



# Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XII.

LONDON, ONT., CANADA, SEVENTH MONTH, 1896

No. 7

## PRAISE YE THE LORD.

*Praise ye the Lord!*

Not where the voice of a preacher instructs  
you,  
Not where the hand of a mortal conducts  
you,  
But where the bright welkin in Scripture of  
glory  
Blazons creation's miraculous story,  
*Praise ye the Lord!*

*Praise ye the Lord!*

Not in the square-hewn, many-tiered pile,  
Not in the long-drawn dim shadowed aisle,  
But where the bright world, with age never  
hoary,  
Flashes His brightness and thunders His  
glory,

*Praise ye the Lord!*

—JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

## SERMON.

BY JOEL BORTON, IN FRIENDS' MEETING-  
HOUSE, COLDSTREAM, 6TH MO.  
21ST, 1896.

"I am the light of the world." This expression of Jesus Christ was not understood by those around him. They did not see how he could be the light of the world; neither is it understood at the present day. My mind is impressed with the thought that there is need of a better understanding of what Jesus meant when he said, "I am the light of the world," of how he should come to be our light. "If any man shall follow me he shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." Where we become confused is how he could be their light after he had left their outward presence. Unless we take the spiritual construction we cannot understand what he meant by those words. He would not be permitted to remain with them always. The time came when it was expedient for them that he should go away, for he

says, "If I go not away the comforter will not come but if I depart I will send him unto you." We are all looking for this comforter, all desiring this light, to direct us, as we cannot walk in a straight forward and right way in this present life without it.

As I queried why I should have called you together this afternoon, and you were willing to respond, I felt that it was because we were seekers, and want to learn the truth, to get more of this light, to know more of this way of life.

I do not understand that when Jesus passed away and the Gospel writers laid down the pen that revelation ceased. Indeed, I sometimes think that it had just fairly commenced. God spake to the Prophets, and all the faithful ones, before the time of Jesus, and why should he not speak now? Why should he forsake his children at this time, and only leave the Scriptures of truth, written by inspired men, by the light given to them. Do they not testify in them that the word was made flesh and dwelt among men. This was that "True light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and dwelt in Jesus Christ in its fullness.

God gave every opportunity for man's salvation, but man transgressed. He was placed in the Garden of Eden to dress it and to use the fruits, except of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. God reserved, as I understand it, the power to tell man what is right and what is wrong for him to do. We transgress as Adam did, not because he did. We do it of our own free will. None of us need blame God, for we are not tempted of Him, but are led away of our own lust which bringeth forth sin. We are placed in no less favorable position than was Adam.

God is infinite in His mercy and impartial in His love, and gives to us the same right and title to the tree of life as he did to Adam; and we through transgression fall and go into bondage, as did the children of Israel, which resulted in a state of hardness of heart, wherein they were not prepared to receive the perfect law, but were in due course of time led back to it by Moses and the Prophets until they were ready for the more excellent law revealed in the life of Jesus Christ, who became the light of the world, because he lived that life in perfection through obedience, and thus gained the right to say, "I am the light of the world"; and he passing this perfect way of life on to his disciples, and to us, said in the Sermon on the Mount, "Ye are the light of the world." Much of the life of the world depends upon us, as we are the crowning piece of creation, and in proportion to our faithfulness is this creation's perfection.

Our perfection is to be even the perfection of our Father in Heaven. The Christ of God was in the world before Jesus came to humanity, for he says, "Before Abraham was I am." It was from the beginning, it was the "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," which every believer acknowledges by their action, and it did not go out of the world when Jesus was crucified. Christ never was crucified only as men did in their own souls. Jesus never crucified Christ. It was this Christ that was sent into the world, that whosoever believeth should not perish, but have everlasting life. This it is that I would call you to. He still lives. Jesus said to the disciples, "If I go away from you, I will send the Comforter even the spirit of truth, which shall lead you to all truth."

This Christ, this light, of the world is the word that will be a lamp to thy feet, and a light unto thy path, enabling thee to "do justly and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

Let us come individually to this Christ within and acknowledge it to the

world, for "whosoever is ashamed of me and my words, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

Let us close in with the offer of Divine love, applying it practically to our individual lives, and come to understand that this life of Christ in Jesus is the light of Christ in us, and will enlighten us on the pathway of life.

Allow me to explain by referring to an outward illustration. Along our sea coasts are stationed lighthouses to guide seafaring men on their voyages, so they may steer clear of shoals and rocks and all dangers. I have been up in the lighthouse, and have observed the great care necessary to keep the windows and reflectors clean and clear from tarnish and corroding dust. It is a daily duty, and if neglected day by day and week by week, the light will be obscured and will fail to shed its warning beams over the broad expanse of waters. This is true of our own lives. We are the keepers of the light of Christ, the light of our lives. He or she that would come after me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life. Dear hearts, be up and doing each day to keep the light shining brightly. Daily application to the windows and reflectors is required. By the life which are the windows and the character which is the reflector is a man known. By their fruits ye shall know them. Is thy light burning this afternoon? Are the windows clean and the reflector bright; or is there something troubling us? If so, our lives are not right; they do not give forth the true light, and our vessel may become shipwrecked. There is some spot or corrosion on the life or character. It may be that we have taken advantage of a brother, that we have used a hard word, have yielded unduly to some appetite, or given way to the lust of the flesh or the pride of life, or a selfish love for the world.

These spots, whatever they may be, can be cleansed only by applying the

grace of God. The grace of God is love; and how can we apply it practically? Just to love to do God's will, more than to do the things that lead us away, even more than houses and lands, husband or wife, gold or silver, or any other gods, we may have before our God of love. If any man shall forsake all these things for my sake and the Gospel's, he shall not only have them in the highest sense, but also eternal life.

I would I were an instrument in the hands of God this afternoon, to make you to see the truth, and to accept it in its simplicity.

We are all on the voyage of life; some of us nearing the other shore, some tossed about on the billows of mid-life; some have not ventured far and are soon summoned home. There is no certainty. The old must die and the young do. There is no time to put off the preparation for the final journey into the all-unseen, the all-unknown.

Men make every effort to lead the voyager away from the true path. Lives are lost to the world, the home, and those around them, upon the shoals—the harmful amusements—beer gardens, dancing pavilions, etc. As we yield to these things, as we go into these paths to seek this false happiness, we are not left without the witness for truth—even the still small voice of God in the soul, whispering, "this is wrong." Choose this day the right pilot for this little bark gliding over life's ocean. Choose this Christ for our pilot that Jesus had, in its fullness, and testified that "Whosoever believeth, might not perish but have everlasting life—life here and hereafter.

When we look at the progress of the world, even the material world, during the last 100, or even 50 years, we realize that the ability that accomplishes it comes from God. Man cannot do these things alone. How important it is, then, to seek God's will and do it. It is only thus we can

make preparation for the final journey, which also prepares us better for this present life.

Sometimes our little ones are taken from us that we may be led up higher. As the Alpine Shepherd, when the pasture in the valley becomes poor and thin, takes the lamb in his arms and goes before, thus drawing the bleating mother over the rocks and through the briars and brambles, up higher on the mountain side to where the pastures are fresh and abundant. So we are enticed upwards. We all have loved ones in the other world, who have gone on but a little while before us, and who await our coming.

These visitations have proved to me more than anything else that there is a life beyond the grave. I remember, when a boy of fifteen, as I stood at the bedside of my departing father, after we thought that he had passed away, he opened his eyes, and said, "Oh, did you see them? Four white angels passed over my bed with palms in their hands." They had laid away four little girls, and can we not believe that they had come to welcome this father into the heavenly home. This scene made a deep and lasting impression on my youthful mind, and convinced me, above all other proof, that there is a life beyond the grave; that there is a home, happier than any here, where we shall dwell with loved ones and the Father forevermore. Let us close in with the invitation; make the choice to-day; secure the passport that admits us into this home eternal. God seeks the salvation of all. He wills not the death of any, but invites all to return and live, for why will ye perish. We were created in his image, and He wants us to reflect that same purity as we pass through life. But we cannot do it while living selfishly. Selfishness will weigh us down with sorrow and remorse. But he himself will help us to line aright. His love abounds; nor has his revelation ceased. He will reveal himself to us as he did to the

men of old. Why do men pray to God if this be not so? Why do they ask for blessings, if they think the avenue, through which God would bless them, is closed up. No, no; let us not entertain such an idea, but cast it from us forever. I sometimes think God's light, if it varies at all, increases a little. We will not only be able to do the works that he did, but greater works, it is promised, than those, shall we do if we are only faithful, and live in unity and harmony with God. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sat down, with my Father in his throne." This is our privilege, and can be gained, not by the observance of any man-instituted system of theology, but by living out daily the simple and practical religion of Jesus Christ. We shall not be asked if we are Baptists or Presbyterians, or Episcopalians, but simply, "Is thy name written on the book of life? Not only is it there, for all names are recorded, but is it legible and not obscured and blurred by deeds of sin, unused or misused talents?" "Once," the legend says, "a certain man approached and asked if his name was written there." The recorder said, "Thy name is not here." He was surprised, and asked, "How is that?" The angel said, "I'll go and look again." He found it, but all covered with smoke. It is not always the smoke of tobacco that hides the names. It may be the intoxicating cup or some other indulgence. All sin, whatever it may be, obliterates our names on the Book of Life.

As we understand this Christ of God to be the Light of the World, our light, by which we may walk and not stumble; we will realize it also as the resurrection and the life that, whosoever believeth shall not die, but have everlasting life. This resurrection I understand to be a lifting of the soul, out of the dead things of earth, out of empty beliefs and professions, out of death

that sin begets into a new life, even the eternal life here and hereafter. We will have the assurance that though the physical will return to the earth, the spirit will go back to God, who gave it to dwell eternally in that home prepared. I invite us again—we whom God has made in his own image and has breathed into us the breath of life. I invite us to follow this Christ, this Light of the World. We will then become *living* souls, and an honor and glory to him in every sense of the word.

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### BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

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The inhabitants of nearly all of Eastern Asia worship according to the faith of Buddha. Buddhism is the popular belief of China, the State religion of Thibet and the Birman Empire, and is embraced by the Japanese, Siamese, Ceylonese, and a number of other peoples of the eastern part of the continent. Its adherents are reckoned, or rather guessed, for there are no accurate statistics in regard to them, to number anywhere from two hundred to three hundred millions—quite as many and probably more than the number of Christians.

James Freeman Clarke calls Buddhism the Protestantism of the East, for it was the outgrowth of a protest made by the Brahmin monks against the doctrine of a salvation attainable only through priests and in favor of salvation through individual good conduct.

The forms and ceremonies of the Buddhist religion, however, resemble very closely those of the Catholic Church. So closely that the early Christian missionaries to the East thought Satan was using the people to mock the sacred rites of Catholicism. In reality Buddhism is, at least, three or four centuries older than Christianity, and some authorities think that the early Catholics derived their forms from the Buddhists; but there does not seem to be any histori-

cal evidence to substantiate such a view.

The life of Siddartha, the founder of Buddhism, whom we usually hear spoken of as Buddha, is delightfully told by Edwin Arnold in his "Light of Asia," no doubt familiar to many of you. The son of a powerful king, endowed with every desirable trait, in fact, called Siddartha, because the name means "the fulfilment of every wish," he found himself much troubled because of the evil of the world. Nothing was permanent; change all the time; no stability; nothing stable but the truth, and this he desired to see. Could he once see it he felt sure he could bring peace to mankind. And so he left the palace never to return until he had attained sights of the divine law, and so become a Buddha.

In the silence he sought for light and guidance, sought to learn the best way of helping his fellow men, fellow-sufferers in a world full of change and decay. The light finally came, and he went about dressed as a priest, carrying the usual bowl of the mendicant, and taught the people the truths that had been revealed to him in his solitude; much as Jesus did centuries later. He taught, as Jesus did, by conversation only, and after his death, legend tells us, three of his disciples were appointed to recite all they could remember of his words. The sacred Buddhist scriptures were the result.

The fundamental doctrine of Buddhism is the doctrine of the four sublime truths:—

1. "All existence is evil because all existence is subject to change and decay."

2. "The source of this evil is the desire for things which change and pass away."

3. "This desire and the evils which follow it are not inevitable, for if we choose we can arrive at Nirvana (the Buddhist heaven), when both shall wholly cease."

4. "There is a fixed and certain method to adopt, by pursuing which we attain this end without possibility of failure."

There are eight steps which must be followed in order to reach Nirvana:

1. "Right belief or the correct faith."

2. "Right judgment or wise application of that faith to life."

3. "Right utterance, or perfect truth in all that we say or do."

4. "Right motives, or proposing always a proper end and aim."

5. "Right occupation, or an outward life not involving sin."

6. "Right obedience, or faithful observance of duty."

7. "Right memory, or a proper recollection of past conduct."

8. "Right meditation, or keeping the mind fixed on permanent truth."

Then there are five commandments much like our ten, excepting that Buddhists are commanded not to become intoxicated, and they have no command about serving only one god or keeping the Sabbath Day.

It is a curious thing that the Buddhists seem to have no idea of a God. They are often called Atheists. They recognize fully the laws of the universe, and have a sublime appreciation of nature, but they recognize no creation or creator, the deified Buddha being the nearest they approach to a God. The fatherhood of God seems to have entirely given way to the brotherhood of man, for a stranger among the Buddhists is treated and cared for as though he were one of the family, whether anything is known of him or not. Food and shelter are proffered without money and without price. Animals are cared for with the same loving service that is given to human beings.

Such a thing as intolerance is unknown among them. The Buddhist regards all other religions as only a help to his own.

Certainly there could be no higher moral code than that followed by the

Buddhist. What, then, is the fault of this religion ; ye who believe that right living is the one thing that counts, that conduct has all to do with life ?

But belief does count something ; it may be very little, but it is something, and nowhere can we realize it more fully than in Buddhism.

Let us look at the Buddhist idea of heaven—Nirvana. What the nature of this place is, no one knows any more than we know the nature of the heaven that we look forward to. But the Buddhist believes that all existence is evil, and so the highest bliss to him is non-existence, and the only way for him to reach this condition is by attaining a state of perfection, then Nirvana is attained. He may have to live countless lives, animal or human, before this comes about. But to him this highest bliss, Nirvana, seems to mean annihilation—extinction of life. There is a difference of opinion, however, in regard to the meaning of Nirvana, some claiming that it means absorption into the great life of Buddha—into all life. That is the Japanese idea, I think. But the Siamese believe that Nirvana is only attainable when the body dissolves both physically and spiritually, and the thing to be desired in absolute repose, extinction of being, nothingness. Edwin Arnold says of it :

“ If any teach Nirvana is to cease,  
Say unto such they lie ;  
If any teach Nirvana is to live,  
Say unto such they err.”

What the condition is in which the soul neither lives nor dies, I leave my hearers to conceive.

But the great fault of the religion of Buddha is its lack of happiness. The man who believes that all life is evil, crushes out from his nature that joyousness, that fullness of life that should belong to right conduct. One's belief may have a minor place compared to that of his conduct, and undoubtedly has ; but he who believes that life is grand and noble, who, as the sun shines around him in its brightness and glory,

can feel it shine into his heart also, and know that it is good ; who radiates gladness wherever he is because of the joyousness of mere living ; the man who follows the high moral code of the Buddhist, and at the same time believes that life is good, does live a better life than the man with the same high standard of morality and belief in the evil of existence. The man who can throw up his hat and shout because he is glad he is alive, is pretty sure to be a good man.

Unless the infinite love, back of the laws of nature, be felt, the infinite good of existence, then the religious life fails of its fullness, misses its blessing. As long as the Buddhist selfishly does good to escape the evil of existence, in other words, to save his own soul instead of making the most of his life and helping others to make the most of theirs, because of the eternal principles of love, of unselfishness, his religion cannot be a saving one. Its adherents must still be bound, must miss that fullness and richness of life that attends unselfish living. The question arises whether the morality of Christianity is as high as that of Buddhism. Christianity makes no command in regard to strong drink—one of the greatest evils of Christian nations—while in Buddhist countries it is used very little indeed.

“ Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse—  
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.”

Is Edwin Arnold's version of the Buddhist's 4th commandment. Christianity might adopt it with profit.

Then, too, there are certain doctrines embraced by various sects of Christendom that are essentially immoral. For example: The doctrine of the atonement ; that the blood of one man can atone for the sin of thousands ; that belief in the blood of Jesus Christ can in any way excuse a man for wrong actions, is anything but moral.

“ Our acts our angels are, or good ill,  
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still,”

wrote the old poet, and with truth. We must work out our own salvation. There is no help for it. Buddha saw it and taught it to his people, and the belief that teaches anything else fosters immorality.

How far the advancement of a nation depends upon its religion is an interesting question. Is it the Anglo-Saxon blood that makes England and America pre-eminent among nations, or is it the Christian religion? France and Germany are Christian nations, but they are not Anglo-Saxon. James Freeman Clarke has advanced the theory that it is the selfishness fostered by the Buddhist religion that has hindered the progress of the Eastern peoples in civilization. Certainly there must be other limitations also.

The mission of Christianity seems in the words of Jesus to be "to fulfill." As long as missionaries kept this in mind and went to heathen lands to give them fuller life instead of a new doctrine, they succeeded in carrying light into dark places and helping in the world's advancement. But whenever their desire has been to impress a creed upon the people, they have failed, and thinking people have justly criticized their methods. If Christianity ever becomes the religion of the world it will be by receiving the good of other religions while giving the good of her own. She is in a better position to answer the requirements of the universal religion than any other, but she must be ever ready to grow. She must be willing to receive the truth from what ever source it may come. She must equal in morality that next greater religion, Buddhism, while keeping in all it purity her own high spirituality. All knowledge must be hers—all truth.

With a moral code growing higher and higher, a reverence ever deepening for the infinite love back of all life, Christianity may become the religion of Anglo-Saxon and Oriental alike, but creeds must be abandoned—truth

must come first, and with it wholesome happy righteousness.

## KINDNESS.

Paper read at the F. D. S. Conference held at Lincoln, Fourth month 26th, 1896, by Helen M. Sargent.

Shakespeare says, "Kindness is nobler than revenge." Is this not true? Revenge is the act of one of the basest passions. It is giving like for like, evil for evil. Sometimes around home someone of the family has heedlessly disregarded a favor, or carelessly not granted it, and we say, "I'll never do another one for him." Does this not manifest a revengeful spirit?

Kindness is the act of goodwill. It is benevolence expressed; and if we do a kind deed for the one who does not do us any, it is nobler than not doing any. When we go for a ride and are kind and thoughtful of the horses, we enjoy the trip the better for it. A merciful man is merciful to his beast. A horse or dog is capable of showing great affection for those who pet and care for them. Even birds and squirrels will show confidence and love for boys and girls who pet and feed them. A kitten will soon learn who its friends are. It will flee in terror from a cruel person, but will happily purr about a friend.

Animals appreciate kindness as much as human beings do. They give kindness for kindness, thereby showing a good example for us to follow.

As a brother comes in the room where his little sister is, and looks at her crossly, and frowns, and is careless of hurting her, how quickly she notices it. She pouts and stays in the corner. Then another brother comes in and her face is at once all smiles and dimples. What makes the difference? Why, one brother thinks it isn't worth while to play with his sister, and the other is kind and tries to amuse her. She trusts the one who is kind to her. Hypocritical kindness is as bad and even worse than revenge. It is deceit-



ful. When you hear someone talk of another's faults, and then they go to the same faulty one and talk very nicely and kindly, you may feel assured that the same person does the same with you, and you cannot rely on his faithfulness.

If we take a walk with a girl up a street, we notice everyone she meets smiles at her, and she has some little thing to say to each, even to the dirtiest little boys. All humanity seems to have blossomed into happiness as she walks through the street. Then, if we take a walk with another girl, we notice everyone seems indifferent and does not notice her, nor she them, excepting a few of her school mates. And the people go on with the same weary look, lacking the influence which comes from a smile. One girl has a kind word for everybody, while the other shows a selfish nature.

Emerson says, "If you want a friend, *be* one." Friendliness to every one,—the erring, the animals, and all,—is essential to true happiness. Did you ever see a man who was cruel to the dumb animals and who had human enemies *truly* happy? Kindness to *all* things is essential to true happiness.

Sometimes you may get discouraged in trying to be a friend to everyone; but if you notice closely you will see that *all* trust you, and you will feel that you have friends. As we look over the pages of history we may see many good examples of true kindness: for instance: Pericles, and Julius Cæsar, and Washington. But the most perfect of examples is—Christ.

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### OUR HABITS.

Paper read at the F. D. S. Conference, held at Lincoln, 4th mo. 26th, 1866.

"Habit is a cable." A cable is composed of many wires, and each one has been stretched or drawn through a gauge to test its strength. We see that it is much stronger than one larger wire would be. So it is with our everyday habits. By the little

acts which we do day by day we are forming much stronger habits than can be formed by one great act.

We are apt to desire to do some thing great or wonderful, while all around us lie opportunities which we are unable to see because we look too far beyond, neglecting the golden present, which alone is ours.

Activity is the law of mind growth, and I might add, of physical growth also. It is a wise provision of our Creator that we are compelled to work. The act we do day by day is a wire helping to form this cable, and ere we know it, it is too strong to be broken; but where is the harm if habits do become well fixed? If our daily actions are all just and right in the sight of God, then this cable will be a source of good. But if they have the opposite, what will be the result?

The idea that we can, in our youth, act in a manner not in accordance with the revealed will of God within us, then sometime in the future change our course of action suddenly, is a fatal error.

As activity is the law of growth, it follows that if we have pursued a wrong path we must stop going in that direction. If we quit a habit it will die of inertia. Sad, indeed, is it to look around us and behold how many of us are pursuing the wrong path. Perhaps in the eyes of the world we seem to be good, but in our home life, wherein lies the best test of character, how many of us have some habit which we formed years ago, that we now find hinders our spiritual progress. Yet so binding is it upon our nature that we are unable to throw it off; and we are not wholly at peace with our Heavenly Father, just because we are unwilling to yield a complete obedience to his requireing; we go on day after day doing that which brings remorse and regret. We really want to do right, but some habit has become so fixed upon us that it needs a fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit to reveal to us our true condition, and perfect

obedience and constant watchfulness on our part to change our course of action.

Oh, that all parents, teachers, and everyone who has the charge of children, could realize their great responsibility. The plant thrives or pines away in the soil in which it is placed. So also with the human mind.

The mind actually grows right; but will it if its environments are not congenial? If it is brought up in an atmosphere of evil, will it not grow likewise?

Perhaps we are anxious and worried about something, and instead of centering our thoughts on God and thereby receiving strength to do our arduous duties, we give vent to our anxiety in unkind words. The moment they are spoken we would recall them if we could.

We have sown discord in those around us, and weakened ourselves physically, mentally and spiritually. If we could all realize the train of evils which follow unrestrained passion, no one would ever form the habit, but, alas, many form the habit before they are old enough to realize its evil effects on their whole life.

Let us all be willing to leave off the "deeds of the old man," and give up everything that retards our growth heavenward, though it seem as dear to us as our own right hand. Then we will have that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, for it is the gift of God.

CATHARINE ANNA BURGESS,  
College View, Neb.

#### LETTER FROM DAVID WILSON.

Geyserville, California,  
6th mo. 22nd, 1896.

Allow me to write a few lines for the REVIEW from this far-off land. We left our Illinois home on 13th inst. Had a very pleasant trip through the States of Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, to Portland Oregon, from there to Santo Rosa, on the Southern Pacific R. R., over the Sakeon and Shasta Mountains at a very high elevation, by a wonder-

ful system of engineering. We passed by many snow-capped mountains, among the grandest was Mount Shasta, which is over fifteen thousand feet high. We passed close to its base, where are situated the wonderful Mineral Springs and the Sanatorium. I will not attempt to enumerate the many beautiful things in detail, for they have been so often repeated. We were almost a week en route for this place and are now at Wm. Griffith's, my son-in-law and daughter's home, at Geyserville, at the foot of the Geyser Mountain, with its boiling springs on or near its summit, a place I want to visit. I am in hopes of meeting some of the isolated Friends before I leave California. Geyserville is on the Russian River, and its fertile valley is famous for its fruit orchards and vineyards. There is only a moderate crop this year owing to frost. They do not expect any more rain here this summer, and since we have been here there has been a cloudless sky. Many of the ranches, as they call their farms, here can be irrigated from the mountains, and the water is brought by pipes into the houses, which is very convenient. Everywhere we see the goodness of the Heavenly Father over all his works, and do we sufficiently love and thank him for our every blessing?

DAVID WILSON.

#### REPORT OF LINCOLN Y. F. A.

The day was very stormy, and our Association was only represented by seven members. The review of the lesson was given by all of the members. It was thought that the lesson for us was to be faithful as Paul was faithful. One person said that it is astonishing how the clouds will disappear when we have a certain work to perform, if we go forward in faith in our Divine Father. Two papers had been prepared—one upon the "Eighth Query," by Martha Davis, and the other upon "Faith," by C. A. Burgess. After some discussion upon them, we closed.

H. B., Correspondent.

# Young Friends' Review

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We prefer that remittances be made by post-office order or express order, drawn payable at London, Ont. 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. Money sent by mail will be at risk of sender, unless registered.

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

“Coming events cast their shadows before,” sang of old the Poet, the truth of which we have not infrequently realized. Preparation and anticipation for the coming Conferences at Swarthmore already is quickening our pulses, and claiming for many a great share of their thought. From the nature of the assembly, composed as it will be of earnest, dedicated hearts, it will experience an abundant pouring out of the Holy Spirit, making an era forming occasion for the beloved Society. We especially plead for the presence there of those who are hopeless of its

futurity, and sadden us by continually predicting its extinction. We feel assured that the attendance at the Swarthmore Conferences will dispel all such gloomy and unfounded forebodings, and make them to see that there is for us, as a Society, a hopeful and prosperous future.

The recent general elections in Canada resulted in the defeat of the Conservative Government, which had been in power, with the exception of five years, since the Dominion was established in 1867, and in victory for the Liberal Party. Temperance people of Canada were made unusually interested in the election, from the fact that the leader of the Liberals, who will probably soon fill the Premier's chair, had pledged himself, if he gained the elections, to submit the Temperance question to a vote of the people—a plebiscite—and also, if a reasonable majority of that vote were in favor of Prohibition, he would introduce legislation in accordance with the vote.

The eyes of our Society are now being turned to the important Conferences of Friends, to be held at Swarthmore College, Pa., in 8th mo., beginning on the 19th. It will undoubtedly be the largest the Society has ever held, and we hope the most profitable in many ways. The Committees of Arrangement are preparing to accommodate the great gathering, likely to be not short of 2,500 persons. Those expecting to attend should notify at once those in charge. See notice elsewhere. The fare will likely not exceed for the round trip 1½ single rate.

## MARRIED.

COOK-SCHOOLEY—At the home of the bride's aunt, Eliza A. Price, Winfield, Iowa, 6th mo. 10th, 1896, J. Russell Cook, son of Charles and Evelyn Cook, Grand View, Iowa, and Florence Schooley, daughter of J. H. and Helen Schooley, deceased.

## GENESEE YEARLY MEETING.

Genesee Yearly Meeting of Friends, which began its business sessions at Sparta, Ontario, 6th mo. 15th, and closed on the 18th, proved to be one of the most interesting which it has held for many years; rather fewer in numbers in attendance than usual, yet it lacked not in life nor interest. The meeting of ministers and elders was held on Seventh-day, the 13th, and also the first session of the First day School Association, both of which proved profitable occasions. The morning and afternoon meetings, for worship, on First day were largely attended, many coming from long distances. The order was exceptionally good, and the attention paid to what was said indicated that the gathering came not through curiosity, but to be helped; or, if "they came to scorn, they remained to pray." Under the baptising influence of the Spirit of Truth, both in the silence and in the spoken Word, all were tendered and Divinely fed.

In regard to the meetings, and especially the one on First-day morning, the following notice, which is fairly correct, appeared in *The Evening Journal* (St. Thomas) of the following day:—

"Once in three years the annual Meeting of the Society of Friends is held at Sparta. The other two years it meets elsewhere. Yesterday, it being only of a religious character, it is always open to the general public, at which times it has become the custom for great numbers of those living in the vicinity to meet with them, and it thus becomes an event of general interest.

"As is usual, there was a very large gathering yesterday in and about their plain, yet attractive meeting house, situated as it is in the midst of a natural grove. The weather was perfection itself, and lent an additional inducement for those at a distance to be in attendance. Many from St. Thomas had either driven down or mounted

their silent steeds, and were there in force.

"Not a few of our business men and women love the quiet and serenity of these religious meetings, and, for the while, lay aside the care and commotion of trade and enjoy the sedative influences within those favored walls. Neither is the youth and beauty of the land lacking, for there they are to add life and animation to the event of the year

"The morning session was opened by an impressive prayer by Isaac Wilson, of Bloomfield, Ont. Joel Borton, of Woodstown, N.J., then arose, and, from the first, held the large gathering in perfect harmony, and not a person leaving to disturb the meeting. The speaker began by saying that our existence is not confined to the present, but means both life now and life hereafter. He desired that, if we had any other gods, let us lay them aside for the present, for He says: 'If ye love anything more than Me, ye are not worthy of Me.'

"It is because we are disobedient so often, that we do not succeed in life. This is why we do not live together in harmony. In our dealings with our neighbor, we impose upon them, too often treating them unjustly. If we will come to obey that 'voice within' we shall not only have the blessings of this world, but make a successful passage to that higher and happier one.

"The next speaker was Isaac Wilson, who discoursed from the passage, 'Neither do I Condemn Thee.' The speaker did not believe in coercion in a religious sense. We are not driven into the Kingdom of Heaven. If we are of a contrite heart we will cease doing evil, and love to do well. We shall realize a flowing in of the Divine Spirit into their hearts. But we must not be satisfied with ceasing to do evil. We must do good to others about us. This is what God asks and expects of us in this beautiful world.

"Miss Mary Borton, of New Jersey, in a few well selected sentences, sym-

pathized with and encouraged the mothers present, being one herself, and knowing the trial and responsibilities thereof."

Impressive sermons were delivered at the afternoon meeting by Serena A. Minard, Isaac Wilson, and Joel Borton.

Three regular business meetings were held pertaining to the affairs of the Yearly Meeting proper, two sessions of the Representative Committee, one on Philanthropic Labor, and three of the First-day School Association. In all of these the presence of a few Friends from other Yearly Meetings was truly encouraging, and their spoken work or quiet interest and fellowship were appreciated. Joel Borton, a minister and wife, Mary E. Borton, with minutes from their Monthly Meeting, and endorsed by Salem Quarterly Meeting, N. J., Bennett Walton and his wife, Lucy B. Walton, of Pa., and Katie E. Shotwell and Rebecca De Peel, of Neb., were the visitors from outside our limits.

We have but little to report outside of the usual business of the Yearly Meeting. Jonathan D. Noxon, who for most of the time for some twenty years had been Clerk, requested to be released, which was granted by the meeting, and Samuel P. Zavitz and Arletta Cutler were appointed for the year. Edward G. Schooley and Rebecca Zavitz were appointed Clerks of the First-day School Association, and Isaac Wilson and Augusta Schooley acted as Clerks of the session on Philanthropic Labor. Ida C. Zavitz was subsequently appointed Permanent Chairman of the Philanthropic Committee.

The Representative Committee recommended the purchase of 100 copies of J. J. Cornell's recent publication, "The Principles of the Society of Friends," for distribution; also, that we memorialize the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada in regard to some of the principles of our Society, both of which were approved by the Yearly Meeting.

The reports from our First-day Schools

to the Association showed no abatement in the work within our limits. There was a manifest increase in interest in philanthropic work and a desire shown to be more helpful along the lines in which the Society is now engaging; especially in our battle with the liquor traffic were we encouraged to be watchful and helpful in every legitimate way to weaken its hold and mitigate its terrible effects.

Besides the religious work, during the Yearly Meeting, of the faithful minister, Joel Borton, of New Jersey, very satisfactory meetings were held by him at some other points. One at Aylmer on Fifth-day evening, two meetings for worship at Coldstream on First-day, with a parlor meeting in the evening, and a meeting in Buffalo on Second-day evening. We understand he and wife arrived home safely on Fourth day, the 24th, finding their family and care well.

#### YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Young Friends' Association of Coldstream was held on the evening of 5th mo. 29th, at the meeting house. Noble Zavits read one of the Psalms as an opening exercise. The reports of the Standing Committee then claimed our attention, and was followed by reports from the four sections.

Eugene M. Zavits, of the History Section, stated that they were studying the first part of the Book of Joshua.

Electa Zavitz, of the Literature Section, stated that the study of John G. Whittier as an anti-slavery writer, had received consideration; that the Section had met to read and discuss these poems, and closed her report by giving a few stanzas from "The Farewell."

Edgar M. Zavitz, of the Discipline Section, reported that they had been reading the first seven pages of our Genesee Discipline.

Katie Shotwell, of "Current Topics," dwelt on the following items of interest: The Race Question in Florida, Armenia

ian Affairs; Vacancy in our Society, caused by the death of Jos A. Bogardus; National Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States; the Support of Temperance by Russia's Young Empress, and the recent decision of the Privy Council in reference to Temperance Affairs in the Dominion of Canada.

The paper of the evening was by Beulah Muma, and gave a sketch of the anti-slavery poems of Whittier, one of which was afterwards recited by Edna Zavitz. A general discussion followed.

Another meeting of our Association was held at the same place on the evening of 6th mo. 26th, and was well attended. Several new members were enrolled, and much interest manifested.

This being our evening for electing officers to serve the Association for the next six months, we were obliged to dispense with some of the usual exercises of the evening. The opening reading, a chapter from Acts, was given by William Brown. Brief reports from the different Sections showed that the work of our Association is moving on. May we be encouraged to work on with prayerful hearts, each doing the little duties as they are made known to us is a thought which arises

The officers for the next six months are: Pres, Delia Vanderburg; Vice-Pres., Edgar M. Zavitz; Sec.-Treas., Beulah Muma; Correspondent, Ida C. Zavitz.

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#### NEW YORK Y. F. A.

New York, 5th mo. 31st.

The Young Friends' Association of New York and Brooklyn held its last regular meeting for the season in New York, on the 24th of 5th mo., occurring during the week of Yearly Meeting. The attendance was large.

A nominating committee was appointed to present names of officers at next meeting.

The "outings" of last summer having proved so enjoyable, the Associa-

tion hopes to arrange for similar pleasure trips during the warm weather.

Leah H. Miller, in her report, said that the History Section had been reviewing the first chapter of Elias Hick's Journal, which treats of his visits to families of Friends in 1815. Mention is made of seventy families visited in one week. He also tells of meetings which he visited where fine testimonies were given.

For the Literature Section, Dr. Charles McDowell spoke of a book sent to the Association by Howard M. Jenkins, of Philadelphia. It is called "Personal Recollection of the American Revolution," and was written by a daughter of an English clergyman, who married an army officer. There are many mentions of Friends in the book. Henry Patterson, a near neighbor of the author, was a Friend, whose good judgment and kindly offices won for him the name of "Peacemaker." The writer was struck with the tenacity with which Friends clung to their peace principles during the war. An account is given of a meeting which several Friends had with Washington, who received them very kindly, and who expressed great respect for their views. The Association heartily approved of thanking Howard M. Jenkins for this very interesting book.

The report of the Discipline Section was given by Amy J. Miller, who said that the Section had been comparing the discipline of the Dublin Yearly Meeting with that of the N. Y. Meeting. The queries are read once a year at Preparative, Quarterly and Monthly Meetings. There is no query as to the use of alcoholic liquors. Expenses of ministers travelling in Ireland and of their guides are paid by the Yearly Meeting. John Cox, Jr., supplemented this report by a brief account of the Yearly Meeting in Denmark, information as to which came by letter from the Secretary of the Meeting there. Upon translation this letter was very Friendly in tone. It stated that Quakerism was introduced

into Denmark in 1875, and that the Yearly Meeting was established in 1879. It now numbers sixty-five members, including children.

Among Current Topics in Elizabeth A. Hallock's report, were the Governor's signing of the "Hubbard Bill," providing for the labor of prisoners, which is of much interest to students of prison reform. The Third Biennial Session of the Women's Association Clubs, soon to be held in Louisville, when many eminent women are to be present. The Convention of the Prohibition Party to take place in Pittsburg, and the division likely to occur which will tend to weaken the organization. The Cuban war and the famine resulting therefrom, also the Cuban-American Fair, now being so successfully held in this city, and the coronation of the Czar, which has cost such vast sums of money; money spent for such a purpose being opposed to Friends' testimony in favor of simplicity.

Marianna S Rawson read an extremely interesting paper, entitled, "The Organization Needed for the Spread of our Principles." The writer said that it is the duty of each member to help perfect the organization, that it may be ready for others. Now, more than ever, does the outside world seem ready for Friendly doctrine. Friends' mission cannot be ended as long as temperance work is to be done; as long as creeds are to be overthrown; as long as the educational problem shall not have been solved; until simplicity of living obtains.

In the general discussions following the sentiment of the paper was heartily endorsed. C. S.

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#### PLAINFIELD Y. F. A.

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The Young Friends' Association, of Plainfield, was organized 10th mo. 16th, 1895, since which seven regular meetings have been held. Seven names have been added to the twelve with which the Association started.

As we were few in number we thought best to confine ourselves to one of the three subjects usually considered by the Friends' Associations, that is history. We have reviewed a portion of Janney's History of Friends, from which we learned of the rise of the Society, and its progress through several years of its most rugged experience. While we cannot cease to be thankful that it has not been our lot to endure those soul-trying persecutions, can we not realize that such experience developed in those early advocates of Quakerism, the earnest consecrated characters that were needed to spread abroad throughout the world these beautiful principles of Light and Love, of Purity and Peace, which we at the present day are seeking to uphold. Shall we not emulate those noble lives? Though we may not be required to suffer imprisonment and persecution even unto death for Truth's sake, let us be willing to prove ourselves "Children of the Light" by following humbly wherever that Light may lead us. Though we may not be required to leave home and loved ones for conscience sake, let us be willing, for the sake of our beloved principles, to leave those habits, those customs, those diversions, which, if examined carefully by that Light Divine which each has in his breast, we will find do not tend to further the cause of Truth and Righteousness, of Purity and Peace.

When the question is asked—what good has the Association done? Let us hope that this study of the rise and growth of our Society shall have awakened in us a better understanding of its principles and greater zeal for their perpetuation.

Aside from this we feel that we have gained much by social intercourse in a good cause, when our best thoughts have been stirred by the subjects presented, and we have gained a freedom of speech in expressing those thoughts.

Excellent papers have been presented during the year (prepared mostly by

those of other Associations) which have tended to educate our minds and hearts and broaden our views in many directions.

The report of Current Topics has been a feature of each programme, and subjects of Society, national, and even world-wide interest have been brought to our notice.

Our roll-call responses have led us to seek out beautiful thoughts on beautiful themes; and the more of the beautiful we incorporate into our lives, the more that which is unworthy will be crowded out.

These seem to sum up the sources of the good that it has been our privilege to reap from our Young Friends' Association, and although we may not be able to see any great effects, let us hope that our lives have been made more earnest by our united effort in a righteous cause.

M. F. V.

#### FRIENDS' CONFERENCES OF 1896.

The Committee of Arrangements for the Friends' Conferences of 1896 extends an invitation to Friends and those interested with them, in First-day School, Philanthropic, Educational, or Religious work, to participate in the Conferences to be held at Swarthmore, Pa., commencing on the morning of Eighth month 19, and closing on the evening of Eighth month 26, 1896.

The attendance is expected to be very large, and as it is necessary to have a complete register of all who come, it is urgently requested that all who expect to attend shall notify the Secretary of this Committee as early as possible, sending full names and post-office addresses.

*All persons, whether guests of Friends in the vicinity or residing within daily travelling distance from the Conference, if desiring entertainment of any kind, will please communicate with the Committee, giving the exact amount of*

entertainment desired, and persons who, by reason of age or for other cause, require any special accommodation, will greatly lighten the labors of the Committee by conveying full information.

Upon receipt of such applications, the Committee will forward to each person a card, constituting such person a member of the Conferences, and giving necessary information.

In order to insure accommodations, applications must reach the Secretary of this Committee not later than Seventh month 20.

Friends from a distance can rely upon R. R. rates for the round trip not exceeding one and one third the regular fare.

WM. J. HALL, ANNA M. BUNTING,  
Chairman. Secretary,  
Swarthmore, Pa.

#### PRISCILLA, AQUILA AND PAUL

Methought on Corinth's Citadel,  
I gazed far down the strand,  
Where, twice a thousand feet below,  
The fair fleets sail and land;  
Where half across the Isthmian plain,  
The mountain's shawdows chase,  
And clasp a thousand domes and towers,  
Within their close embrace.

I looked, and lo, three other forms  
Beside me on the wall;  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the saintly Paul.

They stood and viewed the stately ships,  
Come back from Tyre and Rome,  
The black-prowed argosies from Ind,  
Bear gold and spices home;  
I saw them scan the western shores,  
Where high Parnassus shines,  
Above the Delphian oracles,  
Above the Delphian shrines.

"O, Christ, be pitiful to these!"  
They said both one and all,—  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the saintly Paul.

Unto the east I saw them turn,  
And gaze with wondering eyes,  
Where, gleaming on the Athenian heights,  
Minerva's altars rise,  
Where on the bay fair Athens lifts  
Her temple to the sun,—  
And, thither pointing, Paul relates



The mighty works there done ;  
How, on the summit of Mars' Hill,  
Beneath Minerva's throne,  
He mocked the wrath of all the gods  
Proclaiming ONE UNKNOWN.

They bowed their heads and blest His  
name ;  
Who loves both great and small ;  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the saintly Paul.

'Below us the Saronic gulf  
Lays dimpling in the sun,  
Her fertile islands reaching down  
Unto the fair Colonne ;  
To right of us Lemno laughs,  
Beside the Sycion shore,  
And all between the olive yards,  
And vineyards purpling o'er,  
And lemon groves, and citron,  
And orange rows and corn,  
And cyprus for the Isthmian crowns,  
Of heroes newly born.

"It is a plenteous land and fair,"  
They spake both one and all,—  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the saintly Paul.

There, Neptune's mighty colonades  
Above the Stadium rise,  
Where Greece sends down her knightliest  
youths  
To struggle for the prize ;  
And there, upreaching step by step,  
The Theatre of stone,—  
And hugging close the Isthmic wall  
The tower of Palaemon,  
It is a goodly sight I ween,  
This city of two seas—  
A queen between two lovers sets  
The citadel of Greece.

"May Christ pour out his spirit here,"  
They prayed both one and all—  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the saintly Paul.

Then spake the great Apostle !  
"Across yon liquid blue  
There rise as glorious cities  
As any now we view ;  
As precious to that Saviour  
Who said, 'Go, tell of me  
Unto all lands and kingdoms  
In the lands beyond the sea.'  
Now ye most wise Priscilla, and Aquila,  
go with me,  
That even there at Ephesus,  
As here at Corinth, we  
May name the name of Jesus,  
Where great Diana's shrined,  
Till the ashes of her temples  
Shall be scattered with the wind."

I heard the twain take up their vows,  
Unto the solemn call,  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the saintly Paul.

And now from busy Cenchrea,  
Fair Corinth's strong right arm,  
Where Phebe and the brethren give  
A God speed, sad but warm ;  
Across the Ægean waters blue,  
Among her thousand isles,  
They sail, and sail, until beyond  
The Ephesian harbor smiles  
Diana's glittering colonades,  
Reflecting back the sun,  
From capitols, and cornices,  
And friezes one by one.

And there from house to house they taught  
The people one and all ;  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the saintly Paul.

O, Paul, beneath thy rods and stripes,  
In perils on the deep,  
In perils from an hundred ills,  
That slumber not nor sleep,  
In weariness and watchings,  
In hungerings oft, and thirst,  
In nakedness, in agony  
From unbelief accursed,  
How blessed in such love to share,  
Such home thy home to call,—  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the saintly Paul.

God only knoweth all they wrought,  
In that Ephesian town ;  
Priscilla and Aquila  
Beloved in renown ;  
Now toiling on with busy hands,  
Now jeopardizing all,  
Instructors of Apollos,  
Co-laborers with Paul.  
God only knoweth how at Rome,  
They cheered the martyr's heart,  
Now ready to be offered  
In that clamorous Roman mart.

Methinks the three together walked  
Beyond that city's wall,—  
Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
And one the sentenced Paul.

At Rome, upon the Ostian way,  
Caius Cestius' tomb  
Still lifts its lofty cenotaph,  
Amidst the surrounding gloom ;  
And thence, down all the centuries,  
Has come the Martyr's plea :  
"Priscilla greet, Aquila greet,  
Ye churches yet to be !"

They bore his body hence with tears,  
 When he had suffered all,—  
 Priscilla one, Aquila one,  
 And one the martyred Paul.

Again, on Corinth's mount I stand,  
 And view the lands below,  
 The idol temples in the dust,  
 Are crumbled long ago ;  
 And where the three together stood,  
 A thousand thousand stand,  
 And sail, and sail to golden shores,  
 Beyond the Ephesian strand.

But still we hear the voice of Paul  
 Unto all people call :  
 Priscilla greet, Aquila greet,  
 That Christ be all in all."

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

### ASHA, THE HINDU MAIDEN.

(By Lydia J. Mosher.)

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE YOUNG MISSIONARY.

When David Ellsworth landed in India the first task to which he set himself was to become master of the language and the various dialects he was sure to meet with in his work. This he rapidly acquired, and, as he travelled over the country, he learned much of the true state of things also. He gave alms to mendicant ascetics of every class in order to study them more closely, and he found they were seldom averse to breaking their vows by accepting money. In other ways, also, he learned that these Indian monks and nuns were but types of those to be found in his own country, who, under cover of religious sanctity and a feigned humility, seek and obtain power and authority which they use to further their own advancement, and not unfrequently to accomplish crimes which would be almost impossible under circumstances where less secrecy was practised, or less religious authority professed.

From the barbarian worshipping a stone to the most imposing ritual of Brahmanism all was one ceaseless round of ceremonies in which countless gods were invoked by the multitudes, and, if the initiated called upon one supreme power only, it seemed

but a slight advance beyond the others, for it brought them little comfort, and the idea of a God, who really concerned himself with the interests of humanity, was almost foreign to their worship.

One day, when strolling near the banks of the Ganges, David Ellsworth was looking with pity on the long rows of invalids brought to die in the sacred waters. Those who were able were praying with the help of their beads ; others were being sprinkled with holy water. One man, who seemed quite energetic for an invalid, tried several times to rise from his couch, but was prevented by his attendants, who pushed him back. David's interest was aroused, and he approached near enough to hear him exclaim : " I am well, let me go ! I was never sick enough to be brought here ! " when, to David's astonishment, the attendants exchanged glances, and, grasping the man, they carried him struggling to the river and plunged him under the water. Involuntarily, David approached the river brink, almost unable to control his feelings, when he was confronted by a man, in the garb of a monk, who haughtily waived him back. David stood still and gazed unflinchingly into the most evil countenance he had ever looked upon—the small glittering black eyes reminded one of a serpent ; the mouth was malignant in its expression ; it was very unlike the countenances of many ascetics and hermits he had seen, whose life of meditation, apart by themselves, had marked their countenances with a vacant look which seemed to say that the mind or intellect had well nigh departed. So fascinated had David been by the gaze of the monk, he forgot for a moment the man who had so excited his pity and interest. Turning again, towards the river, he beheld him lying dead on the ground, and he wondered much what crime, what tragedy had been enacted under the guise of religious zeal.

To be continued.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

A STORY OF A FAMOUS SINGER.

Continued from last issue.

"How everybody stared at you when you joined in and sung," I said.

The snow had turned into sleet; a great chill fell over the whole city. We looked out of our windows, peeping through the shutters, and pitying the people as they rushed past.

A sharp rap at the door. John thrust in a note.

"My dear friend: Can you come? Annie has gone. She said you would be sure to come to her funeral. She spoke of you to the last. She will be buried at four."

I laid the poor little blotted note into Parepa's hand. How it stormed! We looked into each other's faces helplessly. I said: "Dear, I must go, but you sit by the fire and rest. I'll be at home in two hours; and poor Annie has gone!"

"Tell me about it, Mary, I am going with you," she answered.

She threw on her heavy cloak, wound her long white woollen scarf closely about her throat, drew on her woollen gloves, and we set out together in the storm.

Annie's mother was a dressmaker, who sewed for me and my friends. She was left a widow when her one little girl was five years old. Her husband was drowned off the coast, and out of the blinding pain and loss and anguish had grown a sort of idolatry for the delicate, beautiful child, whose brown eyes looked like the young husband's.

For fifteen years this mother had loved and worked for Annie, her whole being going out to bless her one child. I had grown fond of them; and in small ways, with books and flowers, outings and simple pleasures, I had made myself dear to them. The end of the delicate girl's life had not seemed so near, though her doom had been hovering about her for years. I had thought it all over as I took the

Easter lilies from my window-shelf and wrapped them in thick papers and hid them out of the storm under my cloak. I knew there would be no other flowers in their wretched room. How endless was the way to that East End house! At last we reached the place. In the street stood the hearse, known only to the poor.

We climbed flight after flight of narrow dark stairs of the small upper rooms. In the middle of the floor stood a stained coffin, lined with stiff, rattling and cheap gauze, resting on uncovered trestles of wood.

We each took the mother's hand and stood a moment with her, silent. All hope had gone out of her face. She shed no tears, but as I held her cold hand I felt a shudder go over her, but she neither spoke nor sobbed.

The driving storm had made us late, and the plain, hard-working people sat stiffly against the walls. Some one gave us chairs and we sat close to the mother.

A dreadful hush fell over the small room. I whispered to the mother and asked:—

"Why did you wait so long to send for me? All this would have been so different."

With a kind of a stare she looked at me.

"I can't remember why I didn't send," she said, her hand to her head, and added, "I seemed to die, too, and forgot till they brought the coffin. Then I knew it all."

The undertaker came and bustled about. He looked at myself and Parepa, as if to say, "It's time to go." The wretched funeral service was over.

Without a word Parepa rose and walked to the head of the coffin. She laid her white scarf on an empty chair, threw her cloak back from her shoulders, where it fell in long, soft black lines from her noble figure like the drapery of mourning. She laid her soft, fair hand on the cold forehead, passed it tenderly over the wasted, delicate face, looked down at

the dead girl a moment, and moved my flowers from the stained box to the thin fingers, then lifted up her head, and with illumined eyes sang a glorious melody—

“Angels, ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh, take her to thy care.”

Her magnificent voice rose and fell in its richness and power and pity and beauty. She looked above the dingy room and the tired faces of the men and women, the hard hands and the struggling hearts. She threw back her head and sang till the choirs of paradise must have paused to listen to the music of that day.

She passed her hand caressingly over the girl's soft dark hair, and sang on—and on “Take—oh, take her to Thy care.”

The mother's face grew rapt and white. I held her hands and watched her eyes. Suddenly she threw my hands off and knelt at Parpea's feet, close to the wooden trestles. She locked her fingers together, tears and sobs breaking forth. She prayed aloud that God would bless the angel singing for Annie. A patient smile settled about her lips, the light came back into her poor dulled eyes, and she kissed her daughter's face with a love beyond all interpretation of human speech. I led her back to her seat as the glorious notes of Parepa's voice rose triumphant over all earthly pain and sorrow.

And I thought that no queen ever went to her grave with a greater ceremony than this young daughter of poverty and toil, committed to the care of the angels.

The following week thousand listened to Parepa's matchless voice. Applause rose to the skies, and Parepa's own face was gloriously swept with emotion. I joined in the enthusiasm; but above the glitter and shimmering of jewels and dress, and the heavy odor of flowers, the sea of smiling faces, and the murmur of voices, I could only behold by the dim light of a tenement window the

singer's uplifted face, the wondering countenances of the poor onlookers, and the mother's wide, startled, tearful eyes. I could only hear above the sleet on the roof, and over the storm outside, Parepa's voice singing up to the heaven—

“Take, oh, take her to Thy care.”

“Acquaint thyself with God, and be at Peace.”

How are we to become acquainted with Him? God is a Spirit. To know Him then we must know Him in Spirit. Not alone recognize “Him as Creator of Heaven and earth and seas and all that in them is,” but as the Father of spirits. He created our souls, or spirits, and will manifest Himself to them when we truly desire Him. Says Law, “God, or the infinite good of intelligent natures, is not an absent or distant God, but more present to, and in our souls, than our bodies are.” And what is salvation but being saved from wrong-doing? Not only wrong-doing, but wrong speaking and thinking, for thoughts may be unchristian. “Here in the heart is to be found all the evil to be overcome, and here must be found the good by which it is overcome.” Prayer, the soul's sincere desire, “never fails to bring heaven down.” Where heaven is God is. Even the Divine Man went into the desert apart to pray. He sought the silence and taught us to pray in secret. “How is it,” says Hannah More, “that I am not always strong, since with Thee is strength, and with me prayer?” “When was it,” says one, “that our souls put on new majesty and strength?” We suppose it was when they had been most often before the Lord in prayer—heart prayer. There are those who doubt Christianity, finding it difficult to credit the supernatural birth, bodily resurrection and ascension of Jesus. If truth is mixed with fable in the account, these soul experiences prove its divine origin.

E. AVERILL.

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