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Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL XIII.

LONDON, ONT., CANADA, FIRST MONTH, 1897.

No. 1

THE YEARS TO BE.

O grandeur of the Years to Be!

O Future all sublime!

Fulfilled within thyself we see

The promises of Time!

There bloom within thy balmy air

The rarest flowers of speech,

And action in thy sun shall bear

The sweetest fruit for each.

We sow the goodly seed to-day

Thy many hands shall reap;

We give the golden grain away

Thy garner soon shall heap!

Who tills to-day the teeming field

Slight recompense shall earn;

Thy harvest-time shall only yield

The glorious return!

Thy nights with newer stars shall blaze,

Thy suns shall brighter glow;

No gladder, grander yesterdays

Thy consciousness shall know.

Thy song shall be a pean grand,

Borne proudly on the breeze,

Re-echoed over every land,

And wafted o'er the seas.

We plant to-day a single tree,

Or drop a single seed,

And millions in the Year to Be

Shall praise the simple deed.

The thing we do outreaches far

Beyond our farthest thought;

The toilings of the present are

With freest blessings fraught!

With thy new light, O Years to Be!

Shall beam a brighter morn,

And manhood with thy dawn shall see

Its truest being, born!

The earth will ring thy coming in

With gladdest peal on peal,

For then shall gloriously begin

Humanity's best weal!

And then shall all the echoes cheer

Man's rapid onward march;

For him angelic hands shall rear

A grand triumphal arch!

No land shall know a desert bare,

No trackless waste a sea,

The world shall smile a garden fair

Within the Years to Be!

THE "ORTHODOX" BODY IN PHILADELPHIA.

(From the British Friend)

It was with an awesome feeling that I took my seat in Arch Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia, for I have been brought up to regard that place with feelings almost reverential, as something apart, a quarter where Quakerism may be found in seventeenth century purity, and where even George Fox himself might do well to be careful.

I was received with the utmost kindness by Friends there, and indeed at all the four orthodox meetings I attended in the Philadelphia district. I had the pleasure of personal and family acquaintance with many already, and I owe them abundant hospitality. They are personally Friends whom it is a privilege to know, and an increasing privilege to know better. They possess, for the most part, a cordial feeling for one another.

In worship they have retained a dignity which is only the expression of an inward self-restraining power, and they possess a combined richness of experience and sobriety of feeling which exercises a searching and sobering effect upon the soul. And yet I could hardly sit in face of that gallery, well filled as it was at the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, without a queer feeling of alienation. The feeling of the presence of essential sacerdotalism in a subtle form I could not get over. Those ascetic faces, that odd and ugly uniform, hiding the head and face and figure of woman, and crowning the head of man with a vast dark straw

hat made of a shape to imitate an ordinary broad brim of felt—in fact, the least happy form of head-gear known to me;—all this signified a separation from common men, inducing a consciousness of personal superiority, so easily reached by human nature, and an added difficulty in the way of following Him whose will it was to be “made in all things like unto His brethren.”

This Quaker “plainness” is really a serious question for Philadelphia. Plain it is not, nor comfortable, nor cheap, nor fair to look upon. In England its wear would at any rate make one so conspicuous that it would really be to a certain extent a crucifixion of the flesh (if life does not provide enough of that already) — that is, it would be a constant violation of one's native desire to move quietly and unnoticed about the streets. But in William Penn's city the Quaker garb is a sign of respectability, a token that you belong to an old family, may have to do with established businesses, and that conceivably your emigrant founder sailed in “The Welcome.” The fashionable girl in a Philadelphia ball is proud to tell her partner, as he glances at her head, that her grandmother wore a plain cap. The defence for this garb is that it stands conspicuously for Quakerism, that it is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Have our Friends considered that this sign has all the dangers of those sacraments which we Friends dread on account of their formality and unspiritual externalism, but which are justified on precisely this ground, as an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace?

The real question before thoughtful Friends in Philadelphia is whether a uniform, as uniform, is a good thing for a religious body. Its closest parallels are the monastic habit, the Salvation bonnet, and the priestly garb, which last the “plain” dress is at times mistaken for. An order of men who profess a special sanctity, obey

rules not governing common men, and are devoted for a lifetime to a special work, fitly wear uniform. But Friends, I plead and insist, are none of these. We are common men, common Christians, hobnobbing with the world, living or trying to live as everybody ought to live. There is nothing which other men may do which we may not do. We are not “priests unto God” in any exclusive sense. And to wear a uniform has the fatal effect of separating us from the world of men, among whom we ought to find fellowship, and from whom we ought to gather converts.

A steadily diminishing number of the select is the price paid for being select. Very few join this type of Quakerism. This the leaders of the Yearly Meeting know. They know that they stand defending the battlements of a lost city, that the age has left them behind. They still demand the tonsure of the lower part of the face and the upper part of the coat for appointments to important duties in the church or in the schools under their control; but the garb only reaches one-third of the way down the Meeting-house at Arch street. The two-thirds at the back represent the advancing hosts of the future, the young men, (Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is ruled and managed by the old), and there are signs that the battlement is breached here and there. Already one beard may be seen in the Select Meeting, on the face of a valued minister, whom I hope we may see some day in England. There are at Twe'fth Street and at Haverford, Meetings more free from the danger of ritual: and we may hope that by a real co-partnership between the best of the old and the best of the new, by permitting new ideas their legitimate sphere, by melting rather than breaking the battlements, the admirable material of this unique Yearly Meeting may be made up into new forms, moulded by humility and by Quaker simplicity, by a willingness to be just common men.

We cannot expect or wish that old people will change the dress of a lifetime. Nothing looks nice which replaces a plain cap on venerable hair. But we may hope that a special dress will cease to be regarded as important, that young people will drop it, and that a new attitude of mind towards a uniform and towards the un-uniformed masses may thus arise.

I have yet one more testimony to bear—a weightier one. Testimony bearing is rather a terrible thing to do, but the loving respect I bear for those to whom I testify, and whose spiritual experience I may be thankful to have reached when I reach their age, may, I trust, rid the process of harm to me and hurt to them.

The constant error and historical trouble of this Yearly Meeting is their attitude towards their brethren and relatives who separated in 1827. This attitude was taken up with great pain, to begin with; it has been kept up in the belief that Christ was thereby honoured; but unfortunately a mistake of that sort does not save us from the due reward of our deeds, and of our attitude of mind.

The Orthodox Friends have looked down on their "heretical" brethren for seventy years. They have been shocked at their real or supposed want of belief (some have openly doubted whether a "Hicksite" could be saved); they have steadily disowned those who married into a body of people who were socially and by countless ties of blood allied to them. Now this attitude of superior orthodoxy is held at their peril by any body of men and women. As individuals they may, indeed, maintain the necessary humility as regards themselves, but a corporate spiritual pride is hard to cure. When we meet an individual Pharisee in the Gospels he is an attractive man—Simon, Paul, Gamaliel; but the body of Pharisees was what met the wrath of our Lord. They have become a bye-word; but they were the Puritans of their time, bourgeois Con-

servatives, the maintainers of ancient traditions, and in their early sincere days the best men of the nation.

The effect of this disastrous separation, the tragedy of Quakerism, may well make one weep. It is and has been wholly bad for both parties. Would that we might some day see the "Hicksite" Meeting-houses spiritually enriched by the personal gifts of the "orthodox," and the narrow grooves of these latter broadened by the liberal openness of their long separated kinsmen. It is sad to see the two Meeting-houses, as I saw them at Moorestown and elsewhere, standing in one yard, with separate sheds for orthodox and Hicksite horses, with even two day schools in the same tiny town, running in a rivalry which must weaken both.

"Blessed are ye when men shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake"—or, may we say, "mistakenly for your convictions' sake." To be called "heretic" is often an experience which may be turned into precious account for the strengthening and purifying of the soul. The blessing has fallen upon the so-called "Hicksite" Friends. They are a people willing to learn, conscio is of some weakness, and glad particularly of fellowship with England, if cordially extended. The Orthodox Friends, on the other hand, have occupied themselves too much with the "declensions" observable in London Yearly Meeting, and other parts, to be very accessible.

No corporate reunion of the dismembered Church is possible just now. A generation of gentle approach must perhaps precede. There would be friction in closer union to-day. But the reason for such friction is ignorance. *By learning the Bible better*, entering, for instance, more accurately into the mind of Paul, (for on the mind of Christ there is little divergence), by opening their minds to the Scriptures of the Old Testament as laid bare for the first time in this generation for Englishmen by Biblical

scholars at Oxford and at Cambridge, the two bodies may in time come out into the light and wonder why they ever separated.

Meantime, there are signs that Christ is abroad, softening the self-will which fondly believes itself consecrated to His service, laying low the pride of two generations, and combating the fear for one's reputation for orthodoxy which we all know about, making possible a unity like that felt by Jesus in recognizing those "who do the will of my Father which is in Heaven," as brother, sister, and mother.

The welcome which I received from Friends of both bodies was the most delightful feature of my journey. No change of mental attitude or vocal utterance was needed with either, from what is habitual with me at home. Joint meetings of both bodies were held at private houses, Meeting houses or public halls, in which were read papers on "The Light Within" or on "Modern Thought," followed by discussion, and the discussion invariably gave an opening for friendly advances on both sides, and never had the contrary tendency. At the Swarthmore Conference "the English Friend" had the pleasure of sitting on the platform one day between the editor of the *American Friend* and President Sharpless, of Haverford. We were all there in an unofficial capacity, but that did not lessen the welcome with which our messages from over the orthodox border were received. The spirit of the Master was felt among us that day, ringing out "old forms of party strife, ringing in the Christ that is to be."

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

I may repeat a creed until I am dumb and you are deaf, and if I do one thing and say another, you will say your profession and your life are both a lie. We do not deceive God. We do not deceive our fellows. We do not deceive ourselves.—*Rev. Dr. B. L. Whitman.*

"RESIST NOT EVIL."

Essay read by Edgar M. Zavitz, at Philanthropic Session, on subject of "Peace and Arbitration," 1 Coldstream, 12th mo. 28, 1896.

I have felt constrained to resume and amplify the thought that I was engaged in a year ago; for it is quite evident that the phrase, "Resist not evil," is still an unsolved mystery to many minds, who would dispose of it by erasing it from the text. But such a treatment of passages found in the writings held sacred by men, is fraught with danger, and should never be resorted to unless the evidence is preponderant and convincing that the text is spurious; and such evidence has never been established against this saying and command attributed to Jesus. In fact, a closer acquaintance with his very life and the trend of his teaching, puts it beyond a doubt that it is not spurious and no interpolation. All the mystery vanishes when we come to see it in the light of its utterance and intention. Instead of rejecting his sayings, let us rather strive to know the "Mind of the Master."

There are two worlds in which we abide—two lives which we live. There is the material world and life, and there is the spiritual world and life. It is said of Coleridge that he thought in German while he wrote in English. So Jesus lived and thought mostly in the spiritual world, even while he acted in the material. And thus I conceive we often fail to grasp the intent of his words. He lived chiefly in the spiritual world; we live chiefly in the material. If, instead of puzzling over our text in this material gloom, we would bear it aloft and read it in the spiritual light, it would mean something, and some thing of vast importance to us. We would find the command to "Resist not evil," inseparably linked with that other imperative command, "*Love your enemies,*" and both necessary sequences of the one great law of love—love to God and love to man—on which "hang all the law and the prophets." To love aright—supremely aright—one

must love for love's sake, forgetting the object, absorbed in the act. In studying our text let us for the present forget the outer world—the world of matter—and concern ourselves wholly with the spiritual world—the world of mind and soul. Let us be so engrossed with the act—the condition of love in our own soul—that we forget the object, and all objects towards which it may flow out. We have a little inner world all our own—ours and God's—where we are alone with conscience or with God. This is our true self in our true home. As we *are* there we *are* in the chances of eternal bliss. The great law, and the only law, necessary for the wise and harmonious governing of this little kingdom within is the law of *love*. We may forget in this inner kingdom all the perplexing catechisms and man made creeds, forget the multitudinous exactions of the Levitical code; forget even the civil statutes—even the moral laws; we may forget all these and yet not violate any, provided they are just, if we remember and keep the law of love. It is to this inner consciousness that God through Jesus addressed the command to "Resist not evil." In my former treatment of this subject, I said that Jesus meant by non-resistance to evil simply that we are to approach it in no other spirit than in the spirit of love. How this law of the soul would act on the outer world in all emergencies, I was not prepared to say. But our whole duty lies in the preservation of the mind in love, and to let that condition—that love spirit—suggest any outward acts or actions that it may deem necessary. Though these outward acts or actions may have the appearance of resistance, it is more truly assistance. All agents of evil are blind. It is the duty of an enlightened mind to open their eyes—their spiritual eyes. That may need treatment comparative to surgical operations. But let us trust the case in the hands of love; it will make no mistakes, will not employ wrong methods. It is the wise physi-

cian—the all-healer. And its method is to assist, not to resist—assist all to peace, happiness and heaven. When Christ said to "resist not evil" I take it to mean let love still continue to prevail; still, patiently, possess thy soul in love. Let it not harden toward an offender; let it not be shut to his return. If it does, it loses its opportunity to do him good, to render him assistance. Love is as all powerful as God Himself. It will not permit any to be harmed that put their whole trust in it. It will suggest even outward means the most effectual to preserve its devotee from any wrong or injury of any kind. Will we not trust in it and accept its salvation?

Now we are in a position to settle another question that has been puzzling some minds in our Society—the question of "Righteous Indignation." First, as to definition. The term is not found in the Bible, and no dictionary of accepted authority, but gives to it a sense of *anger*. A short study of a standard dictionary alone ought to settle it in the mind of every Friend. But some may not have the opportunity, or be disposed to take that trouble, or may consider their own pre-conceived opinion of the phrase above lexicography. But we cannot harmonize on each one's pre-conceived opinion, and lexicography is so consensus on this point that there is little use in quarrelling with it. Accepting it then, how can indignation (*anger*) enter into this condition of the mind that we have pictured—into this holy of holies of the soul; into this kingdom where love dwells supreme; into this heaven upon earth. Though it come in the semblance of righteousness—a wolf in sheep's clothing—be sure love will penetrate the mask and depart at the intrusion. *For love and hate cannot cohabit.*

I described last year in an article in the REVIEW an instance that had come under my personal observation, where a repeated indulgence in anger would repeatedly lay the victim on a bed of

sickness and summon the doctor. This is an extreme case, but the laws that govern milder forms of the same malady and their resultants, even so mild that they may appear to be righteous are just as inexorable. No indulgence in anger or wrath or indignation can escape the consequent result of injury to soul and mind and body. I find humanity everywhere suffering from an ignorance of this law in its members, and not for mere argument's sake, but for the well-being of my fellows, I am constrained to make clear the truth as it is revealed to me. A poet has said of poets that

"We learn by suffering what we teach to men."

So I know these things partly by suffering as the penalty of violation, partly by experiencing the glory of their fulfillment. This uplift of the soul while yet on earth and environed by matter may be a delusion. It may be a delusion—this sweet atmosphere that envelops us when we live above hate, envy and all their kin. But can it be possible that the soul longs and loves to dwell in an unreality? Can it be possible that the soul is deluded when it thirsts for this upper realm where the storms of passion never rise—this realm of tranquil repose? Can it be possible? Ah, no! This doubt is answered in the "upward look." We see this little kingdom—this that we are wont to esteem heaven upon earth—we see it flooded, like the heaven above, with the Divine effulgence, and so long as the soul abides there, it is invulnerable, and dwells in a kingdom impregnable. Shall we not strive to possess it?

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Decision of character is one of the greatest of God's gifts to man; and every woman and man, girl and boy, has the germ of this quality; but unless it is carefully cultivated, it will remain in a dwarf state, and will be overrun by

the rushing tide of popularity; it will quail before right when the popular feeling does not acknowledge that right.

Decision of character sometimes leads a person into circumstances where he or she will be apparently forsaken even by friends; but do not in the least depart from your principles; do not under any contingency make a compromise which will detract from your decision of right. Many a poor fellow has arrived at a point in life when he seemed to be standing on the brink of some newly discovered river of duty, popular acclamation entreating him to turn from an undertaking which appeared to them to be hazardous, while righteous judgment waved her flag of justice and right to leave the opinions of those who were unable to stand the test of character to themselves; to turn a deaf ear to the trivialities of the world, but to wade through difficulties, bear the cross of criticism unflinchingly, clinging to the decision of right with a tenacity that will even elicit the respect (though perhaps not openly) of all.

Oh, how many are they who have had not the courage to stand on their own convictions, but have been swept into oblivion by the rushing current of unprincipled chidings!

Yet there are those who, while young, have not only swam against the stream of popular favor for the sake of their own notions and ideas of the correctness of things, but have, after undergoing the test of the world, forced back the waves of adversities, and have in the end even been accorded great praise by the populace.

Daniel Webster delivered speeches in Congress, which not only underwent the severe criticism of party opponents, but were spurned by foreign statesmen. Yet Webster had the decision of character to uphold firmly that which he believed to be right. He was highly respected by men of all parties and by every nation.

Andrew Jackson was guarded by his maxim of "Ask nothing but what is

right—submit to nothing wrong,” and the determination with which he adhered to his principles caused his success in life.

Henry Clay was one of the most bashful of boys, yet he overcame the taunts of his classmates, and while they were having fun, he applied himself to his pet scheme of studying to be an orator.

Most of our great men have had times in their lives when they have had to brave the sneers of the world, have run the gauntlet of worldly criticisms before they attained to the standard aimed at.

Thousands of men have had the talent or genius of success, but failed from the want of courage, faith and decision.

Many young people have given evidence of great genius, or of superior talent, and it would seem as though they had all that was required to make a successful career in life, and then would suddenly fail because of the lack of decision of character, while others of less talent, but with an invincible determination of mind, and a strict adherence to principle, would slowly but surely gain a foothold on the topmost round of the ladder of success—a success which brings true happiness and peace to the mind and soul, leaving no dark clouds of condemnation or regretfulness hovering over life's pathway.

Thus, if we have the stability of character that every true citizen should have, we will brave the flood of social evil, shun our eyes from immoral literature, discountenance actions which have a debasing influence, expel impure thoughts from our minds, refrain from uttering words of unkindness and indecency, and look to things which have a tendency towards the elevation of the mind. S. A. BROWN.

LOYALTY.

One of the most important questions before our Society to-day, is that of loyalty. There is nothing to lose and

much to gain by seeking a cure for the indifference that is prevalent among us, and it is not necessary to be a prophet to foresee the growth that is sure to come when the indifferent ones are aroused to a keener sense of their responsibilities and made to live in a manner that is worthy of their nature and their opportunities. Our greatest need (and I shall continue to plead for it) is “workers”; so, the sooner we arouse the unconcerned members in our fold the sooner will the highest and best results be achieved. No organization—no church—can live long in its past triumphs. Are we willing that *all* for which the most devoted spirits of the past have toiled and suffered, come with us to naught?

We have decided that miserable question, “Have we a mission?” Another question comes home to every one of us: What are we doing to preserve and to hand on to future generations our precious heritage? The upward striving spirits of the past have brought us to the point where we now are, when we can truthfully say, we have captured the sympathy of the world. The spirit of this age cannot die out, but to make the power of Quakerism *felt*, we need to press forward into the world's activity, and this necessity demands “faithful service.” There are true and loyal adherents of our faith, who are to-day laboring assiduously for the enlargement of our Society. They are not working for their own glory. Every wish and every endeavor are for the Society they love. It is better to be one of the few who furnish the sinews of our power, than to belong to the indifferent majority; but we who profess loyalty to our faith will not remain satisfied with our present condition. We do not expect men and women to fill places in life for which they are not fitted; but there are those within our fold, who, possessing the qualifications which are requisite for the performance of active work,

withold their services. They have settled down into a condition of apathy that is deplorable.

The things that we labor for are the things that we have an interest in. Now, the greater our love for the Society, the more alert will we be to aid in its progress. Every true Friend will be eager to perform his honest duty, seeing not how little but how *much* he can do to advance our cause. We ought never to lose sight of the truth that a sect grows in proportion to the development of its zeal. Its progress depends mainly upon continuous additions to its ministry and the dissemination of its literature, and this is equivalent to saying, it must have active men and women behind it. Is our Society doing all that we can reasonably expect it to do? I fear not. Contact with the indifferent ones arouses the feeling of unused power and quickens the consciousness to responsibility. Now I come to a point that I cannot let pass. We who are interested in the life and the growth of the Society of Friends, are not always sympathetically interested in those whom we denominate "the indifferent." We can very often help a brother to find his right place. We can help him to the possession of that which he needs. If it be words of sympathy, we will not withhold it. If it be of commendation, we will not be slow to utter them. Not until we learn to recognize the spirit that needs our help,—not until we are earnestly concerned in our brother's progress, shall we as a church see a growth towards permanency. All of us owe more to personal influence than we realize, yet we often are remiss in this one duty of helping others upward and onward, through the power of the spoken word. The human heart is so formed that its depths can be reached only through love and sympathy. Apart from our religious belief we find our highest life in mutual service. Herein lies the secret of Power.

"Could we make true our wish to-day,
Life would mean work and yet mean
Heaven,
For work and joy go hand in hand,
And their's no happier in the land
Then those who labor, plan, and pray,
And live with God, for man, each day."

CHARLOTTE C. TALCOTT.
Bloomfield, Ontario, Canada.

"HOW OLD ARE YOU?"

Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese Ambassador, visited in September, 1896, the United States and Canada, or rather called off at a few points on his way home from an extended visit in Europe. Reporters, as well as others, found him an interrogator of the first water. Gentlemen and ladies of note were introduced to him, and what appeared so quaint and often so out of place, was an oft repeated question of his. It became a by-word, and was made to do duty in cartoons and the like. Its repetition always provoked a smile, and many a smile passed in anticipation of the question. And the question was, in English, "How old are you?"

It seemed to come at times with peculiar abruptness and directness, especially to people somewhat sensitive to such a personal allusion. People, as a rule, did not catch its significance, but thought the old gentleman, who had enjoyed more than ordinary length of years, was slightly vain or curious and delighted in comparison, or was the victim of habit. It did not occur to many that it might be a form of Oriental salutation, a common greeting or introduction to further conversation, or in lieu of it. Instead of employing the atmosphere and temperature as subjects of remark, instead of meeting you with the question, "How are you?" you were met with, "How old are you?" and, when one stops to consider these two questions with a view of penetrating any serious meaning, one is struck with the possible equivalent in them. The latter is quite as

comprehensive as the former. Lightly, insincerely and meaningless do we, as a rule, hear the question, "How are you?" asked. But what does it imply? If we mean anything by it, we cannot refer to less than health, but in asking we would seem to imply that nothing more nor greater than physical condition is the subject of our frequently assumed solicitude. Wider than this is its meaning; wider at all events it ought to be. How are you, physically, is good, but if the question brings to your mind your morality and spirituality it is better. Were the question thought of in the broad sense, what an inspiration would the brotherly salutation imply, reminding one so often throughout the day, in the market, in the bank, in the shop, are you true, are you just, are you merciful, are you generous, are you reverential, are you brotherly, are you fulfilling some good purpose in life? or, "How are you?"

And so the apparently impertinent question "How old are you?" is quite as pertinent, after all, as "How are you?" when applied to more than mere physical life. Were we to ask how old are you in experience, we would begin to think of the possibilities and limitations of human nature, of intelligence, and of spirituality. Li voiced his meaning in the question more accurately, when he said to Sir Henry Joly de Lotbinniere, "I trust your virtues are equal to your years."

It is equivalent to asking how old are you in mental acumen? how advanced in politics, art, science? how sensitive to the influence and the inspiration of good? how old are you in virtue?

And the question comes to us, How old are we—what are we old *in*? Are we old in intemperance, old in profanity, old in duplicity, old in extravagance, old in the theft of men's character, if not their goods? Are we old in jealousy, covetousness, in the cultivation of a bad disposition or a good one? Are we old in years, and old also in carelessness and sin? Experience is not

counted by years, but by action, by effort, by knowledge, by advancement, by cultivation, by result. Some men will take out of life and give to life as much in five years as others in fifty years. "How old are you?" does not mean, How long have you been feeding off the earth alone? but How much have you done to raise life and mankind to a truer reflection of the Divinity that should shape our ends.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
 Every morn is the world made new,
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
 Here is a beautiful hope for you ;
 A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over.
 The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover ;
 Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever :
 Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
 With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
 Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
 Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
 Cannot undo and cannot atone :
 God in His mercy receive, forgive them !
 Only the new days are our own,
 To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly.
 Here is the spent earth all reborn,
 Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
 To face the sun, and to share with the morn
 In the chrim of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
 And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
 And puzzles forecasted, and possible-
 pain,
 Take heart with the day, and begin again!

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

*Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends*

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT
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EDITORIAL STAFF :

S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream, Ont.
EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, B. A., Coldstream, Ont.
ISAAC WILSON, Bloomfield, Ont.
SERRNA MINARD, St. Thomas, Ont.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, *Managing Editor.*
S. P. ZAVITZ, *Treas. & Bus. Correspondent*

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1897.

One by one the years come and the years go. Only three more fleeting ones to complete the nineteenth century. Truly, the old earth is in a flourishing condition to enter the twentieth; certainly, it might be better, but let us feel thankful that it is no worse. Let us look forward to the larger hope, the greater love, the purer life, the diviner light. Let us live in anticipation of these better things, and they will become, to us at least, realities; and if to us, not to us alone. No one can live the higher life without helping others to attain it.

Eighteen ninety-six has helped to bring us herè—to make us what we

are. If it has not added much, the fault is ours. It was fraught with many and vast opportunities and possibilities. What have we and what are we to show for them all? If we are not satisfied with our past attainment and present standing, let us not mourn over past shortcomings, but face about, breast the future, thankful that we have employed some of them to our advantage, and find ourselves more earnest and more determined to be more faithful in the future.

This earth life is a state of probation—is an opportunity, yea, full of opportunities to develop and grow towards perfection. Shall we do it? It all lies with us. The free will of man that looks heavenward can never be crushed. No powers or principalities can check its upward tendency. We have our choice. Shall we, by prayer and meditation, free our earth-bound wings and mount?

Not only by increased numbers do we find proof of a renaissance in our Society, nor alone by the greater activities of its members, as manifest by a deeper philanthropic spirit, more earnestness in the F. D. S. work, and the spread of Y. F. Associations, but by the increased power of attraction it has gained. The degree of confidence its own members have in what the Society stands for will be measured by the Society's power of attracting from without. The character and standing of those who join is a tangible evidence of the internal condition. I cannot but contemplate with great satisfaction as indicating truly the "signs of the times" those who have been added to our numbers by convincements during the last two or three years. Let each one recount the instances in their own Yearly Meeting and see if it does not inspire with new hope and greater confidence. Genesee can truly be grateful for its accretion from without, as well as within, of brilliant talent and true worth. It is evidence that principles

so high and pure as ours, if lived in, will blossom in virtuous lives, and be an attractive power among mankind.

We ask every reader of the REVIEW to help in enlarging our present list of subscribers at this time. We can say with confidence that we fully believe the REVIEW has never so well deserved the confidence of its constituency as we shall be able to make it this present year. Some of the brightest and ablest young people in the Society of Friends have promised to contribute to its columns, and we are engaging still others to help make the REVIEW more and more worthy of its field and mission.

BORN.

CORY.—To Chas. E. and Della Cory, at Hartland, Iowa, 11th mo. 18th, 1896, a daughter, who is named Mildred Elenora.

DIED.

SHOTWELL—At his home in Hadley, Mich., 11th mo. 13th, 1896, in his eighty-second year, Benjamin H. Shotwell, a birthright member of Society of Friends.

COX—At her home near Downey, Cedar County, Iowa, Dorothy M. Cox, aged 69 years and 19 days. She was a birthright and valued member of the Society of Friends. Her last illness was very brief, extending over but a few days.

TRENTON FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of Trenton Friends' Association was held in the new lecture room of the Meeting-house for the first time on the evening of the 30th.

We were favored in having many visiting Friends with us; among the more distant were John J. Cornell and wife, and Robert Barns and wife. They did not voice their thoughts, but in their attendance and kind expressions afterwards, an inspiration was re-

ceived which will help us on to higher planes of thought, while the spoken word was of great worth, making the evening one of the richest in our experience.

Florence H. Tittensor, on behalf of the delegates attending the General Conference in New York, gave an interesting account of the proceedings, which was followed by some remarks from others. The kindness and hospitality of the New York and Brooklyn Friends were referred to in providing for their visitors.

The literary programme began with a paper by Wm. Walton, "In our teaching should we define Quakerism by the standard of Fox, Penn, Barclay, and other primitive Friends, or should we interpret it in the added light and knowledge of the present time?" It was said Quakerism should be defined by the standard of its originators; that truth was the same to-day, and no one could set up a standard different from that promulgated by the early Friends; based on the teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus—the true Friend. The writer gave truth, love, justice and mercy as the great foundation stones upon which was built the superstructure commonly called Quakerism, and showed how none of them had changed their meaning from two hundred years ago. The position taken in the paper was endorsed. Friend Cornell, though agreeing with the writer generally, called attention to the fact that the early Friends being brought up in the English Church, naturally would be found with evangelical views incorporated in their expressions and writings, and in establishing the new religion would necessarily use much of the old for a base, which is antagonistic to the light of to-day. Emily H. Atkinson, of Mooietown, thought the ambiguous terms used by early Friends ought to be improved upon by the light of to-day. Walter Laing, of Bristol, spoke of the evangelical and non-evangelical claims as applied to early Friends. A member took exception to the paper,

believing we had a better conception of religious life to-day than ever known before, and that in all things pertaining to secular life there was growth and improvement.

"Give the meaning of the third Query," was answered by Letitia C. Willits, who declared "a free gospel ministry, depending upon the leadings of the Spirit of Truth, is very essential to the best welfare of our Society, and if such ministry is in the life and power of Christ, it will know no guiding that is not of the Holy Spirit, nor seek reward from man when the gift has been so freely bestowed from on high." The writer did not feel she would be violating this Query in attending another service, providing it did not conflict with her own, or become habitual. This paper was followed with unexpected unity, and the expression that if we absent ourselves from other denominations it looked narrow minded and unfriendly, seemed to represent the sentiment of the meeting. Friend Laing thought free gospel ministry had placed the Society where it stands to-day. Caleb D. Shreve, of Atlantic City, thought it not only important to have a free gospel ministry, but also to have a free ministry of the gospel, that any member should be willing to speak the word given him. Friend Cornell thought we should be careful in giving utterance, and consider well whether the command came from on high. The discussion throughout was most instructive as well as interesting.

The Nominating Committee reported the following to serve as officers for the ensuing year: President, Laura H. Satterthwaite; First vice-President, G. Sherman Potts; Second Vice-President, John R. Satterthwaite; Secretary, A. Crozier Reeves; Treasurer, Florence H. Tittensor. The four additional members upon the Executive Committee are: Wm. L. Ambler, Wm. H. Tomlinson, Carrie S. Bamford, and Wm. Walton.

L. H. SATTERTHWAITE.

BLUE RIVER QUARTERLY MEETING.

Blue River Quarterly Meeting was held at Clear Creek, Illinois, on Sixth and Seventh days 11th mo. 27th and 28th. The weather, having suddenly turned colder, was quite inclement and the roads very rough. However, a few members of Benjaminville Meeting, in McLean County, were in attendance and lent their presence and strength as well as counsel to the business transactions and spiritual advancement.

Sixth-day afternoon the meeting for Ministers and Elders met, and in the evening the Quarterly Conference of First-day Schools convened. The attendance was fair and quite a lively interest was manifest. A good programme had been prepared, and after the routine business had been disposed of the little folks of the infant class gave a pleasing class exercise. A well-prepared and interesting Bible story was then read by a primary pupil. Interesting discussions were then listened to upon papers read upon the subjects: "What preparation should a teacher make before coming before his class," and "The influence of the First-day School upon a community." An essay upon the subject "Man's Powers" was read and contained much food for thought. The reports from the First-day Schools so far as received showed quite a favorable interest for the winter months and a fair attendance.

On Seventh-day morning the Quarterly Meeting convened, and after the hour of worship the business claiming the attention of the Meeting was transacted. This being the first Quarter after the Yearly Meeting not much business was transacted. However, during the devotional part of the Meeting, as well as in the business session, much good counsel and feeling testimony was given largely upon the themes of the Bible as an educator, the inconsistency of sin and its prevalence, and the happiness of obedience.

Later in the Meeting the needs of our Society were feelingly expressed, and the necessity of action, devotion, and consecration were set forth.

The testimony was given along this line of thought :

The Bible is an educator wherever it has been introduced. It may be a means to the awakening to the true life and light and the revelation of the spirit. Our belief as Friends differ from that of others largely in the recognition of the immediate revelation of Christ, the power of God in the heart of man. If we accept this idea of the nearness of God to man, how inconsistent then should we consider sin when this immediate Divine revelation is so manifest, and we have the opportunity to wait upon its direction.

We have sin with us and can see the effect of it on every hand. We do not like to think of its wide spread influence. We consider the little child is just as near a child of God as it ever can be ; born into the world pure and holy. "He that knoweth the good and doeth it not, to him it is sin," either of omission or of commission. All suffering is the result of sin somewhere, perhaps not in the sufferer, but it might be traced to sin somewhere. The Heavenly Father desired that all should be happy. If we have that power within us to resist temptation there is no sin in it. Jesus was tempted by the offer of the whole world if he would but fall down and worship evil. Yet, there was no sin there, as he said "Get thee behind me, Satan." There is no evil in a patch of ground because it is neglected and weedy. We must work, and work out our own soul's salvation. Soil unworked will drift down and deteriorate, but cultivation of the powers will bring us up into a state of high living ; and as we see the inevitable end of all these evils, is it not our part, as professors of a high standard, to uphold that which will guide us from all evil and into all truth.

We are living in an age of thought.

A time when necessities of our people should be dealt with by most serious and intelligent investigation. Some may hold to the idea of extreme religious doctrines, and others may be liberal and broad in their views. There is a ground midway where we can meet the requirements of the great masses. A majority of our membership only are able to give a reason for their connection with the Society of Friends. I do not believe in the antagonism of any great religious organization. When we come to taking a membership outside we are likely to take, and apparently endorse, ideas which are not what we can fully believe, simply because no other organization is at hand. We are said to be under the dispensation of Grace. We are not required to accept the religious convictions of anyone. I have a right to differ from anyone if I found that difference upon careful and intelligent investigation. The time has fully come for us to realize the need of the struggling groups of Friends all over our heritage. Religion is too sacred a matter to trifle with and to build upon hearsay evidence entirely. We need not, and perhaps should not, make an investigation with the purpose of establishing the ideas of the Society of Friends, but for the establishment of Truth. God's methods may change, but his truths have never changed.

Geo. Fox proclaimed nothing higher than God's holy truth, and in the years past we have dwarfed it by our forms and sectarianism and killed it by our bigotry until it must have had a wonderful vitality to have survived at all.

A little part of God is in every man, and by it he may be led and guided. What higher conception of theology can one have ? This little part of God is for us to use. As we meet at these Quarterly Meetings, are there not needs enough to give ample reason to have something of importance, some method of action, or some preparation to meet and treat the requirements of the day ? The time is fully ready when we should not live upon the letter, but awaken to

the needs, the universal demand for a pure, a simple and a practical religion. The time is ripe for the sowing, the needs are apparent, and we shall reap as we have sown.

On First-day morning Edward Coale delivered a clear and logical sermon from the text "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth."

He spoke of the difficulty of rightly defining the truth upon which men and organizations so widely differ, and yet the question has come up in all ages as to what truth is. No one can answer this question for another. We can realize the powers of our own individuality and our own needs better than anyone else. Jesus Christ said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." As this answer comes with force and plainness, we see in it or behind it, a power above the humanity, and through the fullness of this power propounded this declaration and from it received th's strength, through prayer and submission, which was necessary for the fulfillment of his purpose. The religion and the life that does not meet the reason and prayerful study of the intelligent seeker after truth, is not worthy of presentation. The follower of the letter is not the converted man. Only as we know the goodness and power of God in the heart are we truly converted. It is the love of God in the heart that will make a man lay down his life for a truth that it may live. We each have a duty to perform, which, if done, will bring peace to the soul. I would not hold up to anyone a condition of endless torment when done with this world ; I know nothing of it ; but I would hold up the way of the truth and the life. The religion of Jesus Christ is first to prevent sin, and second being filled with His love to go out where sin is and teach the truth unto salvation. Let us get away from the idea of doing good simply that we may get to heaven when we die. This is not the true aim

of life. Rather let us do good through the love of God for the accomplishment of His great purpose, and heaven is round about us and not far off. Selfishness cannot enter the peerly gates. All Christians should be seekers after truth. To some is given the work of spreading the feast which is tempting to the hungry flocks. The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men. Grace and opportunity to grow is given to all men. Only by the use of the God-given power can we keep this grace and grow in it. Obey the voice within and it will lead thee into the joy of the Holy Spirit and into life everlasting.

THE MOUNT ELGIN INDUS- TRIAL INSTITUTE.

The Mount Elgin Institution, located at Muncey, Ont., is an Industrial School, established for the education of Indian youth. Of the building it may be said it is "beautiful for situation," located on the highly cultivated Industrial Farm on the South bank of the Thames River, in the Township of Caradoc, County of Middlesex, twenty miles from the city of London and twelve from St. Thomas, and less than a mile from the Muncey Station of the M. C. R. It faces the West and stands about seventy feet in front of the old building that did such good service for nearly half a century, and is still to be occupied, when remodelled, for many valuable purposes.

The new building is 108 feet in length by 75 feet in depth, with a central tower on the west 108 feet high, and a bell tower on the north 96 feet. Counting the basement with its 10 foot ceiling, principally above ground, the building is four stories, with an extensive attic. It presents a commanding and lofty appearance from all sides, and is much admired.

The first story is of grey stone, the others of white brick, of the Renaissance style of architecture. Canadian slate covers its many gabled roofs and

adds much to the appearance. The contractors, Messrs. Hawes and Matcnett, of St. Thomas, had the fullest confidence of the Building Committee, and deserve much credit for excellence of material and superior workmanship. The clear pine and oak, finished in oil, has a very fine effect.

The building will comfortably accommodate one hundred pupils, and is so planned that every department is complete in itself. The north wing is for the boys, and next to them the male members of the staff. In the centre are the apartments of the principal's family, with the female members of the staff on the south, and the girls in possession of the south wing. These several departments are well supplied with wardrobes, lavatories, closets, etc.

A large soft-water tank, lined with lead, in the fourth story, is supplied from the roof, and in emergencies by a force-pump connected with one of three large cisterns, all well below the frost line, and all connected at the bottom, so that to exhaust one is to exhaust all. The hard water is forced into the other attic tanks by a splendid steel windmill, and affords ample supply for sinks, fire protection, lawn and flushing. Each flat is supplied with tap and hose and chemicals, so that an incipient fire can be controlled in any part of the building. The Gurney hot water system, by which all parts of the building are heated, promises to be most satisfactory and economical.

All outside walls are built with a four-inch cavity, plastered on both sides, making the building cool in summer and warm in winter, thus greatly economizing fuel. Forty ventilators, leading to said cavity, provide for a complete system of ventilation.

The building is piped for gas and wired for incandescent lighting by electricity. A complete system of electric call bells and annunciators, with a telephone to the residence of the foreman, and one to the Post-

office and station, promises great advantages.

All the windows are set back eight inches from the face of the wall, giving the building a massive appearance, and being hung on weights are easily adjusted. All are of double diamond glass, the upper half of each (except in the private apartments) is sand blasted, which not only makes the light mellow and agreeable to the eye, but also obviates the necessity of blinds, which are difficult to keep in order.

Plans for the remodelling of the old building are now in the hands of the architect. It is expected that the reconstructed building will provide ample hospital accommodation, a choice kindergarten school-room, a recreation hall for girls in the centre of building, a comfortable residence for a caretaker in the north end, and one equally commodious for the cook in the south end. In the centre of the basement story it is proposed to locate an engine, boiler, and dynamo, with capacity to heat by steam the old building, the laundry and dry-room on one side, and the boys' recreation hall on the other, thus lessening the risk of fire and economizing fuel.

It may be unknown to many of our readers that this school is patronized by the Indian youth of more than twenty of the reserves in Ontario and Quebec, and that we can accommodate only a fraction of those who apply for admission. The subjects taught are the same as in the Public Schools, and promotion to higher forms and to the Collegiates is upon merit at the examinations, the same as Public Schools.

Besides the ordinary school work the older pupils are taught various forms of industry. The girls are instructed in cooking, and other forms of house-work, the making and repairing of garments, knitting, darning, etc.; while some of the boys are taught carpentering and joining, some shoemaking and most of them farming and the rearing and care of live stock. Any

one can see the value of such an institution in preparing the Indians to be industrious and useful citizens.

HEAVEN PICTURED.

MOODY AND SANKEY SAY WHAT THEY BELIEVING IT TO BE

Mr. Moody, the famous evangelist, gives this as his view of heaven :

"There surely is a heaven, and I am on my way there. It is a beautiful place of eternal praise. I accept the teachings of the Bible literally, and my conception of heaven is what my Bible tells me.

"The chosen ones there will eternally praise their Maker, whether it be by the playing of instruments, by song, or otherwise, it matters not

"There is a heavenly choir, and I am going to join it. As I have said in my talks to the people, I expect to sing as beautifully there as Mr. Sankey does on earth. I sing as thoroughly from my soul now as he does or as anybody could. We will sing from our souls there."

Mr. Sankey took a less literal view of heaven than Mr. Moody. He said :

"As to my idea of heaven as a place set apart, I have none. I have never been there, and cannot say what it is like. I believe, though, that we have heaven right here on earth as surely as in the future life. I am living in it, so are all the righteous.

"Heaven begins right here. It is all about us. It is what we make it, and what our heaven will be hereafter depends largely on the way we have lived on earth.

"As to the popular conception of heaven as a place where streets are paved with gold, where angels hover about a throne, playing on harps and horns, and singing praises, that is but figurative. It is nice to conceive it in that way. I like to think of such an existence myself.

"Such pictures as that one and such

teachings are like the cross; they cannot be kept before the people too persistently. Many, the ignorant especially, need them to keep them constant.

"Most of us do not. We have grown away from the necessity of figurative teaching and are able to conceive heaven in its best and broadest sense."

A TRIBUTE

From the Magnolia Centre W. C. T. U. Memorial Services for Carver Tomlinson, Sept. 3, 1896.

WRITTEN BY M. LOUISA BUMGARNER.

One by one our numbers lessen,
And full oft the summons come,
Our union now has four "promoted"
To the distant heavenly home.

We grieve to find our ranks so thinning!
And mourn with those who, lonely grieving,
Of the loved one now bereft,
Would so willingly be leaving,
Life's turbulent scenes for quiet rest.

But the Father in His wisdom,
Spreads before our halting feet
Other paths, with other duties,
Blending bitterness and sweet.

Saying: "Lo, I'm with thee always,"
Follow, with a heart of trust;
Grieve no longer, but remember,
'Tis the body that is dust.

But the spirit, free, untrammelled,
Bound no more by suffering's thrall,
After eighty years of striving,
Followed at the Master's call.

In the home now left so lonely,
Once six merry children played,
But the shadows fell athwart it,
The two youngest—sons—did fade.

Too weak and frail for life's race,
They were together laid for sleep,
And grand old trees whisper and chant in
the passing breeze,
O'er their peaceful resting place.

For another one—a daughter—
Angels called out the refrain,
And they laid her low and sleeping,
On a sunny Kansas plain.

Half on earth and half in heaven,
Where can the heart's treasures be?
Three with mother, three with father,
Sundered by the mystic sea.

Strange are the Father's rulings
Men seldom understand,
Yet He leads by slender threads of love
His human, wilful children to thoughts
Of the unknown land.

We call it death. The mysterious parting
Of the soul from its earthly frame,
And we grieve, wild terror darting,
Thro' every heart at the stern name.

But ah, the change! such a blessed relief
From the racking pain and grief,
Like a tired child seeking rest,
"He giveth sleep" and "knoweth best."

Like the rosy beams of morning,
Lighting up the dull grey sky,
Just as lingering beams of sunset
Flash above, then fade and die.

So the light of life may quiver,
Bearing strength to other souls;
Grant us trust, oh, Allwise Giver,
While the troubled current rolls.

Mayhap we fail to find the lesson,
Mayhap our hands, so frail and weak,
Cannot reach the loving Father's
And the comfort that we seek.

Then there comes to us a message,
Like the brightness of the sky,
Flashing tho' the gloom of sorrow,
Child I love thee—it is I.

"Seek, oh soul, more stately mansions,
Build with care amid of sorrow,
Steps that lead thee surely upward,
To a bright and peaceful morrow."

"FRIENDLY HOMES FOR STUDENTS."

Our valued friend, S. P. Zavitz, in the last issue of *YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW*, calls attention to the above matter, and incidentally refers to a proposal of mine in the same direction, made in 8th mo., 1892, and says: "Though received with favor, the object has not been realized." From the strong editorial indorsement of the question in the same issue, I may be excused for having indulged the hope of a somewhat generous response from the members of Society. So far as my recollection serves me, it received but one communication, with an offer of a definite amount. Perhaps this is a sufficient explanation, if Friends are

wondering why the proposal did not grow into actuality. For one, I am glad to see the matter revived, and trust the views of Friends will find more expression than formerly.

W. G. BROWN.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word—
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest
friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a
seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree
shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts
will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy
ings
Are swifter than carrier dove.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you
back
Whatever went out from your mind.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Suddenly the great whirr and roar and hiss became silent in the factory; the maze of wheels and hands stood still. Hundreds of pairs of hands ceased work, and hours were lost in impatient idleness while an expert searched for the cause of the trouble. It was found that a pin, less than an inch long, had dropped from its place in the great engine, and the whole work of a big factory was dependent on its being kept in place. Ah, little pins, little pins! Let us stick to our places, and to our work, fearing and dreading to fall away by a hair's breadth, lest God's great work suffer harm through us.—*Child's Paper*.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

Contributed by "Archer" in *Echo*, London, Ont.

My eyes were dim, the morning light
 Ne'er shone upon my darkened sight.
 For night was constant unto me
 From earliest days of infancy ;
 An inner power, unseen by sight,
 Within my soul revealed its light ;
 I felt the breeze of summer play,
 I heard the brooklet on its way—
 A wondrous music, soft and low,
 About my presence seemed to flow ;
 And voices from the field and wood
 Dispelled my sense of solitude ;
 The happy children, in their glee,
 They gathered perfumed flowers for me,
 They told me of their colors rare,
 Of sights of woodland, field and air ;
 But all was from my vision sealed,
 Their beauties ne'er to me revealed.
 My home was by a silver lake,
 I heard its waves in motion break
 Upon the winding, pebbled shore,
 That I had often wandered o'er ;
 The cool breeze sighing, soft and low,
 Like breath of heaven used to blow,
 And cool my forehead's fevered heat,
 And soothe my soul like music sweet ;
 I felt the morning's golden ray
 In warmth upon my dull eyes play ;
 I stretched my hands as though to feel
 The light my blindness did conceal
 The only light, below, above,
 That touched my soul—the light of love.
 Ah ! well do I remember now
 My mother's hand upon my brow ;
 From memory I can ne'er efface
 The tears of love that on my face
 In pity fell. I ne'er could trace
 The love-light on my mother's face ;
 I loved to feel her tender clasp.
 And learned to trust my father's grasp,
 For his was strength, the sense of power,
 To shield me every passing hour ;
 My brothers, sisters, gentle, all,
 In my misfortune I recall—
 I heard them in their merry play,
 But all alone my childhood's way.
 No youthful joy then had I known
 But by the wayside sat alone.
 But on one summer morning sweet,
 I heard the gentle tread of feet,
 Along the pebbled pathway near,
 As tho' they came with youthful fear,
 My heart with expectation thrilled,
 With sudden joy was strangely filled ;
 And tho' my eyes to sight were dim,
 A lovely vision rose within—
 It seemed as though, with smile of love,
 An angel bent from heaven above ;
 But then the vision soon did fade—
 Then sweet the voice of gentle maid :

"Poor lad, you've never seen the flowers,
 That blush to life 'neath summer showers ;
 Here in my hand are lilies pale,
 Their fragrance lingers in the vale ;
 And here's a rose with bloom so red,
 As though love's heart blood had been shed
 To dye it with so deep a hue ;
 Here, lad, the flowers are for you."
 She laid them in my trembling hand,
 My faltering voice lost its command—
 My heart o'erflowed with love's surprise,
 And grateful tears fell from my eyes.
 She lingered long in gentle mood,
 And life then lost its solitude ;
 She daily came, my heart to cheer.
 And make the passing hours less drear ;
 Soon love for one so gentle, true,
 Within my heart most strongly grew.
 Her presence threw an influence bright,
 That flooded all my soul with light ;
 I dreamed of her through lonely hours,
 I treasured all her gifts of flowers,
 Like her, they seemed so sweet and fair,
 Her memory like their perfume rare ;
 And long I listened to her feet,
 As, like a timid fawn so fleet,
 She left me as she sought her home—
 Then long my eager eyes would roam
 Ah ! how my eyes then longed for light,
 That I might see her presence bright.
 That beauty sat upon her brow,
 I knew it then—I see it now—
 My soul with subtle sense perceived,
 The beauty sight had not received.
 Ah ! many an hour in silent mood
 I dreamed of love in solitude ;
 And many a tear of grief I shed
 That dimmed the hope that we might wed.
 One day with deeper grief thus stirred,
 Sweet Mary came to me unheard ;
 Her pitying voice the silence woke
 My heart from its deep dreams awoke ;
 She questioned why I wept so sore,
 And begged of me to grieve no more.
 I spake the sorrow of my mind,
 The love I bore to her, so kind,
 So gentle, tender, true, refined ;
 Then, like an angel standing there,
 She lifted from my heart its care.
 "Ah ! Well, though we may never wed,
 We'll ever love," she sweetly said.
 Then throbbed my heart with rapture sweet.
 Oh, joy of life ! Oh, bliss complete !
 But soon a shadow o'er me came,
 Why should I her sweet pledge retain ?
 I ne'er could wed ; in hopeless plight,
 No hope of home without my sight.
 And when she came, like dream of peace,
 I offered her from love release.
 Why should her life be bound to one
 Who never saw the morning sun ?
 Who ne'er to daily labor went,
 Whose life would be in darkness spent.

YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Who ne'er could build a sweet retreat
 Where happy hearts in union beat ;
 But she refused from me to part,
 She said—" You ever hold my heart,
 And whilst my youth and beauty last,
 I hold the sweet pledge of the past."
 The tears flowed from my sightless eyes,
 My heart was full with sweet surprise,
 In thought by day, in dreams by night,
 She lived an angel of the light.
 It was one sunny autumn morn,
 The winds swept o'er the tasseled corn ;
 With heart elate, in joyous mood,
 I sought the pathway through the wood.
 I loved the forest's leafy shade,
 Where murmuring winds sweet music made ;
 And where a sloping vale ran low
 A noisy brook's swift waters flow.
 Here would I sit whilst hours flew by,
 And hear sweet nature's minstrelsy.
 That morn my heart seemed winged and
 free,

And hope of life more sweet to me ;
 And, as I sat beside the way,
 I felt the warming sunbeams play—
 A genial sense of soothing crept
 Upon my spirit, and I slept ;
 And in a dream my sight returned
 My soul with sense of wonder burned.
 I saw sweet Mary by my side,
 Arrayed in beauty as a bride—
 My mother, brothers, sisters there,
 The love-light on each face so fair.
 I saw the dome'd heaven of blue,
 And vale, and hill, and forest too ;
 Yea, all of beauty sweet and bright,
 Went floating past in forms of light.
 By footsteps startled, I awoke,
 The dream was gone, the vision broke ;
 I almost wished I had not dreamed,
 For now the darkness deeper seemed ;
 But Mary's voice so glad and clear,
 In welcome broke upon my ear.
 But ah, my soul ! what deep surprise ;
 A shadow came before my eyes ;
 A glimmering sense of light intense,
 Then darkness deep, then great suspense.
 I felt, I knew a feeble light
 Had come upon my darkened sight ;
 My Mary's heart rejoiced with mine,
 And wondered at the hopeful sign ;
 My father, mother eager heard
 The shade that o'er my vision stirred,
 Unto a city far away,
 We journeyed, hopeful, day by day,
 A man of fame and skill to try,
 Who made a study of the eye ;
 With keenest sense and touch intent,
 He wrought with fragile instrument.
 At length he said, " 'Tis hopeful quite,
 Your eyes perchance may see the light ;
 But many months must yet pass by,
 Before the tall light strikes the eye."

But on one bright and joyous morn,
 The bandage from my eyes was torn ;
 The room was darkened, so the light
 Would not flood strongly on my sight ;
 And then they gently raised the shade,
 The darkness soon began to fade ;
 Dim forms before me seemed to rise,
 I felt the glimmer on my eyes ;
 'Twas for a moment, but to see.
 If we might still expectant be ;
 And then, from out that darkened room,
 They daily lifted more of gloom ;
 Until one morn sweet heaven's light
 Was flooded full upon my sight.
 Oh ! What a vision round me broke,
 I thought in heaven I awoke ;
 The flowers, the woods, the fields, the hills,
 The wide sea, and the sparkling rills ;
 Oh ! beauty wonderful and rare—
 Oh ! vision sweet beyond compare—
 Oh ! sense of rapture, deep and strong—
 The world was full of light and song,
 My heart with gratitude o'erflowed
 That heaven such blessing had bestowed ;
 In prayer and song my heart was raised—
 The love and strength of God I praised.

Long from the autumn's fiery crown
 The withered leaves had fallen down ;
 The winds of winter, cold and drear,
 Had swept through forests wild and sear ;
 But now the soft spring breezes blow
 Thro' fragrant blossoms on the bough ;
 The living green on mead and hill.
 The laughter of the sparkling rill.
 Were seen and heard, and song of bird,
 And bright forms through the forest stirred,
 And out on rapid wing they flew,
 And mounted to the heav'n of blue,
 Such beauty swept before my eyes
 To fill my soul with glad surprise ;
 My heart, ecstatic, wildly beat,
 At such a revelation sweet ;
 Then swift the train in rapid flight
 Hid mountain, vale and stream from sight ;
 And hours before the set of sun,
 Our home was reached, the journey done.
 On slanting hill up from the road,
 Embowered 'mid trees our cottage stood—
 A winding path, every hue
 Of brightest bloom, hid us from view.
 With beating heart I softly stopt,
 And to the open door I crept ;
 All unobserved I sought to trace
 My mother's form ; her loving face ;
 There, seated on a rustic form,
 Was one with features sad and worn,
 Pale care its furrowed lines did trace,
 But left the love-light on her face.
 Her thoughts were of her absent one,
 The long-blind, sad, afflicted son.

To be continued.

