

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						/					

# Young \* Friends' \* Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VII.

LONDON, ONT., THIRD MONTH, 1892.

NO. 3

## FROM SHELLEY'S "REVOLT OF ISLAM."

Reproach not thine own soul, but know thyself;  
Nor hate another's crime, nor loathe thine  
own.  
It is the dark idolatry of self  
Which, when our thoughts and actions once  
are gone,  
Demands that man should weep and bleed and  
groan;  
Oh, vacant expiation!—Be at rest:  
The past is death's, the future is thine own;  
And love and joy can make the foulest breast  
A paradise of flowers, where peace might build  
her nest.

## THE PRESENT TENDENCY OF ORTHODOXY.

In an age of inquiry like the present, when throughout the three kingdoms of nature investigations are being made by the hand of science, and her keen eyes seeking to know the deep problems which only an All-wise God can comprehend, when even the greatest of problems—that of Life—is being investigated, even in its relation to the forces of the inorganic world, is it strange that in the realm of deepest thought, in Theology, "The Greatest of the Sciences," there is a spirit of inquiry and a tendency for change, calculated to well nigh startle the earnest seeker after truth. The old, old question, "What is Truth?" which has puzzled the thoughtful through all ages, is pre-eminently the question of the hour, and "The Present Tendency of Orthodoxy" seems to be a willingness and desire to sweep down any cobwebs of superstition or accumulated dust of shattered dogmas, that to-day may cover the face of Truth, and many are fearful lest the over-zealous seeker may sweep down with the cobwebs and dust a part of Truth also. Plato said 'God is Truth, and Light

His Shadow." We know all Truth comes from God and we need not fear that by the puny arm of man it can be overthrown, and from whatever source light may come, we surely need not be troubled lest it will reveal aught that will harm us to know, from the nearest, that human language has succeeded in attempts to describe the indefinite lies in the sentence, "God is Light."

In the two hundred years and over, since the corruptions of the church compelled honest seekers after God to break away from ecclesiastical authority, there has been many changes, first a vain attempt to found religion upon mere human reason and morality, then a change based upon Protestant doctrine, then a great reaction towards the ancient belief in the authority of the church, and now in our own time an era of investigation.

It is a tendency in our age and generation to go to extremes, and especially is this the case when men, having left what they have found to be error, go from the one extreme of believing all things without any investigation, or use of the God-given faculty of reason, they go for a time to the opposite extreme of doubting all things until they can prove them true; so the unbelievers to-day, seeing the downfall of old superstitions, and the evident decay of faith in ecclesiastical authority, and even of Biblical infallibility, exclaim that the tendency of Orthodoxy is towards unbelief, but such is not the case. Every new discovery made by Science or History go to show that truth, whether from the hand of Science or the records of the "Written Word" are in accord, the only mistake in the past having been to place the authority for the Scriptures higher than their source, which was the Spirit of Truth itself—the Unwritten

Word. And as for there being any danger whatever of Christianity being destroyed (as the unbelievers say), being the "Life of Christ in Man," it cannot be overthrown, for it is divine.

Henry Drummond says "There has been too long a religion offered to the world without a Living Spirit in it," and that is what the church needs to-day, they want a live religion, and the questioning and tearing down will not cease until this is found. One proof that progress is being made in the right direction, is that more morality is preached and less about beliefs, showing people are beginning to slowly comprehend that "They that do His will shall know of the Doctrine." Another proof of progress is the greater charity expressed by different sects for each other, and the breaking down (be it ever so slightly) of the adamant walls of sectarianism.

And just as surely as science has declared that, until the vegetable life in the physical world reaches down to the mineral and changes it like unto itself, the mineral is without life, so the natural man cannot partake of the Life Spiritual until the Christ life reaches down into the heart of man, transforming him into the image of the Christ-type, and the Orthodoxy of this enlightened age will not be satisfied with a mere morality (even though it be the very highest condition of the natural man), for his higher nature will not be satisfied until it has reached its highest environment — even Christ, the Divine environment of the soul. So the tendency of the age need not cause anxiety, but instead we should be thankful for the seeking after greater knowledge, and the sweeping down of obstacles which might keep the seeker after truth from beholding her face, and serve to obscure the pathway which God has illumined with Divine Light for every soul, and which might prevent them from hearing His voice when He tells them, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'

LEMOYNE DILLINGHAM.

Granville, N. Y.

## TRUE WORSHIP.

"God is a spirit, and they that worship Him shall worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Spirit cannot be seen by mortal eyes; cannot be felt by corporeal sense, or be heard by human ears. We should be careful not to confound the term spirit with zeal, nor try to imagine it in a form; but as an all pervading law of love and truth which gives life and animation to everything in which it dwells.

It seems unfortunate that in speaking of spiritual things we must use language, comparisons, and objects which we use in speaking of physical forms. By this we are led away from the Spirit to mentally seeing and understanding a single personified form away in the unknown distance.

Love cannot be seen, but we can see its works and know its presence; it cannot be known by us unless we possess it, or, more properly speaking, it possesses us. Neither can God, the Spirit, be known except he dwell in us, for he created man for a dwelling place, and not as an object to be forever without his reach.

Men cannot love that which they do not know, neither can they worship it "in spirit and in truth." If this reasoning is right, then our first duty is to know God. Not alone by what is recorded of Him, or by what men tell us of Him, but by his workings in and through us we may individually come to know Him by following the teachings of His Son, Christ, in the soul. He is the mediator, and part of the Universal Spirit. Know him, not as Christ, generally understood by the theologians who was crucified to appease the *supposed wrath* of God, in whom there is no wrath but all love, but as the Light to guide thy feet, and advise and comfort thee in time of trouble, know Him as He who teaches His people Himself, who prompts to do deeds of mercy and charity, and as a result we are led to experience true happiness—the consciousness of well-

doing, which is the approbation of God.

Men must truthfully worship that which gives them greatest pleasure, or which seems most profitable to them. And, oh! if we would let Him be our guide, He would lead us to know the true God, the Author and Giver of the highest pleasures man can ever know; far above the pleasures offered by the world, which take away the soul and give us—naught. Then, surely, we would “worship Him in spirit and in truth.”

We cannot be compelled to love anything. There is no compulsion used by Him. But it wells up voluntarily through recognition and appreciation of His bountiful gifts, until we become surrounded and enveloped and filled with love and esteem for the Author. Truly then can we worship.

God has placed in us propensities and desires which are necessary and good. He has also placed in us a power to direct their use, and this power is the Light, which “lighteth every man that cometh into the world,” and is part of God, the Spirit, or Law which directs the working of all His works. To man He has given the power to do or not to do, *i. e.*, to mind the Light or go counter to it. This makes him a responsible being, and therefore a subject for rewards and punishments, which *naturally* flow obedience or disobedience; and as following Christ, the Light, leads to the truest happiness, then through obedience is fostered the growth of the soul and true worship. But if this is not done, and the worldly propensities allowed to rule to the expulsion of the Light, we are left groping in the dark. Other gods are made, and we worship only in form, which is mockery.

Mind the Light, it will lead thee  
To the true and living God,  
Then, in worship, may we truly  
Bow the head and kiss the rod.

REUBEN P. KESTER.

I believe progress consists in an increased ability to achieve.

## WHERE IS HEAVEN?

“What is Heaven?”

“Child, how can I tell  
Of the beauty that rests on ‘the city of God’?  
Mine eyes have not seen it, my feet have not  
trod  
Its golden paved streets set with jewels whose  
worth  
Out-shine and out-value the jewels of earth.  
And what is Heaven? I know only this:  
‘Tis the birthplace of glory; the essence of  
bliss.”

“Where is Heaven?”

“Dear, how do I know?  
We gaze into space through the blue, throbbing  
air,  
Sun crowned and star gemmed, and we say,  
‘It is there.’  
Above, and beyond us, more high, and more  
high,  
God’s palace, whose floor is our beautiful sky.  
And where is Heaven? I know only this:  
‘Tis the hope of all ages wherever it is.”

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe,  
in *New York Observer*.

For the *Woman's Tribune*.

ANSWER.

“What is Heaven?”

“I surely know this:”  
Your “birthplace of glory and essence of  
bliss”  
Is mystical, visionary, too far away  
To benefit mortals who journey to-day.

“Where is Heaven?”

Child, how should I know?  
It is paradise here upon earth,  
Where goodness, gentleness, love and true  
worth  
Are “crowned and star gemmed” Divine and  
so fair;  
I feel in my soul it is there, it is there!  
You may look away skyward to compass the  
whole,  
But Heaven, my darling, dwells right in your  
soul;  
The soul is divine, forever it lives,  
Reflecting the glory Divinity gives.

—Emerson.

## AMONG EASTERN FRIENDS.

For the *YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW*.

Feeling that my many friends may be interested to know of my safe arrival home, I thought the *REVIEW* and *Intelligence* (if willing to copy) would be good mediums through which to reach a number with one letter.

A minute of approval was granted me in 1st mo. to attend New York and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings and appoint such meetings within their limits as best wisdom might direct. For the want of time, however, my labor was confined to those of New York, with the exception of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, which was on the 9th of 2nd mo., and was considered a favored season. I cannot ask for space to give a detailed account of the many favored meetings, but must be content and thankful to say that each one seemed especially blessed with just the food best adapted to the conditions before us. The many evidences of interest, appreciation, and endorsement, witnessed on the faces before me, confirmed by expression afterward, from young and old, by members and others, were not only a source of strength and gratitude, but led also to a close watchfulness for that immediate revealing power, that alone can inspire the instrument for proper service. And I would that all were only faithful to their respective duties at the proper time, for none can measure the extent of its usefulness on the one hand, nor yet of the loss sustained on the other, by withholding. To illustrate: A dear sister (in Christ), sitting by my side, a number of years ago, when it had seemed unusually favored in the meeting, said to me at its close, in a gentle, loving whisper: "Keep low." And, Oh! how often it has had its use, nor have those same lips, on subsequent occasions, withheld the word of approval when thus prompted.

So let us all labor in His vineyard,  
 Fearing not to do or dare;  
 For if we want a field of labor,  
 We can find it anywhere.

I have thus expressed as briefly as possible my feelings of thankfulness in the attendance of the many meetings, without giving preference to any; but there is one worthy of special note, and, as it was not a meeting of Friends, no other locality will feel slighted by the special mention of a service that I had

had in view for some time, viz.: A religious visit to the prison at Sing Sing. Arrangements being made accordingly, I met nearly 900 in the chapel on First-day morning. Seldom, if ever, have I looked upon a company of men with more saddened and tendered feelings, and never did tears more willingly express the feelings of the heart than when a young man (in prisoner's clothes) arose and sang a piece, expressive of a mother's love for her son when leaving home, and it came with an inspiration for the hour. While I could see before me the hardened and unconcerned lives, I noticed, at the same time, not a few tendered hearts and moistened eyes.

Then came other reflections, when, by enquiry, I found that over three-fourths of the 1,600 within those prison walls were there through intemperance. What other questions could arise than as to the character of the (professed) religion by which we are called a Christian nation. But this I must leave, least I trespass too far upon your valuable space.

One more pleasant event of my visit and life must be noted—a two hours' visit with the renowned and revered Quaker poet, John G. Whittier. It was a visit I had in anticipation for a long time, but with little expectation of enjoying it, but such was my privilege. Through the kindness of a friend, I was introduced (by mail) and although he was just recovering from a severe attack of la grippe, and considering the fact that many calls and visits had been declined, I felt all the more grateful for the opportunity, and found a hearty welcome in the home of Joseph and Gertrude Cartland, in Newberry Port, with whom Friend Whittier is spending the winter months. Cartland is about five miles from his home, in Amesburg.

The living room, in which Whittier spends the most of his time, bore every evidence of the literary character of its inmates, and is a library of information in regard to the principles and testi-

monies of Friends, and these in comparison with the Orthodoxy of the day, also with the liberal growing thought of the age, were topics upon which a free, friendly interchange of thought was much enjoyed, and upon which we found no inclination or necessity for controversy. The all essentials of religious belief were fully agreed upon and only regrets expressed because of dissensions and divisions in Society, followed with the desire that the true Friends might yet be together into one body. In the meantime, the dear aged Friend comforts himself (as may we all) with the thought that the religious world, as well as the intelligent thinking minds not included in the profession, are coming to the same simple faith, viz., that it is not necessary to enquire of man the way to the Lord, but that the Word is nigh unto all as of old.

Although I felt my time far too short, I came from the presence of my host feeling that a bright page had been added to my life's history. I was more than ever before reminded that greatness means goodness, and

That great men all remind us  
That our lives should be sublime,  
And that dying leave behind us  
Footprints on the sand of time.

I was made to feel more than ever before that as life's duties opened increasingly before me, that faithfulness on my part, may not be wanting, but that I might fully occupy the one talent committed to my care, and I have no fear that if this is so, the "*well done*" will be the reward.

It is a comfort to me, and it may encourage some co-laborer, to express my conviction that the world has never been more willing to hear and endorse the simple faith of Friends than it is to-day, and my desire is that all who claim the name, and especially those who are accused of not believing in Christ, shall so allow his divine nature to be lived out through human experience, that even the accusers may be

made to exclaim: "Here is God in the form of man."

I have extended this much beyond my expectations, and trust the many Friends who requested some account of my visit will accept it, although I am poorly qualified to do justice to the cause.

---

## OUR PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES.

---

*Wherein do the principles and practices of the Society of Friends differ from those of the larger denominations of Christians sufficiently to make its existence desirable?*

Written for YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

For some time these queries have been before us—waiting for others to speak first—with little or no thought of trying to answer them. They pass unheeded until M. V.'s and E. S. I.'s articles in 12th mo. issue stir the soul, and awaken the responsive chord to:

"Send on the sunlight in letter and word,  
Speak it, and think it, till hearts are all stirred."

Not being to the Society born, reared or educated, the summit of my view will doubtless be different, perhaps more extensive, but none the less true or valuable.

Surprised at my list of reasons for the Society's continued existence being desirable, I cannot longer withhold, though in view of much enumerated good the query arises: "Will it tend toward self-righteousness?" Nay, tumbling rather, showing that we fall short of what we ought to be, having underrated our blessings, almost despised our heritage, some even ready to sell their *birthright*.

Come, rouse thee! work while it is called day; redeem the time spent in idleness and repining. Life is real, life is earnest, and will brook no delay; then haste thee on thy way.

A large, noble and grand heritage have the members of the Society of Friends, an heritage of which to be worthily proud; yet many within it

whose lots have been cast there, seem to think they have little to be thankful for. My purpose is not to say much, but fearlessly unfurl my scroll and let it wave in the breeze of public opinion, leaving to *God his province to speed the right.*

May God make us willing in the day of His power, to stir up the slumbering embers of our zeal, and gather up and add thereto new fagots, that new life and light and warmth may be infused into ourselves, and silently radiate its influence everywhere, even as the sunlight warms unconsciously the shadowy vale. Come, with minds willing to work, let us build up the walls of our heritage and repair its waste places that we "*Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown.*"

We are called Friends because Jesus said, "Ye are my friends if we do whatsoever I command you."

1. Then Friends who are taught more closely to understand the Divine requirements through the inner light—the still small voice speaking with the soul, showing a plain path for us to walk in, if we be but willing and obedient followers?

2. Who sooner recognized the fact, that there is no distinction of sex in religion, and voluntarily granted woman her God given place, her equal footing with men in *pulpit* and *peev*?

3. Who hath the greater heroism, who is less free from cowardice, he who engages in a hand to hand fight, or he who endures Christ-like, patiently, the reproaches heaped upon him rather than wound or kill another.

4. What church organization hath greater freedom and privilege in upward growth and progress than the one not bound by a creed?

5. In what body of worshippers is there better discipline if lived up to?

6. Where do we find inculcated a higher or nobler individual responsibility than that induced by the educative power derived from the reception of "Immediate revelation" to the individual soul of man?

7. No denomination is more careful in the teaching of all practical virtues.

8. What ideal life is higher or more spiritual in faith, than the one which is taught to look to God, "Who teaches His people Himself," instead of depending upon outward ministry?

9. No more perfect and beautiful *home* or *domestic* life, in all its relations, is to be found, than in our own beloved Society.

10. Marriage is not permitted to be rushed into thoughtlessly, every care being taken to teach the solemnity of such compacts; therefore husbands and wives, as such, begin life bearing and forbearing with each other, forgiving one another in love, never forgetting their vow *until death us do part*, consequently no divorce law obtains among Friends.

11. There is within the Society's walls, among all classes, a higher degree of general refinement, consequent upon the stricture laid upon tale-bearing and detraction, and the avoidance of questionable amusements and reading, noticeable even amongst those lacking the privileges of common education.

12. Friends are earnestly counselled to preserve their better life, by keeping out of the vortex of giddy *fashion* and to cultivate instead a meek and quiet spirit, which is immeasurably of more value, to the life that now is and that which is to come.

13. What peace and happiness is insured by the living up to Friends' advice and requirements, "not to engage in business beyond ability to manage," thus preventing occasion for bankruptcy.

14. Does any other code of church discipline reach so far in loving forethought for bereaft ones, as to enjoin upon its members the advisability of always being provided with *wills* or other instruments whereby their business can readily be adjusted.

15. The practice always among Friends of not wearing mourning apparel—the avoidance of show at funerals besides their adherence to

plain monumental erections, are features not to be left out of consideration, nor their injunction to circumspection in plainness of living in every phase, as making for the best welfare of all concerned.

16. Who have always been in the foremost rank of legitimate reformatory works in every God-given calling? In progressive thought none have out-run Friends, though for it persecution has been meted out to them without stint or mercy. Who frowns upon oppression of any kind more? Where find a people so free from the use of *intoxicants* and all the accompanying degradation, poverty and misery. To make a long story short, Friends are found to have a strong hand in every work tending to the well being of Christendom; philanthropic work of whatsoever sort has always been considered and seasonably theirs.

17. Is there another denomination large or small where the poor among them are so looked after as to be put in a way to be self-sustaining, thereby rendering the proportion of *incapables* small?

18. Does not the abiding by and faithful living up to these teachings constitute the embodiment and fulfilment of the requirement of the law of Christ "to love one another," by maintaining love and fellowship amongst us as becomes brethren and sisters?

Who would not be a Friend?

AMELIA R. PAGE.

Ridgeville, 1st mo. 12th, 1892.

### WORLDS FAIR ITEMS.

The fine geological collection made by the late Prof. Worthen, State Geologist of Illinois, will form part of the Illinois exhibit at the Exposition. The State World's Fair Board has purchased it for \$8 000.

Canada wants at least 350,000 square feet of space for her exhibits at the Exposition, not counting the space she will ask for in the manufacturers' building after the applications have been

summarized. Such was the encouraging outlook presented Monday by Professor William Saunders, the special commissioner from Canada. Professor Saunders passed nearly the entire day at headquarters arranging the preliminaries for the Canadian exhibit, visiting all the departments. He gave notice that the Canadian Government would ask and expect at least 10,000 square feet of space in the horticultural building to show its fruits, and the same amount of space would be wanted in the mines and mining building for the display of Canada's mineral resources. He also thought that 15,000 square feet of space would be none too much for the exhibit that would be made by his Government. Professor Saunders says that the fruit display will constitute a considerable section of the Canadian exhibit, but that the Government hopes to make such a display of all its products as will be worthy of Canada. Good exhibits are also expected in fisheries."—*Chicago Herald*.

### THE WIND.

Which ever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;  
A thousand fleets from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas;  
And what for me were favoring breeze  
Might dash another with the shock  
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.  
And so I do not dare to pray  
For winds to waft me on my way,  
But leave it to a Higher Will  
To stay or speed me, trusting still  
That all is well, and sure that He  
Who launched my bark will sail with me  
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,  
Whatever breezes may prevail,  
To land me, every peril past,  
Within His sheltering haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,  
My heart is glad to have it so;  
And, blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.  
—Selected.

The tide of life that has evolved man  
is never quite lost to its source.



# Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published in the interest of the Society of  
Friends at

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,  
ONTARIO, CANADA.

## EDITORIAL STAFF:

S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream.

ELIZABETH S. STOVER; M. E. L., Norwich.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, B. A., Coldstream.

ISAAC WILSON, Bloomfield.

SERENA MINARD, Sparta.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, *Managing Editor.*

S. P. ZAVITZ, *Treas. & Bus. Correspondent.*

TERMS—Per Year, 50c. Single Numbers, 5c.

Matter for publication should be addressed to Edgar M. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ont., and should be in by the 1st of the month. Business letters to the Treasurer, Coldstream, Ont. The name of an author must accompany the article sent for publication, as a guarantee of good faith.

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

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

Serena A. Minard, formerly of Sparta, has removed to 74 East street, St. Thomas, Ont. P. O. Box 1092.

Articles for the first three subjects, for which prizes are to be awarded at the end of the year, are to be in by the first of next month. From the interest that is being taken in these subjects we feel we shall be well repaid. The subjects are:—

1. "The Greatest Boon that Quakerism has Given to the World."
2. "The Greatest Need of our Society at the Present Time."
3. "The Present Tendency of Orthodoxy."

Send in your thoughts and opinions. The ground has not all been covered yet.

We are anxious to send out a TWENTY-PAGE PAPER, at least, every *alternate month* this year. Without a greater percentage of increase in our circulation than ordinary we cannot do it. Are members of our Society ready to help increase the circulation of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW enough to make it possible? *Three hundred extra subscribers (regular rates) will do it.* That means only \$150. READ NEXT PARAGRAPH.

*For each \$25 received for this object we will send the Young Friends' Review to 60 new subscribers one year, and the paper will be enlarged to twenty pages one month. Six such contributions will give a twenty-page paper for six months of this year to all our subscribers. Who will start the ball rolling by sending us the first \$25, and the names of 60 new subscribers.* We prefer, in every case, to have the names come with the money, but if the contributors desire otherwise we are in a position to furnish the names, and, if desired, we shall send a list of same to the contributor.

## OBITUARY.

BIRCHARD—Died Second month 5th, 1892, Sarah D. Birchard, beloved wife of Harvey Birchard, of Warwick, Ont, in the 52nd year of her age, a member of Norwich Monthly Meeting.

She was visiting relations in Pickering, and desiring to visit her sister at Cobocok she went there. The diphtheria soon broke out in the family, and the house was quarantined by the doctor. She waited on her sister faithfully for about five weeks, till at last she was taken with the disease, and on the 5th of Second month she died, being sick only five days.

Her mental faculties being at no time impaired, she was conscious to the last. She leaves a husband and a family of four sons and seven daughters, who are all at home, and a wide circle of friends and relations to mourn her loss.

She was born in Pickering on the 8th

of Second month, 1839, where she resided till her marriage to Harvey Birchard in 1863, after which they went to live at the Uxbridge Preparative Meeting and Pickering Monthly Meeting. In 1883 they with their family moved within the limits of Norwich Monthly Meeting, in Lambton County, where the family now resides.

WARD.—Died, at his daughter's home, in Pelham, Richard Ward, in the 95th year of his age.

STOVER.—Died on the 15th of last mo., Emma Stover, wife of the late John Stover, at the home of her son, Adam J. Stover, Norwich, in the 89th year of her age.

She was a member of Norwich Monthly Meeting. She emigrated to Canada from New York in 1818, and at the age of twenty-three married John Stover, and since 1827 has lived on the farm where she died. She was a consistent member among Friends, and active until enfeebled by age. Her mind, however, preserved its strength and brightness to the last, and memory retained ever fresh the experiences of her early pioneer life in the wilderness of Canada, reminiscences of which she would often relate to her grandchildren. After a short illness she succumbed to the universal "La Grippe."

WALL.—Died at the home of his son-in-law, S. L. Kesler, in Clearfield Co., Pa., Reuben Wall, aged 80 years 4 months and 4 days.

He was a life-long member of West Branch Monthly Meeting and of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. For several months he suffered from dropsy, and quietly breathed his last on 2nd month 21st. He was buried in Friends' cemetery, and his remains were followed by a large concourse of friends.

In the death of Spurgeon, evangelical orthodoxy, strong and clear, loses its most conspicuous representative. He was opposed to nearly everything progressive and new in thought, but splendidly in earnest and nobly in league with all that was practical and vital in the old religion.

## THE SOWER.

"There went out a sower to sow." Thus spake the Teacher the parable of the sower (Matthew, chap. 13) as he sat in the ship and taught the multitude who stood upon the shore. And they who were about him asked concerning the parable. And he said: "These are they which are sown upon stony ground who, when they have heard the Word, immediately receive it with gladness and have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time."

How plain and simple were the lessons of this Teacher. Drawn from the common things of life the wise and ignorant were alike instructed. And herein lies the great mastery he gained over the multitude that gathered about him. They knew the truth of his illustrations and could see the force of their application.

None had greater significance or appeared with greater force to their intelligence than the parable of "the sower." Directly before them were the several conditions of soil upon which the seed was cast, and it required no argument to enforce the moral of the illustration. As we read these lessons that fell from the lips of the Master, we are apt to say "the sower" represents the whole human family on the one part and the "Sower of the Word," on the other part. We are too prone to class our Friends as hearers, trusting for ourselves that the soil of our own souls is the good ground where the seed of the sower will take root and bring forth abundantly. Have we "the root" in ourselves is the important question? What is the condition of the soil upon which this seed is sown? Do I receive it with gladness and does the root strike deep, sending out its branches into the remotest corner of the ground, drawing supply that will furnish sap to the tender blade, will quicken the bud into a perfect flower and bring forth the ripened fruit. Or does the seed fail of this? Is the surface fair to the eye but has

no depths into which the tender roots may fasten. If so, how can this condition be changed? It is our own fault if the soil of our hearts is not filled with the seed which is sown. It is our duty to keep alive to every impulse of god. Hardness of heart leads to unbelief and this takes from the soul its trust in God and confidence in man.

E. H. B.

Purchase, 2nd mo., 1892.

### THE PELHAM HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

Thinking that some mention of the proceedings of Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting would be expected by the readers of YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW,—as one who was there—it may not be unacceptable to remark that I think it not unworthy of notice. Though on account of the large amount of sickness throughout the land, the attendance was necessarily much smaller than usual, there being few from other Monthly Meetings, and an entire absence of *Ministering Friends*, and very little business outside the usual routine to be transacted. But there seemed to be begotten a feeling of willingness to be used by the Divine Master, and humble vessels were unharmed and made use of to “water the lilies in His garden.” Are we like the Psalmist, willing to drink of the brook in the way, *therefore, shall we lift up the head*, then let us thank God that being thus made willing, we need never journey in spiritual dearth and dryness.

Seeing the seats left vacant from sickness and bereavement, sadness pervaded the spirit and elicited a voice in supplication from our midst, praying the dear Father to bless the sick and the afflicted, comfort and support the companionless in their bereavement, and give His professed followers the assurance that when life's trials and sorrows are over there is a mansion prepared for those who are faithful in the performance of known duty.

AMELIA R. PAGE.

### “THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.”

BY A BRAHMIN LADY.

In the secret of His presence, how my soul delights to hide!  
Oh! how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!  
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,  
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing  
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;  
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet;  
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet!

Only *this* I know; I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears.  
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers!  
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a strange Friend He would be,  
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see!

### GOD THE SAVIOUR.

All races have inspired men and their sacred books, else how could they have within them the rays of that light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world; that comes to educate, inspire, uplift men, and thus redeem them out of evil—the deliverer of the nations. This is the true story of wisdom's way brought forth in man according to history and our conception of same; engendering a saving presence of the Creator—the key opening the gospel to the human family. Herein is the realization of the beginning of a new life, the word spoken individually to each; wherein the communion is a personal transaction between parent and child, transcending typical usages of organized bodies, the periodical communion of their (so called) sacramental services. Revelation is the foundation, the rock on which we build, the power belonging to God and Him only. Man may be possessed of sublime truths, and speak

of them to others, but they can't understand without the revelating power; and when the divine law has been put in the mind and heart of the children of men, we can't transgress the law without knowing it, because of the authenticity of the law. Do we not know it in every stage of development in life? If God was in Jesus reconciling the world unto himself, we too must learn of Him to know of the reception. Those who do the will of the Divine Father are Christians. "For as many as are led by the spirit of God, these are the sons of God." Then lose not sight of the Father, for the son, the Christ in Jesus, was the lineal heir of God, whom God anointed and qualified. To follow Jesus we too must know something of God's presence to understand the word that was before the formation of letters, in which the college bread may not be adorned. "Get thee wisdom, get understanding; exalt her, and she will promote thee." "Be ye reconciled to God." What reconciles the soul with its Creator, a mediator? Not at all. But "the gospel preached in every creature"; inviting and striving with every man, working revelation for all, even those who are ignorant of the history of Jesus and his sufferings, or Adam and his troubles. There is only one heavenly King, guide and teacher over all. The indwelling of God's holy spirit is the life-giving principle of the human race. The testimony of the devout worshipping world throughout time is without exception, that God is saviour of mankind, and the only Saviour. We love the unexcelled truths of the teaching of Jesus, calling on the same Head for a measure of His spirit that we may be members of the same household, for certain it is that God is Saviour—the Physician, for in Him only are we made whole. There is no mediator between God and ourselves, any more than there was between Abram, Isaiah, David and Jesus, according to history and our personal knowledge of practical righte-

ousness, although Jesus had greater degrees he could not transcend limitations. And there is nothing to keep us out of the kingdom except disobedience, illegitimate use of appetites, propensities, etc., all good in themselves when controlled by the revelating power, then we are acceptable in His sight.

Traditional worship and practical worship have no part in each other, because one is of the letter, the other of the spirit which giveth life abundantly to all who are led thereby. While a large majority do not subscribe thereto, yet it is a healthy growth of a recognized fact throughout christendom, for which adoration and praise is given to the Giver of all good gifts, for his bountiful provisions.

H. G. M.

#### THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

A special meeting of the London Meeting for Sufferings was held first mo. 15; at which were present Edmond W. Brooks and Francis W. Fox, who had just returned from a visit of investigation in the famine district of Russia. Edmond W. Brooks intends returning at once to take part in giving relief to the starving people there. The population of the famine stricken province is nearly 36 millions. A large portion of these will die for want of food unless supplied before the end of next month, as then the roads are impassable. There are large stocks of grain in the Caucasus and in Southern Russia, and the Government is now making great efforts to hurry transportation. F. W. Fox and E. W. Brooks were kindly received by high officials in St. Petersburg, and obtained authority for the distribution of food and money as private individuals throughout the famine region. The English committee, at the head of which is Lord Monksweil, has issued the following letter:

"As various methods have been suggested in the press for the relief of the

starving Russian peasantry, we ask permission to put before your readers a practical and direct way of meeting the distress.

"An organization has been at work for some time collecting subscriptions for transmission to Count Leo Tolstoi. The Society of Friends are also collecting subscriptions for the Famine Fund; and, in order to prevent overlapping, we propose to act in concert with a committee of the Society, whose delegates have just returned from the famine-stricken districts, and who will make a second journey to Russia in order to personally distribute whatever money may be collected. A part of the money will be handed to Count Tolstoi for the relief of those districts with which he is in immediate contact. In other districts relief will be administered by the Society of Friends.

"(Signed) MONKSWELL

"GILBERT COLERIDGE, Hon. Treas.

"PELHAM M. HILL, Secretary."

English Friends have already raised £2000 for aid in Russia, but much more will be needed. Remittances may be forwarded to Friends' Russian Famine Account, care of J. Gurney Barclay, 54 Lombard street, E. C., London, England.—*Friends' Review*.

### THE WORLD'S FAIR AS A RUMSHOP.

The great World's Fair is to go into the liquor business. The products of the vat and the still are to be sold by the side of those of the mill and the loom, and the visitor will not need to go into any disreputable and dangerous places to study the results of the American saloon. These results are to be displayed on the Fair grounds, and schooners of lager, ponies of brandy, glasses of whiskey and bottles of wine are to be dealt out as freely as cups of coffee or tea, and glasses of milk or lemonade. The local directory of the Fair has decided that the Government of the United States, and

of every State and Territory, shall thus go into the liquor business.

The Fair is to go into the liquor business for the profit there is in it. This is the reason that "Billy" McGlory and every other keeper of a "dive" or rumshop or beer saloon goes into it. It is not because the business is necessary, or desirable, or helpful, or reputable; but because it pays. That is why the World's Fair is to go into it. It wants the money that liquor dealers will pay for the privilege that comes from carrying on this disreputable business on the Fair grounds.

The Fair is to go into business as a drunkard-maker. The liquors which are to be offered under its auspices are those which make every saloon an enemy of human kind. Under the sanction of the directors they have on the Fair grounds the same fell power over body and brain, over manly virtue, noble aspirations and humane impulses as in the corner groggery. Because such are the inevitable results of the liquor business, it is everywhere branded as infamous. The Fair is to be a special patron of this infamous business.

The Fair wants a share of the revenue of this infamous business for its large expenses. For pity's sake, is this country so poor that it cannot hold a great Fair without calling in the saloon keeper to help raise the means? Congress has voted \$5,000,000, Chicago has given \$10,000,000, the States have appropriated millions more; gate-money is to be collected; other sources of income are available—is it possibly we cannot scrape enough together for expenses without taking blood-money, or turning our one weekly sacred rest day into a day of traffic? Congress is to be asked for more; why not ask it for enough to cover the cost?

The Fair is to be a World's Fair; it is to be a magnificent exhibit of the products and inventions of civilization; it is to be a celebration by the two hemispheres of the discovery of this

continent ; it is to be a demonstration of the progress of man ; it is to give, also, a representation of the beneficial effects of education and religion. In the name of our common humanity, cannot a great and wealthy, not to say moral and Christian, nation of 63 000,000 pay the expenses of such an enterprise without the help of the beer bottle and the rum cask ? If we cannot we ought to hide our humiliation in the rags of our poverty and beg the world to look some other way. If we can raise it, if we can raise a hundred millions if necessary, to make the Fair a success, in common decency let us drop the liquor business.—Independent, N. Y.

---

### A MEMORY.

---

The admirable diversity of gifts and abilities of mind serve the necessities of those times and places to which men are appointed. With this just gradation of the human understanding the lesser admires the greater, and the embryonic intellect looks upon the wisdom of age and experience with a yearning after the deep things of life. It is not the dignity of position in the political world which so attracts our attention, as the dignity of mind in the intellectual world. *Mind* first, and then politics ; but we regret to acknowledge the fact, that in our great American Republic it is too often politics minus the mind. Behold the Czar of Russia, wielding the sceptre of cruelty toward a down trodden race ; here is despotism in the extreme, here is great power without a great heart throbbing behind the throne. The union of soul and mind call forth our deepest admiration, and this we find within the poet's sanctum. As a true representation of the type of poetical gentleness, I call to mind our American Wordsworth, William Cullen Bryant. Some nineteen years ago the poet occupied his residence at Roslyn, Long Island. This home was beauti-

fully arranged ; the lawn was delightfully spacious, with wide spreading oaks, and the dark and " silent lake " nestled in among the trees. One sunny morning in the dim, but never to be forgotten past, the writer, a child of eight summers, was driven up to call upon the poet. As soon as we neared the house, a grey-haired, shaggy-browed, pleasant-looking old gentleman stepped down from the piazza. The friendly relations of the writer's chaperone and the poet, admitted of the following interview : " Mr. Bryant, you will, I trust, pardon this intrusion upon your time, and permit me to present to you my little sister." A hand that was broad, and soft and warm, clasped mine in silence, and then a kindly blessing seemed to fall from his lips upon my head. In these few moments of contact with a great soul, the child-heart felt the inspiration of an age. It was not a knowledge of his poetical power which awakened this feeling but simply an early, untrained affection for intellectual acumen. It matters not in which direction our lifeboat may tend ; one thing is certain—that we cherish those memories most which bear the touch of *greatness*.

MARY ELLA W. CLARK.

---

Much has been claimed for whiskey as a valuable agent to ward off disease in many forms. Asked recently by a representative of the N. Y. World, as to its value as a preventative of the prevailing grip, Dr. George F. Shrady, an eminent medical authority, of this city, is reported as saying : " Whiskey is never good to ward off anything. Good food is the best means with which to ward off disease. To dose with whiskey is like adding shavings to the fire. There is no physical, mental, or moral excuse for a man's drinking whiskey as a preventative of disease." Dr. Shrady's emphatic and timely testimony should be influential in helping to dispel the popular but mischievous whiskey delusion.—National Temperance Advocate.

For our Cozy Corner.

## MY VALENTINE.

Soon, oh! soon, a day approacheth,  
I'm reminded by the view,  
Ranged along the glassy counters  
Dainty treasures rare and new.  
As I paused to gaze upon them,  
Said the man of accents fine,  
With an eye to prosperous doing,  
Will you buy a valentine

No, said I, with firm decision,  
They would be no use to me ;  
"Are there not some little children  
You could send them to?" said he.  
Children, said I, oh, what nonsense !  
Children need not things like these ;  
Yet this version of the question  
Did not well the merchant please.

As I took my journey homeward,  
Still his words rang in my ear,  
Thinking how the lace-like beauties  
Little children's hearts would cheer,  
How the words, so kind and tender,  
Joy to such as these imparts,  
Is it true, then rose the question,  
These are not for children's hearts ?

Then my thoughts went onward, searching  
For the children, such a host ;  
I'll write *one* for all the children,  
But 'twill be for orphans most.  
May you all be ever happy  
With the joys true friends impart ;  
May the storms of life ne'er find you  
Where I hide you in my heart.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Yesterday I saw two orphans,  
They were just so sweet and fair,  
That "Who are they?" was the question,  
Of the many people there.  
So I sought the eldest maiden,  
Took her tiny hand in mine,  
Asked her kindly, "Whose girls are you?"  
Quick the answer, you'll divine.

"I am papa's, grandma's, grandpa's,  
Auntie's,"—here she caught our smile,  
Then she paused, in painful wonder,  
Gazing timidly the while.  
"What's your papa's name?" I questioned,  
"Isaac," said the little one.  
"What's his other name?" She answered  
Right at last, "Tis Isaac Bunn."

Then a kindly woman near them,  
Told the tale so sad to hear,  
That the darlings have no mother,  
Yet *she* tries their hearts to cheer.  
Good were they all day, and quiet,  
With a grace that always charms,  
Till, at last, each sank to slumber,  
In some gentle stranger's arms.

Feb. 13<sup>th</sup>, 1892.

COUSIN JULIA.

A TOUR TO DETROIT NINETY-  
NINE YEARS AGO.

In the year 1793 the United States Government and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends sent out an expedition to the shores of Lake Erie in an endeavor to effect a general peace with the various Northwestern Indian tribes. The three United States Commissioners and six representative Ministers of the Society of Friends proceeded in two divisions to Upper Canada, one party, among whom was Joseph Moore, of Flemington, N. J., maternal grandfather of the late Sarah (King) Pound, of Farmington, N. Y., and brother to the Samuel Moore, of Nova Scotia, who afterward settled at Norwich, C. W. and to Edward Moore, of Rahway, N. Y., advanced from Philadelphia through the wilderness of the State of New York on horseback to the foot of Lake Erie, the other division, of which Jacob Lindley and William Hartshorn were members, went by boat from New York by way of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, smaller streams and Lake Ontario to the mouth of Niagara River, on whose banks they rejoined their overland associates. After visiting the various families of Friends settled in that vicinity, the Quaker members of the expedition ascended Lake Erie and the river to Detroit, where they remained for about two months awaiting the arrival of the Commissioners, who had tarried in Upper Canada.

The obstinate refusal of certain tribes to consent to the settlement of the whites north of the Ohio River defeated the object of the expedition. After the conference below Detroit, the party returned to the neighborhood of Niagara Falls, and thence to Philadelphia, which was reached after an absence of about four and one-half months, and which was suffering an epidemic of yellow fever. It was undoubtedly the fatigue and exposure of this long journey that rendered Joseph Moore an easy victim of the plague soon after reaching his New Jersey home.

His descendent, our blind kinsman, Ambrose M. Shotwell, of Concord, Mich., offers to supply Jacob Lindley and Joseph Moore's interesting accounts of the incidents of that excursion in promotion of the cause of peace, with a brief memorial of Joseph Moore, and Oliver Parson's letter to Joseph Simpson on the settlement of Friends in Ohio, in pamphlet form, at twenty-five cents per copy, or cloth bound volumes of the Pioneer Collections, containing the same with other matter fully indexed at \$1.25 per copy

### MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NIAGARA.

The summer's sun had gone down gently to rest—the noise of the locomotive was no longer heard, which had so rapidly conveyed its expectant passengers to their place of destination. 'Twas a moonlight scene, a fitting time to listen to the roar of this mighty cataract, which sent a thrill of rapture through my soul, as I beheld in mute astonishment, the grandeur of the sight before me. I could then well exclaim, "No description can convey a true picture of this far famed wonder of nature," for one must see it to feel its vastness, to appreciate its awful magnificence; then it is that we can realize our own littleness, and feel like offering up the *spirit of praise* to the Almighty, who formed and fashioned it to His own glory.

Come with me now to the bridge just over the *rapids*, stand there in silent wonder and admiration to behold them roaring and foaming as the angry torrents are rushing in eager haste to take their final leap into those unknown depths never yet fathomed by finite man, sending up as they do, those ceaseless mists that encircle them, from the deep recesses of its bosom.

As we gaze at this vast body of water, about three-quarters of a mile in width, on the American side, with a fall of 60 feet in a mile, some idea may be

formed of the vast quantity of water which for ages past have been pouring into the river below, gradually wearing away its rocky bed until geologists have formed the conclusion, it has taken about *35,000 years* to gain its present position from Queenston, a distance of seven miles. The view from the Canada side is far more grand and imposing. There the *eye* takes in the whole scene at one glance, there the *ear* listens with rapture at the sound of "many waters," and a feeling of awe impresses the beholder into solemn silence. From this lofty eminence we look down to the river below, and watch with intense interest the beautiful little steamer, the "Maid of the Mist," as she moves steadily on her fearful course, almost into the foaming torrent, where she gracefully wheels around, and is soon out of apparent danger.

Many melancholy events have taken place here, by which human life has been sacrificed, and the *rock* is still shown where that poor German (Joseph Avary) hung on for many sad hours, while hundreds stood upon the bridge, to witness the heart rendering scene, doing all in their power to save him, but, alas! human efforts were in vain, the last rope was thrown, and just escaped his grasp when his strength was exhausted, and in a moment more his body went over the falls.

No spot on earth has been more visited. It is said millions have witnessed this grand monument of nature's handiwork. ELIZA H. BELL.

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble.

The only saint is the one who compels life to be a paradise.

I have never known a man who habitually and on principle absented himself from the public worship of God who did not sooner or later bring sorrow upon himself or his family.—*Dr. Bellows.*



## CHANGED HABITS.

Habit is said to be "second nature," because it may mould and shape our lives as though the trait of character was inherent or inborn. By practice, then, we nourish a good or bad habit until it becomes, as it were, a part of us, controls our actions often times as with an iron hand, completely changing the course of life for good or evil.

Many of the evils about us are the result of bad habits, indulgence until they have taken possession of their victims, leading them whithersoever they will. Are our habits good or bad? Are they bringing us bright or dark results? If the latter, and not to our advantage, how are we to get rid of them?

It seems to me that trying to rid ourselves of bad habits is like a child trying to scrape the frost from a window in a cold room, it may not return in just the same shape but it surely comes back in some form. Let a fire be kindled in the room, and the glowing heat soon drives away the frost. Just so, if we let the warmth of the love of God dwell in our hearts, the bad habits will disappear. Light is then shed on our pathway, and our lives are filled with joy.

LUCRETIA M. ROBINSON.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., 1, 28, 1892.

Civilization and Christianity have so simplified their principles that the heart of any young man and any girl beautiful in her mind in her youth can carry the world about in their spirits pictured with no great feature missing. Not to carry thus the great world is to betray a great trust. It ought to be thought a

**UNITY.** A weekly journal of a Religion that is Rational, and a Rationalism that is Religious. For those who believe in Religion, but question miracles, everlasting punishment, and vicarious atonement. UNITY stands for Freedom, Fellowship, and Character in Religion, and for a brotherly fellowship that welcomes all who wish to work together for the advancement of Truth, Right and Love in the world. 32 columns, including a sermon every week. \$1.00 a year; but to a new subscriber, mentioning this advertisement, it will be sent a whole year for 50 cents. Address CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 116 Dearborn St., Chicago.

great destiny to speak the philosophy of the world, and to possess a soul that can carry within it the picture of humanity.—*David Swing.*

## HARNED ACADEMY

A FRIENDS' BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

PLAINFIELD, - NEW JERSEY.

This is a select home-school where each pupil is treated as a member of the Principal's family and brought under the influence of refined home culture, situated in the pleasant and healthful city of Plainfield, with large grounds and a good gymnasium. The buildings are brick, heated by steam and lighted by gas. The aim of this school is to prepare students for the Swarthmore College, or any other college they may desire to enter, and to furnish a good business education. We endeavor to develop our pupils mentally, morally and physically so as to produce the best results.

We desire to develop intelligent, upright, honest men, and to this end we aim to surround them with such influences as will bring out their better natures, and inspire a desire for study and improvement. For particulars address, EDWARD N. HARNED, Principal.

## FRIENDS' ACADEMY

LOCUST VALLEY LONG ISLAND.

A boarding and day school for both sexes. Thorough courses preparing for admission to any college, or furnishing a good English Education. This school will open Ninth month 8th, 1891. Terms for boarding scholars, \$750 per school year. The school is under the care of Friends, and is pleasantly located on Long Island, about thirty miles from New York. For catalogue and particulars, address FREDERICK E. WILLITS, Secretary, Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.

## CHAPPAQUA MOUNTAIN INSTITUTE.

A Boarding School for both sexes under the care of Purchase Quarterly Meeting. The present building is new and much enlarged, and has perfect sanitary arrangements, excellent corps of instructors, broad course of study. Prepares for college. Healthfully and pleasantly located, near the Harlem R. R. One hour from New York City. For catalogue and particulars, address SAMUEL C. COLLINS, A. M., Prin., Chappaqua, N. Y.

Scientific American  
Agency for

**PATENTS**

CAVEATS,  
TRADE MARKS,  
DESIGN PATENTS,  
COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to  
MUNN & CO. 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America.  
Every patent taken out by us is brought before  
the public by a notice given free of charge in the

**Scientific American**

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the  
world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent  
man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a  
year; \$1.40 six months. Address MUNN & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.