of fashion,
Helpless babes and parents died.

* * * * *

Wonder you, when music peals forth,
And I list to songs of praise ;
Or sit down in silent worship,
On these bright Thanksgiving Days :

While the sunlight glancing downward
Through the windows, arched and high,
Flashes back from breast of oreole,
Touches hues that match the sky,

Lights the throat of some sweet warbler,
Once the minstrel of the wood ;
Plays mid slender waving pinions,
Egret's badge of motherhood ;

That from music grand and swelling,
Notes for which I long are gone ;
And those tones so sweet ascending,
Can't replace the absent song ?

That through silence deep and tender,
Starving nestling's cries I hear ;
Nature's glad Thanksgiving music
Turned to anguished notes of fear ?

Kneeling there, dear thoughtless maiden,
Thanking God for blessings known ;
Will thy Maker measure harshness
That unto his gifts is shown ?

Can he trust thy love fair matron,
When upon thy queenly head,
Voice and heart forever silenced,
Rests that birdling mother dead ?

Why this needless cruel slaughter ?
Why this sorrow, pain, and fear ?
Why these voices hushed forever,
Which our Father loves to hear ?

Nothing can their work accomplish,
Naught to us their place supply ;
As the birds sing matins o'er us,
Soaring twix the earth and sky,

They are lending man true service,
Seeking that which would destroy
Golden harvests, that their murderers,
Thankless, view with pride and joy.

Seeds they sow on rocky ledges,
And the new born coral isle
Through their care becomes a garden,
Flashing back fair nature's smile.

Lend your aid dear mercy's children ;
Teach the thoughtless to be kind ;
Help to save sweet nature's warblers ;
Help convince our sisters blind,

That the bird has lost its beauty,
When, transplanted from the wood,
Lifeless, stiff, and all distorted,
It thus shames their womanhood,

Speed the day when man, God's offspring,
To all living creatures kind,
Sees the links, which bind creation
In one chain of love divine :

Then shall rise glad strains triumphant,
And as zephyrs past us float,
They will softly sing the tidings,
Nature's hymn lacks not one note.

CHARACTÉR.

While so much is being said and written about Christianity as a force in society, the worth of Christianity as a force in the life of the individual is not obscured. A new mysticism has arisen. The intimate relation of the regenerated soul to God, with the effects which it produces upon character, is the dominant thought of several recent writers who have been wide'y read and studied. Andrew Murray, F. B. Meyer, A. J. Gordon, J. R. Miller, and others who might be named, are types of a large class of religious leaders who insist that the Christian may, if he will, be delivered in large measure from the power of sin, and thus be free to cultivate close relations with the risen Christ. They make prominent the teaching of the Holy Spirit as set forth in the Bible, which is so little understood by the average Christian. They hold that if the Spirit be within the heart, reproducing there the character of Christ as Paul declares, there should be constant progress in the Christian life ; less susceptibility to temptation as the years go by ; greater knowledge of the Divine will, and more ready obedience to it ; so that the words "dead to sin but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" may have a real meaning, not a mere theoretical interpretation. The doctrine of sanctification has indeed had some absurd constructions put upon it by people who pronounced themselves wholly free from sin, while their neighbors, and all, were obliged to differ from

them. But the fact that there is a doctrine of sanctification, which must not be obscured by the false understandings of it, has been steadily insisted upon by such religious leaders as those above named. Their words have had each year a larger audience; the summer gatherings at Northfield in this country, and Keswick in England, besides many smaller meetings, have brought together hundreds of Christians to whom these principles have grown familiar. The Scriptural meaning of "holiness" and "saints" is no longer a mystery. Many have found in the Bible "the secret of a happy life" by simply believing that redemption from sin means all that the apostles say it means. That a Christian should always remain just where he was when he turned from the old life, never receiving any greater measure of security from the temptations that grow out of the principle of selfishness is no longer accepted as natural and inevitable. Transformation is not only possible but normal, if the conditions of Christian growth are met.—*Standard, Chicago.*

THE TEACHING OF THE SPIRIT EXALTED.

Although we may be and are benefited by listening to the exhortations of the obedient, or in reading the Bible; yet, unless the quickening of the Holy Spirit is felt seasoning the service, we receive no benefit therefrom. "They who are led by the spirit of God are the sons of God," consequently they who are in the letter are taught by the mother or father of it (so to speak). Therefore these do not know "whether I speak of God or whether I speak of myself." Inspiration and not quotation reveals.

Divine service does not have its origin in well laid plans or schemes, but in the children simply complying with their Father's will. Enter thy own sacred precincts and in stillness "know that I am God," ready to com-

fort and sweeten thy life in obedience to My gentle call.

Away back in early history God was known in manifestation under the same ruling as now; showing them how to live under the regulating principle of God's Holy Spirit. Each generation advancing as the "Light," opens and clears away the fog, that superstition and tradition, together with our environments, have enshrouded us. Only accepting at this late date Jesus' counsel of love, enough to settle disputes amicably by arbitration, which is hailed with joy, thanksgiving and praise by the followers of the "Light." God has baptized this Venezuela compromise and pronounced His benediction of love to all mankind. When our Father presides, growth and not waste and destruction records wisdom's history in her own handwriting, that all may see what God hath done for his subjects in enlightening the world.

Philips, Brooks, Lyman Abbot and a host of free-thinking individuals hold their identity as Luther in manifestation (God presiding), and are lights leading to better understanding of man's relation to our Father. In love ascending the ladder God provideth them with. A system established in the beginning of time and will endure. Man may write and make laws on paper, but the unwritten law, "the Light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world," is the only true guide, and will forever supercede man's effort in glory; let men write or say what they will.

The conscience has its positive and negative—harmony and inharmony—heartfelt approval or reproval, without outside or foreign assistance. For, as the active principle of love furnished the patriarchs, it has not lost its prerogative in supplying us, and will endure. And if we continue in the "Light" we will not lose our identity in the tangled meshes of the isms and doxies. Yes, the Father is in touch with every living soul, and so Jesus taught. And a writer has said that "We

are linked to and part of wisdom—no matter how small." It is the unseen yet positive force that causes growth. Should this be taken from us, progress would cease and stagnation would follow. God being Light, the sons of men may move in the Light; causing others to admire the reflection through these obedient instruments, and they in turn maintain this illuminating Unseen Cause, because it makes the way plain to the glory of the universal soul-saving Spirit of Truth leading His people home. Religion is no sham—it is a practical infoldment, not adherence to ecclesiastical methods, but personal dealing with the Infinite Will. And in obedience to monition alone will produce happiness is a fact known to the human family, "for God has not left himself without witness in every human breast," and if approached in love will give you of that element, under qualification of the undefinable, yet ruling force, that maketh his people whole.

Complying with the Law that makes
Our combination whole
Is Unseen Force moving us,
That's centered in the soul.

What sort of a Christian would he be that need run to the Bible to learn if it would be right to pray to God at subscribed periods, and what words must be employed in supplication? True prayer comes from innate desire for help—a spontaneous heart-felt longing and craving to better our condition, which generates its own desire and endeavors for aid, that outside advice could not meet its requirements, which the Spirit alone provides us with, is the verdict of the Christian suppliant. Because we too relish the bread from heaven as well as the patriarchs; consequently, old manna is not what the children of the "Light" need. God's touch is as precious to us as it was to them, and we are equally as worthy and capable of receiving God's blessing as those of earlier date, who were just as human—erring as we do, and equally as thankful for

Our Father's love as they were; who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth none. Consequently, we do not depend upon their inspiration for our rule of faith and practice, "for he leadeth me" at times as he did them, will forever be a universal fact—that he is the Father and Saviour of his own spiritual flock. But we are often edified in reading of Our Father's dealings with the obedient in early time, and it is just as certain that he evangelizes in this day as he did then. That he continues and will be forever, ever present help with and over his own spiritual flock everywhere. Therefore practical religion is as Jesus taught—to know and learn of God, through manifestation, whose law supercedes all records. Enter thy closet, and thou shalt find the Study, and know for thyself the difference between the teachings of God and the teaching of men. Practically solving the problem of salvation by performing simple duties.

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

H. G. M.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

Contributed by "Archer" in Echo, London, Ont.

(Concluded from last issue.)

One movement made with sweetest grace,
And then she saw my eager face—
How can I further record trace?
I wildly wept in her embrace—
The fountains of my heart swept wide,
And joy poured forth its swelling tide;
The hurrying rush of eager feet,
Those whom expectant joy made fleet,
My brothers, sisters, eager each,
With glistening eye and loving speech;
All gathered round and welcome gave,
True-hearted strong, and sweet and brave.
But there was one I longed to see,
My Mary, darling, where was she?
Why came she not to greet me here?
My heart grew wild with sudden fear—
Had evil come to lay her low?
Our lives are mixed with joy and woe,
One moment radiant with the light,
Then dark and drear with sorrow's blight.
Our lives like joyous birds on wing,

All fresh with bloom as flowers in spring ;
 Rare prospects to our vision rise,
 And all is full of rare surprise ;
 But sweetest songs our hearts have known
 Have had a saddening undertone.
 The morning sun that rose so bright,
 Is often hid by storms ere night—
 The flowers that bloom soon fade and die ;
 The bright birds from the tempest fly.
 And so love's joys that round us spring,
 Like birds fly off on rapid wing ;
 My heart was flooded o'er with light,
 But now it seemed like shades of night.
 I questioned eagerly each one.
 They strove to calm with gentle tone
 The fears that did depress my mind,
 But all in vain their efforts kind ;
 For well I knew on each sad face,
 The look of pity I could trace.
 At last my mother thought it best
 To strive to set my heart at rest ;
 She told me, Mary, weak and pale,
 Lay in the cottage in the vale ;
 That fever, like a blasting storm,
 Had left its ravage on her form ;
 That sad and languid there she lay
 In weakness every passing day :
 Sometimes the dread, dark angel's wing,
 Her feeble heart was shadowing ;
 And then again the pulse of life
 Would seem to conquer in the strife.
 My heart was crushed with sorrow deep—
 My soul so sad I could not weep.
 No longer lingering could I stay,
 But quickly sought the pebbled way,
 Where oft my gentle Mary's feet
 Had made my heart with rapture beat.
 I crossed the brook that ran so free,
 Its song was mournful now to me ;
 On through the woods where oft I passed,
 Its branches now a shadow cast ;
 This path, I thought with joy to tread,
 Seemed strewn with fairest hopes now
 dead.

My Mary's home soon came in view ;
 Oh heart of love, so strong and true !
 Soon to the chamber I was led
 With anxious heart and cautious tread,
 And gently o'er her as I wept,
 Still beautiful, she sweetly slept.
 Alas ! that fragile feeble form,
 Like broken lily in the storm ;
 So still, ethereal and white,
 It scarce restrained her spirit's flight ;
 But soon her wearied eyelids raised,
 And o'er her stole a look amazed ;
 A flush rose to her pallid cheek,
 Her feeble lips she moved to speak ;
 The light of love flashed in her eye—
 Oh, love that death and time defy ;
 I bent and gently kissed her brow ;
 That hour I well remember now—
 Then trembling all the love of life,
 Rose conquering o'er the fever strife.

By day, by night I vigil kept.
 I never strayed, I rarely slept.
 I saw the pale cheek brighter glow,
 Life's crimson tide more freely flow ;
 The pallor on her cheek and brow,
 By flush of life succeeded now ;
 The weary eyes, now full and bright,
 Beamed daily with increasing light ;
 And by the summer flowers had blown
 Sweet Mary to full strength had grown.

One eve the sun's declining beam
 Threw crimson light o'er lake and stream ;
 The vales, the fields, the forest high
 The sunset's glow did glorify—
 The western heaven's like-molten fire—
 The flame of red touched pane and spire ;
 Like snowy mountains tinged with light,
 The golden clouds were to the sight.
 Here silver lakes with golden streams,
 And shores that caught the amber gleams
 Of light, that softly died away
 As closed the gates of parting day.
 And, as the fading light grew dim,
 We sang sweet praises unto Him
 Who gave us life, who gave us light,
 And brought us health, and strength, and
 sight.

I drew sweet Mary to my side,
 I asked her now to be my bride.
 Her parted lips spake love's consent,
 And all the flood of sweet content,
 Of rarest bliss, of joy complete,
 Thrilled thro' my soul like music sweet.

Again the autumn swiftly came
 To tinge the fading woods with flame ;
 The ripened fruitage gathered in—
 The golden grain is in the bin.
 From month to month time quickly fled
 To bring the day that we would wed ;
 O'er all the hills, and through the dells,
 Rang forth the silver Christmas bells.
 The earth, like virgin, pure and bright,
 Was dressed in snowy robes of white—
 With crystal gems adorned fair,
 In beauty glorified and rare.
 This day of all of life to me,
 Would sacred, bright, and happy be,
 My heart beat high with hope and pride,
 For Mary soon would be my bride.
 From village homes at happy day
 The merry-hearted wend their way,
 Down by the brook beyond the mill,
 To where the church stands on the hill.
 Oh ! bells, ring out your music sweet ;
 Beat, happy hearts ; press eager feet ;
 The golden song of love and peace,
 The happy sounding bells release ;
 Float up the vale, sweep o'er the hill,
 O, notes of love, peace, and good will !
 Each joyous heart with rapture swells,
 To rhythmic music of the bells.

Soon up the aisle in beauty's pride,
 Like lovely vision came the bride—
 To fluttering hearts and eager sight,
 She radiant seemed in robes of white ;
 With gentle grace the words were said,
 The sweet assent, and we were wed.
 Then all the silver bells let free
 Their thrilling tones of melody ;
 Out through the clear and frosty air,
 Like blessed psalm and solemn prayer ;
 Then clear and sweet like birds in song,
 The silver sounding notes prolong—
 Down through the vale, and o'er the hill,
 And echoing round the quaint old mill ;
 And every heart that homeward went,
 Felt music as of sweet content,

So now together toiling on,
 We sweeten labor's hours with song ;
 Then, when there comes the cloud of care,
 We lift our wearied hearts in prayer ;
 And as love's joys around us spring,
 Our very hearts in praise take wing ;
 And oft when evening shadows come,
 We gather round the hearth at home ;
 We speak of earth in beauty bright
 That broke upon my darkened sight.
 With earnest hearts we wondering wait
 Till time shall ope the golden gate,
 And eyes to heaven's glories sealed
 Shall see its glories grand revealed ;
 Beneath heaven's shadowing wing we stand,
 And love doth lead us by the hand.
 We calmly wait for brightest light,
 Till faith and hope give place to sight.

THE SPIRIT OF SYMPATHY.

Few people are more repugnant and more undesirable as companions or associates than cold, impervious, unimpressible persons who pass unmoved and apparently untouched through scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow, seeming to have no chords to vibrate in common with the humanity about them, to be set apart from the range of common feeling and common emotions. Some pride themselves on the cultivation and attainment of these unsympathetic traits, this immovability and hardness of heart. They call it dignity, strength and poise of character, a spirit of calmness and serenity—all virtues to be desired in their true form and right proportions, but not to be mistaken for selfishness, callousness, uncharitableness and coldness of heart.

Better almost anything, even childish extravagance and impetuosity, than these. Imperturbability of countenance and steadiness of nerve under all circumstances and conditions are regarded by some as marks of high culture and stern discipline, and so they may often be ; but the danger is that this hardening process may be carried so far as to deaden if not destroy the finer sensibilities, the soft and tender feelings which sweeten and ennoble humanity, and which only grow and blossom in their fullness and beauty in hearts that are open to the sunshine, in natures that have been enriched and made large and fruitful because they have been genial, receptive and responsive to the common needs, influences and demands of common life in its common round ; because they have been in close and sympathetic touch with the currents of thought and emotion which are always and everywhere swaying the lives and conduct of men.

To stand studiously aloof from such things, to cultivate a habit of repressing and silencing every display of feeling, every exhibition of sympathy, under the mistaken idea that such is the way of the refined and lofty nature, can only result in time in encrusting the heart about with a shell that withers and kills its tenderest and sweetest virtues because it allows neither the going out nor the coming in of those happy influences in whose free action alone can such virtues live and thrive. A man with such an encrusted heart, a nature that can pass unmoved up and down among the joys and sorrows of humanity with tearless eyes and mirthless countenance—such a man might serve when done in marble on some lofty pedestal ; but he has no place in a world like this, where weddings and funerals, the usherings in and the usherings out of life, constitute so large a part of the business of mankind. A culture of whatever kind that gives a result like that is worse than no culture at all. Better a land of

thorns and brambles than a dry and arid desert; better a simple and untutored savage than a heartless, passionless philosopher, a human iceberg; a walking glacier. Of such a man it may be more truly said than of him who "hath no music in his soul," that he is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, and is not to be trusted.

It remains to be said, and said truly, that there is no soil in which the flower of human sympathy grows in such beauty and plenteousness as in the soil warmed and enriched by the love of Christ. As Christ himself gave nearly all his earthly life to lowly ministrations among his fellow-men, to turning their sorrows into joys, and their despairings into hopefulness, so he is set before the world to-day and for all time as the very pattern and ideal of all pity and compassion. In a world of sorrows he was eminently a Man of Sorrows, and yet he gladly ministered at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee, and his presence threw no shadow over that happy time. He was not ashamed to weep when others wept, nor be moved upon in many ways by the scenes through which he passed. A heart so truly tender, a nature so open, so responsive, so closely in touch with the lie of all humanity, so vibrant to all the nobler and higher influences which move the souls of men—such another the world has never seen.

And so to be Christ-like is to be sympathetic; it is inevitable. To be filled with his spirit is to be filled with pity and compassion, to follow in his footsteps is to follow in deeds of love and mercy. Christianity is distinguished from all other religions in the world by the impulse and direction which it gives to kindness, charity and sympathetic feeling among men in the largest and most concrete form. And as with Christianity so with the individual Christian, a distinguishing characteristic is the spirit of tenderness and sympathy, a desire to go about as did the Master, doing good

and failing not. The saintliest and divinest life is the life abounding in deeds of mercy. In a world so full of sorrow and misery as this, no heart can be true to itself or true to God, no soul can fulfill its mission, no nature can be ordered according to the ordering of heaven, that is not sympathetic, compassionate, full of love. To be otherwise is to be abnormal, lifeless, Christless.—[Christian Work.

RICH LANDS IN THE FAR NORTH.

Mr. Tyrell, of the Geological Survey Department, has arrived at Winnipeg, bound for Ottawa, and reports having discovered rich tracts of agricultural and stock raising country hitherto unknown. He left Selkirk on January 24. From Norway House he descended the Nelson River in a canoe to the Pine River, ascending it to Wolf River. Again the Nelson was descended for seventy five miles, until the Brentwood River was reached, thence down the Grassy River to the Sturgeon, which brought them to the Saskatchewan at Cumberland House. Recently they reached Prince Albert. Mr. Tyrell says that there are large areas of rich, cultivable lands west of the Nelson River, and though wheat is not grown, simply because it would be of no value, all varieties of vegetables are produced in the gardens of the Hudson Bay Company posts, and prove hardy. Except for the climate, he declares that that country is as richly blessed as the famed Red River valley.—*Scientific American*.

The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

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ONTARIO, CANADA.

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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.

Peñham Half Yearly Meeting is held at Coldstream, 2nd mo. 20th. Public meeting is held on First-day, the 21st; Lobo Monthly Meeting at same place on Sixth-day, the 19th.

All civilized people should rejoice at the recent Treaty of Arbitration about concluded between Great Britain and the United States, by which disputes between the two nations are to be left for settlement to a court of arbitrators. May we not hope that this is a beginning of a much wider and closer international relationship, including ere long all nations, and resulting in universal peace and free intercourse?

The terrible tragedy which has been repeating itself all too often for the past year or two in Armenia, seems now to be nearing an end. Russia has at last consented to support England in the endeavor to stop the awful work of the Turk, and France is following suit. We would like to see the United States joining these nations in this noble undertaking.

Subscriptions continue to come in for the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. It takes time to complete the lists. Names may be added to the lists already sent for some time yet. Please get as many *new* names as possible to send with the lists of old subscribers. We would like very much to double our number of readers this year. We hope to make the REVIEW better than ever before. It is just the paper for dull times—only 50 cents a whole year. We shall gladly send *sample copies* on request.

The famine in India is becoming widespread and serious, and its fatality is being seriously augmented by the plague, principally in Bombay. Already nearly 2,000,000 people are on relief works, and how many more require relief is beyond estimate. An appeal is being made for help throughout the British Empire for suffering India. A Canadian National Indian famine fund has been opened by the Governor General and the Federal Cabinet. Funds sent to Lord Aberdeen will be duly forwarded.

The British Friend of 1st mo., in commenting on the appearance of the *Prison Service Review*, says: "The first number is an able one, and we are glad to see in it an excellent article by William Tallack on 'The Churches and Penal Reforms.' The writer points out how our Society has almost from the first pioneered the movement for reform in penal treatment, and has been supported by able men belonging

to the Church of England, the Church of Rome, the Unitarians, and last, but not least, the Salvation Army. Strange to say, not one of the other Nonconformist bodies has contributed anything of importance to the movement. 'Neither at the Methodist Conferences, nor at the Annual Assemblies of the Congregational Union, or the Baptist Union, nor at the Presbyterian Synods, nor in the gatherings of the Plymouth Brethren, do the divine and human claims of the prisoner and the criminal appear to elicit any particular interest or effort.'

Dr. John Henry Barrows, who was chairman of the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago at the time of the Worlds' Fair, has been travelling in the East, and has lately been sending some very interesting accounts home. In his article on Egypt printed in *The Chicago Record* of 1st mo. 16, we find the following item, which we know will be of interest to many of our readers: "One American whom I had hoped to see in Cairo, Dr. Grant Bey, died a few months ago, and is here universally mourned. He was an Egyptologist, and will be remembered as having been present at the congress of religions, to which he contributed a paper on the 'Religious Ideas of the Ancient Egyptians.' Two other men, who were present at the parliament, I have unexpectedly met in Cairo. They were present at the Sunday services in the American mission. One of them is Christophora Jibara, formerly archimandrite of Damascus. He is still very active and earnest in what he deems his chief mission, persuading Christians to give up the doctrine of the Trinity, which prevents, as it seems to him, their coming into any union with Mohammedans and Jews. He believes that Christ is the Son of God and wrought a gospel of redemption. Jibara is a master of several languages, and I tried in vain to persuade him to employ his powers of speech in preaching a positive gospel, instead of smiting

all his life at a dogma which has worn out many hammers. The other attendant at the parliament, unexpectedly met in Cairo, is the traveler and Chaldean archbishop, Prince de Nouri, who has kindly acted as my interpreter in many very interesting interviews. He is equally ready in English, French, Turkish, Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Malabasi, Urdu, and eight other languages. He has traveled almost everywhere, and I doubt if there is any other man now living who has made the acquaintance in their homes of so large a number of distinguished people."

BORN.

MILLS.—To Lillian E. and O Perry Mills, of Clear Creek, Ills., 1st mo. 16th, a son, named Golden Edsall.

DIED.

MILLS.—At Clear Creek, Putnam County, Illinois, on the 16th of 1st mo., Lillian E., wife of O. P. Mills, and daughter of Nathan Edsall, aged 28 years Deceased was late clerk of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting.

According to the Mosaic law, a person passing a bird's nest, either in the fields or in the trees, should leave the bird, its eggs or its young unharmed. But now, 2,500 years later, in a Christian land, by Christian men and boys, for Christian women, millions of birds are annually snatched from their nests, leaving untold numbers of eggs and starving young ones to perish, in order that the so-called Christian women of our land might make walking undertaking establishments of themselves by wearing the corpses of mangled birds upon their hats—all this being done because it is the style. If you women wore these dead birds where you could see them, it might be different. But to place them upon your heads, where you can't see them after you leave the looking glass, just to satisfy your vanity, makes the crime infinitely worse.—*Rev. O. P. Gifford, Baptist.*

TRENTON FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

The regular, and also annual meeting of the Trenton Friends' Association was held 12 mo. 28th, 1896. The officers for the ensuing year were installed, and the retiring Secretary read a summary of the year's proceedings. She noted a renewed interest in association work since we entered our new quarters, and gave a list of papers read during the year, which covered the ground of Friends' History and Biography, Temperance, Peace, First-day School work, Poetry, &c.

The programme for the evening was then taken up and the paper, "The Various Branches of Friends and their Differences," by Edmund Willets, was read. This was a well-written article, treating of Friend's doctrine and forms of worship, which were the causes of the separation and giving the names of the different branches. The discussion which followed brought forth many new points and showed much thought upon the subject.

"Should Friends have a Catechism," was a paper prepared by Caroline Preston. It was very clearly and concisely written, and from her point of view shows the need of a catechism in our First-day School, for, as she writes, "One of the objects of the Sabbath or First-day School is to teach the religious views of the Society to which the pupil belongs, and an apt scholar is supposed to know something of the distinctive tenets of the Society. It has seemed in my humble judgment one of the mistakes we have made that we have not put our belief in such shape that the average pupil would be able to give a definite answer to the oft repeated question, What do Friends believe? The discussion which followed showed much difference of opinions as to the need of a catechism, but all seemed to think that there was a necessity of some standard of Friends' principles which could be taught in the First-day Schools.

Seth Ely read a portion of his paper upon "The Proceedings of the Religious Congress at Swarthmore." He quoted from the paper by Dean Bond, read before the Congress upon "Spiritual Religion," and J. W. Plummer's remarks in response to it defining Spirit and Religion. Owing to the lateness of the hour the paper was discontinued, to be finished at the next meeting.

We are much indebted to William J. Hall, of Swarthmore, for his entertaining and instructive illustrated lecture upon "The Children of the Other Half," given in the Meeting House, under the auspices of the Association, upon Twelfth mo. 14th, 1896.

A. C. REEVES,
Secretary.

FISHING CREEK HALF-YEARLY MEETING

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Fishing Creek Half Year Meeting was held 12th mo., 24th, 1896, and the Monthly Meeting of Friends at Millville the 23rd, the Youths' Meeting the 25th.

Isaac and Ruth Wilson were with us at the Half Year Meeting, the Youths' Meeting, and remained over First-day, thus continuing the feast.

The Gospel message flowed pure and free, and much food for thought was given forth. A few of the morsels might be gathered and passed on without diminishing our own store.

Christ must be born in us, or it profiteth us nothing.

Though Christ a thousand times,
In Bethlehem be born,
If He is not born in thee,
Thy soul is all forlorn.

If the Christ power enter in or is born in us, it will drive out all that is impure, all that defiles. There will be no room for the intoxicating cup, the cigar or cigarette, the impure word, the foul oath, nor the uncharitable feeling against our neighbor.

A word of encouragement was given to those who cannot tell just when the Christ was born in them, or just when they were converted, and feel anxious about their own salvation on that account. We may be convicted, convinced and converted on one point to-day and may have a similar experience on another point to-morrow. Thus our conversion may be a gradual and continuous one, and we may advance step by step until Christ, the Light of God, has dominion over us, and the evil, if any be found, will be driven out.

"Go, work in my vineyard, and whatsoever is right will I give you." If we wish to labor in the Lord's vineyard we must present ourselves in readiness to heed the call whenever it may be given. We must show a willingness, a desire for work, and it will be given even if it is at the eleventh hour, and if we enter at once when bidden the penny will be ours. Let us be willing, faithful workers. God cannot do his work unless man does his part.

On Fifth-day evening, the 24th, the 50th anniversary of the opening of the present meeting-house was observed. The programme consisted of an opening address, historical sketches of the property and meeting, a poem, and papers reviewing the past as compared with the present, and an outlook into the future. This meeting was under the care of a joint committee from the Young Friends' Association, and the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Millville.

The company and services of our Friends were much appreciated. K.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Y. F. A.

A regular meeting of the Young Friends' Association of Plainfield, N. J., was held First mo. 6th.

After the opening silence and a selection from the Psalms, the Literature Section presented a few pages from the chapter on "Worship," in "Quaker Strongholds."

This formed an appropriate introduction to Isaac Roberts paper on "Silent Worship," which had been kindly loaned for the evening, and which was read by Clara S Rushmore. The paper was greatly enjoyed.

'Ian McLaren and his Life Creed' furnished the chief topic of discussion under the head of Current Events.

The roll call was responded to with appropriate sentiments.

CORNELIA A GAVETT,
Correspondent.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

EDWARD COALE ON THE SUN-
NY SOUTH.

At our last Illinois Yearly Meeting the subject was presented and favorably considered of taking some action to induce our members who design removing to the farther West to locate in localities where there are or are likely to be others who would be willing to assist in organizing a Meeting. A committee was appointed to visit, and investigate as way opens, such localities as in their judgment would be best suited to the various tastes or needs of our membership. Although not a member of that committee the present article is penned with the same motive, and has the same object in view.

I have no personal interest in any one locality more than another, neither have I any land to sell, and I am not agent for any, and hence nothing to make or lose in any transaction that may be made. My only object in visiting or writing is the welfare of our membership and the enlargement of our borders. It has been some years since there has been emigration to the farther West, owing to the crop failures there, and the financial depression, but on the dawn of better times which we hope is now here, it will start again; not only from east of the Mississippi but from west of the Missouri, people will go farther west for health or for a location where they will not be

compelled to depend on the natural rainfall for moisture. Many of the former are continually longing for that which can only be found in a milder climate and greater elevation. In considering various localities we too often neglect to consider the claims our Society and the principles it represents have upon us. If we ever have gatherings in our name in the West it will largely be the result of the care our parent meetings extend in this line.

This article is in the interest of Los Lunas, in Central New Mexico. It is the county seat of Valencia county, twenty miles south of Albuquerque, the largest city in the Territory, and on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé railroad. I spent a few days there the latter part of Tenth month enjoying the company of my good friends, J. Russell Lownes and family, and pleasant drives for three days north and south in the Rio Grande Valley. Our friends came to this place from Lincoln, Nebraska, on account of Fannie's health (Russell's wife), and the change a year has wrought is simply wonderful, and they are enthusiastic in their praise of New Mexico.

The elevation here is 4,800 feet, 1,800 feet higher than the top of the Alleghanies. The latitude is about that of middle Tennessee, and the atmosphere so clear that mountain peaks 120 miles south are plainly visible, while the surrounding mountains that to me seemed only from two to five miles away were from ten to thirty, and the trees were plainly visible almost to the summit; some of their summits were covered with snow, the result of storms a few days before, but not expected to remain long. "The air seems so pure and the sky so blue," is the universal remark.

There is said to be bear, antelope, and other wild game yet in the mountains, but not so plentiful as in former years. New Mexico was settled by the Spanish early in the Sixteenth

Century, and some of the earliest buildings yet remain. I visited a Catholic church in Albuquerque said to be over 300 years old. In the western part of this country it is said a person cannot travel six miles without observing some evidences of a former civilization entirely pre-historic. Near San Mateo a buried city covering 200 acres has recently been discovered. The tradition of Pueblo Indians is that the men went south when the Spaniards invaded Mexico, and never came back. What an interesting field for the antiquarian! I did not visit that part of the country, but hope by another summer to do so, and pitch my tent by the side of one of their crystal mountain springs.

I spent three days riding over the country and viewing it mainly from an agricultural and business standpoint. One tract of 1,200 acres across the river east from Los Lunas is particularly nice. It lies immediately on the river (Rio Grande), and has its own ditches for irrigation. I think it is all level land with sufficient fall to carry the water to every part, quite sandy, and with little clusters or isolated cottonwood trees indicating a warm, moist soil. I thought as we rode over this beautiful tract how nice it would be for a colony to own it all. They could make their own society, schools, etc., and better yet, could own and control the water.

The following day was *First day*, and it seemed to be the mutual desire to hold a meeting in one of the spacious rooms of the house our friend Russell now occupies. So at 3 p. m. a goodly number assembled. One Jewess, some Catholics, a Methodist, a Baptist, and a few Friends were at the meeting, and as the prayer arose that all might be done in His name, a feeling of thankfulness came that He had done so much for us. There were several testimonies borne. We all felt it to be a favored time, and in great solemnity closed what we believe to be the first meeting

of our branch of Friends ever held in New Mexico.

On Second-day, the 19th, we visited Belen, 12 miles south, on the Santa Fe road, and on the west side of the river. The moving spirit of this place is John L. Becker, who came to this country twenty years ago penniless. He now owns a roller mill costing \$50,000, and ground last year 64,000 bushels of wheat all raised, and flour sold, here, his wheat costing about \$1.00 per hundred pounds, and best flour selling for \$2.25. He also owns a department store that would be called large in a city of 50,000 people, and very large for here. The neatness and order in every department is remarkable. He is also interested in other enterprises, including grape culture and wine making, and finds himself a very busy man, and is a great favorite among the people. As we saw so few houses in our morning ride, I just wondered where all his customers came from. There is also another very large and complete store here. This is claimed to be the best wheat country in the world. There were certainly the finest samples of wheat I ever saw, weighing, the head miller assured me, sometimes 70 pounds to the bushel.

The farming is now done mainly by the shiftless Mexican, who lives on the basis that sufficient for the day is the need thereof. Their threshing machine is a herd of the little burros on an earthen flour, and their fanning mill a windy day and pitch fork. The yield by their methods I was assured, was from 20 to 40 bushels per acre, and 300 bushels is called a large crop for one man. I omitted to mention it is all harvested with the old-fashioned sickle.

On our return we visited the ranch of a German named Pohl. While chatting in his office, with its nice business desk and type-writer, we enjoyed his description of his successes and failures in the ten years of lonely residence. He is a man of enterprise

and has certainly made a success. He has about 2,000 fruit trees besides vast amounts of shrubbery and vines. System seemed to be his watchword,—everything in such good shape. His *adobe* house was nice both inside and out. He and his wife seemed delighted with our call, and promised to call on our friend Russell and wife soon.

On the next day we went ten or twelve miles south on the east side of the river. On our way we passed the ruins of San Fernandez, the former capital of New Mexico, when it was under Spanish rule. A pile of *adobe* ruins mark the spot where the last Spanish Governor, Bartolomé Baca, lived. All around are similar evidences of former life and action, now entirely abandoned. Soon after we passed through the old town of Tomé. It has been large, and was the county seat. The old church has been standing about 125 years, and is yet in use; it remains open so the votaries of the faith (Catholic) may enter and pay their devotions in their own way. As I stood by the side of our kind and generous host, A. M. Bergere, as he with the greatest solemnity performed that which seemed to him to be right, it filled me with unspeakable charity, so I could not abridge the sublime beatitude, "the pure in heart shall see God." All the buildings in these old places are *adobe*, with massive walls from three to four feet thick, and one low story, which with the prevailing Mexican color, language, appearance, and habit, makes one feel like a stranger in a strange land.

Our destination was a nicely improved tract of 137 acres owned by our host, A. M. Bergere. The large number of fruit trees and very large vineyard of Mission grapes, all in the very best condition, showed what care and enterprise can do here; also his large stacks of alfalfa, of which they get three or four crops a year, and which brings them baled and deliver-

ed, about \$8.00 per ton. Our host also has among his possessions several thousand acres of land and numbers his horses by the hundreds and sheep by the thousands. Like John L. Becker, he has a large wine cellar.

We passed many Mexican farms in our ride, and over a territory that will eventually be as near an Eden as any other part of our beautiful world. The valley here between the river and mountains on the east, I would suppose to be ten miles wide, and nearly all can be reached with the river and mountain streams. This is certainly an undeveloped country; we see so little of what skill and enterprise could do. Their system of applying water is as crude as their methods of agriculture, and the wonder is how they live at all,—it is certainly on the basis, "man wants but little here below." What is needed is colonies of Northern people with their system, enterprise, and methods. They have as rich a soil and varied in production almost as California. They raise as fine fruit as any part of the world and on account of their elevation and latitude have a climate unsurpassed, and real estate is held at prices nominal in comparison with farther west.

I would not encourage any one who is settled and satisfied to change his location, neither would I be understood to claim there are no drawbacks here; it would not be true. I do not mention them because people differ. But to any who desire to change their present residence, either for health or profit, I desire to present the claims of New Mexico. Our friend Russell Lownes and family feel that they are permanently located there, and desire to have others join them so they can have their own little Meeting. He is not a land agent and is only interesting himself and trying to interest others because he believes he is justified in it. He will gladly answer all inquiries, and I am sure W. J. Black, A. G. P. A. Santa Fé railroad, Topeka, Kansas,

will gladly furnish any with such New Mexico literature as they may have, on application. EDWARD COALE.

Holder, Illinois.

ARBITRATION FOR THE TWO ENGLISH-SPEAKING NATIONS.

(From the American Friend.)

Who could have imagined a little more than a year ago, when we were in the midst of the war talk over Venezuela, that President Cleveland's administration would be signalized by the signing of a treaty of arbitration with England, and that the message which seemed to carry a threat of war would be followed in a year by a message announcing that for five years at least these two great nations would settle their differences by judicial proceedings rather than by a system of international duel! Yet so it is. The treaty, which we have once or twice stated to be in preparation, is now finished, and has received official signature. It has, however, one more gaurtlet to run. It must be ratified by our Senate. Under ordinary conditions this would occasion no very serious consideration, for such a noble achievement for the welfare of the race and for the establishment of peaceful relations between the English-speaking peoples would be ratified at once. In fact, it is hailed by the press of the country and by intelligent public sentiment as one of the most remarkable achievements of the century, but it is already evident that it will meet a resistance in the Senate, which will prove more or less dangerous. We cannot believe that it will be defeated, for that would mean that the Senate has really reached the lowest point of degradation of which its worst enemies charge it. It is feared that some of the senators will oppose the treaty out of spite to the President and to Secretary Olney, who has proved to be a statesman of

no ordinary ability, because the latter have punctured on two or three occasions their bubbles of jingoism. This would be a littleness of patriotism and public spirit beyond anything we can yet believe of the members of our Senate, and in the second place few senators will dare to stand, in an important matter such as this, against a powerful public sentiment which moves steadily in favor of the treaty. Few senators would like to face the disapproval of the best element of their constituency.

There can, however, be little doubt that they will submit the treaty to a very searching examination, and in this they are perfectly right, so long as they do it in a large spirit of patriotism, and with a sense of public responsibility, though they should not forget how difficult it is to draw a treaty of the scope of this one, which shall be absolutely satisfactory in every detail, and they should realize that every inch of the ground has been worked over with the most patient care, and that necessary concessions have been made on both sides. This great treaty is one of the fruits which eighteen centuries have slowly ripened. It has come by natural processes of diplomacy and statesmanship, and yet it is none the less the work of the Prince of Peace. It means that two of the most enlightened nations of the world are now civilized enough to make a positive trial of a Christian method of gaining justice. Eminent jurists are to adjust our differences, and they are no longer to be referred to the 'great captains with their guns and drums.'

The cases of supreme importance are to go before a court composed of three British jurists and three Judges of our Supreme or Circuit Courts, and a final decision will require a vote of at least five of the Judges to one, so that no great injustice is ever likely to be done to either nation. If this experiment proves successful, as we have every reason to believe it will, it will

gradually be extended, and nation after nation will enter the brotherhood, and the system can easily be adapted for universal application.

At present England spends \$4 a year per capita to maintain an army, and only 70 cents per capita upon education. The proportion on the continent of Europe is much more distorted than this. When the principles now expressed in this treaty shall permeate the nations the immense sums now squandered to maintain the worse than useless system can go to educate and expand the natural powers of the citizen, and the progress of the race will go on with a rapidity beyond anything we now conceive.

PRAYING MARY.

(Published by request.)

A number of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and among others it was asked how the command to "pray without ceasing" could be complied with. Various suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it, to be read at the next Monthly Meeting; which, being overheard by a plain, sensible servant girl, she exclaimed, "What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of that text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible."

"Well, well," said an old minister, "Mary, what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it; can you pray all the time?"

"O, yes, sir."

"What! when you have so many things to do?"

"Why, sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray."

"Indeed! well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise."

"Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my under-

standing ; and while I am dressing I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness ; and when I have washed me, I ask for a washing of regeneration ; and as I begin to work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day ; when I begin to kindle up the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my soul ; and as I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed of all impurities ; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the word ; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as *my* Father and pray for the spirit of adoption, that I may be His child ; and so on all day, every thing I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer."

"Enough, enough," cried the old divine, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent ; go on, Mary" said he, "pray without ceasing" ; and as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that 'the meek will He guide in judgment.'"

THE METEOR FELL AT HIS FEET.

The remarkable experience of witnessing a meteor flashing across the firmament, watching it in its course and seeing the stone drop to earth within a few yards of where one is standing comes to but few people, yet such a happening occurred recently to a citizen of Albina, Oregon, says the Portland Telegraph. It was shortly after 10.30 p. m. that Mr. Hall started to go to his lodgings. Reaching the corner of Rodney Avenue, he was startled by a sudden illumination of the sky towards the east. Gazing aloft, he saw what at first he took to be a ball from a Roman candle fired from some pyrotechnic display incident to the many processions. As the flaming

globe approached, however, it assumed such size that the Roman candle supposition was precluded. Nearing the earth, the oncoming ball of fire could be seen to be bringing with it a trail of bluish sparks, which left the main body with a peculiar cracking sound resembling the snapping of charcoal.

Barely missing the roof of a house, the visitant from the heavens took a long, swooping flight, as though repelled by the earth's surface, finally alighting in a bed of hardpan, burying itself to a depth of some five inches. The distance from where Mr. Hall was standing to where the meteor alighted was so slight that he had a fair view of that portion of the meteor exposed. From this came a shower of sparks, much the same as though the component parts of the meteoric visitor contained a percentage of saltpeter.

Going over to the spot where the fragment of some heavenly body broken loose in space had alighted, he found the meteor still at a white heat. Having no means of handling it, he informed some people there of the phenomenon he had witnessed.

Hall and two other men then returned to the lot. On the way an empty lard kettle was picked up, and reaching the spot an attempt was made to scoop the fragment of a disintegrated planet into this plebeian receptacle. The piece of the meteor, on being moved, emitted fumes so pungent and nauseous as to drive the meteor hunters away. After waiting some minutes for the stone to cool, the party again tried to get it into the kettle, but were again driven back by the odor of the gases. A third attempt was, however, successful, and the meteor was borne back to Turner's.

The piece is of an irregular shape, much resembling a lump of hard clay that had broken loose from a cut and rolled to the roadbed below.—Scientific America.

THE OVERPRODUCTION OF BOOKS.

The enormous output of books in late years surprises everyone; few facts are more familiar, few are more commonly remarked, and few arouse such confusion of mind as to where they came from, why they exist, and how they find buyers and readers. In the year 1895 no fewer than 5,580 new books were published in England, besides 935 new editions of old books. In a single month the *New York Times*, to which we are indebted for these facts, has received more than 400 books for review.

The output is indeed so large that one might be tempted to infer that the proportion of books published to manuscripts offered for publication is becoming every year much larger than it formerly was. But the fact appears to be that this proportion, instead of changing in that way, is changing in the other direction. With all the increase in publications, there has also been increase in writing. Frederick Macmillan, at a recent dinner in London, stated that his house in one year had accepted only 22 books out of 315 that were submitted; while Mr. A. Chatto, in a published interview, affirmed that his house accepted an average of only about 13 for every 500 submitted.

Surrounded as we have been by a flood, we have, therefore, to thank the publishers that we are not in the midst of a deluge. Assuming that Mr. Macmillan's ratio is the ratio of all publishers, and provided all submitted manuscripts had been published, but excluding the unknown factor that the same manuscript was often submitted to several publishers, we should have had instead of 5,580 new books, 72,540; while the same computation, with Mr. Chatto's figures as a guide, would have given us 212,040 books, or nearly 700 for each day of the year, exclusive of Sundays.

The causes of this increase in the number of books are not far to seek. Cheapness of production—cheaper composition, cheaper paper, cheaper binding—is a great one, but a greater is the increase in the number of those who read. Popular education here shows some of the results of its work. But who shall say why 313 persons should continue to write books when only 22 can have them accepted, or why 500 should write them when only 13 can hope for acceptance? Is this also due to the spread of popular education and the resultant ambition to write?

The ability to write has become a common accomplishment; that is, the ability to write what is fairly grammatical. Scores of persons who write books which they hope to see published probably do not realize that something more than correct sentences is necessary. Provided they have a subject, with some knowledge of it, all that remains necessary from their standpoint is to write correctly. They do not know that correct writing no more makes a good writer than correct use of mechanics' tools makes an architect. No mere grammarian ever was an artist in words; indeed, the greatest artists in words have sometimes not been grammarians at all.

The future probably holds for us little hope that the number of books will decline; on the contrary, they are more likely to increase in number with the years. But we need not despair; despair remains only for the librarians—for Mr. Spofford and Dr. Billings. The great public will be protected, for the good books will live and the bad ones will surely die—and the death will be a natural one. There were millions of houses in the ancient world, but only one Partheon. Italy has had millions of buildings, but the Pantheon, St. Marks, and St Peter's still stand, as they will stand for some ages longer. We may get our 5,000 or our 10,000 books each year, but it will still remain true that not more than one really

great book can be produced in a century or so. Europe waited several centuries to get her Dante, her Shakespeare, her Moliere, her Cervantes. Meanwhile, with the second great ones came whole regiments of lesser men, who had their brief reward, and then went each his silent way, book in hand, into the unknown beyond.—*Exchange*

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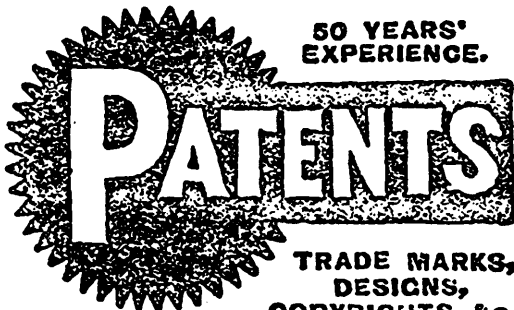
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