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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VI.

LONDON, ONT., FIRST MONTH, 1891.

NO. 1

THE SWEETEST ROSE IS THE LAST.

O'er the mountains wild comes a little child,
And all the untrodden ways
Are blooming bright, 'neath his steps of light,
And the valleys ring with his praise ;
And the morning glints on his brow, and tints
His cheek with its rosy rays.

His bright eyes beam and his tresses gleam—
Shot with the sunshine's darts
That mark his way through the gates of day—
As the dying year departs.
And the vacant throne is now his own,
And his kingdom is human hearts.

The songs he sings, and the joys he brings,
Are wonderful, sweet and rare ;
And the future glows like a fragrant rose
'Neath the wand that he waves in air.
And with kisses sweet, and with smiles, we greet
The beautiful, glad new year ;

And cover the head of the old year, dead,
With a cold, cold shroud of snow.
Life is sweet, but time is fleet,
And the years must come and go ;
The beautiful years, with their smiles and tears,
The years that we all love so.

Kisses and tears for its joys and its cares—
The year whose steps have passed
Into silence sweet, where no fall of feet
Is heard in the Dim and Vast.
To the old—his due ; but we love the New—
The sweetest rose is the last !

II.

THE REASONS FOR FRIENDS' VIEWS.

THE BIBLE.

In turning my mind to an estimate of the Bible, there appeared unto it this comparison, which to me is very apt, and which makes it very plain. It was likened to a vast coal mine.

Let us study first this coal mine, and then apply our comparison. It was formed a great many years ago. It is the sunlight imprisoned there for the benefit of mankind, for our benefit.

The sun streamed down as it does now, causing the vegetation to grow ; in other words, stored itself up in the gigantic trees and plants, which, in succession, grew and fell and added to the vegetable mould for thousands of years, until the whole was finally covered over with earth, and there transformed into coal, and preserved through some miraculous way until our day.

We take the coal and put it in our stoves and furnaces, but it does not burn. We get no heat nor light from it. We must first apply fire—some of our modern fire to set it off, and then it gives up its heat and light, and we are warmed and are enabled to see. How admirable ! What a wise provision ! Surely an intelligence rules the world and cares for man !

But returning ; when the coal is burned out we have nothing but ashes left. They give forth no light. They are the portion that did not come from the sun, but were taken up into the tree from the ground—the earthy matter. They are not the product of the sunlight and can therefore give no light forth.

Just about this same process has been to work in forming the Bible. God shed down His light into the minds of men in different ages, and that light we find transformed into truths and collected together in the great mine of the Bible, which has been so miraculously preserved to our time for the benefit of mankind, for our benefit and enlightenment. But here is a Bible. It does not shine or give forth heat. I read a chapter and come to a passage that I cannot understand. I read it over and over again, but all is dark and meaningless. What am I to do ? I ask a friend. He says it means this. I ask another and he says

it means something else I am more perplexed than ever. What am I to do? In my despair suddenly something tells me it means this, and makes it so plain and certain that, although all the world says it means something else, I know that all the world is wrong. How often have we come to these unintelligible passages, these passages with a hidden meaning, and how meaningless and dark they are, until modern inspiration comes to our aid, the holy Spirit that leads into all truth, comes and reveals its true meaning, and oh, how the passage glows then! It enlightens the understanding and warms the heart.

We are grateful, indeed, for the vast coal mines and esteem them on account of their light and heat-producing qualities almost a necessity to our existence. But it would be wrong and foolish to put our faith and trust in the coal mines for all our warmth and light and comfort, when we know that the great enduring sun itself was not only the original source of the coal mine thousands of years ago, but also that it still exists, and pours down its undiminished beams, vivifying all nature to-day. God is no less enduring than the sun; no less unchanging. His love and light are no less universal in time and space than the light and heat of the outward luminary. God is omnipotent, omnipresent. He pours down, into every soul that comes into existence, divine light sufficient to show unto that soul right from wrong, and to make plain the way through this probationary state into the realms of eternal bliss. "This is no doubtful path," says Southey, "for destiny will lead my course aright; the voice of God within me cannot lie."

Though we may sit by the coal stove when the earth turns from the sun; and burn our gas in the night time, yet it is a poor substitute for the direct solar beams; and for even this we must thank the sun. It is all right in its place, the best the sun can do with the beams it emitted long before we were

here to receive them direct. But when the darkness and the winter are past, and the earth turns again to the sun we discard secondary things and come forth into the sun's warm, revivifying, direct, living beams. Even in the winter and the night, if the sun did not continue to exert an influence on the earth, it would freeze up and all life on it would perish.

So God endures. His grace upholds us even when we turn from Him. The whole cause of separation is on our part. It is our privilege, gained by being faithful, to bask in His eternal sunshine. In Him we might live, and move and have our being, if we would. May we permit nothing to come between our souls and God; neither gold, nor fame, nor self, nor priest, nor Bible. Islam says, "There is no God but Allah."

But thanks for all things instrumental in making us better, and purer, and truer, and bringing us nearer to God. Thanks for the Bible, although it is not the supreme Source, it may greatly aid in showing us the way hereto. "In every age," says Merriam, "the soul that cries out for God finds Him—finds Him, it may be, through the help of sacrifice, or temple, or church, or Bible; but above all finds Him present in itself." The Bible contains truths, and precepts for life, that were inspirations to faithful men of old, and may be a means in bringing our minds into a condition favorable for receiving immediate and direct inspirations from God; for all divine inspiration and revelation comes from God direct, and must, of necessity, be immediate. The inspirations to the prophets, and to Jesus, in the Bible are truths, and become inspirations to us only when God's spirit, the witness for truth within us, owns them as His. The influence from the sun is light and heat: stored away in vegetation and formed in the mine, it is only coal; in our stoves, when touched with modern fire, it becomes again light and heat.

ORIENTAL CHRISTIANITY.

(From The Friends' Review, Philadelphia.)

Many Japanese Christians are becoming very impatient of the introduction by some Western missionaries of sectarian controversies concerning doctrinal formulas and ritual ceremonies. They want to get at the essence of Christianity, without any admixture of human inventions and limitations. Evidence concerning this has been given lately in a letter to the Providence Journal from an American, W. S. Liscumb, who is now in Tokio. He speaks of an agitation of the subject begun not long ago by the publication in a magazine devoted to the interests of Christianity, of articles on "Japanese Christianity," by Yokoi, a prominent native minister. This writer urged that the development of the religion of his country should now be left mainly to its natives; aid, not control, being hereafter the right function of visitors from elsewhere.

Following these articles was an essay written by Kosaki, President of the Doshisha, the leading Christian College in Japan. These are some of his words:

"We must return to the Christianity of the earliest period and endeavor to proclaim its evangelistic, socialistic, and philanthropic principles. In introducing Christianity into this country, one is desirous of obtaining a simple Gospel. What, then, is a simple Gospel? We believe that the so-called simple Gospel is nothing more or less than evangelistic, philanthropic, moral and socialistic Christianity. Such was the teaching of Christ; such was also the principle of His disciples; such, in short, was the distinctive feature of the Christian theology in early ages. The rites and ceremonies of worship, the administrative rules of the Church, and its peculiar theory—these are the obstacles that now lie in the path of our countrymen in accepting Christianity. These things ought not indeed to be considered entirely useless, but they are only the outer garments of Chris-

tianity; garments which differ in different countries and at different periods of time, and need not, consequently, be imported with the Gospels. We sincerely regret that the Christian Church in Japan has been prevented by these garments from manifesting its true and original nature, and we are afraid lest these garments may become a stumbling block to those who have attached too much importance to them. What has thus far been observed, I recommend to the notice of those who are anxious to preach a simple Christianity in Japan."

Such expressions forcibly recall those which were made public a few years ago, by two great leaders of thought in India: Keshub Chunder Sen and P. C. Mozoomdar. The former of these, perhaps the ablest of the Brahmo Somaj reformers, wrote as follows:

"Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic?" "It seems that the Christ that has come to us is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him, and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. . . . But why should you Hindus go to England to learn Jesus Christ? Is not Christ's native land nearer to India than England? . . . When we hear of the lily, and the sparrow, and the well, and a hundred other things of Eastern countries, do we not feel we are quite at home in the Holy Land? Why should we, then, travel to a distant country like England, in order to gather truths which are to be found much nearer our homes? Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fulness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. Why do I speak of Christ in England and Europe as the setting sun? Because there we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. But if you go to the true Christ in the East and his apostles, you are seized with inspiration. You find

the truths of Christianity all fresh and resplendent."

Mozoomdar, in his remarkable book, "The Oriental Christ," sets forth a similiar thought with much eloquence. After describing what he takes to be the Western conception of Christ (in terms which fit, it is true, a portion only of the teachings of the West), he asks, "Can this be the Christ that will save India?" Then follows a picture in contrast, of which we can here cite only a part:

"He is simple, natural. He is a stranger to the learning of books. Out of the profound, untaught impulses of his divine soul, he speaks; and when he speaks, nations bow their heads. His voice is a song of glory; his sentiments are the visions of a heaven in which all men are united by love. . . All lands echo his teaching; all nations respond to his mystical utterances about heaven and earth. Wherever he treads flowers spring under his feet; wherever he stands all sorrow and self-complaints are hushed. His long uncut locks of hair, in which the pure zephyr of the mountains plays; his trailing garments of seamless white, whose touch the diseased and sinful eagerly long for; his beautiful feet, washed with precious ointments and wiped with women's hair; his self-immersed air, absent eyes, brightened forehead, which show that his spirit is far, far away, communing with beings whom we do not see,—point him out to be the prophet of the East, the sweet Jesus of the Galilean lake, whom we still see in our hearts. The testimony of his life and death makes heavenly realities tenfold more real to us. His patience and meekness in suffering are like an everlasting rock, which we may hold by when tossed in the tempest of life. His poverty has sanctified the home of the poor; his love of healing fills the earth with innumerable works of benevolence and sympathy, and fills with wonderful hope the bedside of the sick and dying. His death and resurrection call us to the mansions

where he has gone to wait for us. Throughout the whole Eastern world the perfume of his faith and devotion has spread. The wild genius of Mohammed knew and adored him amid the sands of Arabia. The tender love-intoxicated soul of Hafiz reveled in the sweetness of Christ's piety amid the rosebuds and nightingales of Persia. And here, too, in India, though latest and most backward, we Hindu Aryans have learned to enshrine him in the heart of our philosophy, in the score of our exuberant love.

Look at this picture and that. This is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. Very true that the pictures are extreme. And there are men in the West with an Eastern imagination, as there are orientals who have inherited the coldness and hardness of Europe. But when we speak of an Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace; and when we speak of the Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force. Christ, we know, is neither of the East nor of the West; but men have localized what God meant to make universal."

By such and much other testimony it is shown, that the "desire of all nations" is not rites and ceremonies, nor elaborate theological systems; but Christ, "the power of God and the wisdom of God;" the simple truth as it is in Jesus; who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Not even the Society of Friends, with all its profession of spirituality, has escaped altogether the bondage of the letter and the form which kill. But it has been given to it to be less cumbered than any other Christian body with dogmatic extra Scriptural formulas, and with symbolic rites. Its ideal being the Christianity of Christ, as He taught it, directly and through His apostles, ought it not to have the *nearest access, everywhere*, to those who from missionary lips or from the pages of Scripture get their first knowledge of the Gospel?

May the responsibility of this gift of *un-umbered simplicity* in our faith be realized more fully among us. Duty attends our expectation of the fulfilment of the prophecy, whose last words are so vast in their meaning: "*as the waters cover the sea.*"

AN ESSAY.

BY GEORGE S. CASE.

Amid the many virtues springing forth from the fountain of the waters of life that are ordained and freely given unto mankind, to all who will come and partake thereof, there are many, very many, which are truly nourishing and supporting in their influence, and when the minds of men and of women are brought into that state of thirsting and contemplating upon righteousness, then it is they will find more and more time for meditation, even though it be when engaged at their daily toil, the one in the plow field or the other at the kneading board. So far as the writer of this essay has had experience in the Christian virtues he stands firm in the belief of being supported while handing forth these few lines to all who may hear or read, while all is inviting, to come—be gathered—be reconciled.

True it is that when we are possessed with those principles that are more soothing, more bracing, more supporting in their influence than any that are originated by man, we have kindled within us a desire for imparting to our fellow beings in some way, either brokenly or in proportion to our measure, the excellency of their power, and while many stand forth in open testimony, there are others who resort to the pen or pencil which at many times more nearly reveals the inspirations of the heart. And while temperance at this present day is being considered by not a few individuals in our land and some of its excellent results been manifested by our opening our eyes and beholding. We feel to be encouraged, and

frankly acknowledge that temperance indeed possesses in itself something to be thought of, something worthy of note, not only by a single individual, but by all who care to look within nature's ample book, with its wide, unfolded leaves spread out before them.

When we are led up and down our beautiful country, with its productive soil and its lofty forest trees, waiting only for the hand of man to clear, to cultivate, and to frame into a most suitable habitation, wherein may exist all the comforts of this life, then the query arises, How is such to be accomplished? We know how to chop, we know how to plow, we know how to do housework, and yet with all these we feel to be wanting such principles that shall enable us to perform our task, which has been laid before us as the way of the light of life, and to all those who have chosen a way as occupying their whole earthly lives, even such as has been the way of their parents they have only to refer to the aged ones who have nearly passed from works to rewards, to find that like a primrose bud, ready to burst and put forth its golden leaves at the setting of the sun, does temperance await the conclusion of such queries that it may at the close burst forth in reply.

As the whole world could not contain the number of books that might be written of the virtues given forth by the blessed Master to the children of men, which shall endure forever to those who are willing to nourish and cherish God's best gifts, then these few lines will be only a mite compared with the volumes that have been written thereunto, and if by the way anyone shall be sighted to one of the pure principles then I shall feel not to have written in vain. Temperance in dress, temperance in address, temperance in eating, temperance in drinking, temperance in sleeping, temperance in labor, and indeed, if properly understood, temperance in all things, ever to be the watchword each day as it passes, in every act, and deed, and thought that we may

be engaged in, which shall ever bring peace and happiness to our homes and families.

History records what achievements have been accomplished in various ways by mankind, such as some particular person amassing a great amount of wealth and another gaining great victories over feebler nations with immense armies of soldiers, exalting and portraying to the reader the magnificence of their station, but where such extremes are maintained by one portion of mankind we must consider what distress and suffering prevail with those that are less favored and depressed. Hence in our daily walks, when we find that extremes and excess are nearly self-evidence of demoralization and distress, how much more should we be constrained to inculcate a more temperate point of view or action, whether it be in religion, liberty or law. The pure principles of eternal truth and right as uttered by him who was without sin we must receive into our bosoms, not as leveling all to the condition of the base, but as elevating all to the association of the wise and good, and when there is a willingness on our part to say, "Come, let us sit down and talk together," then we shall be in accordance with divine principles, and be doing those things that are pleasing in the divine sight.

True it is that those who have arrived at years of understanding have their own work to do, in order to maintain a self-denying life, and to abide therein is all proper and just, and to such who are pursuing their calling in fear of their Lord and Master all things work together for good, for divine principles are for the preservation of mankind, and do not interfere with those who are exercised thereby, but prove to be a present help in time of need. Hence how much more should we search, and be on the constant watch for the wafting of that breeze calling us zionward, and be ready and willing to receive it that

it may do its work there.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

THOUGHTS.

Don't *fight*; the evil within us as well as that around us can be best and most completely conquered by love. Let us not *rebel* against our evil passions, but encourage and put foremost all that is best and purest within us. Then shall the good so permeate our lives that the evil shall be vanquished and forgotten.

Our happiness does not depend on our freedom from care and trouble, but on our always remembering that He who created us has planned our lives; and, though we know not the plan, we can trust Him that if perfectly carried out it will result in our best good and happiness. M. V.

The true Christian will always manifest the spirit of Christ. Z.

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AS HIGH AS HIS MOTHER'S
HEART.

BY MRS. L. G. McVEAN.

Close by the open door she stands,
Tall and slender, erect and fair;
Her baby climbs, with dimpled hands,
And mounts beside her a stately chair.

Grasping her garment's silken fold,
He laughs, with wild-rose lips apart;
His head, all crowned with curling gold,
Comes just as high as his mother's heart.

Beautiful boy! though you win through life,
Wisdom and honor, wealth and art,
You will never reach, in this world of strife,
To a higher place than your mother's heart.
—[In Band of Hope Review.]

THE SON OF GOD.

MAN, THE SON OF GOD, POWERLESS IN
THE FLESH, IS FREE IN THE SPIRIT.

From Tolstol's "Spirit of Christ's Teachings."
OUR FATHER.

Christ, in His childhood, called
God His Father. There was, at that
time in Judea, a prophet called John,
who preached the coming of God upon
the earth, if men would change their
lives, counting all men equal, would not
offend but help each other, that so His
kingdom might be established.

Having heard this preaching, Jesus
retired from men into the wilderness in
order to contemplate the life of man,
and his relation to the eternal begin-
ning of all, called God. He accepted
as His father the eternal source of all,
which John had preached.

Having stayed in the wilderness
forty days without food, He began to
suffer from hunger, and thought to
Himself, I am the Son of God the Al-
mighty, and therefore I must be as He
is; but lo, I want to eat, and yet bread
does not appear at my desire, therefore
I am not Almighty. Then He said to
Himself, though I cannot create bread
out of stone, yet I can refrain from
bread; and so, if not Almighty in the
flesh, I can become so in the spirit, for
I can conquer the flesh, and not in it,
but in the spirit, be the Son of God.

But He said again to Himself, If I am
the Son of a Spirit, then I can renounce
the flesh, and destroy it. And to this
He answered, I am born through the
spirit into the flesh; such was the will
of my Father, and I may not oppose it.
But if thou canst not satisfy the desires
of thy flesh, nor renounce it, thou
shouldest work for it, and enjoy all
the pleasures it can afford thee. And
to this he replied, I can neither satisfy
the desires of the flesh, nor yet re-
nounce it, but my life is almighty in the
spirit of my Father, and therefore in
the flesh I must serve, and work only
for the spirit, the Father.

And having become persuaded that
the life of man is in the spirit of the
Father, Jesus came out of the wilder-
ness and began to preach unto men.
He declared that this spirit was in Him,
that henceforth the heavens were
opened and the powers of heaven had
united with man, for whom a life of
eternity and freedom had commenced,
and that all men, however cursed by
the flesh, might attain it.

*We ask all our old subscribers to renew
now and if possible send us ONE NEW
NAME.* In most cases it would be an
easy matter, and by so doing you will
gladden our hearts and forward the
cause. Encourage the young people
of our Society by subscribing to their
paper. 50 cents a year will do it.

The Arab Anti-Rum Congress in
Khartoum was not a myth, as some ex-
changes have it, but an actual reality,
according to "Bishop Taylor's Maga-
zine," and was held at the same time
that the Anti-Slavery Congress met in
Brussels. While the Christians in
Brussels were resolving to "search all
vessels and dhows suspected of having
slaves on board, and to confiscate the
vessels and return the slaves," the
Arabs were adopting a resolution "to
surround the entire coast of Africa
with a cordon of armed dhows and con-
fiscate every European vessel containing
liquors, and sell the crews into slavery."
—[Christian Weekly.]

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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.

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST'S TEACHINGS.

INTRODUCTION.

When Wellington was hard pressed in the battle of Waterloo, how his heart rejoiced and how his drooping soldiers revived when they heard in the distance the bug of the German army. So have I rejoiced when I have had my faith strengthened and my religious views corroborated by convincing testimony coming from beyond our own Society.

Thus did I rejoice when the light of the Brahmo Somaj, through the writings of Chunder Sen and Mozoomdar, first spread over the Western hemisphere. I have thought, and I have hoped that

the truth would be welcomed and received from these inspired writers of India by many whom prejudice hindered from accepting from sources nearer home. Yet I do not see the desired result in the religious world that I predicted. But I am fully persuaded that the light of the Brahmo Somaj has penetrated and is penetrating more than is obviously seen into the religion, the thoughts, and the hearts of the people.

And now I have rejoiced more recently in the corroboration of truth and our principles by the writings of the Russian Tolstoi. And I rejoice the more when, becoming more acquainted with his later works, and judging by what I know from my limited knowledge of living authors, I consider him the greatest writer in the world to-day.

Daniel in the lions' den showed no greater fearlessness than Tolstoi in the midst of despotic Russia, condemning the Church, arraigning the Government, subverting established and sanctioned wrongs, convicting error everywhere.

For the benefit of those who may not be privileged to obtain the book, we propose publishing each month, in the REVIEW, a chapter from his "Spirit of Christ's Teachings."

He may differ in some views from Friends. We do not wonder at this. We wonder more that he agrees with Friends on so many points.

He is as original in his doctrine as George Fox; as radical in his thinking; as unsatisfied with shams. He had the advantage over Fox in education, and consequently is more lucid in his thinking and style.

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Money sent in letters come at our risk when registered; not otherwise.

PETITIONING FOR PROHIBITION.

"The Presbyterian churches in Canada, the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, and other churches, have taken action in the line of petitioning the House of Commons and Senate for a law prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of all alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes in Canada. Petitions to this end are already in circulation, and all members and adherents of churches, sixteen years of age and upwards, will be at liberty to sign them. It is requested that public meetings be held in each congregation and community, when the question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic may be discussed and information given. Rev. D. L. Brethour, Thorold, general secretary of the standing committee on temperance of the Methodist Church, and Rev. D. Stiles Fraser, Springvale, Upper Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, convenor of the permanent committee on temperance of the Presbyterian Church, have charge of the work. Over thirty thousand petitions will be sent out to the different denominations. This is the most extensive movement that has yet been inaugurated for taking the sense of the Canadian people on this vastly important question, and will result in a closer estimate of the public wish than anything yet done in the same direction. The committee have every arrangement perfected for a thorough distribution, and the petitions will be presented to parliament in such shape that it will be difficult to ignore them. It is expected that upwards of a million names will be received. Interested parties not in receipt of petitions can secure them on application to either of the above."

The above paragraph has been going the rounds of the press of Canada, and indicates a movement of considerable importance to the cause of temperance. I hope all Friends' meetings in Canada will secure these petitions, and that they will be signed without exception. Even if we cannot get just such legislation as we wish, nor just when we desire it, we should allow no opportunity to pass whereby we can make our wishes known in this matter. Interest has been renewed in the cause in Ontario by the passage of a local option clause in the Crooks Act, at the last sitting of the legislature. The indications are that a wave is rising, which will sweep the Province as generally as did the Canada Temperance Act a few years ago. We hope its effects will

be more lasting, and yet our greatest hope in these local movements is that they may indicate to the people generally and to our Governments the strength of the movement in the direction of total prohibition—a force which, we hope, in the near future will be irresistible.

Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting is held in Lobo on the 14th and 15th of 2nd mo. Norwich Monthly Meeting at same place of the 13th. The Preparative Meeting of ministers and elders is held at 9 a.m., and the Half-Yearly Meeting of ministers and elders at 3 p.m. of the 13th. Conveyances will meet the noon and evening trains at Komoka on 5th day the 12th.

Our friends are at work, and names are coming in from all quarters. We wish to retain all our former readers, and gain many new ones. Interested readers can aid in extending our circulation and influence by sending us just one *new* name when renewing their own subscription.

After the 15th of this month our *special offer* to *isolated Friends* is withdrawn. From that date our regular rates will be charged to all such. Our *interest* in them though, shall *never* cease.

Our only *special offer* after the 15th of this month will be to *literary or other organizations of Young Friends* as announced in the issue of 11th mo., which was as follows: To the young people of any such Association we offer the following special rates for 1891, viz:—

10	copies and over, one year (each)	30c.
20	“ “ “ “ “	25c.

All old subscribers renewing before the end of this month will lose no numbers, as we mail this issue to all.

We ask our club-raisers to renew their endeavors to introduce the little REVIEW into every *Friendly* home, and thus largely increase its circulation. With *double* its present circulation we could improve it wonderfully.

DIED.

WEEKS.—At her residence, in Somers-town, Westchester County, N. Y., on the 28th of 5th mo., 1890, Phoebe C., wife of Richard Weeks, and eldest child of Daniel H. and Amy W. Griffin, aged 58 years.—A valued member of Amawalk monthly meeting.

GRIFFIN.—At her residence, in Yorktown, Westchester County, N. Y., on the 1st of 10th mo., 1890, of paralysis, Amy W., wife of Daniel H. Griffin, aged nearly 79 years. She was for many years a consistent elder of Amawalk monthly meeting.

Death enters, and we hear his solemn cry,
A sister dear, of middle age must die;
In gasping for expiring breath
She sank into the arms of death.

Again he enters; and we hear his call,
We see the aged quickly fall;
A mother called from earth to fly
And find a home beyond the sky.

Oh! death thy summons wants us all,
And we must go when thou dost call,
From thy strong grasp no age is free,
For every one must meet with thee.

E. H. B.

WORDS THAT ENCOURAGE.

From Wilson, Kansas:

The YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW came to me through the care of a mutual friend in Syracuse, N. Y., I have been pleased with its contents and profited also. Its spirit suggests the beautiful, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

From Penn.:

I doubt not—has received his missing Nos. ere this. I do not wonder he complained, for I should indeed feel it a loss not to receive the excellent little periodical regularly. At our Monthly Meeting, held a week ago, I again called the attention of our Friends to your very liberal offer to send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to all Friends residing west of the Mississippi river at the very low rate of 25 cents each. We have about 30 families or parts of families residing in the far west to whom the REVIEW will not only be a welcome visitor but a reminder that they are not forgotten. I will send their names and addresses in a few days. I also hope

to continue all the present subscribers in this neighborhood, and will endeavor to increase the number.

From Amawalk, N. Y.:

I think it a valuable paper and enjoy many of the things in it *very much*, and hope it may be continued many years.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

The Rev. Dr. Stafford, of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, in Toronto, preached an excellent sermon recently on the crime of capital punishment. It was based on the text "Thou shalt not kill." The few additional words we have to say on the subject are founded on the equally positive Scriptural command, "Love your enemies."

If love means anything it means a desire to do good, to benefit, to help, not to harm its object. No one is so accursed by nature but he holds within himself some faint possibility of reform, and to love a criminal is not to shower him with flowers and tears, but to give that faint possibility of reform in him a fair chance to develop itself. Christian civilization has so little of Christianity and so little of civilization in it that after all these centuries of searching after the truth it has discovered no better use to make of its criminals than to kill them in cold blood on the scaffold.

Punishment for crime there must certainly be, but this punishment should be educative, not vengeful; it should be remedial, not malicious; and it should as much as possible be limited to the wrongdoer, and not leave a mark of everlasting disgrace on the brow of the innocent. For every murderer doomed to execution there is a few weeks of dread, a few moments of anguish; but for his innocent relations there is life-long grief, and upon their name a stain that generations cannot efface. There is suffering enough in the world without having laws to assist in its manufacture.

The only rational form of punishment is that which tends to improve the character of the wrong-doer. But society must protect itself. Certainly, but let it be remembered that the people against whom it is to protect itself are part of itself. If a man's throat is sore or his ankle is sprained, his whole being suffers. Does he, therefore, remove the offending throat or ankle? Take another illustration: A woman has three brothers equally beloved, the eldest of whom murders the youngest. Would it be any real consolation to her for the second son, in conjunction with the parents and remaining members of the family, and with all due deliberation, to put the eldest brother to death? Would she not thereby be doubly bereft? Certainly the eldest brother should be prevented by life-long imprisonment from doing further harm; and this is the sole motive that should control public punishment—the best means of preventing further evil-doing, not of gratifying the spirit of revenge. We are all brothers and sisters, we have all at some time or other been guilty under the law that whosoever hated his brother is a murderer, and very few of us are free from that respectable selfishness, the deadly effects of which are immeasurably worse than the commission of any single crime. We are not pleading for a more tolerant treatment of criminals. No one can doubt that far more suffering is involved in imprisonment for life than in death on scaffold. The former punishment is at once more terrible and more humane, and would effectually prevent the twin floods of brutality and false sentiment which so lately submerged our land.

Every Friend's home in America should have a Friend's paper. It only costs 50 cents to send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to every such home a whole year. Reader, does thee know of any such home where no *Friend's* paper goes? If so please do just enough missionary work in that line to get the REVIEW there. It will pay.

CANADA THANKSGIVING
HYMN.

For the gifts the seasons yield,
Gold that crowns the harvest field;
For our homes at peace and free,
Through the land from sea to sea;
By no slave or tyrant trod,
Canada gives thanks to God.

Of thine own, we give Thee, Lord;
Thine the gifts our fields afford,
Wealth of wood and boundless plain,
Harvests heaped with golden grain;
Room for all, and homes that see,
Church and school and market free.

—[C. P. Mulvany. in "Canada."]

OVER THE SEA.

TENNYSON LAND.

[This article is taken from one of a series which have been appearing in *The Age*, Strathroy, Ont. The writer is Head Master in the High School, Strathroy, and the papers have been a credit to the author and to the paper in which they were published.—Editors Young Friends' Review.]

I have now reached the last paper of the series begun three months ago. In it I shall give a brief account of my visit to the birthplace of the Poet Laureate. I need not recount my difficulties in discovering the whereabouts of Somersby and the mode of access to it. I need not tell how near I came to visiting by mistake a place called Somerby, a village some leagues away from the one I was seeking. As quickly as may be I shall take my readers to the little parish among the woods which Tennyson has made immortal,—

"The well-loved place
Where first he gazed upon the sky."

HORNCASTLE.

From Mablethorpe I returned to Lincoln on August 11th, and thence took train for Horncastle, a market town "in the circle of the hills" about 20 miles east. On my arrival in Horncastle I found the place crowded with visitors, and I was greeted with stares.

and smiles when I acknowledged that I had never heard of the famous Horncastle horse fair, the largest in Lincolnshire, and at one time the largest in Britain. I soon found, to my cost, that the fair had drawn many dealers from long distances, for the accommodation of every hotel in the town was taxed to the utmost limit, and I was obliged to ask the genial proprietor of "The Bull" to secure me lodgings in a private house. Horncastle is only two leagues distant from Tennyson's early home, and it was the market-town to which some members of the Tennyson family frequently came to replenish the domestic larder. Many a time, in the early years of the century, did young Tennyson walk from his home to Horncastle, and it would be impossible even for himself to tell how largely these walks, solitary or not, have affected the thought and tinged the complexion of his poetic descriptions of natural scenery.

In another very real way Horncastle has touched the life of Tennyson. After he had become the most noted poet in Britain,—in the very year, in fact, in which he was appointed as Poet Laureate—at the age of forty-one, he married Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a Horncastle lawyer, and the niece of Sir John Franklin (born at the neighboring village of Spilsby). Emily Sellwood, now Lady Tennyson, has had her memory embalmed in more than one of her husband's poems. She is the "Edith" of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." To her he wrote from Edinburgh the poem, "The Daisy," beginning

"O Love, what hours were thine and mine,
In lauds of palm and southern pine."

She is also honored in that sweet dedication:

"Dear, near, and true,—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer."

SOMERSBY.

Tuesday, August 12th, was to me a day of exquisite enjoyment. I set out

alone in the morning from Horncastle to make my way on foot to Somersby, Tennyson's birthplace, six miles north-east. In the early part of my walk I met many farmers bringing in their fine looking horses to be sold to foreign buyers and carried to all parts of England and the continent. I caught many a phrase from the passers-by that reminded me of the quaint dialect of "The Northern Farmer." These farmers were all, I take it, animated by the spirit of the farmer of the poem:

"Don't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they
canters awaay?"

Proputtly, proputtly, proputtly—that's what
I 'ears 'em saay."

Of all the passengers on the Horncastle road that day I alone was intent, not on the value of horses, but on the charms of poetry and of poetic associations.

The road to Somersby is extremely rural;—rural in a thoroughly English sense. It winds and turns and twists between the bordering hawthorn hedges—some trim and neat, some wild and shaggy. At every bend of the road the landscape varies. Here a cosy cottage; there a picturesque windmill: here a wide stretch of pasture covered with thick fleeced sheep; there a distant hill wrapt in blue-grey mist: here a group of laborers cutting the ripe corn; there a quiet woodland slope where grow the poet's trees in rich variety, the ash, the elm, the lime, the oak.

What a silent land I found as I approached the end of my journey! In the last three miles I saw only two persons. The only creatures in sight were hundreds on hundreds of sheep and cattle.

Now Somersby is near at hand. The road turns down a steep incline and passes through a shady arbor. The branches of the trees that skirt the narrow way meet overhead and cast their tremulous shadows at your feet. All is quiet but the faint rustling of the leaves, or the distant clamor of the daws and rooks. You feel that you have reached an actual lotus-land,—

an enchanted realm. No longer does it seem strange that Tennyson composed while walking along this Lincolnshire road the loveliest of his sea-lyrics, "Break, break, break."

But it is no surge of the sea that is now heard in the distance. There is no mistaking that musical tinkling. Yonder is the bridge under which flows the brook with its haunting song of rippling waters that "come from haunts of coot and hern." The witchery of the brook's refrain, I hear it still :

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I sing of lawn and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget me nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunb-am dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

There is not such another brook in the world as "Somersby Beck." Had it not found its way into the poetry of words its inimitable voice would still arrest the attention of the traveller, but the magic melody of the poet's words have hallowed the sweet beck and heightened its attractiveness, and though men may come and men may go the melodious brook will go on forever singing through the sweet meadows of the poet's song. I am afraid to tell how long I sat on the grassy bank listening to the wonderful music of the gleeful rivulet. Nor will I own how often since that August day I have come again under the irresistible spell of the brook.

J. E. WETHERELL.

(Continued next month.)

FATHER MATHEW.

The history of his conversion to the cause of temperance is perhaps known to many of you. Fifty-five years ago there was the beginning of a Total Abstinence party in Ireland. It was joined by a Quaker, and I think we must pause to say that it is immensely to the honor of that body of religious persons that in almost every single great philanthropic effort they have taken the lead and undergone most serious sacrifices. The Quaker who in those distant days was a leader of the Total Abstinence party in Cork, which could be numbered by scores, if by so many, was known by the name of William Martin—universally known as Bill Martin. Father Mathew in pursuing his duties used regularly to visit the hospital, and frequently met William Martin there, and they were both struck with the immense area of disease and misery which had been caused exclusively by drink. William Martin, who was an extremely tender-hearted and sympathetic man, turned round to the Capuchin friar, and said, "Oh, Theobald Mathew, Theobald Mathew, what wouldst not thou do to drive away this fiend from the desolate homes of thy people?" Father Mathew was struck by these words; he said nothing, but walked forward a few steps, and went home in a very thoughtful mood. He thought and prayed over the matter in his little oratory, and having sent for William Martin said, "Friend Martin, I am going to join the Total Abstinence party." The Quaker was so much overcome that he sprang up and flung his arms round the friar's neck and kissed him. That was the beginning of this mighty work. For seven years, from 1838 to 1844, Father Mathew devoted himself exclusively to the arduous endeavor to promote the Temperance cause amongst his drunken countrymen. His success was perfectly magical. Wherever he went crowds of poor Irish people flocked to him to take the Temperance pledge. They

began to see at once—even from his work in Cork, where it was said that during the time he was laboring there no less than 150,000 Temperance pledges were taken, which immediately resulted in the diminution of intemperance and an immense increase of prosperity among the poor. This was a cause of very great blessing to the people. The consequence was that wherever he went—even when he travelled in stage coaches—for in those days there were no railways in Ireland—Her Majesty's mails were actually stopped on the public roads by crowds of poor Irish peasants entreating Father Mathew to stop and give them the pledge.—[From an address by Canon Farrar.

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

In these days, when so much is said of civil service reform, it is of interest to know how office-seeking impressed President Lincoln. Herndon's Life tells this touching story, and the moral he drew.

"This human struggle and scramble for office, for a way to live without work, will finally test the strength of our institution," he said, one day, after the office-seekers had been unusually numerous and persistent. They used to thrust their papers into his hands when he rode, and dogged his steps while he walked.

One day, as the President was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, a man ran after him, hailed him, and thrust a bundle of papers into his hands.

"I am not going to open up shop here!" said the indignant President, and he tossed back the papers, and walk on.

On another day, two women, dressed in humble attire, sat waiting their turn. "Well ladies," said the tired President at last, "what can I do for you?" They both began speaking at once, pleading for the release of two men imprisoned for resisting the draft. One, an old lady,

was the mother of the men, and the other was her daughter-in-law.

"Stop! don't say any more; give me your petition," replied the President.

"Mr. Lincoln," answered the old lady, "we've got no petition; we couldn't write one and had no money to pay for writing one, and I thought best to come and see you."

The President rang his bell and ordered a messenger to tell General Dana to bring him the names of all men in prison for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania.

"These fellows have suffered long enough," said he to the General, on looking at the list; "I have thought so for some time, and believe I will turn out the whole flock. Draw up an order, General, and I will sign it." It was done; the general left the room, and the President, turning to the women, said, "Now, ladies, you can go."

The younger of the two ran forward and was in the act of kneeling in thankfulness; but the President, preventing her, said, "Get up! don't kneel to me, but thank God *and go*."

The old lady with tears in her eyes, said, "Good-by, Mr. Lincoln; I shall probably never see you again till we meet in heaven."

The President, deeply moved, took her right hand in both of his, saying, "I am afraid that with all my troubles I shall never get to the resting-place you speak of; but if I do I am sure I will find you. That you wish me to get there is, I believe, the best wish you could make for me. Good-by."

"That old lady," said the President to the friend who narrates the anecdote, "was no counterfeit. The mother spoke out in all the features of her face. It is more than one can often say, that in doing right one has made two people happy in one day. Die when I may, Speed, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow!"
—*Housekeepers' Weekly*.

HINTS ON PARLOR ELOCUTION

HOME FIRST.

Commence by reading aloud. To do this well is in itself worth a good deal of effort, and you need never be without an audience. Read the paper to father, in that half-hour just before tea, when he has come home "all tired out." Read to mother while she sews; she will be glad to hear anything good, and you will perhaps find in her what every young elocutionist needs—a just, but kindly critic. And while you read, think. Be sure you are bringing out the author's thoughts correctly. If not quite satisfied with the way you have read a passage, put a mark on the margin, and when you reach the end go back and try it again till you are sure of it. In reading, the voice should be pitched moderately low, but every word must be enunciated distinctly. Unless you are on your feet while reading sit well back in your chair, and keep the back straight, which will enable you to breathe slowly and deeply. In reading and elocution, as in singing, it is important to take breath in such places and in such quantities that the voice will remain full and round until the sense is complete. No gasps must occur in the middle of a sentence, and there should be no hurrying toward the end because the breath is nearly out. As to where one should take breaths while reading there is no rule but the infallible rule of common sense; your hearers should never know just when you do it. Choose for public reading or speaking pieces suited to your voice and ability. Many a young elocutionist has come to grief and failure merely on account of a mistaken ambition. It may be in your power to keep an audience rippling with laughter, when you would be a dismal failure as a portrayer of deep passion and high tragedy. It is far better to do simple things well than to sow disappointment for yourself by attempting selections to which you cannot do justice.—[Edna Warwick in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Let home stand first above all other things. No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, before everything else build up a true home. Be not its slave: be its minister. Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man, who shall together rule and bless the land." Is this an over-wrought picture? We think not. What honor can be greater than to found such a home? What dignity higher than to reign its undisputed, honored mistress? What is the ability to speak from a public platform to a large, intelligent audience, or the wisdom that may command a seat on the judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and preside over a true home, that husband and children "rise and call blessed?" To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit in such a position is higher honor than to rule an empire.

We ask hearty co-operation in our present canvass from old club raisers. The intrinsic value of its contents, and its low price should send it into every Friend's home in America. Now is your time to work. *We give an extra copy* for every club of ten names at 50 cents each.

Mrs. E. S. Burlingame, former president of the Rhode Island Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has resigned to become field agent of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society. The work of which Mrs. Burlingame takes especial charge is a new departure, and is called the Department of Practical Christian Living. The underlying thought which led to its formation, is that the Christian

church has not done its full duty in grappling with the liquor traffic and other great evils, and that it is time for an onward movement in that direction. In addition to the work ordinarily done by missionary societies the aim is to arouse among the women of the church a desire to do more practical work in our own land against the great evils that exist here.

MRS. GLADSTONE'S KINDNESS.

HOW THE GREAT STATESMAN'S WIFE TREATED A PRETTY AMERICAN GIRL.

A pretty American girl recently called upon Mrs. Gladstone at her London home. She carried a most favorable letter of introduction as a member of a well-known American family. Her brightness and sparkle attracted the wife of the great English statesman, and for an entire afternoon and evening she lived in the Gladstone household. She confessed to Mrs. Gladstone that her visit had a purpose—that of writing an article on the home-life of her hostess for an American magazine.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Gladstone, "your people are interested in Mr Gladstone; they do not know me."

"That is just why I came," replied the girl, "in order that Americans may learn a little more of you."

At the tea-table, Mr. Gladstone joined with his wife in entertaining the American girl, and few were ever given a better opportunity of seeing the Gladstone home-life.

The quiet part which Mrs. Gladstone has played in the career of her famous husband is known to only a few. While thousands of articles have been written of Mr. Gladstone, none of an authoritative character have been printed of his wife. Even her portrait is seldom seen in the English shops; rarely in the prints. She has always felt that public interest in her own country and across the sea was centered in her husband, and in order that his greatness might stand out more

strikingly, she has each year further retired from public view. A freshness will, therefore, attach itself to the story, "A Day with Mrs. Gladstone," as it will be told by her bright young visitor in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, during the coming year. This article will be one of the series of "Unknown Wives of Well known Men," which this excellent magazine will contain during, 1891.

HARNED ACADEMY

A FRIENDS' BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

PLAINFIELD, - NEW JERSEY.

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

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

FRIENDS' ACADEMY

LOCUST VALLEY, LONG ISLAND.

A boarding and day school for both sexes. Thorough courses preparing for admission to any college, or furnishing a good English Education. The school will open Ninth month 9th, 1890. 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. WILLEITS, Secretary, Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Opens Ninth month 9th, 1890. Thirty minutes from Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. Under care of Friends. Full college courses for both sexes leading to Classical, Engineering, Scientific, and Literary degrees. Healthful location, extensive grounds, buildings, machine shops, laboratories, and libraries. For full particulars, address WM. H. APPLETON, Philadelphia.

CHAPPAQUA MOUNTAIN INSTITUTE.

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

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