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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. X.

LONDON, ONT., SECOND MONTH 1st, 1895.

NO. 3

## HIS WILL.

"His will be done!"—How oft we say it  
weeping,  
Thinking His will is somewhat hard and  
stern;  
Repeating it as we should do a lesson,  
The sense of which we scarcely hope to  
learn.

"His will be done!"—I say it now with glad-  
ness,  
To yield to Him has grown so strangely  
sweet;  
He willeth not our sorrow and our sadness,  
What he would choose for us is joy complete.

"His will be done!"—Oh, say it not with sor-  
row;  
Trust Him to guide each step upon thy way;  
Look not for grief that may come on the mor-  
row,  
But take the joy He sends thee for to-day.  
—*The Christian.*

## EVOLUTION OF THE HEBREW CONCEPTION OF GOD.

### I.

No one who observantly reads the opening chapters of Genesis can fail to notice that, in the first chapter and the first three paragraphs of chapter second, the word "God" is used to indicate the Creator of the universe, but that in the following narrative, beginning with the 4th and ending with the 24th verse of the second chapter, we have a second account of the creation in which the name God does not appear except as it is connected with the word Lord. In the Hebrew this peculiarity is the more marked, since entirely different words are used, viz., the word Elohim in the first chapter, and Jehovah, (or more properly Yahweh) in the second.

Reading further we find the writer of the account, Gen. II., 25, to Gen. IV., 26, uses the same compound word Lord-God or simply Lord, to convey

his meaning, except in the cases (III., 1-5) where the serpent is represented as speaking. Beginning with Chap. V. we find that from V., 1-28, we have again the use of the word God, (Elohim) followed (from V., 29, to VI., 8), by the use of the word Lord, (Yahweh), followed again, from VI., 9, to VI., 22, by a change of the name to God.

Without specifying further this peculiarity of the record, (which we shall find extends throughout the entire book of Genesis, though less clearly defined as we proceed), we naturally inquire: Is the change of titles simply a peculiarity or a whim of the writer, or has it a deeper significance?

Studying the subject more thoroughly, we find we may separate the narrative into two parts, combining the Jehovistic parts on the one hand and the Elohistic on the other, and thus obtain two distinct narratives, each of which is almost complete in itself. Thus we shall find two narratives of the Creation—one contained in the part extending from Chap. I., 1, to II., 3, (Elohistic), the other from Chap. II., 4, to the end of that chapter, the Jehovistic account. Chapters III. and IV. are not contained in the Elohistic narrative, but Chap. V. begins naturally as a part of the history (Elohistic) left off at II., 3.

In like manner we shall find two distinct narratives of the flood—some-what dislocated—as follows:

JEOVISTIC.	ELOHISTIC.
VI., 1, to VI., 8.	VI., 9, to VI., 22.
VII., 1, to VII., 9.	VII., 11, to VII., 15.
VII., 16 (in part), to VII., 17, to VII., 21.	VII., 17, to VII., 21.
VII., 22, to VII., 24.	VIII., 1, to VIII., 2.
VIII., 3.	VIII., 4, to VIII., 5.
VIII., 6, to VIII., 13.	VIII., 14 to VIII., 19.
VIII., 20, to VIII., 22.	VIII., 1, to IX., 17.
IX., 18, to IX., 27.	

Examining these narratives thus dis- united and re-combined we shall find

that they are not exact duplicates, but that they give different versions of the same event. In the Jehovist narrative of the creation, which is the older of the two, though placed in the second chapter, we find the writer tells us that the Lord God made, first, earth and heaven without plant or herb "because as yet there was no rain." Then he formed man out of this ground and put him in the garden (of Eden) in which, for man's pleasure, he made trees to grow. Next out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them to man to name. Finally during a deep sleep of the man, he took one of his ribs and of it made her a woman.

The Elohist narrative is different in style, different in language, different in circumstances, as follows: In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. God said, Let there be light, and there was light; God said, Let the earth put forth grass; let the waters bring forth the moving creature that hath life; let fowl fly in the air; let cattle and creeping thing and beast of the field come forth; after our own likeness let man appear: male and female created he them.

Examining the narratives of the Flood we find them not less diverse. The Jehovistic narrative tells us that Noah takes *seven* pairs of every clean beast into the Ark, (VII., 1-5), while the parallel Elohist (VI., 19,) account tells us that *two* only of every sort (see also VII., 15), were taken. In VIII., 20-22, the Jehovistic narrative alone gives an account of a sacrifice that would not have been possible according to the Elohist narrative except by the destruction of the whole race of clean animals.

Similar parallel narratives tell of the promise of a son to Sarah; of the origin of the name Isaac, of the origin of the name Israel, and of the name Bethel. Though covering the same event the narratives are not duplicates. Jacob's departure from Canaan is as-

signed to different causes by the two writers, as is also the origin of the name Beersheba. Sometimes similar narratives have different applications by the different writers, as for instance in Chap. XX., 1-17, we have an account of Abraham's deception of Abimelech, King of Gerar (Elohist) which is told by the Jehovistic writer in Chap. XXVI., 6-11, as an occurrence in the experience of Isaac. There is a third narrative covering the same legend in XII., 10-20, but with the substitution of Egypt and Pharaoh for Abimelech and Gerar.

Without going into further details as to these parallel narratives, *in one of which we find the patriarchs using freely the name Jehovah*, (i. e., Jehoveh, or Yahweh in the Hebrew), we cannot fail to wonder at the declaration of the writer of Exodus VI., 2, "And God spoke unto Moses and said unto him: I am Jehovah and I appeared unto Isaac and unto Jacob, as God Almighty, *but by my name Jehovah I was not known unto them.*" The quotation, however, with its use of the word God, shows it to be from the Elohist writer, and it proves, moreover, that he must have been entirely unacquainted with the writing of the Jehovist quoted above.

Thus, by the evidence of the Bible itself, we have proof that at least two writers have contributed to the history of the Patriarchs as set forth in Genesis. Each of them employed in his narrative legends and traditions that had been handed down through many generations, but each elaborated their material in his own way, according to his own conception of the character of the Creator. They, as faithful historians, however, did not so change the character of the traditions as to render them colorless as portraits of ancient Israel.

The oldest document is the Jehovist's. His representation of Deity is particularly anthropomorphic. The Lord God *makes* earth and Heaven. He *plants* a garden. He *forms* man and every beast from the ground. He

*makes* the woman out of part of the man. The Hebrew text says "The rib builded he into a woman." He *walks* in the garden and *talks* to man. He *makes coats of skins* for Adam and his wife. He *repents* that He made man. He *shuts the door* of the Ark. He *smells* the sweet fragrance of Noah's sacrifice. He *goes down to see* the city and the tower which the sons of men build. He goes down to see whether the cry concerning Sodom and Gomorrah is true.

The Elohist narrative is entirely different in form and character. The Elohist is especially an annalist—treating his material in an orderly, consecutive manner, so that his narrative contains a systematic account of the religious observances of the Hebrew people. His style is more spiritual, so to speak. God says "Let there be," and at the word the universe is created. He does not fashion things as man does. He does not make, or form, or plant, He creates. The Elohist's God does not speak to man, as the Jehovist's God does, but His angels speak for Him, or He appears in a dream. Wherever the narrative in Genesis introduces a dream we may be sure it is a part of the Elohist document. For instance: "And the Angel of God said to me in a dream, 'Jacob,' and I said, 'Here am I.' And he dreamt and, behold, a ladder set upon the earth, and its top reached to heaven, and behold the Angels of God met him." So, too, in the story of Joseph, we may detect the Elohist's allusion to dreams. The writer has passed beyond anthropomorphic ideas of the Jehovist and sees God only in visions, or through His angels. God to him is more in the character of Spirit. The Jehovist and the Elohist were not contemporaries, though nearly so. According to the authority of modern Bible commentators both writers were of the eighth century, B. C., the period of Israel's greatest literary achievements, and the time of the great Prophets, but the Jehovist's is the earlier

writing, ante-dating that of the Elohist about fifty years.

WM. M. JACKSON.

[To be continued.]

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

"Whence came I here and how, so marvelously constructed and conceived? Unknown! This clod lives surely through some higher agency, For of itself alone it could not be."

These expressions of Derzhavin, a celebrated Russian poet, unexpectedly entered my mind, as, wending my way in the distant past to a neighbor's house, I turned mechanically to enter the lane leading to his dwelling. "This clod lives through some higher agency." What is this higher agency? I queried with myself. Why do my feet turn in this direction, instead of proceeding onward? I can not tell them where I wish to go. Should I say, "Feet, take me there, or take me some where else," will they understand and do my bidding? When I eat or drink, why does my hand, involuntarily as it were, lift the food or the liquid to my mouth, instead of to my eyes, or nose, or any other part of my face? When I hurt my head why do I so instinctively apply my hand to the injured place, instead of to some other part? The hand itself possesses no intelligence, it knows nothing of the hurt received; why then does it so immediately ascertain the exact locality of the hurt? Why do we give to our friend the hand-clasp of friendship; why grasp the handle of a knife or fork? Do we see any thing about to fall, how suddenly are our hands put forward to intercept it in its descent. Why and whence is all this? Who can tell? Who can solve for me the mystery? That wonderful piece of mechanism, the eye, presents unmistakable evidence of the existence of this "higher agency." How quickly do the eyelids close on the approach of any external object that might injure it. Does the eye itself know there is danger to its deli-

cate structure, its fine tissues, its marvellous beauty, its exquisite proportions, by contact with outward things? The eye of a brute animal is endowed with the same keen sensibility. Take that eye, after what we call life is extinct, and what then do we see? Is there any shrinking, any contraction of the muscles, any closing of the lids to protect the ball of the eye? The brilliancy has in a measure vanished. The exact form and nice proportion are still there, but where is the "higher agency" that vitalized and controlled all its movements? Gone! gone with the life of the animal. The life then, or what causes the life, must be this "higher agency" of which the poet speaks. What then is life? A sweet poetess says:—

"What is life? 'Tis a delicate shell,  
 Thrown up by eternity's flow,  
 On time's narrow quicksands to dwell,  
 And a moment its loveliness show.

Gone back to its element grand,  
 Is the billow that brought it ashore ;  
 See, another is washing the strand,  
 And the beautiful shell is no more."

Thus says poetry ; but, what is life ? This tells me nothing of what I am so anxious to know—the cause of all these mysteries. They are still enveloped in mist ; enshrouded in darkness. A cloud, impenetrable to my unassisted vision, hangs over all, and I am left as before, to grope my way out as best I can. Shall I call reason to my aid ? Alas ! What can reason do ? The human mind has been gifted with reason ever since man was created, and placed in this world of beauty, but how much nearer a solution of the mystery are we of this century than were our forefathers ? These and similar reflections have frequently been with me, since the time first spoken of, and I have arrived at no more definite conclusion than hitherto. This incomprehensible influence, this higher energy, this life-giving power, what is it, in what part of the human bod, does it reside, what are its functions, what its ultimate destiny ? The scene witnessed

at my neighbor's was convincing proof that the *body* by itself is not the seat of this faculty, for during my stay, their youngest child, a little babe, who had long been ailing, was released from all its suffering, and naught was left but the inanimate form of the little one, who, but a short time before, had given signs of life and intelligence, now cold and still. Where was now the life that had throbb'd through all his veins, imparting brilliancy to his eyes and expression to his countenance ? Gone, all gone ! yet there lay the *body* unchanged. What then was lost ? This "higher agency," this vitalizing power was no more. Where was it, whither had it flown, on what errand sent ? Will it ever return again to enliven what once had been so beautiful, and in death still lovely ? The casket was there, still fair to look upon, but the jewel that made it so precious was not there. The watchers by the scene of death saw no token save the feebler pulse, the shortened breath, the dimming of the lustrous eye, and the gradual stupor benumbing all the faculties of the great, the solemn, change taking place. While gazing upon the yet beautiful features, now so placid and serene, such a little while before giving evidence of pain and suffering. Again I asked myself what is life, what is death ? As I watched the breath growing fainter and fainter, I could but compare it all to a battle betwixt life and death—a striving of each for the mastery. The citadel of life had been attacked, and in the contest the foe had come off victorious, and there lay the trophy of his victory, sad memento of his power. Since then the *body* is left, but the intelligence that aminated it is not there, it follows that it is that invisible, immortal, immaterial part that we call mind or spirit, that makes life bright, beautiful, lovable, a thing to be desired and valued, and that gives to it all its significance, its force and power, its fulness and its comprehensiveness, for how much meaning, what depth of thought, what wonderful ex-

pressiveness is contained in that one word—Life. And yet what is it? Has the *mystery* been solved, or is it still, and will it ever remain to be, inscrutable and unfathomable? Who can tell? Who will answer my question?

ELIZABETH H. COALE,

Holder, Ill., 1st mo. 10th, 1895.

### SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE.

Amid the confusing clamour of sectarian strife; amid the bewildering wealth of panaceas for the present and passports for the future, which are perpetually pressed upon us, whither can we turn for guidance we can trust? One way only, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Let us be sure that, *if we have ears to hear*, we may find all the guidance that we need in the gentle voice of the One Teacher, not so much asking us to accept certain propositions about Himself, but bidding us take Him as the Master of our lives. This is the voice which those early disciples heard and obeyed. . . . What though the Master leads us now, along this way of life, not by any wonder of His visible appearance, but secretly by His Spirit! The issue is the same. From that Holy Spirit you may get light to see and to repent of of sin; strength to struggle against selfishness; grace to commit all your cares, all your sorrows, all your life in all its ways, to the Father in Heaven. It used to be said of one of the great Puritans that he was "God intoxicated." It is certain that the source of spiritual force is in God alone. The true enthusiast is the man who has God within him, and it is this kind of divine possession which is able, despite the perils of temptation, and the changes and chances of life, to lift a man out of the low levels of his self-centered existence, into the height of holiness and sympathy, which are the region of the Life of God. . . . It rests with us to open our lives to the proffered power and sweet constraint of the

Eternal Love. . . . Prize, then, the hour of quiet thought. It is there, in the silence, when the voice of the world is still, that the Lord of Love draws near. And when He comes, if you will admit Him to the temple of your soul, if you will obey His first suggestions and loyally avoid all that opposes them, you will find your life transformed. Whatever makes its darker side; whether it be the keenness of the struggle for existence or the weariful monotony of lingering leisure; whether it be the wearing dreariness of uncongenial occupation, or the still more lowering engrossments of profit and loss, there is nothing that may not be transfigured for him on whom the Son of Righteousness has risen with healing in His wings. Henceforth, in the daily death of inward evil and the daily birth of good, heaven shall begin for you on earth, as you enter further and further into that higher truer life which has Christ for its inspiration, and God for its Eternal Home.—*Selected by H. B. H. from "The Word and the Way," by William Leighton Grange.*

FOR THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

### MIDWINTER IN THE VALLEY OF THE RIO GRANDE.

NO. 11.

Anyone coming to this far away south and west land with the expectation of finding summer, or even quite warm weather at this season, will surely be disappointed. We are liable to forget that although we are nearly as far south as Jackson, Miss., and Savannah, Georgia, we are at an elevation of 3,800 feet.

The sun shines the most of the time, with an occasional cloudy damp day, and sometimes the nights are quite cold, even to freezing, but the ice does not last long, and we feel all the better for a little winter weather. We find we need to wear warm clothing to be comfortable, and we can ride or walk out nearly every day and not shiver

with the cold. The Mexican children go bare-footed all the year. I suppose they would rather wear shoes, but many are too poor to buy them. They tell us that in the spring the wind blows very hard at times, and the sand comes through the pass and off the mesa, making it very unpleasant, but it does not last very long. There is scarcely any rain till July and August, when there are heavy showers, but it comes too late to start vegetation, so the valley is dependent on irrigation, which is now carried on in such a systematic manner as to make fruit and vegetable raising profitable and reliable. Alfa fa is a success here and yields three crops in a season, then makes good pasture until time to irrigate again. It takes the place of grain for feed for stock. The small grains can be raised, but corn does not do so well. There is some raised, however; the Mexicans use it to make their tortillas or corncakes. They soak it in alkali water, then mash it with smooth stones and moisten with water, pat it into cakes and bake it on hot stones at the fireplace. This is the home of the grape, and there are many nice vineyards. The Concord is not grown, only the fine foreign varieties receive attention. The Mexicans have a kind, introduced many years ago by the priests, called the Mission Grape. They are used principally for wine, which the natives drink. It does not seem to affect them as the filthy whisky used in the north. I have not seen one Mexican disorderly or rough. They are uniformly quiet and polite. They are a primitive people and, in most cases, tread the wine press as of old. Fine fruits, such as peaches, plums, pears, apricots, quinces, prunes, and even apples, do exceedingly well here, and come into bearing quite young. Vegetables do well, with the exception of Irish potatoes; they are a failure so far. We can buy very nice ones in market; they are shipped in. There is one thing the valley lacks, and that is grass. Many yards in town, and also the city park, have been sown to

Bermuda grass, and looks very pretty earlier in the season, but aside from that there is no grass. We missed it very much at first, but we have become used to it and sweep our door yard just as our neighbors do.

The American side of the valley is only from three to four miles wide here, and the river flows south-east. To the north-east of us are the sand hills, looking like bluffs, at the top of which is the Mesa, a vast plain extending for miles into New Mexico. It is entirely destitute of water. There is some vegetation, and after the summer rain gramma grass comes up and affords excellent pasture for stock. Water can be obtained from wells, but as yet there is no way to irrigate. There are many beautiful cottonwood trees here, but they are different from those in the north, having large wide spreading tops and slightly drooping branches. As the water is not far below the surface they send their roots down and have a constant supply and the foliage is very heavy. The Mistletoe makes its home on these fine old trees and gradually saps their life. I never see it there but what I want to strip it off. It is evergreen with pretty white berries, but I do not admire it, since I know it kills the tree that nourishes it. There is an evergreen weed or shrub that grows thickly on the uncultivated land; it is of a pale sickly color and is used in making the flat roofs of the adobe houses. Sunflowers grow to be small trees and make excellent kindlingwood, as they are quite resinous, and the cockle-burrs beat anything I ever saw. The natives are very poor farmers, in fact they do not work any more than necessary to get enough to eat and a little to wear. It seems to me we would starve on the diet that keeps them strong.

The Rio Grande is far from being a grand river in appearance. Last fall it was dry. Now that there have been rains in the mountains it is a rapid turbulent stream, and in the spring it may be a mile wide. It is muddy with

the rich sediment washed down in its descent from its source in the mountains. The water is distributed through the valley by the means of a canal and large ditches. These supply the private ditches of the land owners. So it is "Rio Grande" (grand river) after all. For by the proper use of its water this otherwise desert land is becoming one of the most fertile spots known. There are a good many acres lying about El Paso that are at present thought to be useless on account of alkali, and there is some of it in the valley. In some places the water is very poor on that account and in other places it is strong with iron and sulphur, but we have excellent water where we are living. The city of El Paso is on the river where it passes through the Franklin mountain, and is in Texas. Directly across is the old Mexican town of El Paso Del Norte, the name signifying the pass to the north. It is now called Juarez, pronounced—Wharez. We are eight miles out from El Paso in the valley, and living in part of a "dobe," as they are called. In a future letter I want to tell you about these queer houses, and about our strange neighbors. We never lived in as comfortable a place before. We have but one large room, but we call it our apartments, and say we have four rooms in one.

But I must leave a further description for another letter, as this is already too long. We have made one trip to the mountains, and when we have gone again later will try to describe them. Although we are so far away from home and old friends we are not among strangers, and there is so much to see of interest that the time goes swiftly by, as it always does to busy people, especially if they feel health and strength returning. I think this is a wonderful climate; not just perfect, but about as near perfection as it can be made. The air is so bracing and always cool the year round. The summers are pleasant as well as the winters.

FANNIE C. LOWNES.

El Paso, 1st mo. 15th, 1895.

## YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

FOR THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

As there has been no communication from our Meeting I thought that I would give a short account of our Young People's Association of Prairie Grove, Henry Co., Iowa. Our Meeting is held the last First-day of the month, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Our Society was organized about two years ago with thirteen members; we have now about forty. It has been a great benefit to the neighborhood. We have a large attendance at our meetings. We have no regular programme, with the exception of a leader and two assistants, who write on given subjects. The rest is volunteer performance. I will give a short report of the meeting held 12th month 30th, 1894.

The leader being absent the First Assistant, Florence Schooley, lead the Meeting. The topic was the "History of Elias Hicks." She had a carefully prepared paper. Hattie Patterson had an excellent essay. Hannah Russell, Alma Phillips, Mary Vansyoc, Bessie Russell, Frank Forman, Lizzie Ritchie, Lottie Howe, Ernest Russell, James W. Phillips, all read selections. Bessie Russell and Edna Russell had declamations. John Vansyoc prepared a paper on the topic, and remarks were made by Hannah Russell and Ernest Russell. We hope to hear from other Associations.

J. W. P.

### SELECTED,

Speak a little kinder than the year before,  
Pray a little oftener,—love a little more,  
Cling a little closer to the Father's love;  
Life below shall liker grow to the life above.

How much depends upon the trial sermon, and the trial song; but how much more upon the trial life of half a hundred years!

Every sin is a mistake, as well as a wrong.—A. Maclaren.



# Young Friends' Review

A SEMI-MONTHLY.

*Published in the interest of the Society  
of Friends*

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

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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 publish in this number the first of a series of articles being written for the REVIEW by Wm. M. Jackson, of New York City, under the caption, "Evolution of the Hebrew Conception of God." In his explanation to the Editors of the nature of the articles, he writes the following, which we think will be of interest to all our readers :

"I propose to write a series of articles for the REVIEW, which will illustrate to a certain extent the character of the work of 'The Higher Criticism of the Bible.' My purpose is to build up a nobler conception of the Bible. There is need of a better knowledge of the Bible among Friends, of a more intelligent study of it in the First-day Schools. Nothing will more

strongly intrench Quakerism as the highest present expression of the Truth, than the work of the modern Bible students, who are exalting its Spirit, and assigning the letter to its proper place. Perhaps, as a people, we are not able to bear to hear the Truth now—it is, indeed, unfortunate if this be so—for a wrong appreciation of the nature of the Bible has hampered the spread of Quakerism in the past, and in the recent tendency towards a newness, we should hold ourselves open to every influence that aids that result."

We fully believe the articles will be a valuable source of study, and have no doubt but our readers will generally appreciate their importance.

Subscriptions to the REVIEW are coming to us by every mail, and the canvass for them by our friends is by no means over. *We wish, however, to make an especial effort just now to gain every available name* to our list of subscribers. We therefore suggest to our readers the following means, which, if carried out, would give to the REVIEW several hundred additional subscriptions: 1. We request our club raisers to *secure every available subscriber*. If the club has already been sent us, *it is not too late to add to it*. 2. In many neighborhoods of Friends there are no club-raisers, but, perhaps, one or two individual subscribers. We believe it would be an easy matter in almost every such case, to get up a club of eight names at least; *we request such subscribers to make the effort*. 3. We request scattered subscribers who have not already renewed to do so, *and send at least one new name*.

In the past few weeks our club-raisers and readers generally have been doing noble work in renewing subscriptions, and in gaining to us new subscribers. Our present outlook and the prospect in the near future, are far from discouraging for the REVIEW. We feel the growing strength and in-

fluence of the paper, though the growth may be slower than we would wish, and we appreciate highly the kind words and still more helpful endeavors, which are being extended from so many sources. The subscriptions have been supplemented in the past by individual aid, which has made it possible for the publishers to maintain the paper in a growing condition, and we have not altogether overcome the need for such aid yet. The past has given us faith, and faith, hope.

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### AN OMISSION.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

In giving the list of Friends who are regular attenders at our Meeting the name of Mary Arnold was unintentionally omitted. She is a member of our Society, but not of our Preparative Meeting. I regret this oversight.

Mendon Centre, N. Y. W. W. C.

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### DIED.

MARSH—First month 14th, 1895, at the home of her sister, Emma MacKellar, Hazelton, Pa., Gertrude, beloved daughter of Jacob and Louisa Marsh, Coldstream, Ont., aged 19 years 10 months 12 days. Interment at Friends' Cemetery, Coldstream, Ont.

Weep not, though she hath left us ;  
Mourn not that one so fair  
Is called to come up higher,  
Beyond all pain and care.

She was so mild and lovely,  
While here she seemed a part  
Of that vast world of love.  
Her pure, o'erflowing heart

Filled from the fount e'erlasting.  
The call came soon—Divine,—  
"Sweet one, come up higher,  
Oh ! thou child of mine."

To meet her was to love her ;  
To know her, to adore ;  
The world, by her living,  
Was better than before.

Always pure and innocent,  
Filled with every grace,  
Not one earthly blemish  
Humanity can trace.

Oh ! would the world had more  
Of lives as pure and true ;  
That each would only strive  
Their part as well to do. A. C.

BARNES—At the home of her foster mother, Cynthia Marsh, at Coldstream, 1st mo. 27th, Libbie Mar'h Barnes, just passing her 13th year.

As when the lily, outgrown its clayey pot of earth, the observant gardener transplants into a richer and more ample mould, where its growth and blooming may go on unchecked ; so the wise Heavenly Gardener, seeing that the spirit guest had outgrown this frail vessel of earthly clay, has transplanted it into diviner and more ample mould, where it may grow and bloom and flourish unchecked forever.

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### IN RETROSPECT.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

With the coming of the new year many thoughts are stirred from within.

Some months have gone by since giving you a pen visit, but feeling so much in the spirit of it now, it seems a pleasure for me to do it

First, let me ask your kindly forbearance for my own personality in the story I have in mind to tell you, as I can not well give it without.

Instead of trying to look into the unknown future, I find my thoughts turning backward to the time when I was in my cottage home a busy housewife.

Among the pleasant memories the form of a sweet lovely child comes before me. It is my little nephew of scarce four summers. His mother being ill he spent some months with us—husband and me. Among the pleasant duties which came it was mine to instruct him in the first lessons of "A B C," which, with the spelling, came almost of itself to him.

But learning to read was quite another thing. On this particular evening which I recall, while waiting the evening meal for his uncle, I thought to put in the time by hearing the little one read. His healthy appetite giving a zest to

his meals he naturally thought more of his supper than the reading, therefore my wishes did not harmonize with his. Thus it came about we did not get on well. So I sat him in a chair by my side, patiently but firmly waiting the yielding of his desire to mine. At last, lovingly, it came, and the lesson was over in due time. But when his uncle entered the door, Willie ran to meet him, saying: "Oh, uncle John, I have been *such* a naughty boy! I would not read, and I *would not* read for auntie, till finally my face broke out all over with smiles, (which was true), and I was a good boy right away!" At last the child prayer said, (and I thought a little more earnestly, and the good night kiss a little more sweetly given), and he was tucked away for the night, I supposing that in a few moments he would forget all in sweetest sleep. But no; an hour later came a call from his room for auntie. He had not slept and his young and tender mind had been puzzling over the earnest question he asked: "Auntie, who puts the naughty in little boy's hearts? I know God puts the good there, but who puts the naughty there?" It was easy to explain to him, but with surprised emotions in my own mind, I told him he put it there himself when he did the wrong thing, as he knew so well the right, but did not do it, and that was the reason he was so unhappy. But when he gave up the thing he knew to be wrong, then it was that sunshine came into his heart and smiles to his face. This is a simple occurrence to put before your readers, and very imperfectly told. But with me it made a deep impression.

Though many years have gone by since, yet in the sanctuary of the soul, with other precious memories, it remains still fresh with no dimness by time. It stirred thoughts, too, in my own mind that are with me still. I felt if the Divine spark was thus early made manifest in the child mind, what growth and expansion should come with the maturing years! What striking evi-

dence, too, of the voice within, speaking to the child mind while yet so young and tender. This little one (child of my affection and pride) has grown to noble manhood. And two little boys at his knee are now asking their puzzling questions in turn. They, too, are wanting guidance and right training from the parental hand. And the prayer of my heart is that they may not look in vain. Oh, what a mission is this, that of directing rightly the footsteps of the children, freighted as it is with the highest and most wonderful that is given! And the thought oft comes with *force*, but for the back-slidings and short comings we older ones would be abundantly qualified for whatever work the Heavenly Parent requires at our hand. And *something* is required from the least of His children.

Again, children with their plastic minds are almost, if not quite, intuitive with their impressions, and are quick to catch and hold to the examples set before them, particularly from those they love and respect. Therefore how important it is to keep this naughtiness that troubled the child mind from getting the upper hand with ourselves, that our influence for good, not only with the little ones, but upon all with whom we mingle may strike home and bear fruit that is sound to the core, and with no bitterness to the taste.

SARAH W. HART.

Chicago, Ill., 1st mo 1875.

#### MEDIA FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

About six months ago the Friends of Providence Meeting became interested in the subject of a Young Friends' Association. This resulted in the formation of the Media Friends' Association, where many of the Friends attending the Meeting reside. Three Meetings have been held, and the first Sixth day evening of each month (except the seventh, eighth and ninth months) has been decided upon as the time of meeting. The Meeting is held at the Friends school building in Media,

Del. Co., Pa., and John L. Cawer is president and Frances R. Walter is secretary. At the last meeting a paper upon "The Origin of the Distinctively Plain Garb of Friends" was prepared by Hannah M. Worley and read by the secretary. Also a paper, "The First Quaker Meetings," by Bertha Hibberd. Mary T. Fussell read Aaron M. Powell's address, "The Friend," delivered at the opening of the Friends' Religious Conference at Chappaqua. The reading of each article was followed by general discussion which we hope will awaken renewed interest in our Society in all present. H.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

### LINCOLN YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

Lincoln Young Friends' Association, held 12th mo. 30th, 1894, was opened by reading the 11th chapter Acts.

Both President and Vice President being absent, Addie Garlock was appointed second Vice-President.

C. A. Burgess reviewed the first chapter of Vol. II. of Janney's History. It describes Friends' in England 1660-61. The restoration of Charles II.

Many thought the ruin of Friends' nigh at hand. Edward Burroughs replied: "If you should persecute and destroy us, yet our principles you can never extinguish, for they will live forever." George Fox attended Yearly meeting at Balby, and another at Skipton, and a general meeting at Arnside, came to Swarthmore, where he was arrested on the following day, on pretence of being a disturber of the public peace. At the solicitation of Margaret Fell and Anne Curtis, an order was granted that he should be brought to London for trial. George Fox gave his word that he would appear before the judge of the King's Bench at the time appointed, if the Lord permit. There are many instances recorded of Friends' giving their word to appear before Magistrates, thus showing how much confidence even their persecutors

had in their integrity and were willing to rely entirely on their word.

The rising of the "Fifth Monarchy Men" caused the issuing of a proclamation by which Friends' suffered much; some dying from unhealthy prisons.

At Bristol the soldiers broke up a meeting, and arrested 65 persons.

Dennis Hollister and George Bishop were threatened to deter them from attending their religious meetings. They answered: "*That they might as will think to hinder the sun from shining, or the tide from flowing, as to think to hinder the Lord's people from meeting to wait upon him,* whilst but two of them were left together."

The review of the lesson for the quarter was prepared by Joseph Lownes, read by Hamtonetta Burgess. It contained many beautiful thoughts. Addie Garlock gave us a very interesting paper on "Peace," which was requested to be published.

Recitations were given by Martha Garlock, Erwin Davis and Leonil Garlock.

After the secretary read the programme for next month, the meeting closed with a period of silence.

CATHARINE ANNA BURGESS,  
College View, Neb. Reporter.

### OUR COZY CORNER.

Playhouse.

Dear Cousin Julia,—What a lively time it is with us when snow abounds, and jingle-jingle go the merry sleigh bells in accompaniment to the joyful laughter and light hearted chit chat of buoyant youth in their drives about country and town. Still, to the thoughtful life seems to be much like a medley. Such diversity of scenes are being enacted at the same time, or following each other so closely, that while these are glad, others are sad, and some are disappointed, miserable, and most unhappily situated in circumstances and environments. Are not some people's lot cast, as it were, in the shady vale, or on the bleak mountain side, where the

sun has little access, or the searching winds distort, break and wither; where the snow drifts deeply and at times becomes encrusted with a covering of ice, which envelopes and excludes the life-keeping atmospheric influence, until the season has so far advanced that the germ of promise is well nigh extinct. In our Bible lessons we learn how that Jesus taught and illustrated the themes he wished to impress upon the minds of his hearers from natural objects around him.

Why may not we learn from the same source? Well do I remember asking father or mother why so many bare spots in *winter wheat* or *clover* fields, and their answer: Oh, that is where the great snow banks lay so long, that what was sown was smothered, and died out root and branch. Peradventure weeds may in time spring up on the bare spots and make a hurried growth before the season's close.

How thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father that he has given us just enough light and darkness, heat and cold, cloud and sunshine, wind and calm, rain and drought, frost and snow, with occasional ice-bound encasement to preserve life, to give needful rest, to enrich, enliven and strengthen the growth of the whole true man. Yes, and acknowledge how merciful is our Heavenly Father in his requirements of the children of men. Were it not for the thought that account is to be rendered according to what is given us in the way of talent and opportunity, and for the use we have made of both, and not for what is withheld, we would be in a perplexing condition. But while we query and seek to know, we remember the assurance, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" and are encouraged to "murmur not."

Since writing our last letter to thee, dear cousin, the angel of death has been busy calling in our neighborhood, and from north, east, south and west, has taken loved ones, and left sad hearts, and vacant places in these homes. One dear little member of

our infant band and associate in the playhouse has fled—suddenly—by way of diphtheria, to join the children's angel band beyond. So we whisper softly, one more in heaven, to beckon us thitherward; one less in life to lisp a cheerful word for thee, through

HOPEFUL BAND.

1st mo. 14th, 1895.

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### PEACE VERSUS WAR.

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Paper by Addie C. Garlock, written for Young Friends' Association, Lincoln, Nebraska, 12th mo. 30th, 1894.

"I heard the bells on Christmas day  
Their old familiar carols play;  
And mild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

But in despair I bowed my head—  
There is no peace on earth, I said,  
For hate is strong  
And mocks the song,  
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!  
The wrong shall fail,  
The right prevail,  
With 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly hosts, praising God and singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

We are singing the same song to-day, and praising God for the victories won and achievements made possible through the life and teachings of this Great Prince of Peace, whose advent into the world was heralded by the song of peace, and whose last words to his followers was on the same theme: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you."

For the most striking contrast of peace and war we have none more vivid than the records of the Scriptures. Who can read in detail the horrors of battles as recorded in the Old Testament without a feeling of disgust and commiseration.

But turn to the New Dispensation. How we love to study over and over

again the story of the life and teachings of this lowly Jesus of Nazareth, whose whole history is one of humility, kindness, patience, love and forgiveness; who brought the new commandment "That ye love one another," and whose last prayer was for the forgiveness of his enemies.

The history of the different peace organizations, the good accomplished thereby, and the continued effort being put forth in this direction, portend great good, and we believe will be the means of ushering in an era when war and its horrors and desolations will be no more.

The apparent disgust with which the civilized world to-day regards the war in the Orient, together with the effort being made by outside parties to bring about a peaceable end to the conflict, shows that sentiment is rapidly rising above such relics of barbarism, and that part of the Christian world at least are trying to put into practice the precepts of the religion that they profess. That a portion of the people have not yet fully awakened to the full meaning and import of the Gospel of Peace is evident by the persistency with which militarism is trying to be established into the public school system of our country of boasted freedom.

The plan recommended by the Secretary of War, not long since, and so graciously commended by Ex-President Harrison and others, to teach our children military tactics, and that they have a country to defend and to be able to defend it, has awakened an honest, earnest opposition by peaceably concerned people all along the lines. None too soon, however, for already the plan has been adopted by several cities, and the drill becomes a part of the daily programme. Even the good old city of "Brotherly Love" has given way to its allurements in spite of the earnest protest of the better element of the city.

Why should men of public influence and especially those who, like Benj. Harrison, professing to be followers of

the Prince of Peace, sanction a measure so thoroughly obnoxious to Christian people? Perhaps it is equally superfluous for a nobody like me to criticise those who have occupied the highest positions of our nation. But let me say just here, with all the intensity of a mother's love, that had Ex-President Harrison been a mother, and if it were *his* son that were to be trained to shoot some other mother's son, he never would have favored such a scheme.

In a few more years these great (?) men of to-day will have passed away, the bells will toll and the last salute be fired. Then will the whole world mourn, part of them because a great general and statesman has gone, and the other part because the effect of such military teaching could not die and be buried with the originator. But, dear friends, it will not, and we must bestir ourselves before these seeds, perhaps thoughtlessly sown, are so firmly rooted that they cannot be eradicated, and our free public schools—the nation's pride—become miniature forts and arsenals.

The military drill of religious schools is deplorably inconsistent, to put it mild. For instance, the minister to-day preaches an eloquent appeal for "Peace on earth, good will toward men." To-morrow at a meeting of bishops and trustees discuss plans for the furthering of the interests of their school. The military drill is hit upon, adopted, and the preacher goes home, perhaps never dreaming of the distance between his preaching and his practicing.

Some may say that we teach the military drill for its physical effects, and not to inculcate war sentiment. But to show how preposterous the idea, just take note of the fact that the greatest military nations have their recruits take from three to twelve months training in the gymnasium to develop them as *men* before they are fit for *soldiers*.

Again, we are commanded to avoid the appearance of evil. It has been truly said that "What you put into the

schools of a nation will appear in the life of that nation." The youth does not stop to theorize or moralize, it acts, and when the imagination is once fired with the pomp and circumstance of war, the charm of music, etc., he is in his own estimation at least a "really live soldier," ideas that will grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength, until it will not be wondered at if in a few years he will be ready as a citizen, as a legislator, to give his voice and vote for war when even the least provocation arises therefor.

Dear friends, there are not two kinds of right, one for the State and another for the individual. What is right is right *always*, and right never compromises with a wrong in any shape or fashion.

I doubt if there is an instance on record where war effected a final settlement of difficulties. It is, invariably, an unreasoning, passionate method of deferring justice, and after the parties to a war have inflicted all the loss that each is able to bear, or until one is entirely at the mercy of the other, then the most trusted men of both countries and perhaps of others, will come together, and arrange for a treaty of peace, a procedure which shows that it is the wisdom and reason of such counsel that settles the dispute rather than the unreason and savagery of war.

If I had the time I would like to give you some statistics showing the immense burdens imposed upon this country by the civil war. There is not a taxpayer in the United States to-day that does not realize to some extent what it cost in dollars and cents, to say nothing of the great sacrifice of life.

And furthermore—following close in its wake—with all its attending evils, that great curse—the legalized saloon of to-day, fastened its poisonous fangs more firmly upon all branches of our Government, national, state, and municipal. The intemperance of the present time is largely due to the appe-

tites contracted by wornout or idle soldiers during that terrible struggle, and transmitted to the present generation.

Militarism and intemperance go hand in hand like brothers, where you find one you find the other. Notice if you please, the canteen system of the Government Soldiers' Homes, and the disgraceful conduct of drunken soldiers whenever they appear in public, either on duty or parade.

Now, where shall we look for a remedy? In the first place we have the promise of the Scriptures, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts," and we are sure that we have that spirit of perfect love in all peace movements.

In the next place we should have a different sentiment taught in our school history than that which makes all war glorious and all participants heroes. Teach the youth how to avert rather than how to fight a war.

Third, let us have a Peace Department instead of a War Department in our National Government, with an International Court of Arbitration.

Fourth, a depreciation of military displays in all forms, from the present Fourth of July celebration to the sham battles of the G. A. R.

Fifth, the abolition of the "Male Oligarchy" of our country, and the substitution therefor of a true Republican form of Government. That is a Government in which every citizen, male or female, black, brown, or white, who can read his ballot from top to bottom, shall have a voice in the laws that control them.

I heard a lady remark a short time ago, "If the women are going to have the right to vote they ought to be compelled to shoulder the musket and march off to war with the men." Dear soul, she never stopped to think that there would be no necessity for such patriotic zeal there.

How long do you suppose it would be with the tact and wisdom of our mothers and sisters injected into all

branches of our Government, her sense of justice and love of peace permeating the laws of our land, before war and its horrors would be an impossibility? More than that, the millions of drink slaves would be set free, and the bonds of the patient, toiling labor slave broken.

We are to-day in the midst of the greatest revolution the world has ever known. A glorious, peaceful revolution, whose banner will ultimately float to the breeze the gorgeous proclamation of justice and equity to ALL.

The Friends as a Society may justly feel proud of the part they have taken in the past, are taking in the present, and, we believe, will take in the future, in the peaceable struggle for righteousness and peace on earth.

Then let us "thank God and take courage." Remember, though comparatively few in number, we represent great principles, that require individual faithfulness to accomplish the end sought.

The powers of evil at work seem wonderfully great when viewed from the standpoint of human strength and weakness, but we have ample assurance that the All wise Father is guiding and directing His children in their efforts, and that the right will eventually prevail. Already we can see the beautiful streaks of light which foretell the coming of a glorious dawn.

The beautiful verses of Susan Coolidge suggest my meaning better than I can express it:

PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

DARK falls the night, withheld the day

Weary we fare, perplexed and chill,

Led by one little guiding ray

Shining from centuries far away—

Good-will and Peace, Peace and Good-will.

Through eighteen hundred stormy years

The dear notes ring, and will not cease,

And past all mists of mortal tears

The guiding star rebukes our fears—

Peace and Good-will, Good-will and Peace.

Shine, blessed star, the night is black;

Shine, and the heavens with radiance fill,

While on thy slender, guiding track

The angel voices echo back—

Good-will and Peace, Peace and Good-will.

—Susan Coolidge.

## Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

### WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,  
'Tis the law of our being, we reap what we  
sow;

We may try to evade it, we may do what we  
will,

But our thoughts, like our actions, will follow  
us still.

This world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,  
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;  
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,  
But the world takes a man for just what he is  
worth.

Are you weary and worn in this hard earthly  
strife?

Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?  
Remember, this great truth has often been  
proved,

We must make ourselves lovable, would we be  
loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,  
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters  
comes back;

This law was enacted by heaven above,  
Yet like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and  
stone,

In its gardens are flowers from every zone,  
But the beautiful graces that blossom within,  
Grow shriveled and die in the upas of sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for  
gold,

Till health becomes broken, and youth be-  
comes old;

Ah! did we the same for the beautiful love,  
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow, Oh, wonderful truth,  
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;  
But at last it shines in as hand on the wall,  
For the world has its debit and credit for all.

### DR. PARKHURST'S NEW WORD.

Dr. Parkhurst has coined a new word, and its aptness and clever construction are quite likely to make it famous. The eminent reformer's word is "Andromania," and of it he says:

"There is an element in the feminine world that is suffering from what I shall venture to call 'Andromania.' The word is not an English one, for the rea-



son, I suppose, that the English language makers never supposed that we should need such a term. It is constructed on the same principle as the word 'Anglo-man-a,' which means a passionate aping of everything that is English. 'Andromania' means similarly, a passionate aping of everything that is mannish."

Dr. Parkhurst makes his new word serve as the title for his first article in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and uses it for a vigorous treatment of the type of women for whom he invented it.

## FRIENDS' ELEMENTARY and HIGH SCHOOL

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This School admits students of both sexes and of every grade, and trains them for business, for a profession or for college or university. It has a thoroughly equipped gymnasium, and affords excellent physical training under well qualified directors. The 31st year began 9th mo. 19, 1894. ELIM LAMB, Principal.

## LEAFLETS—No. 1.

The Sermon by Serena A. Minard which appeared 9th mo. 15th, in the REVIEW, we now have in leaflet form [5,000 copies], suitable for general distribution in First-day Schools or elsewhere, and may be had at 25c. per hundred. We purpose issuing such Leaflets occasionally, and hope the undertaking will meet an encouraging demand.

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For particulars address

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For circulars and other information, address

GEORGE L. MARIS, PRINCIPAL.

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A boarding and day school for both sexes. Thorough courses preparing for admission to any college, or furnishing a good English Education. This school was opened Ninth month 8th, 1891. Terms for boarding scholars, \$150 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.

## NOTICE.

To the Members of Illinois Yearly Meeting:

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

EDWARD COALE, Chairman of Com.



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