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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOLUME I.

LONDON, TWELFTH MONTH, 1886.

NUMBER 7

## A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

### I.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,  
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands ;  
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the  
morn,

Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born !  
With glad jubilations  
Bring hope to the nations !

The dark night is ending the dawn has begun :  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as  
one !

### II.

Sing the bridal of nations ! with chorals of love  
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,  
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in ac-

cord.  
And the voice of the world is the voice of the  
Lord !

Clasp hands of the nations  
In strong gratulations :

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun :  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as  
one !

### III.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace ;  
East, west, north and south let the long quar-  
rel- cease :

Sing the song of great joy that the angels  
begin,

Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man !  
Hark ! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us !

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as  
one !

—[J. G. Whittier.

## THE ANDOVER CONTROVERSY.

The charges of "heterodoxy" brought against five of the Professors of Andover (Mass.) College, for teaching or otherwise promulgating the theory of a "second probation, or "probation after death" (a sort of modified purgatory), is, perhaps, exciting at the present time a deeper interest in the religious world than any other subject. It is one which should claim the attention of Friends and all true seekers after the Truth. It is a time also, we think, when Friends should place plainly before the world certain views which this subject suggests, and which they have advocated for over 200 years. What are known as "Evangelical" or "Orthodox" denominations in Christendom having taken the Bible as their only perfect rule of faith and practice, have taught in pulpit and foreign lands that the so-called "heathen" are lost, and that only by a knowledge of Christ derived from the Bible there is any possibility of their being saved. This doctrine, which has been so repugnant to the feeling of the "heathen," as well as to those of the "liberal" denominations of Christians, is being modified in the minds of the more progressive "Orthodox" bodies. Hence the views as taught by the Andover Professors and others, and believed in by a large following, and will be probation after death for all those who do not decisively reject Christ during the earthly life."

Now it seems to me that this is only a speculative idea, neither founded on reason or scripture, but a Theological exigency to counteract the unpalatable doctrine which has been so long taught by "Calvinistic Orthodoxy" everywhere, but which is becoming so antagonistic to the best feelings of a progressive Christianity. I consider the one doctrine as

false as the other. They are another example of the many false ideas which theologians have introduced into the pure and rational religion taught by Jesus of Nazareth, but which science and a more reasonable interpretation of the Bible are fast sweeping out of existence. I believe all men are responsible creatures; that God never condemned an irresponsible child; that Christ is not material, but rather a saving and redeeming principle, spiritual in nature, and adapting Himself to the condition of every rational being in every age of the world—a Divine influence coming in contact with the spiritual nature in man and affording the conditions for the soul's highest development. He is indeed that "true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Now every man receives this light. It shows him the right and the wrong. It tells him to follow the right. This makes him a responsible creature. Sin is the transgression of the law. This is the law which, if he break, makes man a sinner, but which, if he keep, makes him an heir to the kingdom, even joint heir with Jesus Christ, whether he be Jew or Gentile, bond or free, white or black, "heathen" or the most favored in our land. Peter declared: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness (or rightness) is acceptable to Him." Joseph Cook and many of the best thinkers in the Christian world today acknowledge that every man who follows the highest light given him is saved. This is nothing new to Quakerism, for the Society of Friends has been teaching it from its rise to the present day. It is scriptural; it is reasonable; it is scientific. With Longfellow, I am one of those

"Who believe that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even *savage* bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,  
And are lifted up and strengthened."

If the Andover controversy were between the false and the true, I would have no doubt

of the ultimate result. But even if, as I believe, it is between two false theories, I doubt not it will lead nearer to the truth—to this truth, that we are all children of the one common Father; that we have never drifted beyond His care and love; that He ever communicates to His children everywhere what He requires of them; that strict obedience in this life to His requirements fits man for the Kingdom. This does away with all necessity for a "second probation." It were folly to trust our future happiness to so uncertain a thing when we all have the privilege of securing it *now*.

All these false ideas which have been thrust into religion would in time be eradicated. When the light of Science and Reason are allowed more and more to penetrate this false theological cloak which has been thrown around true Religion, keeping it in darkness, and when we are willing to open our minds to the blaze of Divine Light, then indeed will Religious teaching be reasonable, scientific and in harmony with true Revelation.

Coldstream, 12 mo. 1, '86.

S. P. Z.

#### CORRUPT LITERATURE.

There is no one subject which has claimed my full attention of late more individually than this, namely, "Corrupt Literature." The book markets are full to overflowing with this indigestible matter, which ruins the memory and weakens the morals. Although some of our standard authors are published in cheap paper editions, yet I always feel a thrill of horror when I see a young person with such an unsubstantial book in hand. Not long ago while teaching in one of our boarding schools, I labored earnestly in behalf of *good* literature, I do not think that parents are sufficiently active in this matter; they should prescribe a regular course of reading and have their children follow it, thereby laying a thorough foundation. It is just as essential that the fathers and mothers should be cautious about their childrens' mental organs of digestion as their physical; indeed, I think it is more so. I am very thankful that my mother did not allow me to "cram my brain with distressful bread."

There is a certain stage in the human career when the mind seeks for sensational material wherewith to feed itself. At such times we could recommend some interesting history which would satisfy the hunger and cultivate a higher taste.

During my college course a young lady student called in my room and by accident left a book lying on the table. Several days elapsed before I noticed it. When I did, I immediately threw the well-bound volume of TRASH in my waste basket, not knowing to whom it belonged. After a time the young lady came to me and acknowledged with many blushes that the book was hers. I observed then that bad literature, a poison for the mind, brought as deep a blush from a conscious soul as liquor, the poison for the body, does from the inebriate.

True culture must begin at the family fire-side, and then the hungry, undeveloped mind, being enriched with proper food, will only seek that which will repeat itself in greater growth.

E. W.

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#### ORDERING LIFE.

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The thoughtful observer cannot but be impressed with the number of lives which fall short of possible achievement, and which, in view of what might have been, may be counted failures. Much of this, I feel convinced, is largely due to a lack of systematic ordering of life. We allow ourselves to drift with a current of inaction or indecision, to be driven here or there at the caprice of winds of circumstance or waves of social influence, and when finally shipwrecked we hurl invectives at "cruel fate." For shame that we are such cowards! Cowards in wilfully or deliberately refusing to hold the tiller of our own boat—cowards in shifting the responsibility of the result off our own shoulders. The majority of failures, however, arise not so much from conscious error as from blindness, or rather a sort of mental somnambulism. The most of us mean in a general sort of way to make the best use of life, but only when we are brought to some crisis do we awaken to something of the vital import of individual responsibility.

How absurdly inconsistent we are with our theories of the value of life! "How precious, how inestimably valuable are these golden hours," we say, then deliberately throw them away and proceed to gather pebbles. How carefully we consider the investment of every dollar, looking out for the safest bank and highest rates of interest consistent with safety, while in the investment of life we are careless, extravagant and utterly unsystematic. We glide without definite aim or purpose from one stage or experience to another, and then wonder to find ourselves living for so little. What should we think of a builder who commenced a house without a plan, who was content to lay brick, or stone, or stick of timber as they came in his way, who didn't know what or how he was building, but expected something to come of it in the end? Yet in just this haphazard manner we are content to build our own destinies. We gather our material at random, build without a plan, allow circumstances to lay the corner stone and social opinion to determine the dimensions; then when our structure threatens to become only an unsightly mound we become discouraged and sit down to "bemoan our lot." Our existence being not the result of volition, but of Divine command, it is not with the cause nor yet with the object of our creation that we have to do. With the "why" of our own existence it is sufficient to know that if God is wise and loving and merciful—and all these He must be else we cannot call Him God the Father—our creation is the cause of wise and benevolent purpose. Realizing then, as we must if we stop to reason the matter—and that we may so stop to think is the object of this article—realizing that we are here to fill our place, not as sticks or stones, but as intelligent beings, in God's universe, we must feel that while we hold the threads of destiny in our own hands, life is no mere game of chance. If we do not know what we can do, what we ought to do and what we mean to do with the life which is ours alone—no, ours in trust, which heightens our responsibility—we have no right to let another day go by without finding out. Naturally we assume that in order to fill the place assigned us we are intended to use to the best advantage all the faculties with which we find

ourselves endowed. We are, in the words of an able writer, "to know everything which the mind is able to contemplate, to name and to classify; to do everything which the will, prompted by the passions and guided by the conscience, can undertake; and subject to the same guidance, to feel in its utmost vigor every emotion which the contemplation of the various objects and persons which surround us can excite." This then is our plan of life. But we are to build substantially and systematically. One wall is not to be laid up to the neglect of another, nor one pinnacle finished at the expense of another. Only through the development of *all* our faculties do we approach our ideal. The infinite scope of human activities increases the tendency to deformity in character building. At the same time it shows us the extreme danger of bending all our energies to the development of one set of faculties. "To allow any one side of life to become the object of idolatry," says Hammerton, "is in the highest degree dangerous to its beauty and worth." Referring to an article on "Luxury," the same writer goes on to remark the dangers to the higher, moral and intellectual life incurred in the pursuit of comfort. "The comfort," he writes, "which is really dangerous is that of a family establishment, because it so easily becomes the one absorbing object of existence. Men who began life with the feeling that they would willingly devote their powers to great purposes, like the noble examples of past times who labored and suffered for the intellectual advancement of their race, and had starvation for their reward, or in some cases the prison and the stake, have too often found themselves in the noon of life concentrating all the energies of body and soul on the acquisition of ugly millinery and uglier upholstery, and on spreading extravagant tables to feed uncultivated guests."

Let us not be content with looking on these things as something apart from us. There is far too much truth in the accusation of spending life in the pursuit of little more than physical comfort. This question of ordering life is of vital importance to each one of us. If we are not living up to that grandest of aims,

*that God's universe may be more perfect for my having lived, we owe it to our God, to our our fellowman and to ourselves to find out wherein our failure lies. By all the higher impulses of our own hearts, by the pleading of the still small voice, are we bound to measure our moral, intellectual and spiritual stature by that to which we might attain, and to set ourselves resolutely to repairing the breach. If we have thus far failed to make the most of life with its possible achievement, it is not through flinging hours spent in vain regrets after those already thoughtlessly or ignorantly squandered that we are to gain ground, but through resolute investigation and unflinching determination to set matters right. Are we living for what some one has aptly termed "mere fireside purposes"? Do not let us shift or evade the question, but look the matter squarely in the face. If we are devoting all or nearly all our time and energies to the keeping up of a household, if domestic requirements are absorbing the higher ambitions and nobler aspirations of our nature, if they are deadening our susceptibility to emotions of sympathy with the world outside our own door, we are allowing one side of life to become an object of idolatry.*

The building of life by a plan of symmetrical development is not to detract from the dignity of the home, but, through the perfecting of the individuals of the household, to ennoble it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) L. S.

When an earnest-souled woman faces the question—"What am I to do with my life?" her very consciousness of owning a treasure which she has the power to spend, to use, or to lose, will make her recognize the inestimable value of time. If her tastes, capabilities and circumstances prompt her to step out from the path of home life, she need not look far for work, but, clothing herself with strength, do valiant battle for Temperance, the spread of Christianity, and in all the fields of Moral Reform. Helping the fallen, strengthening the tempted, inspiring the struggling yet desponding soul, ministering to the body as well as to the soul, lifting herself and others up to higher planes of thought and action—these

consecrated callings are especially adapted to fill and satisfy that instinctive longing of every good woman to do the *helping* work allotted to her "from the foundation of the world." Starting upon her life-labor with a humility, a loyalty and a devotion that shall make nothing less than a religion—the religion of humanity; taking as her life-motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," her liberty will be a blessing and her responsibility a delight. Entering upon her duties in this spirit, feeling in every fiber of her being that labor is worship and worship joy, tell me what is there that woman can not do?—[*L.A.*]

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Editors and Readers of YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW :

As I read in our last paper the article entitled "Spiritual Worship," I was impressed with the excellent meaning of the word worship which it conveyed. We get so in the way of using words and expressions thoughtlessly that I wanted to call our attention to this word, feeling that it would be profitable as well as instructive to consider it carefully. Let every one of us take the time to look into our dictionaries and find the accepted meaning of it, and then see how nearly this definition corresponds with our own inward feeling of the duties and high privileges which it signifies to us. Let us examine carefully and honestly and see whether a compliance on the part of erring human beings, with the accepted demands of the word, would produce results of much benefit.

Now, if I give some thoughts on this matter they will be somewhat immature, for this presentation of the question is new to me, as it may be to many other young minds. But if others are induced to look into this subject closely, and *for themselves*, I shall feel that my words have done no harm.

To be sure, worship is "contemplation of God," "adoration of the Supreme Being," etc., but what does that amount to if we do not *take ourselves into consideration* and contemplate our own conditions and see just where we stand as compared with our ideal of perfection, striving honestly thus to discover just where we are in error,

where we are weak, what are our faults, and what are our wrong tendencies, and then to make an earnest, undivided effort to correct our faults.

It is not God, it is ourselves that we are to benefit by our worship. Whenever our devotion falls short of this object, we fail to profit by it, as we should, and I think it is not really spiritual worship.

It is indeed a great struggle to overcome the wrong that we have allowed and encouraged to grow up in us, and as I read the earnest words of M. V. under the title of "Serving Two Masters," I was led to feel very forcibly the truth of these lines by Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia:"

"Far has he gone whose foot  
Treads down our fond offense."

It seems to me that the great object of worship is for us thereby to learn to tread down these fond offenses, to learn to overcome temptation.

JONATHAN C. PIERCE.

Pleasantville, N. Y., 11th mo. 18th, '86.

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"Be fit for something and that something will find you. Every man is in a great measure his own handiwork, and I should wish each of you to be a specimen of humanity 'whereof the workingman needeth not to be ashamed.' If you make nothing of your lives, you will be yourselves to blame for it, and it will be of no use to sit grumbling, that you would have done great things if somebody had not hindered you, or if some other body had not stood in your way. It is also well to feel that it is better to fill our own place thoroughly, to be complete in some humble thing, than it is to half fill some other person's place, or to be full of flaws and shortcomings in some lofty situation. An honest, competent boat builder or blacksmith, or bricklayer, is worth ten times as much as an ignorant physician or an incompetent judge. There is a wide philosophy in two simple lines:

'Desirous less to serve thee much  
Than please thee perfectly.'

—[*Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.*]

# Young Friends' Review

LONDON, ONT., CANADA,  
in the interests of the Society of Friends.

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Another Christmas is near at hand, and youth is beginning to look forward with impatient delight to the festive scenes and merry-making of that holiday time. What fun the boys and girls will have—skating, riding, romping—and in the evening by the bright and cheerful fireside the old house will ring with laughter. Games and amusements will be revived with zest, the memory of which had almost faded away. Harry and Libbie have not seen Johnie and Etta for a whole year. This Xmas they will be together and have the grandest time that ever was.

Sons and daughters away at school are beginning to realize that they never before loved home half so much as now, and the two weeks longer seems an interminable time before they

fall into the loving embrace of father and mother.

Young men and women, married and unmarried, engaged in their several vocations, will gather again it may be under the shelter of the old home, on the farm or in the city. No matter where, there is that longing to meet again and feel that kindly spirit of the family circle drawing round closer, closer, even closer.

And the fathers and mothers—what of them. None are more willing to receive; their's is an ever-welcome back. And strange would it be should patience and solicitude have no reward. Once more shall objects of their love be gathered together. The glistening eye and tender voice that welcomes us home betokens a joy unspeakable. They rejoice in the joy of their joy.

But alas! it is not always so. Here and there are the vacant places of loved ones, and Xmas has an additional meaning.

How many have to mourn the misfortune of their erring ones.

What a pang to those who see the good cheer brought to others and they themselves can have no share. Let us remember that to many a poor, sorrowing soul Christmas bears no healing balm. Kind hearts do often administer to the comfort of the needy, and gratitude in return does make a joyous Christmas; but many there are in the world poorly clad, ill-fed and wickedly influenced that are sometimes forgotten. Are there any of these we should remember? Can any kind word be said; any service performed? Are there any to us known whose burden we may lighten, into whose eyes we can put one flash of joy, into whose heart we may flash one ray of divine light, and make Christmas what it commemorates, a resurrection of Christ?

Let every boy and girl learn the lesson of doing good and contribute to the necessities and comfort of some poor unfortunate one. Let parents provide a way whereby their children may perform some kind office. And let us all remember to do something for those less fortunate than ourselves.

In the hope that social mingling may be blessed and that the festivities of the occasion

may celebrate a Christ risen indeed in our souls, we wish one and all a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year.

The Managing Editor's address will be, until further notice, 402 Sackville Street, Toronto.

Last month Ontario was visited by Justin McCarthy, Michael Davitt, Joseph Cook and John P. Finch.

Sunderland P. Gardner, John J. Cornell and Isaac Wilson visited several gatherings of Friends last month.

Friends' Institute, Philadelphia, provides four lectures in the Hall of the Academy of the Fine Arts for the winter. Two have already been given.

Bloomfield Friends have, it is understood, a very interesting Literary Circle, which meets during the winter months. It should be interesting if talent is the essential.

Another School that originated in a small way and has now attained to a considerable size, many will remember, was described at one of our yearly meetings by Mary T. Freeman in her own touching manner.

It is very encouraging to note the progress indicated in Edgar Haight's communication as to Union First-day School. It is another illustration of what a few Friends may do if they are willing to do. It is cheering to know also that Friends from Sparta sometimes drop in to lend a helping hand.

We are pleased to note that Yarmouth Friends, especially the younger, are to meet every other week in the neighborhood to keep up their First-day School work. This is commendable indeed, and it is to be hoped that all the young people will show an interest in this endeavor, and find it not only a duty but a pleasure.

The Philadelphia Union and First-day School General Conference, held last month, got through a lot of work, and the sessions brought together many of the ablest minds and most philanthropic hearts in our society. Great good seemed to be the result of their deliberations. Isaac and Ruth Wilson, Mary T. Freeman and Eliza Cronk attended from our own yearly meeting.

Lobo Friends have a thriving Literary Society, which they call "The Olio," and which takes the place of the First-day School during the winter months. It has been held fortnightly at the different homes in the neighborhood for the last thirteen years with unabated interest and success. Other young people than Friends have become interested, and with some advantage to our Society. More than 200 have been frequently in attendance.

A correspondent from Nebraska asks "How and where are we here in the far west to educate our children in order to retain them in our Society? We have good schools—Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist and Catholic—which are open to all, but it is their aim to draw as many into their church as possible. We have one hundred families of Friends scattered throughout the State." The correspondent also suggests that aid from the different yearly meetings in establishing a Friends' School central in the State might be of great benefit.

This desire on the part of our Friends in the far west, to have their children educated under the care and influence of the Society, is a laudable one and should receive the encouragement of Friends everywhere.

Past experience would not suggest to us, though, that the establishment of a Friends' School in Nebraska would be a wise move. If only a portion of the sum required to establish and support a school there could be devoted to aid the children of Friends in Nebraska and other Western States, or in our own Northwest, in receiving an education in some Friends' School already established, the desired result would be gained at a much less cost. Genesee's experience would not afford encouragement to our Friend's project.

Any suggestions which we think would meet the desire of our Western Friends we are willing to encourage.

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A little school girl's definition of scandal was: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere."



## IS THERE ANY WORK TO DO?

W. G. B.

In this instalment under the above heading I wish to call attention to the question of *Lectures*. It is a branch of work Friends have engaged in to a very limited extent. Nevertheless it is one of no mean importance. As individuals it is doubtful if a larger percentage could be found of any other religious society that appreciates more fully than we a good lecture. But so far as encouraging among ourselves this talent, it may be said we are weak. True many of our young people enjoy the privileges of literary and debating clubs, yet few become lecturers. It cannot be for want of ability.

Occasionally we have an opportunity of counting the value of a lecture, and it would seem to indicate that, so far as the society is concerned, our respect and admiration for it, as well as for the lecturer, is increased—not to say anything of the brightened faculties thereby brought into its service.

There are many subjects closely allied with our religious order upon which much light could be thrown with advantage to many of our members. Not a few of our principles and testimonies, whose mention awakens in the minds of many, especially the young, very vague notions, could be brought out in a lecture, so as to create more than passing interest and an intelligent understanding.

Men and women there are plentiful enough whose education and ability fit them for this work, and the most needful thing for them is to see the *necessity* of the case.

John J. Cornell and Isaac Wilson appear upon the Temperance platform occasionally, and no doubt a number of others do, not familiar to the writer. To say that the cause in them finds able exponents is putting it mild enough. We cannot count the influence of their public representations in the manner alluded to. Friends will remember with satisfaction and a just pride the visit last summer of Edward H. Magill. Apart altogether from the valuable material of the lecture, we could not help but feel that our Society was a home, not for narrow but for liberal-minded people—

people of wide range of thought and cultivated powers. We could not help but associate the lecture and the lecturer with our Society. It inspired us with more confidence in ourselves and more respect for ourselves as a Society, and if we did not quite appreciate all that the lecture contained, it was probably owing to the infrequency of such a discourse.

It would, I believe, have a most salutary effect upon us were we to have well prepared lectures upon such subjects as the following may suggest: The Rise and Progress of the Society, Our Distinguished Dead and Living, Friends and Slavery, Intemperance and Other Social Evils, Relations in the Home, Prison Life and Reform, Society the Individual and Punishment, Separate or Public Schools, Religion in Public Schools, The Sacrifice of War, A Paid Ministry, Music Secular and Sacred, Judicial Oaths, The Origin and Compilation of the Bible, The Early Church, The East and Its People, The Characteristics of Sects, and so forth.

The visit last summer of E. H. M. was, it is to be hoped, but the inauguration of a practice. The writer expresses the wish of very many in the words "Come again," and any others whose inclinations may favor the project will no doubt receive a ready welcome. There are a greater number of Friends probably on the other side of the imaginary line that divides us, who possess the means and the leisure for entering upon this work.

And for those qualified a large field lies open outside of our meeting-houses, in which talent and God-fearing manhood may enter. Speaking from some degree of experience, there is a class to whom lectures upon our principles and the grounds of our faith would come with refreshing acceptance—a class large in mentality and independence—a class in some of whom the desire for usefulness induces a union with some church in spite of their views, or in others of whom the dissatisfaction with the practices and faith of the orthodox churches causes them to drift away into indifference. I refer to the *university and professional students*. Were our views intelligently and lovingly brought to their notice, our Society and the cause of truth might

shine forth more than it does to the peace of mankind and to the glory of the Infinite. When philosophy runs parallel to the idea of one God, one faith, one baptism, that all the phenomena in the world of mind and of matter follow the Law of Causation; when the church comes in teaching the mysteries of the Supernatural and a relation of spirit and matter untenable, and explained only by the word "faith"; when students are taught the pre-eminence of right reason, that nothing should be accepted as true in physical or mental and moral science, that *contradicts* reason—recognizing mystery as that only lying beyond finite reason to account for; or when, in other words, taught that that may be accepted, which lies beyond reason, if it does not contradict it, and then when required by so-called orthodoxy to accept what manifestly contradicts the simplest forms of reason, it necessarily follows that a man must sacrifice something of his intelligence or silently reserve it, or remain outside and drift perhaps into indifference. To some of these it might be encouraging to know that religion may be enjoyed, and that Christianity is possible outside of the orthodox church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To the Editors of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW:

My attention has been called to an article which occurred in the last issue of your paper, entitled "Coloring of Autumn Leaves," and at the request of one of your patrons, I submit the following:

To answer the question of the autumnal coloring of the leaf, let us consider its physiology. A leaf consists of: Fibro-vascular bundles or woody fibre which constitutes the framework of the leaf. Parenchyma which constitutes the green tissue or pulp of the leaf. Epidermis which constitutes the covering of the leaf.

It is the parenchyma or tissue that we especially wish to consider. The parenchyma cells contain protoplasm, chlorophyll and cell-sap. The chlorophyll is the essential constituent of the parenchyma cells. The word is derived from two Greek words meaning green

and leaf. It is the chlorophyll which imparts the green color to the leaf. It is through the chlorophyll that the work of the leaf is carried on; for it is only through this that the leaf can perform its function. The chlorophyll is the little chemist that converts the carbon-dioxide [ $\text{CO}_2$ ] and water ( $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ ) with mineral matters in solution, into starch ( $\text{C}_{12}\text{H}_{20}\text{O}_{10}$ ). Sun-light is the motive power, since chlorophyll acts only under the influence of light.

When the year's work of the tree is finished the leaf is no longer needed. The chlorophyll breaks up into various matters of unknown composition, but comparable to the erythrophyll (reddish coloring matter) and zanthrophyll (yellowish coloring matter) which may artificially be obtained from chlorophyll.

The products of disintegration are withdrawn from the leaf into the plant, and the leaf falls. It is the breaking up of the chlorophyll that causes the change of color in the leaf. These colors are not due to the action of frost, although the change is sometimes hastened by the cold.

Honeoye Falls, N. Y. OLIVE DAVIES.

I really fear the public will think that the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW does not know what a "sonnet" and a "Spenserian stanza" are. In number 5, a little gem of poetry by A. M. B. was called a "sonnet." The next number said it was not a "sonnet" but a "Spenserian stanza." The fact of it is, it is neither. The last line is one foot too short for a "Spenserian stanza." If you want anything more than a "gem" you may call it a little poem in "Heroic Measure."

It was still more surprising to see the last number call "Autumn Lessons," by E. M. Z., in number 5, a "sonnet." Surely these terms do need to be reviewed as our last number suggests. Let us do it now and here. A "sonnet" is a poem of fourteen lines or verses (look up also verse). These lines are iambic pentameters or heroics, and rhyme in a peculiar manner. For examples turn to the one from Milton, embodied in "Review of Noted Friends" on first page of number 4, or to the one on first page of number 6, which was written with more attention to perfection in form than in sense.

For "Spenserian stanza" look up the "Faerie Queene" of Spenser himself, who first used it, and from whom it is named. Perhaps more readable are Byron's "Childe Harold" and Shelley's "Adonais." I will here quote one from Shelley, not his "Adonais" though. Notice the long *Alexandrine* that closes it which the gem had not.

"And then I clasped my hands and looked around.

But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,  
Which poured the wan drops on the sunny ground—

So without shame I spake: 'I will be wise,  
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies  
Such power, for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize  
Without reproach or check.' I then controlled  
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was  
meek and bold."

I might here refer to another matter—the coloring of leaves in the Autumn. I agree, in the main, with J. D. Noxon's scientific explanation. And I do not see that what I said in the poem, "Autumn Lessons," precludes my doing so. I merely used common language, we are not always expected to speak in scientific terms. We say "the sun rises" and "the sun sets," but scientifically it doesn't do any such thing. The non-use of scientific diction does not necessarily, I think, imply errors in science.

E. M. Z.

#### Editors YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW :

I have felt for some time past that I would like to add my poor mite to the many worthy contributions monthly gracing the columns of your valuable paper, and it now seems to me that longer delay would, perhaps, be too great a disregard of the exhortation on the title page. Almost simultaneous with my first knowledge of the paper's existence it began to visit me, sent by a kind father, who knows how to give good gifts to his son, and has been a regular and welcome visitor each month. I can assure you that I am heartily in sympathy with the motives which prompted you to begin the publication of this medium of expression for

Young Friends, and I sincerely hope that there will be no lack of the necessary encouragement and support for its continuation, hereby pledging myself to do all I can in my limited sphere to help along. I cordially approve the sentiments expressed by E. M. Z. in the introduction to his series of articles entitled "Review of Noted Friends." I hope with him "that there is rolling in upon our Society one of those greater waves from the spirit sea," and that it may warm and quicken us into new life and action. The late session of Farmington Quarterly Meeting was a time of unusual interest to the writer, who entered it very poor in spirit, but came out much edified and encouraged, feeling that the outer edge at least of the "greater wave from the spirit sea" had reached and covered that meeting. In the meeting for business, the subject of changing our Quarterly to a Half-Yearly Meeting elicited a lengthy and animated discussion, the majority not favoring the change. The idea was, happily I think, abandoned for the present. In the above discussion, I am sorry to say, very little part was taken by the younger members, although encouragement was freely offered by some of the older ones. The meeting of the Temperance Committee on 4th day afternoon was an occasion of much interest, at which a literary programme was presented, worthy, I think, of a larger audience than the one assembled. In the meeting for worship on the 5th day, our friend, J. J. Cornell, was, it seemed to me, especially favored in a communication based upon the lines :

"Know thyself, presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man,"

dwelling upon the threefold nature of man, animal, intellectual and spiritual, describing the sphere of each and its proper relation to the others with great force and clearness. Before closing I desire to express my hearty approbation of the article on "Form," by W. G., in the second number of the REVIEW. I believe that several important matters are exposed to the light of truth therein. I am also somewhat in accord with J. D. Noxon in No. 4, on the subject of "Initials and Nom de Plumes." He queries "why it is that this practice is so universally prevalent?" I think

he has in the next sentence indicated the two principal reasons: "To escape having criticism personally applied" and "diffidence in regard to the merit of their productions." Respecting the first, I think there may be nervous, timid natures, upon whom a personal application of criticism, (especially if adverse,) would have a bad effect, for such I think it allowable to hide behind a *nom de plume*; initials merely, would hardly serve, because the ones most likely to criticise an author in person would be old acquaintances who would probably recognize him by his initials.

As to the second reason, I think that if an article has sufficient merit in editorial eyes to insure its publication, the author should not be afraid to have his full name appear herewith. In confirmation of which I now sign myself, (for publication, fully or in part, or complete rejection, as you see fit.)

Your friend and well-wisher.

HENRY A. COLEMAN.

Farmington, Ontario Co., N. Y., 11th mo. 1886.

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#### NOTES ON FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

Sparta First-day School has to-day closed for the winter season. The members of the Young Peoples' class expect to meet every two weeks at private residences during the coming winter and thus keep up with the lessons. We trust much good may be accomplished in keeping those engaged interested, and perhaps we can in this way encourage others to take hold and lend their helping hands and strength to a good cause.

Union F. D. School, held in the village of Union, organized about a year ago, is still an interesting little school, and its members feel encouraged to press onward. This school was started by the members of three families, three of their number being members with Friends. Since the school opened one of the three families (five in number) have become members with us. Others have come in with them, and I once visited the school when there were about thirty persons present. I feel those shall reap a good reward who are willing to go and take part with the few. It is easy for us to go with the multitude, or, in other words,

attend schools where there are large numbers in attendance, but when we see those who are willing to gather with the two or three, it shows in them a noble part. These Friends are unable to attend our meetings and feel this is a good way to spend a portion of their First-day afternoons. They meet at private dwellings. After visiting this school a week ago I felt that isolated and scattered Friends where only one or two families could meet together, read the scriptures, and by using the lesson leaves prepared by our F. D. S. Conference, questions could be asked which would bring out the minds, and by appointing a few each week to read selections from some publications of Friends, such as *Intelligencer* and *Journal*, YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW, or any other good work, they could keep themselves informed as to the doings and principle of our Society, which would not only be a strength to themselves but to the body at large. We should not always judge the strength of any religious organization by its numbers, but by the individual faithfulness of its members.

EDGAR HAIGHT.

Sparta, 11 mo. 14th, 1886.

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#### PICKERING MONTHLY MEETING.

At Uxbridge, on the 21st of 10th mo., the last of our monthly meetings, and the first of the executive meeting, was held. It was well attended by the members.

Some Friends, who were unavoidably absent at the time when the change was proposed, expressed deep regrets that it should take place, but tenderly exhorted to individual faithfulness in all things, and blessings both spiritual and temporal will be ours.

"He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Let us *ask*, let us *seek* and let us *knock*. How replete these words with meaning.

Behold the fields are white unto harvest, and though the laborers in our particular field are comparatively few, if *they* are faithful and fearless in the right I think more will be added in good time.

Let our motto be "*Onward and Upward*," and our gaze steadfast upon Him who said: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," and the discouragements which are so prone to enter the human mind will have no place.

A. B.

[Written in remembrance of ELMA, beloved daughter of Dr. A. J. and Nellie Ingersoll, being, on my part, little more than a versification of the actual and touching circumstances as sent me—a scene too perfect and sacred for fancy to mar.—E. M. Z.]

Elma the beautiful ! Elma the good !

Come to me now and inspire my lay,  
Whilst I relate to my friends, and the world,  
How Death came and took thee away.

Ah me, away from the grief-stricken home,  
And with thee thy light, and the joy and the love.

Did God not have enough angels already  
Up there in His beautiful home above ?

Earth has so few, and Heaven so many,  
Could He not spare us our Elma, the bright ?  
Into our sorrow, and into our gloom,  
Now what spirit will send forth its light ?

Reader, cull out from thy heart's treasured pictures

Her that is fairest of all, and the dearest,  
Her that is purest ; and think now of that one  
All while this sad, sweet story thou hearest.

Elma the lovable ! Elma the pure !  
Leave for a season thy home in the sky ;  
Let us talk over the visit Death made  
Thee, and Nellie—thy mother and I.

Reader, lay your heart's ideal low on the sick bed,  
And when Elma speaks may it seem to be she.

"Mamma, what do you think, do you think  
I'll get well ?  
Tell me just what you think now, whatever  
it be."

"No, Elma, I think that you will not get better,  
And why I think this I will tell you, my dear.

You exclaimed to me yesterday : "Look, mamma, see  
The beautiful faces that fill the room here.

See the beautiful girls and the beautiful boys,  
Oh how bright ! and they smile, and they wink,

And they beckon to me.' O Elma, dear,  
Those girls and boys were the Angels, I think.

Are you willing to have it whichever is best,  
To go or to stay ?" "Yes, mamma, I'll go ;  
I don't want to get well again—don't weep—  
I don't want to stay any longer below.

You were kind, mother dear, oh so loving and kind,  
And you gave me the tenderest care ;

And you made my home happy, but don't think me cruel

If I feel I'll be happier there.

Mamma, you said it so often last year  
That that was the last Christmas all would unite,

You said that you felt so, don't you remember ?  
And now it is so, mother dear, you were right.

Give my things to my brothers and sisters, I loved them,

And they were so kind and so loving to me.  
Here's a kiss for each one of them, and for dear papa—

I will welcome their coming, when'er that may be."

"Elma, the Angels will come here again,  
And you need not go all alone ;  
They will come where they called you." "Yes mamma, I know,  
And they'll make me one of their own."

She then placed her white hands in my hands,  
And her meek, mild eyes set in mine:  
And there stole forth the glory from in her  
And veiled her with brightness divine,

Voice then was hushed, and breathing came shorter,

And the faint heart's beating was o'er.  
The glory kissed here forehead, and vanished,  
Peering backward, but coming no more.

Eyes without brightness, and cheek without bloom,

House whence the spirit has fled,  
This is not Elma—the loved—the immortal—  
This is but dust that is dead.

Thus, thus passed away from the form that was Elma's,

Tenantless house now of sweet maidenhood,  
All of its life, and its light, and its spirit,  
God's darling Angel, Elma the good.

O dear ones you grieve, but with tears glorified,  
For you know that her soul—the immortal—  
Will come to you oft in the stillness, will show you,

Life over, Heaven's roseate portal.

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