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Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IV.

LONDON, ONT., FOURTH MONTH, 1889.

NO. 4

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hillside's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE FIRESIDE ALTAR.

A Sabbath spent in a country home some miles distant from any place of religious meeting, impresses one anew with the importance of practical religion and Christian reaching in the home. With every Christian hearthstone an altar, there would be comparatively little necessity for denominational gatherings; without the home-altar, public exhortation is all but powerless. Where the home has failed to prepare good ground to receive the seed it must fall by the wayside or among thorns.

It seems tacitly acknowledged in the recent enquiry into the decline of the Society that sufficient care has not been taken to familiarize young Friends with Friends' principles, or doctrines. By all means let our young people decide as soon as possible what and why they believe, but seek first that they shall believe something. Quite apart from any question of sectarian teaching, is there not in the dread of religious formalities characteristic of Quakerism, danger of spiritual starving of the little ones? "Milk for babes and meat for

the strong," but food proportionate to the development must be provided, otherwise the soul is cramped or dwarfed. Spiritual food is as necessary to spiritual growth or development as mental pabulum to the intellect, or proper nourishment to the body. Shall the last of these be made first and the first last within the home? God forbid. As the warmth of spring sunshine and the revivifying influence of summer rains are to the grain of mustard seed, so are the home atmosphere and loving admonitions or exhortations of a truly Christian household to the germs of spiritual life in every heart. Shall the Tree of Life put forth leaves in vain, while we store the products of orchard and garden? "Feed my Lambs" meant not to leave them to forage unshepherded among rocks and precipices.

It must be admitted, however painful the admission, that to many young people the very word religion is synonymous with dulness or melancholy, and is met with a repugnance amounting often to actual repulsion. In most cases this is largely, if not entirely, due to its association, in their minds, with mortification of the flesh, chilling asceticism and constant self repression. Youthful hearts are peculiarly susceptible to atmospheric influence, and the warmth and brightness of truly spiritual living in the home must exert a powerful influence. Moreover is not the same discipline necessary to the appreciation of spiritual things that we find so important in the development of the intellect? The finest passages of Shakspeare fall dull and meaningless on the uneducated ear; the inartistic eye is

ROLL CALL.

blind to subtle harmonies of shade and color. Step by step the youthful minds are led into broader fields; inch by inch the intellect expands until the love of knowledge becomes so thoroughly rooted that the artifices employed by teacher and parent to coax the child to study are no longer needed. Theoretically we cede the pre-eminence of the soul or spirit over the intellect and recognize in both a degree of dormancy. Practically we set about a systematic development of the intellectual man and leave the spiritual man to develop as best it may. Do we not spend more time and pains in seeking the enlargement of the minds of our children than in stimulating and encouraging the growth of the soul? Is it a dread of formalism that prevents among Friends a more frequent gathering of the household for scripture study? Is the same prejudice, for are not our principles too often prejudices, responsible for the spiritual apathy encountered in so many homes? It is the experience of practical religion in the home, the association with bright, warm, Christian lives, the unconstrained discussion of scriptural topics or comparison of Christian experience that forge the strongest links in that armor which best withstands the weapons of skepticism. With the little ones who have not learned the sweetness of suffering or the compensations of self-denial let us walk in the sunshine of God's presence, rather than the valleys of repentance and self abnegation. Let us as householders put to practical tests the enjoyment of doing "in His name" the duties required of us, for surely at the fireside altar as in no other place should the lesson be taught and learned that, "Religious ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

L. S.

It is not possible to live in the world even though we may tread it under our feet, without being soiled by its dust

What is this echo from the great unknown?

"Let us alone! Let us alone!"

Almost we seem to hear once more the tramp Of soldiers marching; once more see the camp, The smoke of battle, hear the cannon roar;— Ah, Heaven forbid we see or hear them more!

Where tall palms wave and all the sunny air Is sweet with breath of flowers, and the fair Bright face of nature seems to have but smiles For all God's children;— if amid her wiles The feet of justice paused in passing by This sunny favored land, there rose this cry From lips of brutal men whose hands were red With brothers' blood. Who held above his head The long, keen lash, and o'er his human heart That scourge of love, "do thus or ye shall part," "Let us alone," said master, but the slave Could hope for freedom only through the grave.

"Let us alone!" does echo, sending down Her voice through years of silence, mean to crown.

Her first word with her last? "hands off," they say,

"Here's law, where's God? The law we will obey."

The license banner flies to every breeze; Between the lines are shadowed words like these:

Wrecked homes, wrecked lives, hope trampled, love defiled,

The parent brutalized, disgraced the child, Yet with bold front and cool assured tone The evil powers demand, "Let us alone." Shall it be so? As God is with the right We bravely cry "No more! let in the light!"

Behind the effect must somewhere be the cause;

Behind the people's acts, the people's laws:— Condemn? Approve? just Heaven, which shall it be,

When from our earth go up such cries to Thee? Shall even law be justified, that slays Its tens of thousands legally, and lays Its bloody hand upon its soulless heart While cold lips kiss the book we set apart As holy? *Dare* we let alone the thing That is our brother's curse? The serpent's sting

Is not less fatal, that the heathen's rite
 Makes it a thing to worship. Shall it bite
 The heel of him who unaware shall tread
 The Hindoo highway? Though it rears its
 head

Unharm'd by natives, shall we spare its life
 Because to kill it stirs a petty strife?
 Shall conscience let alone the heart of him
 Who fills the cup of poison to the brim,
 And, under pretense of a harmless jest
 Gives it to quench the thirst of friend or guest?
 Shall he be guiltless who has ample store
 Of great possessions, while there pass his door
 Men, women, children, homeless, and because
 His gain, their loss, is sanctioned by the laws?
 "Uncommon times demand uncommon
 things,"

The crisis comes:—The one word "Forward,"
 rings

Through all the ranks. Close up ye brave
 and stand

For God and freedom, home and native land!
 Hockessin, Del. R.

FRIENDS IN CANADA.

In 10th mo., 4th, 1815, Friends at Norwich requested to have a meeting for worship and a preparative meeting, which being forwarded to the half-yearly meeting received their approval. The meeting was established in 2nd mo., 1816, to be called Norwich Preparative Meeting, and to be held the last 4th day in each month; the meeting for worship to be held the 1st and 4th days of each week.

In 1st mo., 3rd, 1816, a Committee was appointed "to take into consideration, and prepare, some plan respecting schools," and in 8th mo., 7th, 1816, they presented the following report:

"The Committee submit for the consideration of the monthly meeting the appointment of a Committee in each branch of our Monthly Meeting to open a subscription (headed with the introductory part of this report), to raise by liberal and voluntary contributions, a sum sufficient to build a school house near our meeting houses, where master

and scholars may diligently attend meetings without much inconvenience to the prosecution of their studies." Which the meeting after due deliberation thereon united with.

In 2nd mo. 7th, 1816, a Committee previously appointed by the Half Yearly Meeting, in compliance with a request made by Pelham Monthly Meeting, for a different arrangement of the Half-Yearly Meeting report: "That having visited that Meeting and its branches, it is their united judgment that the time has not fully come for any alteration."

In 11th mo., 6th, 1816, Friends at Ancaster requested to be indulged with a Meeting for worship, which was granted, under care of a Committee, said Meeting to be held on the first day of the week, at the eleventh hour, at the house of Levi Willson.

In 1st mo., 1st, 1817, a Committee appointed by Pelham Monthly Meeting to inspect the plan of a meeting house at Norwich, reported, "that they had limited the size to 36 feet by 50, and estimated the cost at one thousand dollars," which the meeting uniting with was directed to the Half-Yearly Meeting.

In 8th mo., 6th, 1817, Friends in the south part of Norwich, were granted an Indulged Meeting, to be held in a school house on the first and fifth days of the week, at the eleventh hour, under the care of a Committee, and in 7th mo., 1st, 1818, they were granted the privilege of purchasing five acres of land for the purpose of building a meeting house upon, and also for a burying ground, to be called Pine Street Meeting.

On the 7th of 1st mo., 1819, Committees appointed by Pelham and Eden Monthly Meetings, to consider the propriety of being set apart, to constitute a Quarterly Meeting, conferred together, and produced the following report: "That after a time of weighty deliberation, and having the unity of a number of men and women Friends, not of the Committee, concluded to propose to

their respective Meetings, to request for a Quarterly Meeting to be held alternately at Pelham and Hamburg, (formerly called Willink,) and called Pelham Quarterly Meeting, with desires that the Half-Yearly and Quarterly Meetings may sympathize with us in our present difficult situation, and see it right to concur with us in forwarding our request." As we find no farther mention made of the forgoing request after being forwarded to the Half-Yearly Meeting, we conclude that it did not receive their approval.

From the minutes of Canada Half-Yearly Meeting held the 3rd and 4th of 2nd mo., 1819, we find the report of a Committee, previously appointed to visit Norwich Preparative Meeting, on account of their request for a Monthly Meeting: "That they had met with Friends of the several branches of that meeting, and were united in a belief that it may be right to allow a Monthly Meeting at that place, to be held the second fourth day in each month, and to be called Norwich Monthly Meeting and to be opened in third mo., next," which "after a season of weighty deliberation was united with," and a Committee appointed to attend the opening of said meeting. In 5th mo., 2nd, 1821, Pelham Monthly Meeting taking into consideration the subject of a Quarterly Meeting, concluded to propose to the Monthly Meetings of Norwich and Hartland, to appoint Committees to meet with us, and endeavor to form some plan to have a Quarterly Meeting that may be beneficial to each of the Monthly Meetings.

In 11th mo. the Committees reported that they were united in proposing that a Quarterly Meeting be held circular, four times in the year, at the four Monthly Meetings constituting the Half-Yearly Meeting. In 8th mo., 4th, 1830, Friends of Pelham Monthly Meeting agreed to apprise the Half-Yearly Meeting that they were united in joining Farmington Quarterly Meeting, unless some new arrangement should take place that might tend to

relieve them of a burden that had long aggrieved them, and requested the sympathy of the Half-Yearly Meeting in their present tried situation, and grant the privilege of the Half-Yearly Meeting being held half of the time at Pelham.

In 10th mo., 6th, 1830, a Committee from Norwich visited Pelham with a minute from that Meeting, expressing a desire to be united with them in establishing a Quarterly Meeting. A Committee was appointed to confer with them and also with the Committee from the Half-Yearly Meeting on the subject.

The Meeting was eventually established in 12th Mo., 20th, 1833, and called Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting to be held alternately at Pelham and Yarmouth.

THE MEASURELESS DEEPS.

I think sometimes that the silence itself has a
 soundless ghost,
 A stillness deeper than Ocean, where gather
 the countless host
 Of shades that are shade's reflection of glooms
 that are shades of gloom,
 And echoes of thoughts unfathomed which
 never in words find room.

There are thoughts which move at midnight,
 too deep for a vision's reach ;
 There are waves deep down in silence, too
 strong for the grasp of speech ;
 And a mystic intuition in infinite depths of
 space
 Too far to impress reflections or shades on a
 mortal face.

We know in the silent chambers the beats of a
 a distant heart,
 We have seen with an inner vision the curtains
 of silence part,
 And far in the shaded distance have read, as
 on magic scroll,
 The words no sound could utter, addressed to
 an earnest soul.

There are things so deep and sacred they flee
 the approach of sound,
 There are ideas pure and holy no natural
 hedgerows bound,
 And somewhere well adjusted, unseen, un-
 heard, intense,
 Are the truths which reach us only through a
 seventh mysterious sense.

We hear not, speak not, feel not, yet we think,
 and trust, and know,
 While the viewless mystic currents sweep by
 in their endless flow,
 While above the mirrored crystal there flutter
 the ghostly wing,
 And a song too sweet for language its jubilant
 anthem brings.

The grandest truths of the ages have entered
 the heart like this,
 The things we can never utter producing the
 greatest bliss ;
 Mysterious intuitions, swift shades of a shadow-
 thought,
 Have flooded the soul with sweetness in miracle
 wonders wrought.

We know there are soul vibrations, a subtle
 and glorious bond,
 Uniting the world material with a something
 so far beyond
 That it reaches in soul waves, too delicate
 far for touch,
 That the brightest words are heavy and burden
 them overmuch.

So we learn its beauteous wisdom. Its peace-
 ful currents flow
 Too far for the reach of evil, too high for the
 touch of woe,
 Too deep for our words to fathom, too soft for
 the grasp of sound,
 In a place which God has guarded with a
 silence most profound.

Then welcome the mystic message, the peace
 beyond all compare,
 Too sweet to be grasped or measured, found
 but by a voiceless prayer ;
 The sign of a higher presence, a rapture which
 may not cease
 Till it reach the great Nirvana and blend into
 endless peace.

A symbol of something coming, revealings
 some time to be,
 The ripples of glory lapping the shore of an
 endless sea ;
 The secret of life eternal, too grand for the
 bonds of speech,
 Conveying a soundless message to the waiting
 souls on the beach.

So the soul receives its message by a route we
 may not trace,
 From the deeps where fathomless silence
 broods ever in endless space ;
 Where the finite may not measure with its
 puny rule and rod
 The truths which the soul receiveth direct from
 the heart of God.

—[I. Edgar Jones, in Indianapolis Journal.

FIFTY YEARS OF MARRIED
 LIFE

—
 Pause with me on the banks of the
 Hudson at a quaint, low stone cottage
 situated in a sheltered nook in the
 aristocratic and historical village of
 Tarrytown.

The town itself made famous by
 Irving's Legends, and especially this
 ancient edifice to which I invite your
 attention ; it being built nearly two
 hundred years ago, and owned by
 Baltus Van Tassel, whose fair daughter
 Katrina was wooed by Ichabod Crane.

Those inhabitants of legendary days
 may furnish us many pleasant reveries,
 but at the present time two characters
 vastly different from its former Dutch
 occupants, dwell therein, viz.: Jacob
 and Sarah Mott.

Fifty years ago on Fifth-day, the
 eighteenth of tenth month, 1838, Jacob
 Mott, (son of Jacob L. Mott, one
 of the oldest residents of Tarrytown,
 and a highly inspired Friends' Minister)
 and Sarah Fowler were united in
 marriage by Friends' ceremony in the
 meeting house at Chappaqua.

They began their married life together
 in this home, where they have con-
 tinued to live during the whole period
 of fifty years, and where they celebrated
 their golden wedding on the eighteenth
 day of tenth month, 1888.

There were but a chosen few who
 came to partake with them on that
 eventful day, but some persons sent
 floral offerings, and hosts of friends
 delighted to send warmest congratula-
 tions and best wishes for continued
 happiness.

Jacob is now seventy-five years old,
 but still in a degree active, ever mani-
 festing firmness of character, good
 judgment and unflinching integrity
 which have marked all his days.

His wife is seventy years old, and
 although not enjoying good health,
 wears a countenance singularly bright
 and expressive. She possesses rare
 conversational powers and a remarkable

memory, these charms coupled with a nature mild and delicate, a manner of great matronly dignity, and the grace and bearing of a true woman, cause her to be highly valued.

Their wedding certificate was signed by forty-nine persons, only seventeen of whom are now living. Looking over that parchment which fifty years has yellowed, we find names of those who have long since slumbered in the tomb.

To behold the signatures signed so far in the past brings feelings which words are inadequate to express.

As they promised in that far off day to be faithful to each other so they have ever been, and we see the husband to-day with brow well mounted with locks of gray, the eye is still bright. We are not favored by many thoughts from him now, as much of his time is passed in deep meditation.

As this dear old couple sit down together at the eventide you are, impressed with such a sense of peaceful comfort, that the angels hover near and shed around them that Divine love that while they still tarry with us, their minds and hearts bound together in complete unity, they are but waiting for that time when they shall be called to give up their stewardship and go to rest forever with Him whose arm is now about them to strengthen and bless.

ADA QUINBY.

OUR TRUE LOVE.

Madame Guyon called God her love. Can we not subscribe thereto when wedded to Him that He is indeed our love? To the writer's understanding God is love in every sense of the word. Holiness does not consist in memorizing history, but in communion with the spirit of God in the sanctuary where the birth of the child is brought forth and messages received thereby from the throne of Grace, guiding His own in the way of holiness. The letter can not do this. Why? Because it is not divine, con-

sequently non productive of the fruits of the Spirit. Divine unfoldment is of God; therefore holy as God is holy. Hence love is holiness and God is love. It's all one endless circle—heavenly bow—surrounding the children of His fold. This was the teaching of Isaiah, Jesus and Madame Guyon. Can we not subscribe thereto that He doth love, draw and lead us peacefully to Himself? Truly God was Lord and Shepherd of them. Can we not, do we not pray unto Him for like blessings, desiring to be one in the celestial realms, which lineal inheritance furnishes a foretaste of here in this life, quickened and made alive in the enjoyment of Divine love, the budding and blooming of which is the key opening to sanctification. This is that which draweth all men unto us, acting in love, awakening corresponding feelings in our associates, begetting a nearness heretofore not fully realized, essential to holiness.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

H. G. M.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

The following essay was produced and read at the Purchase Literary Society, and mo. 8th, 1889, by Amy A. Barnes.

This noted woman whose name to many of this generation has almost become a "household word" passed from earth about ten months ago, but she has left behind her a legacy which will be enjoyed by those who read her writings. Her great love for children, and especially the children of the poor, was doubtless inherited from both parents. Of her father, it is told, that when Louisa was very young, he taught a large school in Boston, and felt that colored children had as good a right to instruction as others, but those who patronized him not feeling the same, his school dwindled in size until but three scholars remained, the subject of this sketch being one of them. Before she was twelve years old, her active brain had woven many a fairy legend for her sister's amusement. At her

home in Concord, Mass., many of her best books were written and around the pretty town are clustered the scenes described in "Little Women" and many of her later stories. Not only with her pen, was her busy mind employed, but in the pages of her book entitled "Work" are recorded her struggles for a livelihood, not only for herself, but for her loved father, and her home. She commenced teaching in the City of Boston, Mass., when but sixteen years of age. Her efforts were very successful and I doubt not that one of her scholars has ever thought of her with ought but a loving remembrance. For many years her writings yielded her but little pecuniary aid, but twenty years ago, her "Little Women" which is really a sketch of the home-life of herself and sisters was published. Since that time her publishers have paid her about \$200,000 for her share of the profits on the book.

During the dark days of our late national struggle for existence, her patriotism and love of humanity beckoned her to scenes of conflict, where she officiated as Hospital Nurse until her own health gave way. How many brave men dying far from home and loved ones were comforted by her tender ministrations only the recording angel who watches over the destinies of all may presume to number. From her untiring labors her own life seemed for a time in peril, and during her convalescence "Hospital Sketches" were written. It may be that she never fully regained her health, although many of her books have been written since that time. Since she first began her career as an authoress scarcely a year has passed but that the hearts of the people of this period have been made glad by some production from her pen. Although dying in the meridian of life as regards years, she has achieved the work of a long life time, and we who knew her only through her writings, can remember her as a bright sunbeam flitting across the pathway of our lives bringing

always words of cheer and encouragement. Three days after the death of her father, which occurred in March, 1888, she too was called to the higher home, where we trust she is reaping the harvest which she so thoroughly earned by her devoted life.

Truly we can say of her as she said of her loving sister :

Oh my sister passing from me,
Out of human care and strife,
Leave me as a gift these virtues,
Which have beautified thy life,
Give me, for I need it sorely,
Of that courage wise and sweet
Which has made the path of duty
Green beneath thy willing feet.

PEACE.

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war any more." Isa. 2, 4.

"If we suffer we shall also reign with Him." 2 Tim. 2, 12.

Love e'en your enemies, saith Christ, do good
To them that hate you, words, (though men
may count

As Christian-) hard to follow. How, say they,
Can this our mighty empire hold its own
If sword and rifle, huge far reaching gun,
Torpedoes, ironclads, war's grim array
Be cast aside? Let not this thought too much
Alarm! and deem thou not that one short year
Could see in minds of men so vast a change.

Truth needs time's long process; the seed
must grow,
Must put forth blade and ear; heaven's suns
and showers

The plant must cherish and the ear mature
Before the reaping time. The leaven of faith
Must spread from soul to soul; Christians
must then

Be Christians indeed. The selfishness,
The vice, the drunkenness must be no more,
Which now the name of Christian desecrate
Among the nations. Briton's busy sons,
Who throng earth's marts, would like their
Master walk,

Diffusing light and blessings in their path,
And like their Master, changing hearts of men.
Would not the people praise them? where
then room

For jealousy, for envy of their greatness?
Or if, as in the days of old, the lot
Of suffering be theirs, saith not the Lord
Blessed are they that suffer for my sake?
Who then will shrink, nor do his little part
To speed the advent of this happy day?
All else for Christ's sake counting but as loss.

Darlington, Eng. —[WM. CUDWORTH.]

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

We prefer that remittances be made by post-office order or by registered letters. If bank draft-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.

It has been a long time since we made an appeal to our contributors. And even now we are more disposed to call it an address than an appeal for we have cause to be thankful towards our writers as every article is sent gratuitously, out of mere love for the REVIEW and the Society. And it is amazing how that love has kept the supply so even and so replete, sometimes even miraculously to us. Just here we may state in order to avoid trouble to our correspondents that we have been in the habit of sending to writers extra copies of the issue in which they have articles. We will continue to do so. If more than these are needed we will then be required to be

notified. Where no name or address is given, as occurs occasionally, of course this cannot be done.

Neither do we wish our readers to charge our correspondents with all misspelled words. They find entrance in very many ways. Careless writing of proper names, however, our contributors must be to blame. And we ask that they may be more careful in their penmanship, some of them. Nearly all other misspelling might be and ought to be rectified by the proof reader. Of such mistakes we plead guilty, and at the same time crave your charitable indulgence. Our own time for the REVIEW is like that of many of you snatched away from a busy homelife. We, too, do it merely for the love of doing it and the good that it may give. We look to this for our recompense and we feel we are being amply rewarded. These leisure moments of a busy life, if wisely and savingly cared for, may be capable of greater things than we imagine, may even bring out the best that is in us. Cæsar in the midst of his active campaigns found time to write his "Commentaries" and although we disapprove of their subject, yet judging them as literary performances they equal his famous military achievements, and give us a hint of what might be done even in the midst of our battles for bread and butter. The Roman Empire which his life's work and his heart's glory was to extend has long ago fallen from power while his literary works, the incidental occupation of his leisure moments, are still a living monument to his genius. What though our hands be hard with toil if hearts be only tender. The hand-work goes but to the printer, the heart-work is the all-in-all.

We would often like to answer privately the many little notes accompanying your articles and show at least our thankfulness for them. But that would be quite a task. This general address, we trust will suffice. In you and through you we look for no small portion of the

light and power that will be necessary to bring before the world in the near future, our glorious principles in a garb befitting their glory. The Society has not been faithful to its high and holy principles, faithful, not in a sense of not violating them, but in a sense of not honoring them as they deserve. Especially is this seen in the dearth of writers since that luminous galaxy in its rise and spread. Look all down the years and what names do we find to compare with Fox and Barclay, Ellwood, Penn and Pennington? Is there even any that we name with these except our Whittier and Janney, and permit me to add one other, "S. R." These few to represent two centuries of American life, and these too when the foundation of a nation was laying, the very best time to leaven it with divine principles.

I do not mean to say that these principles have not been working. Nor that the Society has not had an influence, and a mighty influence too, in raising the nation's character, morally and religiously and religion in every department. The silent pens of the early fathers the mute lessons of martyred heroes the examples of zealous, upright, devoted, quiet lives, all these have exerted a powerful influence for good in the national life. Nor do I forget our ministers. They are faithfully performing their part. I could name as many from our own Genesee Yearly Meeting now living worthy of companionship with George Fox and his illustrious associates as I did of writers above from all America for the two centuries. Is there not established among Friends, though we so loudly disclaim against it, a sort of priesthood when we think that only ministers are inspired to bring the gospel of truth to mankind?

I now change my address to an appeal, and I appeal to *all* who have written for the REVIEW. Do we not see by the light of these things what the Society demands of the REVIEW, and what the REVIEW demands of us, that the REVIEW may make our pens more ready and more powerful to

advocate the principles that the Society claim as truth before the world. And above all may our pens be golden tipped with God's inspiration. For in Him alone is all power and light and truth.

Our special offer to isolated Friends in the West carries the REVIEW to about seventy families, scattered over 11 States and Territories, and to Manitoba and British Columbia. We hope its circulation there will have a tendency to strengthen the cords which bind them to the East and to each other. We will be pleased to receive items of interest, for publication, from our distant Friends. From a private letter from Garrison, Neb., dated 2nd mo. 24th, we take the liberty to glean the following: "We have had a pleasant winter and good health; things move along smoothly; the cousins here are all well. We are trying to hold Friends' meeting, but are very weak indeed. This is the third week that we have had them regularly. Have kept up a small Bible class for some time. That seems easier and is very interesting. Those at Lincoln to Executive meeting had such a good meeting. Are expecting some of the Genoa Friends in Garrison before another monthly meeting. We live between the two meetings; feel very near to Genoa.' These small beginnings may, in the near future, lead to the establishment of another yearly meeting. We have no doubt that by thus meeting, though in weakness, our Friends will often have seasons of refreshment, and be strengthened from the source of all strength.

Many of our First-day schools which have been closed during the winter re-open this month. The work seems to be taken up again this spring with renewed life and hope. Knowing by years of experience the great benefit to be derived from such work, we cannot urge too strongly the desirability of

entering upon it wherever the opening presents itself. A subscriber at Yonge Street, Ont., writes: "We have discontinued our Literary for the season, hoping to renew it again in the autumn. We have also established a First-day school at our meeting house, with an attendance of 40 or 50, which we think quite encouraging to commence with, hoping it will still increase with the warm weather and good roads. It has had the effect already of considerably increasing the attendance at meeting. We have also had quite an increase in the membership of our monthly meeting, 28 persons having come in by request since 1st mo., 1887." Although Yonge Street had one of the pioneer schools within our yearly meeting, yet for many years it was discontinued. We are pleased to know of the renewal of interest in the work

MARRIED.—On 1st mo. 30, 1889, at the Parsonage, Macedon Centre, N. Y., Oliver B. Furman, Fairport, N. Y., and Edith L. Pound, formerly of West Walworth, N. Y.

DIED.—At her father's residence, Pickering, on the 25th of 3rd mo., 1889, Esther R. Brown, aged 27 years. She was respected and beloved by all who knew her, and her bereaved family have our sincere sympathy.

At Bloomfield, 3 mo. 3rd, 1889, those who were interested in F. D. S. work met and reorganized the school for summer work. The appointments were as follows: Stewart Brown, superintendent; Lottie Talcott, secretary; Isaac Wilson, Webster Talcott and Bertie Wilson, teachers. Thirty-five names are enrolled with an average attendance of twenty-two. This is our method of procedure. The Superintendent opens the school by reading the Scripture lesson, after which the lesson for the day is thoroughly discussed, the Secretary reads the minutes of the preceding Sabbath, then follows

passages from Scripture in response to the roll call. Our entertainments consist of carefully-selected readings. All seem to enter into the work with interest. The present outlook for the success of our school is very encouraging, and we hope to see the result of the performance of duty. L. T., Sec.

DEAN'S CORNERS NOTES.

Isaac Wilson, of Canada, was with us last second and third-day and held three appointed meetings, two at Quaker Springs and one at the First Baptist Church of Stillwater.

The meetings were very interesting, and we would have enjoyed having him with us longer, but as he had appointments at Easton and Albany we were obliged to be content with the thought that we might be allowed the pleasure of hearing him again at some future time.

I am very much interested in Richard Brown's account of how some of the meetings were started.

With best wishes for your paper, I remain
M. B. D.

Third mo., 28th, 1889.

"HAWTHORNE."

Just having finished a "Life of Hawthorne," I am very deeply impressed with the sad notes that always filled his songs. He says of himself, "Would that God had inspired me with some humor." But it seemed that his shrinking from the world, and the circumstances of his early childhood were conducive to his extreme melancholy.

Hawthorne's books breathe a passion and a tenderness for the human race; there, strength combined with a true feminine delicacy, buries the lurking sorrow. I love his style, and he seems to have been a lovable character himself, when anyone was so fortunate as to reach his heart strings.

Hawthorne was ever complaining to

James T. Fields to send him a better pen, and he says that in all his life he never met a *good* one. But from under the poor complained of implement for writing, we note some of America's best literature has emanated.

Hawthorne was fondly attached to Ticnor and Fields. We all know the sad story of Ticnor's dying while on a tour with Hawthorne, who was then in feeble health himself. The shock of Ticnor's death hastened Hawthorne's. He came home, endeavored to write up his unfinished manuscript, but totally failed. Death grasped him ere the world was prepared to lose so great a soul. Poor Hawthorne! his unfinished manuscript was laid upon his coffin. And the great, sorrowing world lost what they will never find again—a Hawthorne. Longfellow, Emerson and a train of his noted admirers followed him to his grave, and from there the Poet Longfellow has breathed the following beautiful requiem:

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

ELLA WEEKS.

CLOSED FOR THE SEASON.

Our literary society closed for this season at the residence of Silas Zavitz, 3rd mo., 19th. Programme well selected with Arnold Zavitz chairman and Luella Pound vice-chairman. A very pleasant evening was passed. Words of advice and encouragement to the young were given by Joseph Cutler and Silas Zavitz, at the conclusion of which Bertha A. Zavitz read a short address, as follows:

ADDRESS.

The roads are now getting bad, and as this is the last gathering we shall have this season, as some of our members live quite a distance from here, I shall endeavor to portray the benefit it has done to most of us, especially the younger ones. Although the gatherings have sometimes been small, yet we

are not discouraged. "Train up a child in the way it should go, and when he becomes old he will not depart from it." Training childhood forms the character of men and women, as the hope of the nation rests upon the moral character of such. It is true, 'youth is the bud of which manhood is the flower.' Mature men may change their habits and opinions, but a polluted character can seldom be reformed, and by continual sinning it obliterates all sparks of good within the heart.

Aim at the highest prize; if there thou fail
Thou'lt haply reach to one not far below;
Strive first the goal to compass; if too slow
Thy speed, the attempt may nevertheless avail
The next best post to conquer.

Hoping that when father winter scatters his coat of whiteness over the earth that we may all meet again next season with renewed vigor, for it not only seeks to entertain or amuse, but to instruct us in all the duties of life, and that in the future, when reflecting on past years we may recall with pleasure, these the happy hours spent together.

BERTHA A. ZAVITZ.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE
NOTES.

All friends of the College received with sorrow the news of the death of Isaiah V. Williamson. For some years past he has assisted most liberally in the support of the College. Last summer, as many will remember, he endowed the "Professorship of Engineering" for \$40,000 and at his death he willed the College \$25,000.

Professor G. A. Hoadley has his family with him now at the College, they heretofore have been at the Professor's home at Northampton, Mass.

The Preparatory Students will hold their first annual field meeting on "Whittierfield" on the 10th inst.

Several interesting and close base ball games have been played between

the class nines during the past two weeks; the Sophomores however are much the strongest, and have the season in their own hands.

At the oratorical contest held in the Lecture Hall on the 22nd inst., for the Phoenix prizes, Eloise Mayham of New York won first, and James W. Ponder of Delaware second; the prizes were elaborately finished gold medals.

The Phoenix staff spent a very enjoyable day in the city on the 27th instant, attending a lecture by Dr. Stoddard.

Professor William C. Day will have an assistant soon in the chemical department.

Instead of the regular exercises at the class tree, the class of '89 will have an ivy planting, the vine being planted in front of the Centre College building, and the class ode sung. The spade will then be handed down to the class of '90.

George W. Stone, of Wilmington, Delaware, lectured in the lecture hall on the 28th inst. His subject was "the Life and Times of Sidney Smith."

A committee has been appointed by the Board of Management to make arrangements for the coming commencement, as this year marks the end of the second decade of the college.

Among the most prominent educators who are now taking part in the discussion of examinations, as conducted in American colleges, is President Magill. He has recently contributed an article to the Nineteenth Century on the subject. E. C. W.

COMMENTS ON CANADA.

[In an article with the above heading in Harpers Monthly for 3rd mo., written by Charles Dudley Warner, one of its editors, we find the most just and intelligent exposition of the present state and future possibilities of this Canada of ours which it has ever been our privilege to read from the pen of a citizen of the United States. A widespread circulation of these papers will

be of much benefit to both countries. A better understanding between the two countries will certainly follow a more intelligent knowledge of both. The following extracts may be followed by others in future numbers.—EDS.]

Medicine Hat, on a branch of the South Saskatchewan, is a thriving town. Here are a station and barracks of the Mounted Police, a picturesque body of civil cavalry in blue pantaloons and red jackets. This body of picked men, numbering about a thousand, and similar in functions to the *Guarda Civil of Spain*, are scattered through the northwest territory, and are the Dominion police for keeping in order the Indians, and settling disputes between the Indians and whites. The sergeants have powers of police justices and the organization is altogether an admirable one for the purpose, and has a fine *esprit de corps*.

Here we saw many Cree Indians, physically a creditable-looking race of men and women, and picturesque in their gay blankets and red and yellow paint daubed on the skin without the east attempt at shading or artistic effect. A fair was going on, an exhibition of horses, cattle, and vegetable and cereal products of the regions. The vegetables were large and of good quality. Delicate flowers were still blooming (September 28th) untouched by frost in the gardens. These Crees are not on a reservation. They cultivate the soil a little, but mainly support themselves by gathering and selling buffalo bones, and well set-up and polished horns of cattle, which they swear are buffalo. The women are far from a degraded race in appearance, have good heads, high foreheads, and are well-favored. As to morals, they are reputed not to equal the Blackfeet.

Some of the Indian tribes of Canada are self-supporting. This is true of many of the Siwash and other west coast tribes, who live by fishing. At Lytton, on the upper Fraser. I saw a village of the Siwash civilized enough to live in houses, wear our dress, and

earn their living by working on the railway, fishing, etc. The Indians have done a good deal of work on the railway, and many of them are still employed on it. The coast Indians are a different race from the plains Indians, and have a marked resemblance to the Chinese and Japanese. The polished carvings in black slate of the Haida Indians bear a striking resemblance to archaic Mexican work, and strengthen the theory that the coast Indians crossed the straits from Asia, are related to the early occupiers of Arizona and Mexico, and ought not to be classed with the North American Indian. The Dominion has done very well by its Indians, of whom it has probably a hundred thousand. It has tried to civilize them by means of schools, missions, and farm instructors, and it has been pretty successful in keeping ardent spirits away from them. A large proportion of them are still fed and clothed by the government. It is doubtful if the plains Indians will ever be industrious. The Indian fund from the sale of their land has accumulated to \$3,000,000. There are 140 teachers and 4,000 pupils in school. In 1885 the total expenditure on the Indian population, beyond that provided by the Indian fund, was \$1,109,604, of which \$478,038 was expended for provisions for destitute Indians.

Late in the afternoon we came to Banff. Banff will have a unique reputation among the resorts of the world. If a judicious plan is formed and adhered to for the development of its extraordinary beauties and grandeur, it will be second to few in attractions. A considerable tract of wilderness about it is reserved as a National Park and the whole ought to be developed by some master landscape expert. It is in the power of the government and of the Canadian Pacific Company to so manage its already famous curative hot sulphur springs as to make Banff the resort of invalids as well as pleasure-seekers the year round. This is to be done not simply by established good bathing

places, but by regulations and restrictions such as give to the German baths their virtue.

The Banff Hotel, unsurpassed in situation, amid magnificent mountains, is large, picturesque, many gabled and windowed, and thoroughly comfortable. It looks down upon the meeting of the Bow and the Spray, which spread in a pretty valley closed by a range of snow peaks. To right and left rise mountains of savage rock ten thousand feet high. The whole scene has all the elements of beauty and grandeur. The place is attractive for its climate, its baths, and excellent hunting and fishing.

For two days, travelling only by day, passing the Rockies, the Selkirks, and the Gold range, we were kept in a state of intense excitement, in a constant exclamation of wonder and delight. I would advise no one to attempt to take it in the time we did. Nobody could sit through Beethoven's nine symphonies played continuously. I have no doubt that when carriage roads and foot-paths are made into the mountain recesses, as they will be, and little hotels are established in the valleys and in the passes and advantageous sites, as in Switzerland, this region will rival the Alpine resorts. I can speak of two or three things only.

The highest point on the line is the station at Mount Stephen, 5296 feet above the sea. The mountain, a bald mass of rock in a rounded cone, rises about 8000 feet above this. As we moved away from it the mountain was hidden by a huge wooded intervening mountain. The train was speeding rapidly on the down grade, carrying us away from the base, and we stood upon the rear platform watching the apparent recession of the great mass, when suddenly, and yet deliberately, the vast white bulk of Mount Stephen began to rise over the intervening summit in the blue sky, lifting itself up by a steady motion while one could count twenty, until its magnificence stood revealed. It was like a transformation in a theatre, only the curtain here was

lowered instead of raised. The surprise was almost too much for the nerves; the whole company was awe-stricken. It is too much to say that the mountain "shot up" it rose with conscious grandeur and power. The effect of course, depends much upon the speed of the train. I have never seen anything to compare with it for awakening the emotion of surprise and wonder.

The station of Field, just beyond Mount Stephen, where there is a charming hotel, is in the midst of wonderful mountain and glacier scenery, and would be a delightful place for rest. From there the descent down the canon of Kickinghorse River, along the edge of precipices, among the snow monarchs, is very exciting. At Golden we come to the valley of the Columbia River and in view of the Selkirks. The river is navigable about a hundred miles above Golden, and this is the way to the mining district of the Kootenay Valley. The region abounds in gold and silver. The broad Columbia runs north here until it breaks through the Selkirks, and then turns southward on the west side of that range.

The railway follows down the river, between the splendid ranges of the Selkirks and the Rockies, to the mouth of the Beaver, and then ascends its narrow gorge. I am not sure but that the scenery of the Selkirks is finer than that of the Rockies. One is bewildered by the illimitable noble snow peaks and great glaciers. At Glacier House is another excellent hotel. In savage grandeur, nobility of mountain-peaks, snow ranges, and extent of glacier it rivals anything in Switzerland. The glacier, only one arm of which is seen from the road, is, I believe, larger than any in Switzerland. There are some thirteen miles of flowing ice; but the monster lies up in the mountains, like a great octopus, with many giant arms. The branch which we saw, overlooked by the striking snow cone of Sir Donald some two and a half miles from the hotel, is immense in thickness and

breadth, and seems to pour out of the sky. Recent measurements show that it is moving at the rate of twenty inches in twenty-four hours—about the rate of progress of the Mer de Glace. In the midst of the main body, higher up, is an isolated mountain of pure ice three hundred feet high and nearly a quarter of a mile in length. These mountains are the home of the mountain sheep.

From this amphitheatre of giant peaks, snow, and glaciers we drop by marvellous loops—wonderful engineering, four apparently different tracks in sight at one time—down to the valley of the Illicilliweat, the lower part of which is fertile, and blooming with irrigated farms. We pass a cluster of four lovely lakes, and coast around the great Shuswap Lake, which is fifty miles long. But the traveller is not out of excitement. The ride down the Thompson and Fraser canons is as amazing almost as anything on the line. At Spence's Bridge we come to the old government road to the Cariboo gold mines, three hundred miles above. This region has been for a long time a scene of activity in mining and salmon fishing. It may be said generally of the Coast or Goid range that its riches have yet to be developed. The villages all along these mountain slopes and valleys are waiting for this development.

The city of Vancouver, only two years old since the beginning of a town were devoured by fire, is already an interesting place of seven to eight thousand inhabitants, fast building up, and with many substantial granite and brick buildings and spreading over a large area. It lies upon a high point of land between Burrard Inlet on the north and the north arm of the Fraser River. The inner harbor is deep and spacious. Burrard Inlet entrance is narrow but deep, and opens into English Bay which opens into Georgia Sound, that separates the island of Vancouver, three hundred miles long from the main-land. The round head-

land south of the entrance is set apart for a public park, called now Stanley Park, and is being improved with excellent driving roads, which give charming views. It is a tangled wilderness of nearly one thousand acres. So dense is the undergrowth, in this moist air, of vines, ferns, and small shrubs that it looks like a tropical thicket. But in the midst of it are gigantic Douglas firs and a few noble cedars. One veteran cedar, partly decayed at the top, measured fifty-six feet in circumference, and another, in full vigor and of gigantic height, over thirty-nine feet. The hotel of the Canadian Pacific Company, a beautiful building in modern style, is, in point of comfort, elegance of appointment, abundant table, and service, not excelled by any in Canada, equalled by few anywhere.

Vancouver would be a very busy and promising city merely as the railway terminus and the shipping point for Japan and China and the East generally.

Toronto represents Ontario. It is its monetary, intellectual, educational centre, and I may add that here, more than anywhere else in Canada, the visitor is conscious of the complicated energy of a very vigorous civilization. The city itself has grown rapidly—an increase from 86,415 in 1881 to probably 170,000 in 1888—and it is growing as rapidly as any city on the continent, according to the indications of building, manufacturing, railway building and the visible stir of enterprise. It is a very handsome and agreeable city, pleasant, for one reason, because it covers a large area, and gives space for the display of its fine buildings. I noticed especially the effect of noble churches, occupying a square—ample grounds that give dignity to the house of God. It extends along the lake about six miles, and runs back about as far, laid out with regularity, and with the general effect of being level, but the outskirts have a good deal of irregularity and picturesqueness. It has many broad, handsome streets and

several fine parks; High Park on the west is extensive, the university grounds (or Queen's Park) are beautiful—the new and imposing Parliament Buildings are being erected in a part of its domain ceded for the purpose; and the Island Park, the irregular strip of an island lying in front of the city, suggests the Lido of Venice.

The schools of Toronto are excellent and comprehensive; the kindergarten is a part of the system, and the law avoids the difficulty experienced in St. Louis about spending money on children under the school age of six by making the kindergarten age three. There is also a school for strays and truants, under private auspices as yet, which reinforces the public schools in an important manner, and an industrial school of promise, on the cottage system for neglected boys. The heads of educational departments whom I met were Christian men.

I sat one day with the police magistrate, and saw something of the workings of the Police Department. The chief of police is a gentleman. So far as I could see there was a distinct moral intention in the administration. There are special policemen of high character, with discretionary powers, who seek to prevent crime, to reconcile differences, to suppress vice, to do justice on the side of the erring as well as on the side of the law. The central prison (all offenders sentenced for more than two years go to a Dominion penitentiary) is a well-ordered jail, without any special reformatory features. I cannot even mention the courts, the institutions of charity and reform, except to say that they all show vigorous moral action and sentiment in the community.

The city, though spread over such a large area, permits no horse-cars to run on Sunday. There are no saloons open on Sunday; there are no beer-gardens or places of entertainment in the suburbs, and no Sunday newspapers. It is believed that the effect of not running the cars on Sunday has

been to scatter excellent churches all over the city, so that every small section has good churches. Certainly they are well distributed. They are large, and fine architecturally; they are well filled on Sunday; the clergymen are able, and the salaries are considered liberal. If I may believe the reports and my limited observation, the city is as active religiously as it is in matters of education. And I do not see that this interferes with an agreeable social life, with a marked tendency of the women to beauty and to taste in dress. The tone of public and private life impresses a stranger as exceptionally good. The police is free from political influence, being under a commission of three, two of whom are life magistrates, and the mayor.

The members of government are well informed about the United States, and attentive students of its politics. I am sure that, while they prefer their system of responsible government, they have no sentiment but friendliness to American institutions and people, nor any expectation that any differences will not be adjusted in a manner satisfactory and honorable to both. I happened to be in Canada during the fishery and "retaliation" talk. There was no belief that the "retaliation" threatened was anything more than a campaign measure; it may have chilled the *rapport* for the moment, but there was literally no excitement over it, and the opinion was generally that retaliation as to transportation would benefit the Canadian railways. The effect of the moment was that importers made large foreign orders for goods to be sent by Halifax that would otherwise have gone to United States ports. The fishery question is not one that can be treated in the space at our command. Naturally Canada sees it from its point of view.

To a considerable portion of the maritime provinces fishing means livelihood, and the view is that if the United States shares in it we ought to

open our markets to the Canadian fishermen. Some, indeed, and these are generally advocates of freer trade, think that our fishermen ought to have the right of entering the Canadian harbors for bait and shipment of their catch, and think also that Canada would derive an equal benefit from this; but probably the general feeling is that these privileges should be compensated by the United States market. The defence of the treaty in the United States Senate debate was not the defence of the Canadian government in many particulars. For instance, it was said that the 'outrages' had been *disowned* as the acts of irresponsible men. The Canadian defence was that the "outrages"—that is, the most conspicuous of them which appeared in the debate—had been *disproved* in the investigation. Several of them, which excited indignation in the United States, were declared by a cabinet minister to have no foundation, in fact as after proof of the falsity of the allegation the complainants were not again heard of. Of course it is known that no arrangement made by England can hold that is not materially beneficial to Canada and the United States; and I believe I state the best judgment of both sides that the whole fishery question, in the hands of sensible representatives of both countries, upon ascertained facts, could be settled between Canada and the United States. Is it not natural that, with England conducting the negotiation, Canada should appear as somewhat irresponsible litigating party bent on securing all that she can get? But whatever the legal rights are, under treaties or the law of nations, I am sure that the absurdity of making a *casus belli* of them is as much felt in Canada as in the United States. And I believe the Canadians understand that this attitude is consistent with a firm maintenance of treaty or other rights by the United States as it is by Canada.