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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. X.

LONDON, ONT., EIGHTH MONTH 15TH, 1895.

NO. 16

## HIGH NOON.

Time's finger on the dial of my life  
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent  
day  
Leaves less than half remaining? For the  
dark  
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candles in the stick,  
The sputtering socket yields the little light,  
Long life is sadder than an easy death.  
We cannot count on raveled threads of age  
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use  
The warp and woof the ready present yields,  
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink  
How brief the past, the future still more brief  
Calls on to action, action! Not for me  
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;  
Not time for self-laudation, or remorse.  
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let  
Dead yesterday unborn to-morrow shame.  
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste  
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip  
Be my reminder in temptation's hour  
And keep me silent when I would condemn.  
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin  
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls  
So pity may shine through them. Looking  
back

My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones  
That led the way to knowledge of the truth  
And made me value virtue! Sorrows shine  
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years  
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth  
Out to the Western sky, still bright with  
noon,  
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife  
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men, and with my-  
self,

Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,  
Three things I learned—three things of preci-  
ous worth,  
To guide and help me down the western  
slope.

I have learned how to pray, and toil, and  
save;

To pray for courage to receive what comes,  
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;  
To toil for universal good, since thus  
And only thus can good come unto me;  
To save, by giving whatso'er I have  
To those who have not—this alone is gain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Arena.

## THE PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued.)

One day we visit the Tower of Lon-  
don, a place of historic interest, and  
called the saddest spot in England.  
The castle is very large, built of heavy  
stone masonry, surrounded by a thick  
stone wall, and a moat, which used to  
be kept full of water, with draw-  
bridges to cross over to the inner wall,  
an old-time method of defence. It  
was once the home of kings and  
queens, but its large banqueting hall is  
now filled with relics of ancient warfare.  
There are life-sized representations of  
horses and men clad in heavy steel  
armour, also the knights of the four-  
teenth century, carrying long lances in  
their hands, by means of which their  
opponents were unhorsed. Instru-  
ments of torture, such as were used by  
the Inquisition, are exhibited, among  
which we notice thumb-screws and the  
rack. We called it the chamber of  
horrors, but were reminded thereby of  
the many cruelties that have been prac-  
ticed often in the name of religion. In  
the oldest tower, full of gloomy cells,  
many illustrious persons have been im-  
prisoned, and names and messages are  
roughly engraved by dull implements  
in the walls by solitary ones, who  
sought to leave some record of their  
feelings. Tradition says it was here  
Lord Guildford Dudley was confined.  
We walk up the steps over which he  
passed on his way to execution. See  
the window in the jailer's house from  
whence Lady Jane Grey waved to him  
her farewell kiss, herself suffering the  
same fate two hours later. We are  
shown a block and an axe, the spot  
where their lives ended, and visited the  
old Chapel where their ashes repose.  
Along the aisle, underfoot, are many

inscriptions, but royalty is interred within the altar rail.

In another tower the Crown Jewels are exhibited. There are four or five crowns, made of gold and set with large jewels which glitter in the light, Victoria's being the largest, and there is much heavy gold plate, among which we notice two immense salt-cellar, built like castles, with precious stones of different colors to represent windows, and a golden baptismal font. But we do not envy the possessors, indeed we wish them true happiness and feel thankful for our lowly estate.

The delegates to the World's W. C. T. Convention were invited by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress to a reception in their Mansion House in the city. We accepted, and at the appointed time arrived, being separately introduced and shaking hands with host and hostess, who received us socially and informally. Tables were spread with refreshments and ornamented with heavy gold plate, to which we were cordially invited, after which Lady Somerset and Frances E. Willard made addresses on behalf of the delegates, the latter with the daring of a western girl, as she is, alluding to the story of Whittington, which she learned in childhood, and quoting, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." It brought to mind how often perseverance is rewarded by high places, and the smile and ready response were also forthcoming. The Mayor said he believed it was the first time a deputation of women had been received in this mansion, professed himself in sympathy with our noble aims, preferred to call us women instead of ladies, because "while any woman might be a lady, every lady was not a true woman," extended the hospitalities of the greatest city in the world and of his mansion, with the liberty of anything in it "excepting the plate," which last was a joke of course, and we afterward understood he gives bonds of £40,000 annually for the use of it. We wandered about

the beautiful rooms, viewed the Egyptian Hall, where banquets are held, sat in the large gilded chairs before which the great folks stood while receiving us, talked socially with many, again took the hand of our entertainers, trying to express the pleasure we had enjoyed, and left for our hotel.

There is much sight-seeing, but underneath it all we often realize the favor of the divine presence, which is dearer than any outward joy, are renewedly impressed with a sense of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, and desire we may be found in the way of our duty.

Have attended two Friends' meetings, the first at Westminster, which was good sized, with J. Beran Braithwaite at the head; a pleasant occasion, and we felt like children gathered to the meeting home of our ancestors. Several Friends from America spoke. We had a sermon from J. B. Braithwaite; a friend by the name of Alexander welcomed us in the love of the Gospel, prayer was offered by one of their members, and the meeting closed. The Friends were social; we were invited to several of their homes, and we came away feeling it was good for us that we had been there. At Devonshire House another First-day morning, where the London Yearly Meeting is held. It was very interesting to us, and we could imagine the scene when the house is filled with Friends. Their home meeting is held in a much smaller room, and is not as large as at Westminster, but a good meeting and much satisfaction expressed. We had a sermon by a Friend named Wright, and when the meeting was over many were social and kindly. We feel the language applies, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren;" heirs of the same heritage, and we trust aspiring to the same perfection, the prize to which we may all attain.

One evening there was a grand temperance demonstration in Royal Albert Hall, which is capable of seating

12,000 persons, and it seemed to be filled. Every nation and many societies, as well as the army and navy, were represented in distinctive dress. The Polyglot petition, with its signatures, was strung around the balconies and lay in bales on the floor in front of the platform. The words of the petition were thrown in large letters on a white canvas by magic lantern so that all might read and understand, and its resolutions were unanimously adopted. We were addressed by several eminent men, among whom were Canon Wilberforce and Sir Wilfred Lawson, besides several prominent women, and medals were distributed to members of the Navy, for 20 years of faithful service in the temperance cause, by Alice Weston, who has been an earnest worker among sailors' for many years. There was much enthusiasm, but the most pathetic scene was when a number of poorly-dressed children from the slums of London came upon the platform and sang a verse full of sadness at their hard lot and the curse which caused it. Just then, from the front of the building and down the middle aisle, came two rows of girls of all sizes, dressed in white and bearing wands in their hands, on which was held aloft a band of wide white ribbon, singing something which began, "We are coming to the rescue and we wear the ribbon white." They then stood still while another appeal came from the neglected children, when the two lines advanced to the platform, separated, and carrying one end up each side completely encircled the poor children with the "band of ribbon white." It was a touching reminder, and many hearts were tendered.

SERENA A. MINARD.

(To be continued.)

The leading feature of the present time is interest in child-life. Art, literature, education, legislation, philanthropy, and the Christian church are now mindful of the child.—*Rev. J. James.*

## OUT WEST.

EDWARD COALE'S LETTERS.

### II.

On the 27th of 6th mo. we had been riding all day through hundreds of miles of barren, rocky wastes; no green vegetation ever visible. The dust at times was simply suffocating and the heat oppressive. The car had to be kept closed to keep the cloud of dust (in which our train was constantly enveloped) from gaining entrance. Our feelings can be realized by many of our drought-stricken farmers during the past spring and summer months. A change was near at hand. Off to the north a line of green lombardys were visible. Near by tall fields of waving grain and a neatly painted cottage reminded us that all the world was not a barren desolate waste. We were approaching Nampa, in Southwestern Idaho, the point where we leave the main line of the Union Pacific for a twenty-mile ride north to the capital of the state, Boise City (pronounced by the people here Boisey). These bright green spots continued to increase until nearing the beautiful little city. All kinds of deep colored, rich, luxuriant vegetation was the rule and not the exception. We were met at the station, as per previous arrangement, by R. E. Green, secretary and manager of the Boise & Nampa Irrigation and Power Company, and conveyed to a comfortable and home-like boarding house, where we enjoyed the luxury of a much-needed bath and rest.

I wish I could describe this beautiful little city—a paradise in the desert. We must remember no green thing lives without irrigation. Yet every residence lot almost has its dense, dark, well-kept foliage. Swift-flowing rivulets sometimes skirt the street sides in which are placed *perpetual motion* water wheels ten or twelve feet high, that run for the purpose of elevating water in their cup-like paddles so it can be conveyed to adjacent and higher grounds. We do not see such wonderful growth

outside of irrigation as is here produced. Roses and other blooming shrubbery continue to give forth of their rich treasures the long summer through.

There are a number of mines in the adjacent mountains and many of their wealthy owners reside here, giving the little city an appearance of wealth rarely seen in so small a place.

One of the leading pleasure resorts is the Natatorium. There is a large bathing pool, 60 by 122 feet, varying in depth from two to fourteen feet deep, also private bath rooms for the more timid, also a restaurant, dancing floor, private parlors, all under one immense roof. The water is supplied from two artesian wells, one boiling hot and the other cold. (Many of the buildings of the city are heated by water from this hot well.) The temperature, therefore, is all that could be desired. Much more of a descriptive character might be written, and it is hard to stop to continue the subject we are considering. We had a very pleasant half-day's drive under the escort of our good friend Green's wife, who, with her daughter and driver, and we four constituted the party. Don't think for a moment there was anything tame about the fact our escort was a lady. She knew her business, and in her line of land agent was not equalled or hardly approached during our entire trip of 8,400 miles. Of course we could go over but little of the land reached by their system that covers an area of nearly a hundred thousand acres. The main canal is 52 miles long with 68 miles of large branches, and farm laterals now reaching over 200 miles. There is abundance of water for all manufacturing and irrigation purposes, and will be for all time.

One small orchard of plums and prunes near the city, 3 acres. It was not a model for neatness, but was for productiveness. We never saw such loads of fruit of prunes. We saw a branch over 12 inches long on which

the fruit entirely hid the stem. The owner told us he expected to realize \$1,000 per acre for the fruit. I could not get him to price the land; it was not for sale. Another farm of 80 acres about three miles out, owned by a young man who purchased it wild three years ago. The first summer was spent in clearing the ground of sage brush and fencing and levelling. The next spring he set out 60 acres of prunes and sowed 20 acres of alfalfa. Here is a model for neatness and accuracy; every tree is there, and every one perfect; nothing crooked or unsightly.

At the time of our visit the trees were two years old, the ground was perfectly level and clean. On the twenty acres of alfalfa he was keeping twelve cows and making cheese which sold readily at 12½c. per lb., and thus making a living until his trees came into bearing. He paid \$30 per acre for the land and he and one hand did nearly all the work. I asked what his land was now worth, and he said he could get \$200 per acre. "And not take it," I said. "No indeed, for in two years more it will be worth twice that." I think he told the truth. Such clover and timothy meadows, alfalfa wheat and oats I never saw before and have been a farmer all my life. Surely water is king.

These are two of the best we visited, and demonstrate the possibilities of the country.

On our return our kind hostess called at a wayside strawberry patch, and such rich, ripe, luscious fruit. We were ready to enjoy it in our rough ride with a Jehu driver.

They claim to be free from blizzards, cyclones or even high winds, and an average temperature of about 50°, with very little rainfall except in the spring. I have tried to hold up the bright side. It is certainly right. Every home is not so beautiful. Every farm, from various causes not so productive. One place was pointed out as having been one of the most beautiful. The demon in-

temperance claimed the owner as a victim, and now both owner and property are but a sad wreck of grandeur and usefulness. The shiftless and improvident are here. These hindrances are everywhere. But there is one serious obstacle, it is so far from our beautiful Illinois—1,850 miles west of Chicago. It would seem so much like bidding a long farewell. It is with reluctance and most pleasing memories we turn our faces once more westward to cross the Snake River and spend a little time in Huntington, Oregon.

### “LETTING OUR LIGHTS SHINE.”

BY ANNIE R. WALKER.

“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.”  
—Matt. v., 16.

Are we letting our lights shine? is the question. I speak not only to the Friends' Church, but to each and every Christian denomination. By careful examination I find that from Genesis to Revelations the word “light” is found eighty-two times in the Bible. The “light” spoken of is the Christ Spirit dwelling in our hearts. Is thy heart right before God? Then if thy heart is right in His sight, thy light is shining brightly before the world. It should shine out in our every act, deed and word, for if our thoughts, acts and words are pure, Christ is dwelling very near us, yea His spirit is encircling our hearts.

As each tree is known by its fruits, so are we known by our works. As I go out into the world I find many earnest workers, some are very determined. How glad I am to see determination manifested, it cheers me in my course of life.

While, on the other hand, as I look at my own self, I wonder what I must do. Then do I hear the voice of my Heavenly Father saying, “Work.” How? is the question that I often ask. The response comes, “Feed

my lambs;” and that beautiful promise, “I will never leave thee nor forsake Thee,” is given to me by my Heavenly Father with a feeling that He is my Guide, how can I do otherwise than use my best efforts in the cause of Christ.

O, how much wiser it would be if each one of us, who make a profession of faith in Christ, would use it in our everyday lives by speaking some kind word to some weary person, greet a friend with a pleasant “Good morning” or “Good evening,” instead of a sullen “Howdy.” I do not like to see jesting, neither do I uphold the idea that we must wear “long faces” to be Christians, but I do love to see kindness, charity and friendliness manifested among all, both old and young.

The poet has beautifully said: “Religion *never* was designed to make our pleasures less.” No, but it increases them, because we have the pleasure of knowing that we are not only pleasing our friends but pleasing God by doing kind acts. But the last clause of the text says: “and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”

I wonder if we always do give God all—not part—of the glory for the various works which He has enabled us to do, or do we, like the Pharisee, take all the praise and honor upon ourselves.

How important it is for us to remember that without God we can do nothing.

Our lights must shine in such a way that we can, with Divine aid, lift up mankind to a higher level in life; then point out to them the “narrow way” and plead with them to walk therein.

I do believe that many a weary person that feels as though they were almost crushed under the weight of sin could be brought to that cleansing fountain by kind words and earnest prayers of entreaty. We must raise up mankind, and not crush them down any lower than they already are. We must not “hide our light under a bushel,” or keep it in a selfish manner

for ourselves, but we must place it in a place that others may see our good influence, and be guided to a higher, nobler and a better life by having seen it. We can in reality be "beacon lights," beckoning others to accept Christ as their everlasting Friend, one that can never be excelled in this life. Let us search out the teachings of our blessed "Guide Book," the Bible, and see how many of them we can apply to our own lives, especially the teachings and beautiful example of the pure life of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.

Too many of our so-called Christians only use their light to any value while they are in the house of God. It seems to be extinguished as soon as they leave the church door. This should not be the case. We must let our light, our religion, stand out before the world in such a way that the influence for good will overpower that of evil.

"Let the lower lights be burning,  
Send a gleam across the wave,  
Some poor fainting, struggling seamen  
You may rescue, you may save."

Hitchcocks, Washington Co., Ind.,  
6th mo. 8th, 1895.

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### TRUTH.

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The definition for "truth," as given by Webster, is the conformity to fact or reality, exact accordance with that which is, or has been, or shall be.

By this we understand that truth is something firm and sure, something solid on which we may build, and it will not give way.

It is not something that only a few may enjoy. But it may be distributed among all men, for truths are so numerous, and there are many with which we are not acquainted.

But there are certain truths held in common by every religious organization, among which are the immortality of the soul, an over-ruling power all call God, and a belief in Jesus Christ.

Now, to be in harmony with these

truths seem to make necessary the various religious organizations, each holding to its own opinion in regard to the explanation of these truths, each probably seeing them as given in the Bible, in a different light, thus causing different interpretations. And some, no doubt are waiting to be taught as did the people of olden times wait for the Messiah, whom they were told would teach them and lead them into all truth. And when the time came he did indeed teach them that great truth, "The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." And many more beautiful truths that the people could not comprehend, and still we of the present day do not and cannot understand.

But is it necessary that we understand all those truths taught by Jesus? Is it essential to our present and future happiness that we are able to interpret and understand all the truths in the Bible?

I believe the churches of the present day would be nearer together were there not so much stress placed upon those less important Truths or we might say forms of religion, and let more attention be paid to those great and beautiful Truths that Jesus taught by the pure life he lived. And He left His precepts for the world. He lived them all out and surely died that Truth might live. He could not exemplify His work without it.

Though many ages have passed, there still exists such difference of opinion in regard to those Truths as taught by Jesus.

Though many of the present day accept Truths because they are common or because they have heard someone say they were truths, without thoroughly investigating them for themselves, and when accepted by us in this manner are of no value, but *only* as the witness in our own hearts respond to those teachings, do they become as truths to us. As one has said: "The Truths of the Bible are like gold in the soil. Whole generations

walk over it and know not what treasures are hidden beneath; just so centuries of men pass over the Scriptures and know not what beautiful Truths lie under the feet of their interpretations."

Though he may have read them many times, those Truths are still buried until the spark in his own breast is kindled.

Why is it we believe in the musical ability of a violinist or organist? Because that music arouses a feeling in ourselves which is in harmony with it.

Just so as we read the Bible or study those truths taught by Jesus, we can never understand them until the witness in our own heart responds, and thus being in harmony they are then surely truths to us.

For vice for a time may shine and virtue  
sigh,  
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth  
reveal,  
The scourge or crown what darkness did  
conceal.

Have you not in walking the field come across a large flat stone which had lain some time just where you found it with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, close to its edges? and have you not in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, simply turned it over? When lo! underneath you found blades of grass flattened down and colorless, showing plainly that they had not felt the warm rays of the sun for many days. But no sooner is the stone turned and the grass seems more fresh. The next you will find it growing tall and green Just so with truth.

Have you not seen some great wrong, or, we might say, falsehood, covering beautiful truths, crushing them it would seem almost to death?

But no; when some gentle hand lifts the falsehood, the truth that has been so crushed will spring up like the blades of grass with new beauty.

For an effort of right can no more be lost completely than a grain of sand can be annihilated.

For Truth cannot die! In darksome tomb  
She may for centuries sleep on;  
While twilight deepens into gloom,  
And Hope despairing cry, "She's gone."  
Yet she'll awake some Easter morn,  
With armor bright and gleaming sword,  
She *must* prevail! Jehovah's throne  
Is resting on her plighted word.

E. M. R.

## GOD IN CHRIST.

Christ was perpetually conscious of the Spirit's presence with Him. Whatever He said or did in His life's work was at the Spirit's dictation. He subjects His whole nature, bodily and mentally to the Spirit's guidance. In no detail, and in no principle of His ministry did He exalt His own self. He was spiritualized entirely; He was the Spirit made flesh. The glory of His transfiguration was spiritual glory. The glory of His crucifixion was spiritual glory; the material surroundings were mean and miserable. The glory of His resurrection was spiritual glory; it was no flesh and blood, but the spirit that ascended into the kingdom above. We materialize Him because we have so little of the spirit. We know nothing higher than flesh and blood; we naturally turn His resurrection into flesh and blood. The Spirit of God glorified Himself in the Son. By the light of the testimony of the indwelling Spirit alone have I recognized and loved and assimilated Christ, till He is my daily meat and drink. It is the Father who has led me to the Son; and knowing the Son I have known the Father all the more fully. . . . Then in the dim twilight of our faith, amid the shadows and evil possession of the time, while there is so little to help, so much to hinder spiritual perception, what can we lay hold of or look up to except the All-powerful Indweller to rescue us from the besetting perils, and give us the needed help.

No man can act unjustly towards another without in some way being injured himself.



# Young Friends' Review

A SEMI-MONTHLY.

Published in the interest of the Society  
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

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

The third special summer meeting of the Young Friends' Association of New York and Brooklyn was held on Seventh-day afternoon, seventh month 20, at Prohibition Park, Staten Island.

A short session was held in the auditorium for a discussion concerning Conferences and Visiting Friends' Meetings. After the discussion the members adjourned to the grove for a pleasant social time, returning to the city later in the evening.

The committee in charge wish to express their appreciation of the cordial welcome given the Association by the management of the park. This park, with its auditorium seating 4,000 persons, with frequent entertainments and conventions, and the large hotel, grove, spring, and other attractions, is

deserving of a visit from Friends for the encouragement of the prohibition cause.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

The Young People's Association of Prairie Grove, Iowa, met at the Friends' meeting house at Prairie Grove on First-day afternoon, 7th mo. 28th, 1895. A large and interesting meeting was held, and the subject, "Truth," was treated of in an excellent manner by a paper from the leader, Laura B. Fenton, also papers upon the subject by Lewis Canby, Edna M. Russell and Jas. D. Steer. Following these were appropriate remarks by Evi Sharpless, a minister of the Orthodox branch of our Society, from Salem, this State. Readings and declamations occupied the remainder of the time until adjournment.

The meeting was one of unusual interest, and showed that the young people are taking an interest in this work that is highly commendable.

May the good work continue with increased zeal toward the building up of Christ's kingdom here upon earth, is our earnest prayer.

The next meeting of the Association will be held 8th mo. 25th. Subject, "Courage."  
J. D. S.

Winfield, Iowa, 8th mo. 5th, 1895.

## YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

Lincoln Young Friends' Association met in Y. M. C. A. Hall, Lincoln, Nebraska, 7th mo, 28th. The Association opened by the reading of 22nd chapter of Luke, "Jesus betrayed and made a prisoner. A short review of the lesson was given by J. Tom Harkcom. The question was asked, "Why did Jesus' disciples carry a sword?" Another thought was Jesus' surprise at being arrested by an armed mob, as though a robber.

Hamptonetta Burgess gave a recitation, "The Painter of Seville."

A question left over from last Association day, "Would it be profitable to

discontinue the reviews of Janney's History of Friends?" brought forth many remarks. It was thought best to study the most important, viz: "The principles of our Society." Yesterday's food will not do for to-day. We are living in the present, and the present should be our study. It was finally decided to discontinue the review for a while, at least.

A newly-framed constitution, which has been agitated quite a good deal lately, was then presented by Jos. Lownes.

It called for President, Vice-President, and Secretary-Treasurer, the Secretary acting in both offices. It calls for voting by *direct vote*, instead of by the old way, as it was considered more business-like, brief and correct. It was adopted as a whole, and will go into effect on the 26th of eighth month, that being the regular meeting of Association.

Nellie Coale gave a recitation ably rendered.

"Little" Martha Garlock, in usual winning way, spoke "Dolly's Lesson."

Frank M. Lownes closed the programme with a recitation, "It Pays."

The Association then adjourned to meet at usual time next month.

J. TOM HARKCOM.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

#### A FEW MORE THOUGHTS ON 'RELIGION AND WORSHIP.'

In YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW for 5th mo. 15th, and 6th mo. 1st, is an article on "Religion and Worship" by T. E. Longshore. He places the origin and foundation of all worship from that which consists of "gesticulations and genuflections of person," up to the silence of the spiritual worship of Friends, upon a basis of fear caused by the "helplessness men feel," being "at the mercy of the irresistible power that exists in the forces of nature." He also says, "Jesus was not religious as the world counted religion," and "we cannot study His character disinterestedly while we are indulging in prac-

tices and habits that we call worship, which He so emphatically pronounced hypocrisy," etc.

Webster defines religion as "the recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience; right feelings toward God as rightly apprehended; a high sense of moral obligation and spirit of reverence and worship which affect the heart of man with respect to the Deity."

It seems to me that religion (not theology) means the inmost union of the soul with its Maker, from which union flow all the practical fruits of righteousness, and worship is but the expression and public acknowledgment of religion. T. E. L. says: "The early Quakers held their meetings; if no work offered they merely sat a season in silence, abstaining from all acts called worship."

Was it a *mere silence*? If no outward word was spoken to answer certain conditions, as was often the case, did not each earnest, seeking soul receive, in "the silence of all flesh," the food it required from Him who said, "Worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father *seeketh* such to worship Him," and "where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them."

T. E. L. says: "It is said Jesus himself prayed, yet his prayers were not vocal, if he was consistent, but were simply inward, earnest desires to do his duty. If he indulged in occasional ejaculations they were but the expressions of the agonies produced by his tormentors."

Must we allow that Jesus *was* inconsistent, or must we regard the 17th chapter of John, which contains the most beautiful, touching prayer on record, as a forgery or of no value? Also the incomparable "Lord's Prayer," which meets the wants of mankind in all ages and nations, and those "occasional ejaculations" have been the comfort and strength of countless numbers of tried and suffering souls.

Lest some who do not understand Friends' doctrines should be led by T. E. L.'s article to believe that our Society sets no value upon worship as worship, I quote the following extracts from eminent Friends :

Robert Barclay says : "When I came into the silent assemblies of God's people I felt a secret power among them which touched my heart ; and as I gave way unto it I found the evil weakening in me, and the good raised up, and so I became thus knit and united with them ; hungering more and more after the increase of this power and life, whereby I might feel myself perfectly redeemed."

Samuel M. Janney says : "The public worship of the Most High is one of the means ordained to bring the soul into communion with Him, and to manifest before men our allegiance to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. It is the highest privilege accorded to man, that the Creator and Upholder of the universe condescends to make Himself known to the sincere, seeking soul by "the word of His grace." It is only as we preserve our connections with the great Head of the Church, through the invisible and eternal bond of the spirit, that we can grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Benjamin Hallowell says : "The best preparation or condition for receiving the knowledge of God I believe to be reverential, silent worship. Worship is an act of the soul. It is an effort to attain a state of greater and greater perfection, striving, with humble and earnest aspirations, to assimilate itself to Deity by becoming of the Divine nature—to be "perfect, even as the Father is perfect," crying Abba, Father, deep calling unto deep. For the soul of man is a great deep, which nothing short of Deity can fill. The possession of the greatest wealth, learning, power, and other outward things, still leaves an aching void in the soul."

Speaking of public worship as practiced by Friends, John J. Cornell says :

"While I fully acknowledge that men may gather, sit in silence and depart, and yet perform no true worship, yet it by no means follows that a silent meeting is an evidence of spiritual death in the individuals composing it. Such a meeting, if each individual is really worshipping the Father in spirit and in truth, is a far more lively and beneficial one to the worshippers than one could be, conducted in any form whence the devotional exercises were not performed from the immediate requiring of the spirit. I do not believe that a worship performed in spirit and truth should always be performed in silence, but that the Divine Father will, where it is necessary to meet the different conditions of mind in an assembly, qualify instruments to speak to those conditions, and often as much for the instructions of the speakers as for that of those spoken to.

Hence to perform such worship as Friends profess there must be a time of silent waiting, in which, like Elijah of old, we retire into the cave and shut out all the commotions of earth, that we may thus hear the spiritual voice and understand the revelations of the inner light ; that our devotions, whether vocal or silent, shall be in harmony with the understood will of God, and that we may thus truly reverence, adore and worship Him.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

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### SUGGESTIONS

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Were the waves of the sea always at rest, instead of being in almost constant agitation, would the earth be so fit an abode for the physical man ; and the winds, were they always still, would miasma and malaria be changed into healthful currents as now ? So in the realm of thought, if it remained always in a quiescent state, no changes nor discoveries in the quest of truth, would it be as well for the progress of mankind ? It may be urged that in the realm of spiritual thought we have arrived at an ultimatum, that we cannot

go beyond the idea, nor obtain a higher one than this, that the spirit of God communicates with the soul of man for his instruction in the ways of righteousness. But suppose we neglect to verify this in our own experience, but depend on other props which are liable to fail, would it not be comparable to building our house on the sand. How do souls become acquainted with God, or the Infinite Good? Thou canst not by searching find Him out, nor obtain a knowledge of Him from books nor from outward observation, though it is true the visible works of creation attest the invisible, and the moon and the stars proclaim His handiwork. "God is Spirit." They who seek a knowledge of Him and His ways must seek *in Spirit*. "Thou Spirit of my Spirit" says the poet, "and my God, in my Spirit doth Thy Spirit shine."

If God is the author of religion, if it is the operation of His spirit in the soul of man, if God is also the author of nature, and science its interpreter, or discoverer of its laws, then there is no conflict between science and religion. "I set out on a journey," says Huxley, "with no purpose, but to explore certain provinces of natural knowledge. I strayed no hair's breadth from the course which it was my right to pursue, yet I found, whatever route I took, I came to a formidable looking fence, with the inscription, 'No Thoroughfare.' There was no way over, nor did the practice of creeping around attract me. The only alternative was to break it down and go through it, which I did, and found it the meekest brushwood."

"I am aware, however, that the head and front of my offending lies not now where it did thirty years ago. The mistakes of Moses are admitted, but the same canons of criticism may not be applied to the opening chapters of Mark or Luke. Children may be told that the world was by no means created in six days, but are to hold as the most certain truth that their Gal-

lilean brother, who lived nineteen centuries ago, had no human father. I chanced to make a statement then which, so far as I can see, nothing could be more modest, to wit: That I was ignorant of many things, of which not only adults, but children, profess to have full knowledge." We may with the scientist be ignorant of some things related in history, but possess certain knowledge of the truth of religion.

E. AVERILL.

West Vienna, N. Y.

#### SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SEWELL.

We find very little has been left on record, throwing light on the life and pursuits of William Sewell. He was the son of Jacob Williamson Sewell and Judith Zinspinning Sewell, and was born in Amsterdam, Holland, in the year 1650. His grandfather Sewell was a native of Kidderminster, England, but having left the Episcopal Church (the established church of England), and became a "Brownist," emigrated to Holland for the sake of enjoying more religious liberty than was allowed at home. After being resident there for some time he married and settled at Utrecht, where the father of our subject was born. We might here say the Brownists were the followers of Robert Brown, a Puritan, or dissenter from the Church of England in the sixteenth Century. He was the head of a party of independents in church government, who held that, "according to Scripture a body of professing Christians, united under one pastor or communing together, constitutes a church, independent of any other." History states, "They did not differ from the Church of England in any article of faith, but were very rigid and narrow in point of discipline." William's mother was the daughter of Conrad Zinspinning, of Cologne, in Germany, who was educated as a strict Papist in a monastery; but after reaching manhood and travelling through most of the countries of

Europe, he finally settled in Amsterdam, where, becoming convinced of the errors of popery, he abandoned that profession and joined the Baptists. The father of our historian was a surgeon, and having left Utrecht, became a free citizen of Amsterdam and practised his profession.

William speaks of his parents as being of a religious life and conversation. "My father," says he, "endeavored to walk in the narrow way, and conversed mostly with the strictest professors of the day. My mother was religiously inclined even from her youth, and became so well versed in the Holy Scriptures, and was so diligent in making note of the sermons she heard on paper, that her father used to say, 'It is a pity this girl is not a boy, who then, in time, might become an eminent instrument in the church.'" Both parents finally became dissatisfied with the way of worship in which they had been educated, and were brought under much religious concern of the saving truth as it is in Jesus. About this time William Ames and William Calton, ministering Friends, arrived in Holland, on a religious visit. They were made willing to join in membership with the then despised Quakers, and to bear the persecutions and reproach that in those days were heaped upon them. The mother, Judith Z. Sewell, is represented as a woman of superior mind and attainments. She became an approved minister among Friends, and was much esteemed by all. She was the author of several small books or tracts on religious subjects, and in 1663 paid a religious visit to England. At what time the father of William died we cannot tell, but he must have been quite young. In 1664 he lost his devoted mother when, if the supposed date of his birth is correct, he was in the 15th year of his age. That his mother had been conscientiously concerned to instill correct principles in his youthful mind may be inferred from the record he makes of her dying injunctions. "The night before she

departed," he says, "she called me to her bedside and exhorted me to depart from evil and fear the Lord, which, by the mercy of God, in time, made a very deep impression on my mind, so that still I find reason to bless the name of the Lord for having been pleased that I was the son of such an excellent mother. William Sewell learned the trade of weaving with a stuff manufacturer, and one of his biographers says, learned Latin, Greek, English, French, and High Dutch languages, while throwing the shuttle. His natural abilities being good, his application unwearied, and his habits strictly temperate, he soon became noticed by the most respectable booksellers of Holland, and he translated with credit, chiefly from Latin and English Tongues, into Low Dutch, seems to be the principal source from which his income was derived.

His modest unassuming manners gained for him the esteem of the literary men, for which Amsterdam was at that time noted, and there is reason to believe that many of their productions were revised and prepared for the press by him. His knowledge of his native tongue was profound. His dictionary, grammar and other treatises thereon, have left room for little succeeding improvement. He assisted materially in the completion of Halma's French and Dutch Dictionary. He is principally known to us through the work entitled "The History of the Rise and Progress of the Christian People Called Quakers," dedicated to George, King of Great Britain and Ireland.

At what time the idea of writing this history first took possession of William Sewell's mind, we cannot determine, but it would seem he believed that from his early bias and taste he had been remarkably fitted for undertaking and perfecting such a work. When quite a youth he visited England, and made note of manuscripts, letters, etc., which probably would have been lost to posterity if not thus preserved.

We may see what a strong attach-

ment he had for the Society of which he was a member, even in early life. The labor bestowed on the preparation of Sewell's History was very great, as much of the matter had to be obtained from a foreign country; and so scrupulous was he to have everything admitted into it related with accuracy and in right order, that he tells us he wrote almost the whole work over three times.

Nothing is known respecting the author's family, except that "We left a son William of much promise in his youth, but on going to England to attend a Yearly Meeting of Friends, in company with a young man to whom he was strongly attached, the vessel in which they embarked, was, in a violent storm, wrecked near the Texel. William Sewell, being an excellent swimmer, undertook to save his companion, who could not swim, by means of a rope fastened around their bodies, but on reaching the shore and drawing the rope, he found his friend gone. This melancholy event had such an effect on his brain, that a settled gloom clouded his mental faculties during life."

In a note prefixed by the publishers of the third edition of Sewell's Dictionary, issued from the press in 1726, it is mentioned the author had lately deceased, but the exact time of his death is not known.

Therefore our biographical sketch of him is necessarily meagre, and it would be cause for congratulation should future research bring to light materials for one more extended.

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#### THOUGHTS FROM SWEDEN- BURG,

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"A man can take nothing except it be given him from heaven," and Jesus said, "Without me ye can do nothing." That is, not anything which is of charity and of faith. That this influx is unto men's souls is because the soul is the inmost and highest part of man, and the influx from God enters into that and descends thence into those things which are

below, and vivifies them according to reception. The truths which will be of faith, indeed flow in by hearing, and so are implanted in the mind, thus below the soul. But man by these truths is only disposed for receiving the influx from God through the soul, and as the disposition is, such is the reception, and such the transformation of natural faith into spiritual faith."

"As far as man lives under the Divine influence, that is, suffers himself to be led by God so far he becomes an image of Him, more and more interiorly."

"God cannot, according to the laws of His order, remit sins to any man, except so far as man according to his laws ceases from them. God cannot spiritually regenerate man except so far as man, according to his laws, regenerates himself naturally. God is in the perpetual effort to regenerate, and thus to save him; but He cannot effect this, except as man prepares himself to be a receptacle, and so prepares the way for God and opens the door."

"That man was created for eternal life, and that every man can inherit it provided he lives according to the means of salvation which are prescribed in the Word, is admitted by every Christian, and by every heathen also, who has religion and sound reason. The means of salvation are manifold, but they have relation, one and all, to living well is charity and to believe rightly is faith. When the internal man wills well, and the external acts well, then the two make one, the external acting from the internal, and the internal through the external, and so man from God and God through man.

"The tree of life and the tree of knowledge of good and evil are with every man, and that they are said to be placed in a garden signifies man's free will in turning to the Lord and in turning from Him."

"True repentance is to examine, not only the acts of one's life, but also the intentions of his will."

"The faith imputative of Christ's

merit was unknown in the apostolic church, and is nowhere meant in the word."

"By the washing called baptism is meant spiritual washing, which is purification from evils and falsities."

### NIGHT THOUGHTS.

In silent watches of the night as we hear the trains go rushing by, on their long stretches between the great city and the great West, we experience a sort of awe at what man hath wrought. He has harnessed steam, and by controlling its force transmits vast burdens across the continent; and by applying it on the seas has added immensely to the commerce of the world. He has harnessed the lightning, and by threading the air with wires transmits intelligences long distances, even under the sea, by laying them on the ocean's bed. He has now tapped Niagara, and for utilitarian purposes lessened its volume and its roar. In considering his many inventions and discoveries, we are reminded of the Russian poet's words,

Whence came I, and how marvellously  
constructed!

Thou, to the million torches lighted by  
thy hand, art as the moon to night.

What am I, then?

Nothing!

Yet the effulgence of thy Life Divine,  
pervading worlds, hath reached  
my bosom, too.

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine.

In this statement the poet has surpassed the theologian. No marvel the Chinese Emperor had the poem framed and hung up in his palace.

The Eastern mind, in some way, seems to have a finer perception for spiritual truth than the Western, with all its subtleties and schools.

The Presbyterian General Assembly is having some trouble with Union Seminary, in this state, because of its teaching, equally with Dr. Briggs, that the Bible is fallible and open to criticism. It is thought by some that there is quite a leaning among Protestants

towards Rome, because, as they say, they want something *sure* to lean upon. Why don't they rely on internal evidence, and their own acquaintance with God through the operations of His Spirit. It is related of F. O. Robertson, of England, that at one time he was largely assailed with doubt, so much so that he trembled with fear lest his sky should become blackened with midnight darkness, from which every vestige of light, and a Father in heaven, should vanish; but he came to an experience by which every doubt was rolled away, to return no more for ever.

E. AVERILL.

### IN MEMORY OF AN AGED PARENT.

By Lizzie Allen Tyson when about in her sixteenth year.

Gently let the footsteps fall,  
In the chamber, in the hall;  
Permit no loudsome noise come near,  
For the one we all hold dear.

Gather round the parent's bed,  
Hot and hotter tears to shed,  
While we bear him, faintly pray  
To Almighty God, and say:—

Father, should it please Thee now,  
Give me grace to meekly bow;  
For we sinners all must go  
Before Thee every fault to show.

Should we murmur at Thy will  
When at Thy word the sea is still?  
Oh, good! Oh, great Omnipotent!  
Give me true sorrow for life mis-spent.

Prepare me for Thy face to see,—  
Teach me to praise forever Thee;  
And when this heart shall cease to beat,  
Oh! may Thou and my soul then meet.

Death to the aged ones must come,—  
It may, who knows? come to the young;  
So try we should, both great and small,  
To meet the blessed Saviour's call.

We've laid him in the silent tomb,  
Clay tenement is there alone,  
His peaceful spirit's gone to rest,  
And dwell's forever with the blest.

Almwick, Laurel, Maryland.

Our faith can be measured only by what we are doing and enduring for God.

## A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him, ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.  
Why should good words ne'er be said  
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
Sung by any child of song,  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long.  
Why should one who thrills your heart  
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you  
By its humble, pleading tone,  
Join it. Do not let the seeker  
Bow before his God alone.  
Why should not your brother share  
The strength of "two or three" in prayer.

If you see the hot tears falling  
From a brother's weeping eye,  
Share them, and by kindly sharing  
Own yru kinship with the skies.  
Why should anyone be glad  
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling  
Through the sunshine on his face,  
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—  
For both grief and joy a place.  
There's health and goodness in the mirth  
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy  
By a friendly, helping hand,  
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,  
Ere the darkness veils the land.  
Should a brother workman dear  
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness  
All enriching as you go;  
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,  
He will make each seed to grow.  
So until the happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a friend.  
—Exchange.

## NO TOBACCO IN THE DAIRY.

Everyone who knows anything about milk, and especially cream, is aware how readily it takes up and absorbs all the bad odors that come near it. Now nine men out of ten, the writer included, have the tobacco habit. Most of them chew and many of them smoke. We are too apt to carry an old pipe in our pockets, but never,

never, never take it in the dairy room. Of course you do not allow the men to smoke around the stable, for fear of fire, but they all carry pipes in their pockets. Not in a well regulated dairy, thank you. Milk, when it first comes from the cow, is warmer than the atmosphere, and fortunately gives out odor instead of taking it in, but as it cools down to the temperature of the air all this thing is changed, and if it gets cooler than the air the change is very bad, because then it begins to take in instead of throwing out odor. All of this means that you should remove the milk from the air of the stable as soon as practicable, and have no odor of pipes or tobacco about it, especially in the dairy room, or where the milk is kept. The breath of a man who is chewing tobacco or who has been eating onions or other strong-smelling food is dangerous to the cream. Do not let such a man turn the churn in a close room.—*Home and Farm.*

## ABOUT TRAINED NURSES.

SHE HAS GREAT POWER FOR GOOD OR  
EVIL IN THE SICK ROOM.

No person has greater power for evil or for good than has the nurse in the sick room. Her actual authority is second to that of the physician, but her opportunities for exercising it are almost unlimited. If a physician in a country town wishes to secure a trained nurse he should telegraph or write to the Nurses' Directory, to some hospital or physician whom he knows, in the nearest adjacent city, stating for what sort of a case he will require a nurse, what he will pay, and when he will require her. Such a message should secure for him almost immediately whatever service he requires. The traits of character which make the ideal nurse are patience, obedience, tact and good sense and temper. The nurse's costume should consist of a cambric or seersucker gown, with white



cap, cuffs and apron. Woollen gowns should never be permitted in a sick room. Her authority is absolute after a physician's. She must obey his instructions to the letter, even if they are against her judgment; she has no discretion in the matter. But the patient and the patient's family must obey her. She must never be allowed to disobey the physician's orders, and the first symptom of any such behavior should be reported immediately to the physician. All his instructions with reference to treatment, diet and care should be followed faithfully. The fact that her patient is a man should make no difference in her behavior in the sick-room. He is a patient, not a man, and she is a nurse, not a woman. Whenever a nurse disobeys a physician's orders, or behaves in any manner which renders her dismissal advisable, the family or the patient should request the doctor to discharge her at once, and to supply her substitute. A word from him is sufficient to insure her departure.—*June Ladies' Home Journal.*

The library of the late Senator James F. Wilson, of Iowa, will be presented to the historical department of that state. It includes about 5,000 carefully selected volumes on political, historical, and economic subjects.

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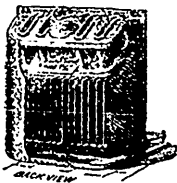
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