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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. X.

LONDON, ONT., FIFTH MONTH 15TH, 1895.

NO. 10

"LET IT PASS."

Be not swift to take offence ;
Forbearance is a mark of sense !
Let it pass !
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
Which will disappear ere long ;
Rather sing this cheery song,—
Let it pass ! Let it pass !

Strife corrodes the purest mind ;
In it no pleasure can we find,—
Let it pass !
All vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve ;
'Tis the noble who forgive,—
Let it pass ! Let it pass !

Echo not an angry word ;
Think how often you have erred,—
Let it pass !
Since our joys must pass away,
Like dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay ?—
Let them pass ! Let them pass !

If for good you've taken ill,
Oh ! be kind and gentle still,—
Let it pass !
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great,—
Let it pass ! Let it pass !

Bid your anger quick depart ;
Lay these homely words to heart,—
"Let it pass !"
Follow not the heedless throng,
Better to be wronged than wrong ;
Therefore sing the cheery song,—
"Let it pass ! Let it pass !"
—Selected.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

RUTH, A TALE OF THE SEPARATION.

Continued from last issue.

CHAPTER III.—LIFE IN THE NEW HOME.

In the midst of the thanksgiving dinner, shared with neighbors and friends, Ruth felt more lonely than when all by herself she had returned to her own desolate home after her mother's funeral. But with a prayer

in her heart that God would enable her to do the work required of her in the new home, she watched for opportunities to serve those around her, and found many. William and Annie were like brother and sister to her, but Mary showed her no affection, and Ruth tried in vain, as she thought, to win the love of her Aunt Marguerette ; her uncle had been very kind to her from the first. Poor Lizzette tried so hard to please her that Mary angrily told her one day that she would do more for that little Quaker than for any of the rest of the family, to which Lizzette replied with an unusual flash of her black eyes, "Yes, Miss Mary, I would, for she is the only one who loves me." This conversation, overheard accidentally by Ruth, brought forth a mild rebuke, and the request that she would apologize to Mary for her rudeness. "O, Miss Ruth!" she exclaimed, as the tears ran down her face, "I so hungered for love, and you treat me like a sister—me, a poor bond-girl." Ruth caressed her gently as she answered, "'Whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free,' and Lizzette, thee knows 'even Christ pleased not Himself.'" "O, I could be good if I lived alone with you," moaned Lizzette. Then rising, she said, with an effort, "I will do it, Miss Ruth, but it is to please you, not because I am sorry," and before Ruth could answer she was gone. Down into the kitchen like a whirlwind rushed Lizzette, as if she dared not pause until the ordeal was over. "Miss Mary, please excuse me for being rude to you. I ought not to have spoken so." Mary look surprised and rather annoyed as her mother looked enquiringly at them, and as

Mary did not answer, she said, "Mary, you should answer Lizzie if she has apologized properly for an offence." "Oh, its all right, Lizzie," Mary answered quickly, but her mother was not satisfied and questioned Lizzette until she knew the whole story. She made no comment, but with a troubled look on her face, she left the room.

Weeks and months passed by and one day Ruth received a kind letter from Dr. Brown, in which he told her that in two weeks their Quarterly Meeting would be held, and expressed a wish that she might be able to attend. That night at supper Ruth was so thoughtful and absent-minded that her uncle noticed it. "Well Ruth, what is it makes you so serious to-night?" Ruth blushed as she answered, "I was thinking, uncle," at which answer her cousins laughed. "Well, can we not share your thoughts, my child? Perhaps by telling them they will seem less serious." "Certainly, uncle; I have a letter from Dr. Brown, and he was telling me about the Quarterly Meeting, to be held week after next, and I was thinking how I wished I could be there, and then I thought of last Quarterly Meeting, and—" She paused; they all knew why, and had respect for her grief, but her uncle said, "You can go Ruth, why not?" But his wife said, "How could she go all alone Henry? I don't see the need anyway. She goes to church every week if she wishes." "Ah wife, I look back to the past sometimes, and when I remember my father's home and the preparation made for Quarterly Meeting, and the arrival of visiting Friends, I live it all over again. The old meeting house full, but so still in the solemn silence you might shut your eyes and imagine yourself alone. Then the powerful sermon that made you forget the speaker and think only of his earnest, God-given words, followed, perhaps, by a prayer, which carried you to the gates of heaven, or at least seemed to bring heaven very near to you. I have longed sometimes to attend such a

meeting once more." Henry Martin's wife and daughters looked at him in wonder, for it was seldom he spoke of his youth, and still less of his early religion. But William looked intently at his plate, and seemed to have forgotten his supper. When his father stopped speaking, he said, "I should like very much to attend a Friend's meeting. Cannot I go with Ruth, father?" All were silent in the pause that followed; then the father answered, "Yes, my son, go and may God bless you."

CHAPTER IV.—"THAT LITTLE QUAKER."

When the cousins returned home from Quarterly Meeting, Ruth seemed filled with a quiet happiness that made her more cheerful than she had been, but William seemed grave and quiet at times.

Ruth thought her aunt was not looking well and done all she could to help her. She was surprised one day, as she sat by her aunt, who was suffering from a severe headache, to hear the question—"Ruth, how do the Friends believe differently from the other churches?" After a moment's pause, Ruth said, "I will answer the best I can, aunt. I do not know as we differ from the churches in our thought of God, that He is our kind, loving Father, ever striving to draw us to Him, even sending His Son to set us a perfect example, and to banish the fear of death by passing through it Himself. But we believe that while Jesus, from His love for the world, was willing even to die on the cross, thus offering Himself for our sakes. Still we do not think it is His blood, shed on Calvary, that saves us, but that it is His life or spirit, acting in our hearts, which redeems and saves us, if we yield obedience to it." "Then you do not believe in the Trinity?" "Why, aunt, we believe that the Holy Spirit is Christ, or the voice of God, speaking in our souls. Jesus said He would be ever with His disciples, and when He ascended, the Holy Spirit was given to be a guide to his followers forever."

This was only the first of many conversations Ruth had with her aunt. It soon became apparent to all that the wife and mother was failing in health. The best medical aid was procured, but in vain, and great was the shock when the family were informed that their loved one could be with them but a short time. How the daughters vied with each other in showing every attention to the invalid.

One evening, when all were gathered in the mother's room, she surprised them by saying, "None of you know what a true Christian girl is your cousin Ruth. I have not always done as I should by her, and here in your presence, I ask her forgiveness." "O, aunt, please don't!" cried Ruth, as she knelt beside the bed and lay her wet cheek by her aunt's pale face. "Dear aunt, you have been kinder to me than I deserved." "Let me finish, Ruth. If any others in my family feel as I do let them not delay, but be reconciled before I die." "O, aunt, you have all been good to me," sobbed Ruth, as she felt the encircling arms of her cousins, and heard the voice of Mary, in a hoarse whisper, saying, "That means me, Ruth. Can you forgive me?" "O, Mary, there is nothing to forgive," whispered Ruth, feeling as if it all was more than she could bear.

Margarett Martin passed away peacefully, with her family around her, and Ruth's hand clasped in her's. A great vacancy was felt in the home, and almost unconsciously the girls turned to Ruth for counsel in many things; her uncle and William seemed to find comfort in her presence; Lizzette clung to her, and when two years later, Mary and Annie married and went to homes of their own, she refused to go with either of them, but stayed with those left in the old home.

Two years more pass away. In a cosy cottage in the suburbs of Philadelphia, we find Ruth, the happy wife of a young Friend minister. They are

not alone, Lizzette is there, and uncle Henry is a contented inmate of the home in which it is his choice to dwell, and he longs no more for a Friend's meeting, but often listens to his own son, William, who has become a powerful minister in the Society, and who spends much of his time travelling in the ministry. We may add also that William finds as true a welcome and congenial a home with Ruth and her husband as with Mary or Annie. Uncle Henry and William, and shall we not say also Mary and Annie, look back with thankful hearts to the day when they admitted to their home the "little Quaker."

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

For YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

RELIGION AND WORSHIP.

Savage and civilized men, as social beings, need their councils, conferences, and social assemblies, for their mutual enlightenment, assistance, and encouragement, in co-operation and combination for their support and protection. The forces of nature they are obliged to contend with they often find terrific and dangerous beyond their control. In their helplessness they feel at the mercy of the irresistible power that exists in these forces, so they prostrate or humble themselves to attitudes of dependence, and sue for mercy.

This conduct reacts upon their moral and emotional natures. It increases with its indulgence their sense of obligation and subjection. It prompts them to exertions to ascertain with more confidence what they can do to best secure its friendship and mitigate the terrors, or placate the wrath of a seeming malignant influence that sometimes baffles every effort they make for self-preservation. This mental attitude and these sentiments in the process of evolution have developed into fixed, moral traits, the emotions of awe and reverence.

These facts and experiences are the origin and at the bottom of all the

theories, doctrines and dogmas, the schemes and contrivances that religious leaders have invented to save men from their sins, and from the wrath or malevolence of these forces of nature which the imaginations and ideals of men have formulated into an irresistible personality, on which they bestow their devotions in diversified methods. This is called worship. Whatever forms it takes, whether of solemn countenance, reverent attitudes of body, in silent emotional mental activity, whether gesticulations and genuflections of person, or vocal exclamations of devotional exuberance in song or prayer, it is worship.

The idea and practice of worship is so deep-rooted and thoroughly established, that the masses of those who believe it a religious duty, would think it unwise and superfluous to investigate the grounds on which its claims are based.

It is not unlike many other habits in which we indulge without knowing, or caring even to know, their origin or how we became addicted to them. Habits that are seriously injurious to our welfare, yet we practice them, unconscious of their evil effects.

When reverence dominates the mind, so as to obstruct its action and to retard its searches after truth, it becomes an impediment to progress. The tendencies of our human lives are towards excesses and abuses, even with these better impulses which obstruct our more serious interests. We are so apt to follow leaders who are slaves to traditions, rather than wide awake searchers after what is true, wholesome and best, with an intelligent purpose and desire to enlighten and aid us to that wisdom which is more precious than rubies and fine gold, and whose paths are paths of peace. Yet through all the historic ages, there have arisen great and wise religious teachers and leaders, who devoted their lives to a service of their fellowmen in efforts to correct these errors and abuses of the emotional impulses of their misguided

brethren. They were great teachers in their day, yet despised, persecuted, and not a few of them subjected to martyrdom, then deified and immortalized in subsequent ages for their transcendent wisdom, noble deeds, and heroic virtues.

Every age punishes or despises its own saviours, while it worships those of a preceding epoch. Confucius, Gautama, Socrates and Jesus were of far more importance when dead than while living. They rebuked the misguided and the evil doers of their days, and were rewarded by reproaches and contempt.

We, professing Christians, express our admiration and obligations to the character of Jesus as our example, while we studiously and religiously reject the very lessons He taught, and for which we so much venerate Him. He taught His disciples to pray in secret, if they prayed at all, or felt they must pray. To worship in Spirit, if they did worship, and not in an automatic form of routine. He did not prescribe or recommend any place of gathering or any form to be observed, but was most vehement in his denunciations of those who indulged in such periodic assemblies, and in the performance of such social religious worship. He saw the absurdity of it, and the evil influence it had on the minds of those engaged in it.

The narrative tells us He met with His disciples, and with the common people, yet not to engage in any special or prescribed forms of worship; but these assemblies were to teach, to instruct His hearers, in order to direct them from these vain and idle pursuits that the most religious and pious people of His age were engaged in so zealously in the name and for the purpose of Divine worship, in order to show their devotion and discharge their obligations to the unseen power, through whom they lived, and moved, and had their being.

It is said Jesus Himself prayed, yet His prayers were not vocal, if He was

consistent, but were simply inward, earnest desires to do His duty.

If He indulged in occasional ejaculations, they were but the expressions of the agonies produced by his tormentors.

He favored the frequently assembling of the people together, and went among them Himself, not to worship in any sense other than to teach them more sensible, intelligent and philosophic views of life and the duties that would add to its more full and complete enjoyment. He did not attempt the foolish and vain effort of trying to introduce them to the secrets and mysteries of the unknown and inscrutable. He placed the heaven we were to seek for and the God we were to worship within man, to be found and enjoyed now and not only after death, in an hypothetical existence beyond the grave. His whole mission was secular to the living, and for the living.

We may study His life and mission by the drift of His teachings and His acts. We cannot fail to see that He was not religious, as the world counted religion, nor did He worship in any popular, orthodox sense. None but the narrow, the bigoted and biased will accuse Him of such inconsistency, from any slight thing He may have said or done that would seem at variance with His otherwise rounded character as a philosophic, consistent, rational teacher of secular and scientific ethics. We cannot study His character disinterestedly while we are indulging in practices and habits that we call worship, which He so emphatically pronounced hypocrisy, and did what He could to induce the people of His day to abandon, as pernicious to their welfare.

We Friends admire and almost reverence the name and heroic religious courage of George Fox.

If we could but study his character without the prejudices of education that conceal from our views his real greatness, in rising above the perversions and abuses of his age, we would

see much in his life to correspond with the example and precepts of Jesus. He witnessed the same degeneracy, and from the same causes, that Jesus had to contend with near Jerusalem.

His mind wrought out the problem through the same methods. He followed the Master in theory and practice, in reasoning and action.

George Fox left all that school of worshippers that were trying to serve and worship God, rather than to enlighten, instruct and to save men.

The most vigorous and active part of his life was spent in saving men, with scarcely enough of serving God to shield him from the persecution of the most devout God-worshippers of his age. His worship, if it may be called such, was the work of rescuing men from the thralldom of superstition.

He was as radical in denouncing the worship of his age as Jesus, and for the same reason, its sham mockery.

T. E. LONGSHORE.

(Concluded next issue.)

FROM TEXAS.

FOR THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

EL PASO, 3rd mo. 26, 1895.

We had nearly concluded to write any more to the REVIEW, as we feared we were taking too much space, and might grow tiresome. Our letters have been quite long, but we scarcely know how to make them much shorter, as there is so much that is interesting to write. We hear, in various ways of late, that our efforts have been appreciated. Two very kind letters have reached us—one from Mendon Centre, N. Y., and one from St. Thomas, Ont., and we now feel encouraged to write again.

This month has been very much like 5th month at home. We had high wind and dust a part of each day—the fore part, but for some time the weather has been perfect. The alfalfa fields are lovely now with a luxuriant growth, dark green in color, so restful to the eyes. The first cutting will be

made about the first of 5th month, and it yields three or four cuttings in one season. One acre has been known to yield ten tons of hay in one season, but of course that is an exception. It is, however, the surest and best crop raised. Fruit pays well, but is not so certain. Last winter was colder than usual. A little frost is good for us, I think, and the climate here is certainly delightful. The peach and plum trees are in full bloom, and the petals falling, and the pear trees are now white. They are a lovely sight. The apple trees bloom later. There is still danger of frost, so the fruit crop is not yet assured. Strawberries are a great success, and begin to ripen by the first of 5th month. They continue to bloom and ripen for some time, and have been gathered as late as 9th month. I saw a few plants in bloom a week or more ago. Irrigation has done wonders for this country. The Mexicans do that work mostly. They have always been used to it, and seem to enjoy wading about in the muddy water, their feet bare and their blue overall rolled above their knees.

Wheat is grown here in small patches. It is harvested with a sickle or reap hook. A short distance from us is a smooth, bare piece of ground, with a tall pole planted in the centre. The grain is placed around this, and Mexicans are stationed in a circle at the edge, a small herd of ponies are then turned in and kept running about by the cries of the men, who prevent their escape, and thus the grain is threshed, and on windy days the chaff is blown out. Oats is stacked and fed with the straw.

The natives all raise a little corn for their own use. It is of the flint variety, and is mostly cob. They say the nights are too cold for the yellow kinds, but my impression is that the resources of this valley are not half known, and it will take northern enterprise to bring it out. I believe I told you how the Mexican women soak the corn in lime water, to hull it, mash it

with smooth stones and pat it into cakes, called *tortillas*, and bake them over the coals.

We had the pleasure one evening of eating *hot tomollies*. They are really quite good if one likes *cheelie*, which is the Mexican name for red pepper. For the benefit of my lady friends, who are fond of trying new dishes, I shall send the receipt: Prepare the corn as for *tortillas*. Spread a small piece of boiled beef or pork with *cheelie* sauce, and enclose it in a piece of the corn dough, then wrap it in a clean, fine corn-shuck, and drop it into boiling water. Let them boil half hour. To be eaten in this wise: take one in the left hand and turn back the shuck with the right. You will find them excellent eating when you get used to them, and then they save dish washing. The natives know how to save themselves work. They often sit around the fire place with a *tortilla* (pronounced *tor-tea*) in one hand, on which they pile *tomollies* or brown beans, and when they are through the meal they eat their plates. They drink a quantity of strong coffee without sugar or milk. They seem quite clean about their houses. I am describing the better class of Mexicans.

The men generally look well in their suits, which consist of light blue overalls, light or white shirt, and tall pointed hat. They frequently wear a bright red belt or sash, and in winter some wear blankets of bright colors, some gray ones, and I have seen one with the colors of the rainbow in stripes. They seem fond of gay colors, and the men are much more vain than the women. They have small feet, and love to dress them in tight, fancy boots and shoes, sometimes trimmed with stitching and beads. But the men's hats are the greatest novelty. I examined one a short time ago. It was drab-colored beaver, with long, silky nap on both sides. The wide rim was trimmed with gilt braid in several rows, and the crown, which was about a foot high and pointed, had a wide band of

the braid. It weighed three pounds, and cost \$5.00. The women go without either hat or bonnet, and the little children without anything at all worth mentioning in warm weather. Sometimes the women wear a long black shawl about their heads, which generally falls to their shoulders. Their dresses are usually very light calico, or dark blue, made with a very long full skirt, finished at the bottom with a ruffle that gathers the dust. The blouse waist usually hangs loose from the shoulders without any belt, and I have seen a large turkish bath towel, with a fancy colored border, worn about the shoulders. They are very dark skinned, with coal black hair and eyes, and quite good features. I often see them come to the well for water with their large oyers or jars, which they fill and carry away on their heads or shoulders. Sometimes a little boy and a very little girl come. They bring a pole and a heavy wooden bucket, which they fill with a small tin pail and rope. The well is an open one. They then put the pole through the bail of the bucket, place the ends on their shoulders, and rising gently from the ground they march bravely away. I think some of our northern children might learn a lesson of perseverance from these little Mexicans.

We stay out of doors a great deal this delightful weather. Sometimes we drive to Ysleta, a few miles further down the valley. It is such a curious old Mexican town. There is much here to remind one of foreign lands. If the REVIEW were an illustrated paper we might send some interesting sketches. There are many old pear trees here. No one knows just how old they are. One in Ysleta measures thirteen feet in circumference, not far from the ground, and there are others that are still larger. They look much like the scrub oaks in Illinois, but think of an oak tree white with fragrant bloom. The pears are small and brown, and not very good, being seedlings. We can stand near our house and, with a

field glass, look across the Rio Grande and see a village in Mexico, where there are pink peach trees and white pear trees, and a queer old church. We can also see the church in Juarez, which is over 300 years old, and is about eight miles away. We expect to visit that curious old city soon, and we are planning a trip to the Waco Mountains. We will then have much of interest to write, as we expect to be gone several days, and camp out. I fear my letter is already too long, so begging pardon for imposing on good nature, I shall bring this to a close.

FANNIE C. LOWNES.

“THE LIGHT.”

“The Light which lighteth every person who cometh into the world hath appeared unto all” and worketh by love to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and wickedness, and as above it gives us that peace and happiness which we so much desire, and enables us to do what is agreeable to our heavenly Father’s will, and consequently fits us to receive his blessings, not only here, but hereafter. But people love darkness or selfishness (which is contrary to the Light which works by love) rather than the Light, consequently the evil or darkness, with which we are surrounded, is produced and experienced. “Turn ye, turn ye from your evil and darkness to the Light which works by love, and which, as followed, will lead up unto the perfect day, and cause us to help do our heavenly Father’s will on earth as it is done in heaven. and thus walk in His ways of pleasantness and paths of peace whilst in this state of being, at the same time preparing us to receive the welcome words of “well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over more.”

WM. TYSON.

Every spark of mercy in us is from God’s-hearth.

Young Friends' Review

A SEMI-MONTHLY.

*Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends*

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

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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.

Edward Coale and wife, of Holder, Ill., expect to leave home soon for an extended trip through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Nebraska, partly on religious work, but mostly for rest and recreation. Our readers may expect some interesting letters from him while he is away.

John J. Cornell, of Baltimore, returns to his home at Mendon, N. Y., for the summer, and expects to be in attendance at Genesee Y. M. next month.

DIED.

BROWN.—At his home, lot 3, 1st concession, Pickering, on the 25th of Fourth month, 1895, Sylvanus Brown, aged 98 years nine months and thirteen days.

Deceased was probably the oldest inhabitant of the community. He was the last of a family of seven brothers and seven sisters. He came to Canada from Vermont with his brothers when he was quite young, and while the country still possessed nearly all of its virgin forest. They travelled with ox teams, and crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice. In 1819 he was married to Mary Ann Pearson, of Yonge street. To them was born a family of seven children, two of whom died in infancy. She departed this life on the 28th of tenth mo., 1833, leaving her husband and five children to mourn her loss. On the 25th of twelfth mo., 1834, he was married to Pamela Keese, of Vermont, whose family numbered six children. She died nearly 26 years ago. Only three of his children survive him, viz., David Brown, of Whitby; Edwin M. Brown, of California; and Pamela K. Armitage, of Toronto. At his death there were living thirty-three of his grandchildren, fifty-three great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren. Deceased has been a life-long member of the Society of Friends, a man of temperate habits, a good citizen and neighbor.

The Bi-Centennial of the establishment of New York Yearly Meeting, at Flushing, L. I., in 1695, will be celebrated at Flushing on Fourth day, 5th mo. 29, 1895, at 2:30 p.m. Programme: Poem, by Mary S. Kimber; an Historical Sketch, by James Wood; paper, "Position of Woman in the Society of Friends," by Marianna W. Chapman; "What the Society of Friends has Accomplished for the World," by Aaron M. Powell. Trains for Flushing from 34th street Ferry, N. Y., every hour from 9:20 a. m. to 1:20 p. m., and at 1:50 p. m. A special train will leave Long Island City on arrival of the 1:30

p. m. boat from 34th street. Time from east 34th street, N. Y., to Bridge street, Flushing, 31 minutes. Fare from N. Y., round trip, 31 cts.; tickets to be had at the ticket office at the Ferry or of the undersigned. Lunch will be provided at the Meeting House for Friends arriving before the special train. In order to make proper provision for seating the audience, seats will be assigned by ticket only. Application for same should be made on or before the 27th of 5th month.

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FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

TRENTON, N. J., 5th mo. 2, 1895.

A regular meeting of Trenton Friends' Association was held at Friends' meeting house, 4th mo. 22nd, with the President, Daniel Willets, in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Upon roll call, a quorum not responding, the usual order of business was deferred, and the regular literary work was taken up. An excellent paper was now presented by Francenia Cubberly, entitled "Are What Are Termed Spiritual Gifts Given to a Few Only, or Are They Attained in a Degree by All?" The writer believes spiritual gifts, or Divine light, is a vintage given to each responsible soul to cultivate to its own advantage. It is our own fault if we go grovelling in the dark, instead of accepting the light that shines for all. It is the Divine within that attains to the spiritual. Another very interesting paper was read by Jane Hormall on "What Are the Needs And the Most Effectual Means of Promoting Social Reform?" She states one of the first things in this great work is the building up of character. Every-day religion is the foundation of thoroughness, which is another word for truthfulness or honesty. Also to lead a good moral life is one of the cardinal principles of religion. We want characters that will

stand temptations, and not fall under the pressure of life. A general discussion followed the reading of each paper, which was very interesting and instructive. A portion of the 2d vol. of Janney's History was read by William Walton. A referred question—"How many Yearly Meetings are there in this country, and where located?"—was answered by Edna L. Wright. After a short silence the meeting adjourned to meet 5th mo. 26th.

MARY W. F. MOORE, Secretary.

MAGNOLIA, ILL., 4th mo 24, 1895.

On Sixth-day afternoon, the 29th inst., the W. C. T. U. held a memorial meeting in respect to Huldah R. Smith, deceased.

Many appropriate and beautiful sentiments fitting the life and character of our departed friend were produced, making it a pleasant though very solemn occasion. The following paper was prepared and read by M. Louisa Bumgarner. L. E. WILSON.

Truly we can say with Whittier :

"Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel-steps,
The path which reaches heaven."

"The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew— ;

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look."

"Fold her, oh Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee."

Only a little while ago, and our friend and sister was with us. But we had noted how frail she looked ; how like her gentle mother we well remembered. Always, since early childhood, a warm sympathy existed between us ; becoming more enduring in womanhood. Thinking of the home bereft of a mother's guiding hand—we question—why must it be? They needed her so—those little children and their father. But the gentle voice will call ; its teachings remain ; and "death can-

not far divide ; it is as if the rose that climbed my garden wall had blossomed on the other side." Oh, beautiful thought ! Bear comfort and peace to aching hearts, ever, thus binding anew by every transition, our *earthly* hearts to the *heavenly home*, and our universal Father.

Let our tenderest thoughts and fancies cluster around our vanished loved ones, distilling from our aching hearts tender influence, even as the fragrance is wafted from the heart of the rose—subtle-penetrating—refreshing all with whom we may come in contact ; uplifting us, strengthening others. And as we lay tributes on memory's altar for our dead, let us remember what Bayard Taylor has said : "Then weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave. Console thy broken spirit, if thou can'st, with these tender yet futile tributes of affection. But let this, thy sorrow for the dead, make thee more faithful in the discharge of thy duties to the living." Most needful teaching ! Bearing a divine influence that strengthens and comforts alike troubled hearts. God never designed our griefs should warp our natures, but rather to create a depth of sympathy whereby we may reach with gentle touch the natures of our fellow man—may sweep the quivering chords of the human heart in perfect sympathy. To teach us our need of Him, our utter dependence on Him, that we may realize this life is but a little of God's time, which is eternity.

Grim and silent comes the Reaper
With sickle swift and keen,
He taketh many a sleeper
From childhood's ranks, I ween.

In the glow of youthful beauty,
Or the pride of noontide life,
When each moment's full of duty,
Daughter, sister, mother, wife,

Bowed heads, silvery white,
He calls and makes his own.
At once toil, sorrow, night,
Banish. In the vast unknown.

Where man hath never been
Is the eternal gain,
A bright spirit serene,
Free from earthly pain.

Why then do we grieve ?
For our loss ?
Nay, let us leave
Our loved with God at rest,
And taking up our cross
With reverent hands,
Seek them. It is best.

NEW YORK . F. A.

A regular meeting of the Young Friends' Association, of New York and Brooklyn, was held in the library room of the New York meeting house, First day evening, 4th mo. 28th.

It was reported that a Conference of Young Friends had been held in the library room, Sixth-day, 4th mo. 26. There were two sessions—one at 3 30 p.m., at which a paper on "The Possibilities of Work for Young Friends' Associations," was read by Marianna S. Rawson, and one at 8 p.m., at which Caroline W. Jackson read a paper on "Speaking in Meeting, Our Duty Regarding it." Both papers were followed by interesting discussions. Supper was served in the dining-room between meetings. All felt that the occasion was one which it would be desirable to repeat in the near future.

Franklin Noble reported for the Current Topics Section. He noted the close of the war between China and Japan, made a few remarks on the Nicaraguan affair, and opened the question of the advisability of noticing, with special exercises, certain days in our history, such as the birthdays of George Fox and William Penn.

The Discipline Section has been making a comparative study of disciplines of the different Yearly Meetings, and a very interesting report of some of the results of their study was given by Charles I. McCord.

Marianna S. Rawson gave the Literature Report. Attention was called to the notice of the Philadelphia Young Friend's Association rooms, on the first page of the *Friend's Intelligencer and Journal*, and to an article on "Spring Woods," in the same paper. A brief review was given of the book, "Mem-

ories of Old Friends," whose author is Caroline Fox.

A paper on "The Proper Use of Meeting Houses," was read by Marianna Hallock. A discussion on the subject followed, and the meeting closed with a silence. B.

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

DEAD BIRDS AT EASTER.

It was an Easter Sunday, bright and calm,
And life, not death, was the glad theme
that day;

The air was full of Spring's delicious balm,
The maple buds were dropping on the way
And one sweet leaf with flash of crimson on it
Fell on the dead birds of a woman's bonnet.

What say the bells at these good Easter
times?

They tell of varquished death and risen life;
Hush, then, O bells, your inconsistent chimes
You and the dull old world are hard at
strife;

For surely when the crimson leaf falls on it
I saw dead birds upon a woman's bonnet!

What does it cost, this garniture of death?

It costs the life which God alone can give;
It costs dull silence where was music's breath;
It costs dead joy that foolish pride may live.
Ah, life and joy and song, depend upon it,
Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet.

Oh! who would stop the sweet pulse of a
lark,

That flutters in such ecstasy of bliss?
Or lay a robin's bright breast cold and stark
For such a paltry recompense as this?
Oh! you who love your babies, think upon it,
Mothers are slaughtered just to trim your
bonnet!

Will Herod never cease to rule the land,
That we must slay sweet innocence so?

Is joy so cheap, or happiness sure planned?
Tell me, O friend, who art acquaint with
woe,

Does thy sad heart proclaim no protest on it?
Would'st thou slay happiness just for a bon-
net?

And must God's choirs, that through His for-
ests rove,

Granting sweet matinees to high and low,
Must His own orchestra of field and grove,
Himself their leader, be disbanded so?
Nay, nay, O God, proclaim Thy ban upon it,
Guard Thy dear birds from sport and greed and
bonnet!

Their fine spun hammocks, swinging in the
breeze,

Should be as safe as babies' cradles are;
And no rude hand that tears them from the
trees,

Or dares a sweet bird's property to mar,
Deserves a woman's touch or kiss upon it,
Unless she wears dead birds upon her bonnet!

Dead birds! and dead for gentle woman's
sake,

To feed awhile her vanity's poor breath!
And yet the foolish bells sweet clamor make,
And tell of One whose power hath varquished
death!

Ah! Easter time has a reproach upon it,
While birds are slain too trim a woman's bon-
net!

—*May Riley Smith, in our "Dumb Ani-
mals."*

SOME THINGS THAT MAKE ME TIRED.

"Not when it is dangerous to tell the
truth will she lack a prophet, but only
when it is tiresome."

You are not to infer from my begin-
ning with this quotation that truth-tell-
ing is one of the things that make me
tired, unless, by truth-telling, we mean
proclaiming the truth as I see it, to
those who cannot or will not see what
I do, and who persist in believing
theories or advancing arguments that
have been killed—dead—more times
than any nine-lived cat. You have
doubtless heard of the man who tried
to get rid of a very live cat by poison,
by drowning, by chloroform, and how,
finally, all other means failing, he cut
off the cat's head, tied up the pieces in
a bag and threw it overboard. Imagine
the unutterable weariness that fell upon
that man's soul when, on arriving
home, he found that cat perambulating
the front steps, carrying its head in its
mouth! Imagine that, and know how
the temperance man feels when he
slays a fallacy for the fortieth time.
He feels tired; the fight becomes mon-
otonous, and presently truth loses her
prophet, not because there is danger in
the service, but because it is tiresome.

It makes me tired to hear the strong
young person say, "I never expect to
drink, but I'm not going to sign any

pledge. I like to feel that I keep right because I want to, and not because I have taken a pledge and have to. A person must be pretty weak who can't leave liquor alone without a pledge." You've heard them say it, and perhaps you have thought that they might as well have added: "I'm afraid folks will think I'm weak if I take a pledge." I know that is the feeling because I've had it. I used to talk like that myself. I never did admit that I needed to take a pledge, but feeling sure that I should never want to indulge in strong drink, there came a time when I failed to see any reason why I shouldn't promise not to do a thing I didn't want to do. Since then I've signed a dozen pledges and I am willing to sign dozens more if it will do any one any good. It is very strange that the whole world didn't change its notion when I did, but it didn't, and I quite frequently meet young people afflicted with the old superstition, and I always look round for a chair or a couch when they begin to talk about it. With a weary sigh of resignation I greet the beginning of the tiresome moral yarn. You know it. It has the awful example and the innocent youth; the awful example says how sorry he is he can't reform, and the godly youth swears he will never touch a drop. My objection to stories of this class is that they are not true enough to appeal to real live boys. Story telling is an art. The average moral yarn is not a work of art, and fails to accomplish its end. The story that stirs a child and teaches him has its moral so skillfully wrought into its fibre that he can neither see it nor miss it. Let the awful example tell his tale. If it doesn't work upon the real boy there is no use in making up a godly little chap who will be worked upon, and putting him into the story. His good resolutions will never help the live fellow, and if the awful example can't do it, the untruthfulness of the story is recognized, and the sublime becomes ridiculous.

Now I come to another class of tire-

some things, and there are so many that I can only take a few at random. They are the moss-covered arguments used against those who believe that the only way to deal with a beast that ought not to live is to kill it.

The first one is the saying that, "you can't make men moral by law." I will plead like the man who was sued for the value of an iron pot he had borrowed and returned broken. In his defence, you remember, he claimed: first, that he had never borrowed the pot; second, that he had returned it in good condition, and, (third), that it was cracked when he got it. Now, as to making men moral by law. In the first place nobody said you could; and in the second place everybody knows you can. Of course this is flung at those who would invoke the power of Government to close the saloons by shutting down the breweries and distilleries. But the aim of these people is not to make men moral by law; it is simply to make it impossible, or at least difficult for them to continue in a course that leads inevitably to immorality.

But everybody now-a-days knows that you can make men moral by law. We are beginning to act upon the theory that punishments for crime should be deterrent and reformatory. When you urge laws against lotteries, you do not expect the laws to convince gamblers of the unrighteousness of their ways; but you do expect a very wholesome moral effect upon the community. The presence of evil is demoralizing; the more of it we can shut off by law or in any other way, the more moral we become.

And this brings us to another tiresome thing: "If you make laws against a thing, that thing everybody immediately wants." If I tell a boy not upon any account to look at a certain pernicious periodical, he will compass heaven and earth and any other place necessary to get a glimpse of the wicked thing. But if I stop the publication of the paper, how then? If he never has

seen it he never will wish for it; if he has already become corrupted by it, he may continue corrupt; he may recover. To charge a young man to beware of entering a saloon may make him want to go in to see what he is to beware of; but if you abolish the thing that floats the saloon it doesn't exist, and has no attractions.

"To prohibit by law what the executive force of the Government may not be able to immediately and entirely stop, is bad, because it makes criminals of otherwise law-abiding citizens." That saying makes me tired. What shall we do then, reduce the number of criminals by repealing the laws most frequently broken? That would be making men moral by law with a vengeance. When the manufacturer and dispenser of any article is a nuisance because of the bad effect of that article upon the community, making his business unlawful, makes him a criminal if he continues in it. The only difference it makes to the community is that it can rid itself more easily of the nuisance. The thing he does is just as bad whether it is legal or illegal.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," but I do get woefully tired of the misapplication of this truth. We hear this from the infatuated follower of the high license Will-o'-the-wisp. Overhaul your current history and see if you can find one instance in which high license—even the Omaha \$1,000 fee—has made any permanent reduction in the quantity of liquor made and consumed. Sometimes certain prohibitive features accompany the high license and do a little good. But any measure that receives the support of brewers and distillers should be looked upon askance by good temperance people. All such you will find ready to accept greedily any crumbs, even of bread, that may be offered. But we ask for bread and you give us a stone, and complain because we do not swallow it with thanks.

"Prohibition is all right as an ideal, but it isn't practicable, and therefore I'll none of it," is another. Nothing

is ever practicable until some one makes it so. I may sit down and wait for the time to ripen, or I may stir round and help to make it ripe. If every one sits down the time will never come. Fortunately, some won't sit down, and so, after years of waiting and hanging back, the time comes for us to rush in at the finish, throw up our hats and shout, not seeing that if all who were eagerly or patiently waiting the end, had rushed in earlier in the day the end would have come just that much sooner.

But the thing that takes the starch out of me most of all is the assertion that extremists do a cause more harm than good. The ante-bellum abolitionists were of that sort. William Lloyd Garrison, when he said, "I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. I will not retract, I will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch, and *I will be heard*," was preaching immediate abolition, and was doing his cause incalculable harm—wasn't he?

The only way to conquer the devil is to force him to open fight. You can't wear him out, you can't outwit him, and the sooner you can provoke him to battle, the sooner will come the victory. And when the opportunity of closing with him comes, don't stand off with a long double-jointed spear, and *poke*, but get as near to the foe as possible, and *strike to kill*.

EDWARD B. RAWSON.

ORIGIN OF THE DRESS WORN BY EARLY FRIENDS.

Prepared by Hannah M. Worley, for the Media, Pa. Friends' Association.

No peculiarity of dress has ever been prescribed by the Society of Friends. The first members of our Society wore the dress then common among serious and religious people of England, but much more simple than that worn in fashionable circles, and when in the reign of Charles II. the nation became infected with a passion

for gaudy and extravagant apparel, which distinguished his Court, these Friends still adhered to their plain, simple costume, thus becoming peculiar by refusing to follow with the changing fashion of the world, maintaining that the only proper objects of dress were decency and comfort, and useless ornaments and gaudy apparel were inconsistent with the Christian religion.

Therefore, the testimony of Friends is a testimony to simplicity and moderation, a non-conformity to any peculiar form or color. In view of the fact that such supreme notice is taken of the dress of Friends, it may be interesting to remark: "This dress of unintentional, almost incidental origin, (if I have been rightly informed) is the outgrowth of one of the principles of the Founder of our beloved Society, George Fox, who deemed the tyranny of "Fashion" so powerful that all considerations of health, convenience and prosperity must bow before it." He forbade such observance to his followers.

As a result the men and women of his time arrayed themselves neatly and simply, in the improved garments of the day, and when the fashions changed they did not, which at once classified them. A greater uniformity of material and color of dress succeeded, but all voluntary. No uniformity of cut and color were enjoined upon the followers of George Fox. The coat worn by Friends before their conversion was of the same cut as afterward, and was the fashionable garment of the day. In not following these vain fashions they simply ceased to change with the changing fashions. Thus the coat so generally worn by Friends for some generations became established. Our testimonies are all in favor of simplicity and plainness, really requiring no established form of garment; one simple form is as good as another, and our principles as fully carried out in spirit, if we remain faithful to this simplicity without so much

change. The consistency of an inexpensive and simple costume, with a life of practical righteousness must be so apparent, that it would seem unnecessary to advance any other reason for adoption by those who make a profession of religion. But we must not confound this fruit of the spirit with that form of dress which custom has made peculiar to us as a people; in so doing we set up a standard—an outward one—which cannot be applicable to every mind, and might throw a serious obstacle in the way of those who have not felt it incumbent upon them to adopt a peculiar garb, and yet have been called to renounce the gayeties of fashion.

ANTI-WAR.

The success of the Geneva Arbitration, some thirty years ago, seemed to show to the statesmen of Europe that the settlement of national difficulties might be effected without the aid of war, and they helped to bring about a convention to be held at Brussels, Belgium, some ten years later, its purpose being to consider and prepare an International Code, and secure its adoption. It was thought best not to connect it with any Government action, but still to throw around it some protection of law similar to that which our Supreme Court bears in its relation to the States.

This was thought feasible, owing to the high character of the men composing it, on both sides the water, all being eminent jurists. Henry Richards made a motion in the British House of Commons, not long after, which was carried, to the effect, "That Her Majesty be pleased to instruct her Secretary of Foreign Affairs to enter into communication with foreign Powers, to the improvement of International Law, and the establishment of an International Court of Arbitration." The Queen sanctioned it, and John Bright voted for it, remaining till a late hour, before the vote was taken.

We believe James Blaine introduced in our Congress the proposition that all differences between the American Republics be settled by arbitration, and that some, if not all of them, acceded to it. If we remember rightly, a deputation was sent from Parliament to this country to consult with our President and Cabinet with reference to this subject, that all difficulties between us should be settled by arbitration. England and the United States, both speaking the same language, and trading at the same ports, are more likely to have differences arise than most other nations, excepting France and Germany, each of which lay armed across a river. Thus arbitration by disinterested parties, or with reference to an International Court may be said to be fairly launched in the world, and "must commend itself more and more to the conscience of mankind."

E. AVERILL.

THE BIBLE.

"What a book!" exclaimed Heine, after a day spent in its study. "What a book! vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven! Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity all in one book! In Goethe's Conversations you may find this verdict: "Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in breadth and depth, and the human mind expand as it may, they will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity, as it glistens and shines forth in the Gospel."

To all who desire to honor the Bible the way is open: obey it. Learn to love its spirit, not idolize its letter. It has been given to us from God, not to supersede that greatest of earthly blessings—the necessity of labor and of thought, but to recall to us what no labor and no thought could otherwise

have ascertained. It assures us of the illimitable love of the Eternal. It manifests that love in Jesus Christ. Professor Huxley says: "I know not how the religious feeling, which is the essential base of conduct, can be kept up without the use of the Bible. For three centuries it has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history. . . . By the study of what other book could children be so made to feel that each figure in the great procession of the past fills, like ourselves, but a momentary interspace in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time according to its efforts to do good and hate evil."—*From the "Word and the Way," by William Leighton Grange.*

WORSHIP AND INSPIRATION.

From the first dawn of man's history, as far as traceable, the Spirit of God has spoken to him and he to the Spirit. The very first act of the world's worship was in response to the Spirit's call. That call may come through inarticulate nature, articulate prophecy, or the mysterious pulsations of one's own heart. But no true worship is possible except when God breathes into man. Worship is the satisfaction of a craving appetite of the soul. It is not a discipline, it is not a routine, it is a sore need felt. It is sometimes an unconscious act. God inspires the feelings to devotional tenderness, intensifies also the love of fellow-worshippers. . . . No true worship is possible without inspiration, no true sense of the divine nearness and personality is possible without inspiration. The magnetic touch of the Spirit draws out man to an infinite search of his secrets, to infinite self-improvement and aspiration. There is a unity in man with himself in his highest and lowest moods, there is also unity with God. He created us in His own image, and it is profoundly true that *when we are truly*

faithful, God re-creates himself in our image and breathes a new breath into us. Then only do we worship in spirit and in truth.

MOZOOMDAR.

A heart full of love is a heart full of happiness.

LEAFLETS—No. 1.

The Sermon by Serena A. Minard which appeared 9th mo. 15th, in the REVIEW, we now have in leaflet form, suitable for general distribution in First-day Schools or elsewhere, and may be had at 25c. per hundred. We purpose issuing such Leaflets occasionally, and hope the undertaking will meet an encouraging demand.

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NOTICE.

To the Members of Illinois Yearly Meeting:

At our late Yearly Meeting the committee in charge of "Western Department" in one of our society papers, was continued, and the committee decided to continue with the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. The correspondents named last year were continued for the coming year, and it is earnestly desired that you diligently endeavor to increase the subscription list. It certainly would be entirely within our reach to double our list from this Yearly Meeting. There are some localities that have never responded with a communication of any character. This is not right. The paper is, and will be to some extent, what we make it. We can have a twenty-page weekly if we do our whole duty. And how can we make a more worthy effort than in this direction? You in the far West give us a little account of your surroundings, your desires and needs, of your efforts to hold meetings, of visiting Friends, and any other items of general interest, just such as you first look for on receiving the paper. Sincerely,

EDWARD COALE, Chairman of Com



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