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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XII.

LONDON, ONT., CANADA, SIXTH MONTH, 1896.

No. 6

## AS WE MAKE IT.

Some say this world is a sad, sad world,  
But it's always been glad to me,  
For the brook never laughs like my soul  
when it quaffs  
And feasts on the things to be.

The night comes on with its rest ;  
The morning comes on with its song ;  
The hours of grief are few and brief,  
But joy is a whole life long.

This world is not old or cold ;  
This world is not bad or sad ;  
If you look to the right, forgetting the  
night,  
And say to your soul, "Be Glad."  
—Selected.

## TO (LINCOLN) NEBRASKA HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

The following communication, addressed to Nebraska Half Yearly Meeting, is, by direction of that Meeting, offered for publication for the benefit of our absent members and other interested Friends.

GEO. S. TRUMAN, *Clerk.*

El Paso, Tex.,  
in the valley of the Rio Grande.

DEAR FRIENDS,—If this letter ever reaches you, and is read in your presence, you will very likely be gathered in a Half Yearly Meeting capacity, and your thoughts will naturally turn at that time to those who have been with you in years that have gone. For those who have passed from earth you have only the tenderest feelings. You have forgotten their mistakes and short comings. How natural it is to eulogize the dead. As Time, the great soother, takes away the sad sense of loss, we become, in a measure, reconciled and only remember the good they did, and speak of them tenderly. But there are many who have gone from your midst who are still in the land of the living.

When you meet this year, as of old, you will think of those of your number who are scattered far and wide ; you will name them over in your minds, and speak to one another about them as kindly and gently, let us hope, as you do of those who have passed from earth, forgetting all that may have displeased you—remembering them by the good they endeavored to do. But few are left of those who helped to establish the Friends' Meeting in Lincoln, and while we feel assured that we are missed, we are equally sure that we miss you, and we realize that we are different in our views of spiritual things from those about us.

We attend the Methodist Church in El Paso, where we are very kindly received. It carries me back to my girlhood to go to church once more and listen to the music and the sermon, only I do not seem to enjoy it as I once did, and I find myself doubting and questioning, and I wonder why they lay such stress on the *written word* as the law of their lives, forgetting often that the law should be written in their hearts, and why the minister does not preach more of an every day salvation, and an ever present Saviour in the soul, who will save if they will but listen to the still small voice ; and why they speak of the Christ as of one who has gone away and will come in some mysterious way when called to hear their prayers. The Communion Service seems to me now like a funeral, and I noticed that the minister said, as he passed the bread to the kneeling people : "This is my body which was broken for you," and of the wine, "this is my blood shed for the remission of sins," while his assistant said in his turn, "this represents my body and blood." And they called it the body and blood of Christ the Son of God,

as though the immortal could ever die, and they say that it makes no difference how good and true a life a man lives unless he relies on the blood of Jesus to save him he is forever lost. I listened to such preaching from the pulpit all the days of my childhood and youth (which is the seed time of life), and I sincerely believed it to be the truth. Is it any wonder it has taken so many years to overcome my early teachings, or to see even as I do now, as it were, through a glass darkly? I am like the blind man who said, after the first laying on of hands, that he saw men as trees walking, meaning that he still saw imperfectly. And if I have the same willing spirit which he had I may have my spiritual sight restored. Whether the man received his physical sight need not concern me—the lesson remains the same. "Ask and ye shall receive," "obey and thy soul shall live." The lesson of obedience seems to be the hardest for man to learn. It should be taught from our earliest childhood. Obedience to earthly parents will lead to obedience to the will of the Heavenly Father revealed in the soul. While I do not think of the Bible as I once did as being the Word of God and therefore infallible, yet the precious promises therein recorded hold a deeper meaning to me, and I am able to feel that "the Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul."

I believe that in every human breast there is a desire for something better than has yet been known and a longing for a blissful immortality. In very many it is but a spark, and at times seems to be altogether extinguished. But even in the savage Indian, as he roamed the plain, showed that desire in his invocation to the Great Spirit and his longing to go when he died to the happy hunting ground.

The Hindoo mother, when she throws her babe into the sacred river, does so in the hope of speedy entrance

for it into happy immortality. And who shall say that even the most hardened criminal does not at times feel a longing for something better? It is the groping and reaching out of the finite after infinity, the mortal after immortality.

As I muse on the events of my life from my youth till now I seem to see in it all an overruling power and a guiding hand. And what is true of my life may be true of your lives. We struggle to do what seems best to us, just as a little child struggles in the arms of its parent striving to have its own way, and through it all a kind Heavenly Father would take us by the hand and say, "this is the way, walk ye in it."

And now, dear Friends, as you gather once more in your Half-Yearly Meeting, many of those who helped to establish that Meeting, and who have worked for its prosperity, will be far away, and as there is a desire in all our hearts to hold a place in your memories, I shall close this letter with a verse from a song that is dear to me:—

Sow in the harvest, if others may gather  
Sheaves from the fields that in spring we  
have sown;

Who plowed or who sowed matters not to  
the reaper,

We are only remembered by what we have  
done.

FANNIE C. LOWNIS.

## THE RACE QUESTION.

Paper read by Chas. E. Hiller at "Young Friends' Association" of New York and Brooklyn.

It has come to be understood that the whole world to day is making rapid progress in most every line possible to think of. Of course, if we accept the general idea and agree with the majority that there is an onward tendency which leads us to seek new inventions and ways of living, we will have to admit that, as we are constituted free and with the power of choice concerning our actions, it lies with us, and is a liberty afforded us, whether our line of progress be in the direction which seeks the elevation or humiliation of

mankind, in that our every action has its influence, no matter how small it may seem, on someone or something which is a part of the whole and goes to make up the world in which we live. It has been said that "the greatest study of mankind is man," and it is here that we meet our subject—"The Race Question." And when we study it we study ourselves, for as a part we are, in one sense, a sample of the whole, not meaning that we, as individuals in a Christian age and country, have somewhere in our make-up the requisites necessary for the savage actions of the Indian who delights in his skill with the scalping-knife, or the almost impossible beastly spirit, it seems to us, that possess the man-eaters of the dark continent who welcomes the newly arrived missionary as we anticipate our national Thanksgiving Day.

Of course, as samples, we need not possess every trait of every tribe known, but, in the broader sense, can we not look at it that we are all as one, for in the sight of the Great Judge there is no respect of persons, and it is only according to our talents and the way we develop them that we are to be classed hereafter. Then why, if perhaps we are endowed with a little more sense and skill and judgment than the Indian, for instance, should we seek to elevate ourselves to a still higher plane of living by degrading and oppressing the lowly and unfortunate who remains in his present state, to a certain degree, because of our selfish ambitions?

Of course it would be unreasonable to try and prove the equality of the races to-day, but if we go a long way back and find the starting point as history gives it, and trace the movements of the just people up to the present time, we find that when a nation, or any body of individuals, united sometimes on only one or two points, have risen in prominence, it has generally been by conquest, and the subjugation of one for the benefit of the stronger.

But when we try to fix a date as the beginning of this practice, which has come down even to the present day, we are at a loss. We do not even know when man first came into possession of this earth. We only know that in ages vastly remote man lived and prospered and multiplied as the years passed. Some have fixed the date of his appearance as early as three and four thousand years B. C., and since then there has been no perceptible change, so far as known, in the three great types—white, black and yellow.

The paintings upon the oldest Egyptian monuments show us that at the dawn of history, about five or six thousand years ago, the principal races were as distinctly marked as now, each bearing its racial badge of color and physiognomy. As early as the time of the prophet Jeremiah we hear the question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" His home is in Africa but he is found scattered the world over, where he has been carried as a slave generally, by the stronger races, for from time memorial the phrase, "Hewers of wood and drawers of water," has been applied to his people, and it is right here that we get the foundation for our idea that he can never elevate himself to the level of a white man. We must not make up our mind that because a thing always has been it always will be, that because a people have existed in a semi-civilized state they will always remain thus, else we will have to abandon our first idea—that of progression; and can we not go way back to the time when there was but one person on earth, Adam by name, and try to picture him as living up to the present year alone. Would we find him advancing rapidly in civilization, or rather looking backward and saying that all was in vain. It was only as the race grew, the life of one touching and moulding the other, that new ideas took the place of the old ones, and the one man who had been caged in

the Garden of Eden, saw that his only way of growing was to reach out, and although he may have been too ambitious and reached too far, but in his reaching he found a lesson and with it added wisdom. No more to-day can we survey a tract of land, perhaps one thousands miles square, fill it with the necessities of life, and say to the Indian: "That is your home, stay there; do your scalping among yourselves, and we will send you all the tobacco, liquor and shelled corn necessary for your personal need." Can we wonder that they get together and decide to petition our Chief Magistrate personally, as did the delegation of Oklahoma Kickapoo Indians during the past week. It certainly must have been a very picturesque gathering as they filed into the President's office, attired in full Kickapoo regalia, their faces daubed with paint, and, it is said, the only thing out of place, or fashion, perhaps they would term it, was that they wore rubbers over their moccasins. The venerable Chief, White Water explained through an interpreter that his people were dissatisfied with the law dividing their land in severalty. They had obtained the land from the Great Spirit, he said, and wished to preserve their tribal relations, and not be obliged to take up separate farms and become civilized. They had, therefore, come to Washington to see the "Great Father" for redress. The only thing the President could and did do, was to reply in kindly tones that the Severalty Act was a law of the land, and he was obliged to carry it out. He told them that the white man was endeavoring to improve their condition, and they should do the same. He hoped the Kickapoos would realize the wisdom of this, and advise them to abide by the law and become civilized. And then we say to the black man: "If you don't want to do the second or third class work of the whites for what food and clothing we feel like giving you, go back to Africa and build schools and colleges of your own."

Surely this mode of procedure would not be a new one, for it is not an overdrawn picture of the average man to-day; yet, many of them profess to love their neighbor as themselves, do justly, and walk honestly and humbly with their God.

It is when the negro or Indian dares to try and develop his latent talents by expanding his ideas and opinions, which it is true may seem crude, that the white man becomes jealous and forms all manner of arguments to prove satisfactory to himself that he has a right to subjugate those beneath him in intellectual qualifications; that he himself may not be superceded later by the too active seeker after more enlightenment. To-day I think one of the greatest reasons why the white man is not willing to afford his darker brother equal advantages with himself is because of his jealousy and fear of his noble deeds, built up by so many years and centuries of hard work, being imitated, and perhaps in time being improved upon. He likes to think and appropriate to himself alone the words,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land."

and then perhaps he hears the echo from the Western Indian bearing to his sensitive nature the same words, and the only way he can calm his mind is to exclaim in his anger that they are *not men*, only *beasts*, and should be treated as such, and resolves to frame a Bill that shall lessen their allotted territory each year until gradually they become extinct.

Such it seems to me is the tendency of the white man to-day, and can we wonder that the savage race, instead of developing a feeling of brotherly love for his pale neighbor, vows to repay the wrongs in as barbarous and cruel a manner as lies within his power to execute.

To go back to a preceding thought, how can we expect the ignorant or unlearned to develop and grow if kept by

themselves, and not allowed to share with us at least part of the results, maybe brought around by his bodily labor, but planned by a more learned people who feel too independent to explain the reasons and mode of procedure that the one they are so dependent upon for muscular help may understand and develop along the same lines. Perhaps it may be true of all of us that we "live too much to ourselves alone," and imagine that we can get along without much assistance, and do just as well. But we do not live thus independently. Every one of us is united with others. We are members of a great family. We belong to a town, to a State, to a nation, to a whole world of persons. We are connected with the past and the future as well as the present. Man would be absolutely nothing if there were taken from him what he has received, and what he is always receiving from the community in which he lives. Did you ever lose yourself in a city or in the woods? If you ever have you can understand how dependent we all are upon those with whom we live. It is a very strange and painful feeling that one has when he is lost in a city, and especially if he is without means at hand to reach his desired destination, even if he knew the way. He sees only strange streets, strange buildings and strange people. He has, for a space of time, stepped out of his place in the world. If he is lost in woods he is still more helpless. The trees may wave, the sun shine, the flowers bloom, the birds sing; all may be beautiful, but he has no part in it all. He has no food but the berries; no shelter but the trees; no friend to whom he may speak. This may show how little any one of us amounts to when left wholly alone. It may be told in the story of Robinson Crusoe that he lived and thrived alone for a time, but did he not make use of the experience of civilization that had been his before he entered his lonely life? We cannot perceive of a man living entirely alone and making

any advancement, and this is exactly the position we put the negro or Indian in when we neglect his education, or, as perhaps is more often the case, try to keep him in such a state that he will neither aspire nor even ever *hope* to think and plan for himself, though he is a unit, a man, and a part of the whole just as much as anyone. A leaf may fall from a tree and wither, but it is a leaf just the same, only it is a shrunken and withered leaf. So a man may live as if he were not a part, and needed not to influence for advancement, but he cannot help being a part just the same, only, in trying to live without regard to it, he may lose something of the fullness and strength of *his* life, and his associates, whether they be his slaves or friends, lose just so much of an opportunity for advanced reason, just as the fallen leaf loses so much of its beauty.

But we do not come to any solution of our question—the way, the best methods, and our individual responsibility for those of the unfortunate races now toiling in darkness and savagery. Let us ask ourselves a few questions—Were the following words intended for ministers and missionaries alone? "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and again how do we apply the rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so even unto them." It seems to me that the last words are the ones that give us the plainest, simplest and most direct light on the duty at hand. It is a guide for all, an individual receipt, and as it is carried out in the lives of true men and women, with honesty of purpose, zeal for a goal to be won, an end in view, we cannot but appreciate the results. It is truly a personal question and any thinking and unprejudiced man *cannot* content himself with the words—"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

There are many of us that want to do good, but we are going to wait until to-morrow to begin. We have

all heard and know it to be true, that the man whose favorite quotation is to the effect, "That all things work together for good to them that love God," and is willing to let his neighbor do the work, is the kind of man that goes to increase the class of non-progressors. Someone has said, "It is better to suffer wrong from *all* men, than to do wrong to a *single one*. Another has said, "The day is coming when the man who *does* little will *feel* little," and still another has it that, "The more brotherly we act, the more brotherly we feel.

We may become discouraged at not seeing immediate results from our labors, but we must not conclude from this that the object we are working for is without merit necessarily, lest we find ourselves exactly on a level with the pessimist who believes that *every* chestnut has a worm in it. It is when we try to do the work of years in a day that we become disheartened, and conclude that because negro slavery and ignorance, and Indian savagery always has existed it will remain to the end of time. Perhaps we cannot conclude with a better thought than the one suggested by an old proverb:—"The man who does nothing for the good of others does a good deal of evil for himself."

3rd mo. 22, 1896.

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### FRIENDS AS CITIZENS.

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The very subject, "Friends as Citizens," seems to mean there is a distinction between the Society and other people as to their views and influence as citizens. This difference must be very plain to all acquainted with the Friends, for in most cases they take very little active part in public affairs, and particularly politics. The question at once arises, "Do we take *enough* interest? Do we do our duty? Are we not each one here to lend our influence for the greatest good?" There is no question as to Friends being citizens the same as are other

people, consequently no less of the duty of citizenship rests upon them. There are doubtless *many* reasons for Friends being less prominent in public affairs than other people. It would not befit a conscientious man of any denomination to link himself with a ring as corrupt as we must admit the majority of political rulers belong to.

Friends make a higher profession than most other people, and in justice, more might be expected of them. However, if this is not the case, there are reasons—good reasons—why they should take upon themselves the responsibility of public affairs, and with as much earnestness and zeal as they exercise in all other affairs, which will certainly tend to keep them to their standard.

Friends, or people with Friends' views, as to the ideal Government, need not decide they are debarred from a means of performing a great good, because of the corruption in politics. I speak of the good we see in men who vote with principle, vote for the candidate with the best reputation and best fitted for the office. It is not an old history that tells us of a period in Penn's Government when the State was controlled by Friends and of that time being called the "Golden Age." The Society cannot hope to make such a creditable record for itself, under the present conditions as a Society, but it can show by its more active participation in the nomination of good men, in insisting on the laws being enforced, and in every way possible, holding up the one idea, that office-holders are to promote good Government, and not to hold power for spoils. There are many positions in public life Friends refuse to fill; this also may account in a part for their being less interested. The ruling or settling disputes by force has ever been opposed by Friends. A story is told of an old Friend who took passage on an ocean vessel, but was shipwrecked, and rescued by a war vessel. The latter being bound for some place

of war, the old Friend was pressed into service, and when the vessel was about to be taken, he was given an axe and told to fight and defend the ship from the enemy, who started to climb aboard by the ropes hanging over the side. He explained his objections to fighting, but spoke to the enemy as they climbed up, and said, "If thee wants that rope thee can have it," and used his axe to cut it off. This is a means of letting our enemy down easy; and so we may use our influence to meet the political enemy.

Government is essential to good society, and as has been said, a divine institution. Looking at it in this light, Friends have more to do to conscientiously perform the part of a true citizen. We have before us, in this city, examples of what can be done by thoroughly independent and hard-working men. We cannot fail to see the distinction between Government, as a science, and the more general system of power for spoils and corruption. We do not get the best results from men who make politics a profession, and Friends may wisely shun it, but politics, in the true sense, should claim the consideration of every one. As plain as the duties of citizenship seem, there are probably as many minds on it as there are on the question of the best way to deal with the liquor question. Good theory oft times proves very poor in practice, and particularly in local affairs, and there is a great question as to which is the best course of action, to produce practical results.

The political field is so monopolized by the professional politician, that it is like going against a stone wall when a reform is attempted. It is a great consolation though that when people are aroused to a sense of duty, a question can be dealt with in a way (and to the result) that shows there is a silent or latent good in all communities. Friends are sometimes censured for their apparent lukewarmness. While that may be in most cases just, I do

believe, as a rule, their influence is felt and they do exert a silent power over their friends, which we take for granted is in accord with their consistent living. We find the masses of the people organized into political parties, and in far too many cases we belong to one party or the other because we have grown up in it. While party organization has its good qualities, we are weak to adhere to any one doctrine simply because it is our party's.

Who is it that cannot greatly admire a truly independent voter? If the voter is not capable of judging for himself, would it not be best for him and the country to withhold his influence?

I trust I am correct in saying Friends are broader in their opinions than most Societies and do not yield to mere party influence. We might sum up many good stands taken by Friends, — in religious freedom, in treating of the Indian questions, slavery, and in the liquor question of today. Creditable as these may be, there is no perfection in any set of people, and Friends, as citizens, may yet discover a field for a more energetic work in politics.

FRANK J. RUSSELL.

12th mo. 12th, 1895.

### SIMON, THE SORCERER.

[Read at the after meeting Conference, Park Avenue, Baltimore. Second month 23, 1896.]

#### GOLDEN TRUTH.

Thou hast thought to obtain the gift of God with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right before God.—Acts 8: 20, 21.

'Twas evening in Samaria. The sun,  
That at high noon had shot its fiercest rays,  
Now sank to meet the mountain's misty top  
Where far away the broken Western hills

Closed in the view.

Along the rough and stony road  
That wound among the bleak Samaritan  
hills.

Two travellers picked their way. They  
looked

As though the journey had been long;  
And as they reached the crest of each low  
hill

They gazed with eager eyes if they might  
see

Their journey's end  
The one, the elder, short and strong,



With eagle eye and sunburnt, honest face,  
Peter by name, strode sturdily along  
As if the miles were playthings to his  
strength,  
The other, John, slender and tall and fair,  
And not of sturdy build, but one  
Who seems to think much less of earth  
than heaven—  
For in his face there shone a beauteous  
light  
That was the outward semblance of the  
soul

That glowed within.

And as they walked they spoke  
Of those great happenings of which  
They among others had been witnesses.  
Spoke of the Master and his life and works  
And of his final death upon the cross.  
How they had sorrowed, lost to joy and  
hope,  
Until the day when Jesus came to them  
And opened to their minds the glorious  
truth,  
And promised that the Comforter would  
come ;  
Nor would he leave them without hope,—  
"Lo! I am with you till the end of time!"

And then they spoke of Pentecost  
And how the Spirit filled the souls of all—  
Jew and Gentile, both the bond and free,  
Receiving the full measure of the gift.  
They spoke of Stephen, too, the noble seer,  
Him the earliest martyr ; like the one  
Who on the cross had yielded up his life,  
Praying that those who stoned him unto  
death  
Have not the error charged to their ac-  
count.  
Saul's bitter persecution of the saints, they  
said,  
Had scattered far and wide the faithful  
men  
Who held to Jesus and the Way ;  
And how that some had gone to these wild  
hills,  
Making new converts to the gospel truth  
Whom they were to confirm.

In such converse hill after hill was  
passed  
Until at length, just at the mountain's foot,  
They saw below them fair Samaria,  
Its many gardens spread into the vale  
With olive trees and cedars fair to see,  
Aglow in tender light of setting sun.  
They reached the quiet town at length  
And through its narrow, winding streets  
Sought the kind friend whose hospitable  
roof  
Should shield them from the heavy dews  
of night.

The sun once more had run its fervid  
course  
And cast his golden circle round the earth,  
And once more tended towards the glow-  
ing west  
Gilding the hill-tops as he passed,  
When in the streets of the Samaritan town  
A crowd had gathered from both near and  
far ;  
For rumor, active then as now,  
Had whispered that two men of great  
renown  
Had journeyed thither from Jerusalem  
To speak to all the converts in the town.  
These gathered in one place with one  
accord  
And listened to the Apostles' earnest words,  
As they insist that each one must repent  
And lead a different life  
Then laying hands on each new convert's  
head  
And breathing forth a fervent prayer for  
strength,  
The Apostles, gazing upward towards  
heaven,  
Felt the Divine thrill which only prophets  
know,  
And the Holy Spirit fell on all.  
Each one to whom the Heavenly Spirit  
came,  
Himself to be a child of God believed,  
And henceforth none could take away  
His gift of sonship or his hope of heaven.

One man stood by whom Philip's voice  
had touched  
Who, half converted, stood among the  
rest,  
Simon, the Sorcerer, who, till recently,  
Has swayed Samaria with deceptive art.  
He now must own a greater art than his  
But knew it not to be the might of God ;  
And so he said, "Give me the power, O  
men,  
That whosoever may be touched by me  
May have the Holy Spirit. Here is gold!"  
But Peter hurt that anyone would try  
To purchase love with lucre, now burst  
forth :  
"Thy money perish with thee, wicked  
man,  
Thou canst not buy the gift of God with  
gold !  
He who repents and turns away from sin,  
Who from his soul removes all thought of  
self,  
Who seeks his faults out, one by one,  
And stamps them rudely in the dust,  
Who holds down selfish instincts with his  
will,  
Who shuns all deeds of darkness and of  
sin  
And turns his face towards heaven and  
the light,

Who tramples down the beast within himself

And turns to works of purity and love—  
To such a man the spirit freely comes  
And guides him toward Heaven and his God.

But Simon, none of this hast thou ;  
Repent, therefore, lest many fearful ills  
May fall upon thy head and thou be crushed  
Beneath the weight of woe."

But John, on whom the Master's spirit fell  
More fully than on others of the Twelve,  
Rested his hand full gentle on the arm  
Of the now trembling man, who prayed  
That all these threatened evils might not come,

And softly fell the sweet tones of his voice :  
" My comrade, would our Master thus  
Have answered such a man ?  
Dost thou not bear in mind the times  
When Judas, in his wretched greed of gold,  
Would scarce yield up the meagre sum  
To buy the portion needed for our food,  
How gently would our Master's accents fall

Even on him who should a traitor prove ?  
And dost thou bear in mind the vivid scene  
When rulers of the Pharisees brought forth

A woman taken in the very act of sin  
And he was asked to judge her there,  
How gently did he speak to those who blamed,

And also unto her. His words  
Were wise and reached their evil hearts,  
But there was naught of anger in his tones.  
Simon, thy sorceries must cease,  
And if thou turn to God he will forgive  
And thou shall be an instrument of good.

" 'Tis true the gift of God is free  
And only comes to those who, pure in heart,

Rest all their faith in him  
Who doeth all things well.

To him the Spirit comes, with him it dwells,  
Who, seeking first the kingdom, leaves the world,

With all its cares and strife and victories,  
And ope wide the windows of his soul  
Trusts in the Father's love."

O. EDWARD JANNEY.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

## LETTER FROM ISAAC WILSON.

As I wend my way home by train and boat, from a three weeks' absence, the fact impresses itself on my mind that I might speak to the readers of the REVIEW of some of my thoughts

during the varied circumstances and experiences of those unusually busy days (in twenty of which we have been forty-four times gathered in a meeting capacity), and yet the mind would often be led away to our home and other fields that may seem much smaller in extent, but where as great opportunity offers, and as much need apparent for more individual activity in manifesting our principles more openly to the world, and many are only too willing to know them, or they already have it, but for fear of not meeting with approval from others, and so in the minority when compared with evangelical doctrine, they live on without the strength of conviction to stem the tide of opposition and criticism that a fearless utterance of them might bring. But to hear them expressed from another, how soon there is fanned into a living fire that spark of Divine life that has longed for fellowship.

With such realizations as this, I am often led to hope and pray that all who bear the name of Friend might be truly thankful to every known duty even possessed of, and willing to manifest that seeking spirit by which the Divine Master was inspired to *seek* and save.

The much earnestness manifested in the various lines of philanthropic labor in the First-day School work and Young Friends' Association in the limits of New York and Philadelphia, 3rd mo., gave strong evidence of the greater desire to make our belief in Jesus Christ practical in doing good, and than in adhering tenaciously to certain long cherished doctrines ; and if with willing hearts and hands we would enter the many fields that are ripe around us, it would dispel the thought that our mission as a Society was ended. Hoping to reach home safely to-night, and find that the beautiful refreshing rains that we have had by the way to-day has spread benefits that far.

I. WILSON.

Kingston, 5th mo. 27, 1896.

# Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of the Society  
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,  
ONTARIO, CANADA.

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

One of our deeply interested correspondents suggests that we "invite general expression on the subject, 'What is, whence comes and whither goes,—the soul.'" She says "there exists to-day a spirit of inquiry regarding this subject, and, I believe, short articles published through the REVIEW would tend to universal interest and profit among Friends."

The pages of the REVIEW are, and have always been, freely open to the spirit of honest inquiry, and we do not doubt that much profit may come from endeavoring to comprehend the incomprehensible subject of the soul.

We may drop the sounding lead to the full length of the cord; even if we cannot touch the bottom and measure the depth, we are all the more impressed with the profundity of the ocean. So if by contemplation we cannot fully understand the "soul," its "whence," and its "whither," it may impress upon us, besides the many beautiful and helpful lessons we may solve, a greater reality of the unsolvable.

The loss, by death, to our Society, of such an active and interested member as Jos. A. Rogardus, of New York City, will be regretted, we believe, by every member. Just in the prime of life, we had looked to him for many years of useful service yet in the broader fields of labor which are opening up to the Society, and which he had done a full share in bringing into view. For many years the Clerk of the General Conference of First-day Schools, his pleasant face and clear voice had become familiar to almost our whole membership. Upon these occasions his absence will be sadly felt.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—It is very desirable to still further increase the circulation of the REVIEW. We wish to make it more widely known, and ask our subscribers, one and all, to cooperate with us in the effort. We believe the REVIEW to be its own best advertisement, therefore we ask, *as a favor*, that each subscriber to the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW send us by first mail, after the receipt of this announcement, the name and address of a Friend who will likely be interested in the REVIEW, and whom the REVIEW will likely benefit, and *we will send a copy to each free for six months*. Don't delay. This announcement will not appear again. It will only cost one cent to send name and address on postal card. We wish to send out thousands of copies in this manner in way of advertising the REVIEW.

Address—YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW,  
Coldstream, Ontario.

Genesee Yearly Meeting meets this year at Sparta, Ont. First business meeting on Second-day, 6th mo. 15th. Meetings for worship on First day, the 14th, at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. Meeting of ministers and elders on Seventh day 13th, at 11 a.m., and first session of First-day School Association at 4 p.m. Other meetings to follow. We are informed that Josi Borton and wife, of New Jersey, he a prominent minister of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, have a prospect of being in attendance. Friends coming by train will be met in St. Thomas on the 12th.

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### BORN

JANNEY—To O. Edward and Anne Webb Janney, at Baltimore, Md., 5th mo. 6th, 1896, a daughter, named Rebecca Sinclair.

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### DIED.

GAGE—At Rochester, N. Y., on 5th mo. 24th, Roy Wallace, eldest son of Frank and Libbie Gage, in his fifth year.

BOGARDUS—At his home, New York city, on 4th mo. 22nd, after a four days' illness of pneumonia, Joseph A. Bogardus, in his 46th year. He was a valued member of New York Monthly Meeting of Friends.

POUND—At the home of his son, in Oregon, 5th mo. 6th, at the age of 90 years and nearly 7 months, Benjamin F. Pound, formerly of Bertie, Ontario, and of Pelham, M. M., but for many years isolated from Friends.

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### FARMINGTON QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Farmington Quarterly Meeting, held at Mendon, convened on the 6th of 5th mo., with the usual good attendance. Elmira Averill, of West Vienna, N. Y., was acceptably with us, and was favored to hand forth encouraging words of cheer both days. In the time appointed for the exercises of the Temperance question, at 4 o'clock p.m., a goodly number gathered with prepared pieces to read, which called forth commendation and praise, with some discussion.

Mary T. Freeman seems to be the moving spirit in the cause, and may she be encouraged to be faithful in so good a work. Elmira Averill remained on a visit with Charlotte W. Cocks until the 18th. We feel thankful that the *Great and Good Spirit* enabled her to be with us in her feeble condition of health, showing that she feared no ill if she was moving in the line of her duty. And may we in like manner take up the cross and bear messages of *love* to the waste places in Zion, that we may receive the blessed applause, "Well done."  
C. W. C.

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### NEBRASKA HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

The above Meeting was held at Lincoln, 4th mo. 25 to 27, 1896.

On Seventh day, the 25th, the Friends of our own H.-Y. Meeting gathered from far and near until our meeting room was well filled with an assembly of both young and old. We had come once more to commune together.

The desire was expressed that we may go up higher, that we may live up to our high ideal, and thus be a help to draw others nearer to God. The usual routine of business was transacted in harmony. Several remarks were made concerning the ministry. It was thought that there is often ministry felt when no word is spoken, also that the ministry of all should be recognized, whether recommended by the Meeting or not. At the close a touching prayer for our preservation and a desire that we might be kept under the Father's love during the rest of our Meetings was voiced.

On First-day the weather was almost perfect, and the hour for gathering found us again assembled for worship. A number of those not in membership came to sit down with us. Isaiah Lightner arose with the idea that he thought all of us desired more light. "We find in the beautiful Scriptures of Truth God always had a people to

worship Him, and He ever guided them in the straight and narrow path. We must all come to the same level before God. We should always endeavor to build our houses upon a sure foundation; and when we have that foundation we will be enabled to climb up the ladder of faith, hope and love. It is a beautiful ladder! When we have climbed this ladder we will love our neighbor as ourselves; hatred will be cast away; the law of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' will be done away, and we will become more Christ like. Oh, that we might become more Christ like! We will always have Him with us and thus be able to do His work. How can we come to the light? By coming to 'Cease to do evil and learn to do right.' Let us perform our duties as best we have the light and ever be ready."

Daniel Griest and J. Russell Lownes both spoke briefly. The former said that we must come under the influence of God's love before we can know the truth. If we use our neighbor falsely we use ourselves falsely also, etc. The latter: "Dear Friends, I believe everyone has a desire to lead a better life. As I understand it God is perfect love." And at the close he exhorted the young especially to nurture this great principle, the revealing power within the soul.

At 3.00 p.m. we convened again to listen to the proceedings of the First-day School Conference. The Conference was opened by the clerk reading the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. In the reading of the reports one school showed an increase in attendance and interest, while another had decreased, and the third had held no school during the winter. But as a whole we felt encouraged.

In the programme many beautiful recitations were given, all of which contained practical lessons for us. An interesting paper, or rather letter, to the children, from Nellie E. Lownes, was read and much appreciated by all.

Several other interesting and instructive papers were read by different members of the schools. At the close we felt that the Heavenly Father had overshadowed us with His Divine love, and that our having mingled together will help us to better perform our duties.

The proceedings on Second-day consisted of the usual business. Friendly letters were received from Joshua L. Mills, Katie E. Shotwell and Fannie C. Lownes. The last especially contained many beautiful thoughts, and all were much appreciated.

During the reading and answering of the queries there was considerable discussion upon card playing, proper reading for our children, education, etc. I neglected to say that in the F. D. S. Conference there was considerable discussion given to the question of our F. D. S. Lesson Leaves. Several favored our changing to the International Topics, while others wished to adhere to our present system.

There were many beautiful thoughts expressed at the close. Some had thought that we could hardly hold our Meeting here this time, but had found that there is still much life among those remaining. The attendance was nearly as large as usual. We closed with the hope of again being able to meet in the same capacity.

HAMPTONETTA BURGESS,

On behalf of Committee.

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## NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

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The regular Semi-Monthly Meeting of the Young Friends' Association of New York and Brooklyn was held on the evening of 4th mo. 26th, in the Library Room on 16th street. There was an attendance of about seventy-five, the President, Esther Haviland, presiding.

Marianna Hallock, for the Literature Section, gave a review of "The Life of Benjamin Hallowell," commenting on his very useful and active life in the vocation of school teacher and mathe-

matician, being enabled thereby to help and prepare thousands of youth for the trials of life, and to be also helpful to our Society. Although a believer in our principles of peace, quite a number of his pupils subsequently attended West Point, among others the noted General, Robert E. Lee, who always maintained the deepest regard for his former teacher.

For the Current Topic Section, S. Elizabeth Stover spoke of the recent Methodist General Convention's failure to adopt a rule admitting women lay delegates, a few votes only being lacking from the necessary two-thirds. She also spoke of a test in the courts of a Florida law, whereby the State Superintendent of Education was seeking to prevent the attendance of both colored and white children at any school, public or private; the test being made against a philanthropic institute. A recently published article of Jacob Riis was commented on, as showing that statistics proved that about one-tenth of all who died in New York city were buried at public expense. The death of the philanthropist, Baron de Hirsch, and a recent German law to prevent duelling, was also referred to.

The paper of the evening on the subject, "Is Quakerism for the Masses," was read by May Haviland. She took the view that if the outward forms of Friends were considered, then the belief was not adapted to the general public; but if the inward principles were referred to, the faith was essentially suitable for the masses.

In the discussion following, which was participated in by our friend, John J. Cornell, varying opinions were expressed. The variance being more particularly in regard to what many would consider non-essential rather than to our inherent and vital principles, such as the likelihood of our being misunderstood from the general lack of educated exponents of our belief, as churches generally had.

Ours being particularly a religion of light living, the maintenance of our

belief depended on the individual members essentially.

John J. Cornell thought that our religious principles were right in the beginning of life of mankind; that the masses had drifted away from them in varying degrees at various times, and that no doubt their being suitable for all would be to question divine intention.

After the customary silence, the meeting adjourned to meet in Brooklyn 5th mo. 10th, F. N.

The regular Semi-Monthly Meeting of the Young Friends' Association of New York and Brooklyn was held on the evening of 5th mo. 10th, in the Schermerhorn Street Meeting House, Brooklyn, with an attendance of nearly fifty, Esther Haviland, the President, in charge.

The presentation to the Association, by Howard M. Jenkins, of a book containing Long Island history, brought up a discussion as to the advisability of starting a library, and it was agreed that a collection of books be made in the name of the Association and placed in the parlor on 16th street, New York, for use in conjunction with the library there.

Eugene P. Billin, in behalf of the Discipline Section, referred to their review of the Dublin Discipline (revision of 1864) of its similarity to the London Discipline, in the dividing under headings of Christian Doctrine, Christian Practice, and Discipline. Under the latter it was found that "Province Meetings," corresponding to our Quarterly Meetings, held every six weeks, were started in 1668; and that the first National Meeting, corresponding to our Yearly Meeting, was held in 1670; at first these were restricted to men Friends, but in 1679, and thereafter, meetings of the women were held in conjunction.

For consideration of "Current Topics," Marianna S. Rawson spoke of a recent editorial in the *Outlook* saying, approving of the question of admitting women

to the Methodist General Conference, that the Friends were the only ones who have practical aid from the women in general in their religious organization.

Dr. Chas. McDowell spoke of the promise of a higher standard in public officials and affairs by reason of President Cleveland placing thirty thousand additional officials subject to the Civil Service rules, thereby limiting the number of appointments liable to the spoils system to a few hundreds.

An interesting notice in the *N. Y. Tribune*, commenting and showing the benefits of public kindergartens, was also referred to.

The paper of the evening, on "The Ethics of Labor," written by Elizabeth A. Hallock, was read by Marianna Hallock; the idealized influence of labor was strongly portrayed, and also the necessity of individual participation. In conclusion, she said that for overcoming the miseries of over and of lack of work, the remedy was with us as individuals, to roll away the stone of self and let the Christ within arise.

In the general discussion following, mention was made of the practical methods of remedying the injustice frequently done to those compelled to labor arduously, and as to our duty of extending kindness to those we meet in daily life. Reference was made to the good work of the "Consumer's League," the members of which were pledged to deal only at stores on the "white list"—those whose managers accorded fair treatment of employees as required by the League.

After the usual silence, the meeting then adjourned  
F. N.

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### GROWTH.

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We were on our way to First-day School, a bright little girl and I. The dandelions were bursting into bloom on every side, lifting their golden faces for a share of God's beautiful sunshine. I asked this little maid if she thought

these blossoms pretty. She replied, "Yes, they help to set off the green." This child-like, yet thoughtful expression, incited me to reflection on the subject of "growth." Nature teaches us many Divine lessons if we look for them; we find that life everywhere has spiritual suggestions and spiritual meanings, and if we rightly appreciate God's blessings "we shall see and hear and breathe the evidence of God's deep wisdom in the natural world."

In the springtime, when the earth becomes green, nature willingly comes with her flowers, decorates and "sets off the green." So in human life, the same spirit inspires men and women, sets them in their proper places, where, like the flowers beneath our feet, they ornament and "light up" the world about us.

When the seed is planted in the earth we know, that under favorable conditions, that it will germinate; gradually and unconsciously it develops into the blade, the ear, the fruit, because of having made use of the aids that produce growth. So in human life, if we fulfil the conditions of growth and make use of the aids that God furnishes to our hand, we shall grow. What is true in nature is true in the moral and intellectual life. If a person makes good use of his opportunities, cultivates his natural gifts, there will be a harvest to reap. There is a secret principle that pushes upward the fragile plant in the keeping of nature; even so in human life there is a power, not of ourselves, that encourages us to develop the principles and motives implanted in our hearts.

There are difficulties that stand in our way; there are influences that we cannot escape; these do sometimes almost overwhelm us, but if we face these things rightly we shall be able to believe, to rise above them. Sometimes the tender rootlet is hindered in its forthcoming, yet we find there is a struggle to overcome every obstacle to development. If it fails, it has de-

its best. This is all that God requires of us. As the flower turns its face to the sun, so may we turn as naturally to the Light for strength and guidance.

CHARLOTTE C. TALCOTT.

Bloomfield, Ont., 5th mo. 14th, 1896.

### A SKETCH OF LINCOLN.

In all the annals of history we have no deed recorded of greater moment to a nation's welfare than that which liberated the African slave from his bondage.

Julius Cæsar stood at the crisis of Roman history, Alfred the Great of the Saxons, Napoleon of the French, but Lincoln stood at the American helm when the ship of state was about to be scuttled. Within a form, that was far from comely, beat a heart that was willing to throb its life away for the sake of its fatherland. Of Lincoln it might justly be said :

"A spirit clothed in grace,  
And pure almost as angels are,  
Might have a homely face."

On Feb 12, 1809, in a floorless, doorless, windowless cabin, down in old Kentucky, America's truest American was born. Lincoln was reared, not on downy beds of ease, but hard grating poverty faced him from every side, a poverty which seemed to act as a stimulus toward developing the highest and the best. The early education of Lincoln, as everybody is aware, was dearly bought at the expense of great effort and fiery opposition, nevertheless pure pertinacity conquered all the obstacles, and it proved but a stride from the bar to the White House. I recall the following circumstance, read to me when a child: Just after Lincoln's nomination for President, he went out to Illinois to visit his dear old step-mother, who was then very ill. He told of his prospects, and she looked up in his face and said: "Oh, Abie, I am always afraid you'd get to the White House, and somehow I feel as though you never'll come out of it alive." How truly the poor old soul

had prophesied, alas! the nation knew too well!

The tender heart of Lincoln was frequently touched during our Civil War, and many a reprieve was granted, and many a wife and mother made joyful over the return of a dear one. The President's sense of humor was no less than his tenderness. During the heat of the conflict he received the following telegram from one of our soldiers in the South:—

"MR. LINCOLN,—We have captured forty cows. What shall we do with them?"

Lincoln calmly replied: "Milk them."

Such subtlety of humor, such depth of pathos seldom lurked in one human breast.

In 1865 the hand of the assassin had done its work, and the American people mourned as they had never mourned before. Tears flowed down the dusky features and from the dusky lips burst forth an exclamation like to this:—

"Bress de Lord! Bress de Lord!  
Dey hab killed Massa Linkum, but dey can't kill God!"

MARY ELLA W. CLARK.

### ASHA, THE HINDU MAIDEN.

(By Lydia J. Mosher.)

#### CHAPTER III.—THE PAST.

We must go back a little in the history of Asha. Her father, Rahula Sen, was the son of a high-caste Brahman, and was taught all the knowledge of his order. Having a passion for study, he was not content with his Brahmanical learning, but made a thorough study of Buddhism also. He mingled freely with the Jainists, and finally spent a year with the followers of Zoroaster, finding, in that religion, more to admire than anything he had previously met with. The high pretensions of the Brahmans had shaken his faith in their authority, and Buddhism, if he followed it to its end,



would finally leave him a solitary monk, the pleasures of this world forbidden, and nothing to look forward to but Nirvana, the attainment of which was life's great aim, but, in what Nirvana really consisted, even the great Buddha himself had left in doubt, and all depended upon man himself, with no greater power to assist his feeble efforts.

Zoroastrianism, on the contrary, held up a faith in a great and powerful God, though somewhat marred by its belief in an almost equally powerful adversary—the personified power of evil.

The lofty teachings of Zoroaster and the strict morality enforced, the cleanliness enjoined, the higher position of woman; all these met his approbation, and he finally broke the rules of his order by marrying a Parsee maiden. When called to account he defended himself by quoting one of the few liberal sayings of the Brahmanic code: "He who possesses faith may receive pure learning from a man of lower caste, and an excellent wife even from a base family." But it was from no "base family" Rahula took his Hvovi, a young woman very learned for her time and country. Being, like Rahula, fond of study and also an only child, her father had bestowed upon her not only the boundless love of a parent, but nearly all the great learning he himself possessed, which was not limited to his own religious sect. Very happily lived these two young people until after two years time the parents of Hvovi were suddenly removed by death, and Rahula took his young wife and infant child to the cabin before mentioned, which was his property, but which he intended to be but a temporary home until he could prepare such a one as he wished for his family.

The infant girl had been as welcome to her parents as if she had been a boy, and her father bestowed upon her the name of Asha (purity). Not long after his return home Rahula became acquainted with a member of the

Brahmo Somaj, and informed his wife that he believed he had found the religion for which he sought, "for," said he, "how could it be otherwise when they embrace what is best in all religions, and cast away all that can impede man's progress, even the great system of caste itself." Ardently seeking for more light, Rahula traveled far to meet those who could instruct him, and with a precious book, containing among other things, many of the sayings of Jesus Christ, which, new and strange as they were to him, appealed to his heart with a power never felt before, he was now returning homeward. It was quite dark as he entered the forest on the opposite side from his home, but he knew every step of the way and was hastening on, when a figure glided noiselessly from behind a rock, followed him a few steps, then sprang upon him so suddenly as to bear him to the earth, and before he could make a motion in self defense he was stabbed to the heart.

We need not dwell on the grief of Hvovi when next day she found the body. Anxiously waiting his return oppressed by a feeling of fear that all was not well, she had gone forth hoping to meet him before she had travelled far. How had her feet been guided to him? The power which enables bird and beast to go long distances from their homes and return unerringly, just as surely guided this pure and loving wife to the one she sought. Near by she found the book as it had fallen from his hand, and, as his name was in it, she kept it as her most precious treasure, and the years passed by she taught its contents to Asha, together with all she had learned from her father and her husband. Hvovi always believed her husband had met his death at the hands of a murderous Thug; but we follow the murderer as he emerges from the forest, and by the dim light wipes the blood from his weapon, behold a man in the garb of a Brahman Ascetic; one who had taken

vow to "restrain every desire, and maintain an attitude of indifference towards all creatures, whether they did him an injury or a kindness." And why did he kill Rahula? He had watched him for years before his marriage, and noticed with growing hatred his slight regard of the ceremonies of his fathers, and when he returned home with a Parsee wife, and above all, seemed ready to embrace the doctrines of the Brahma Somaj, his hatred reached its height, and culminated as we have seen in murder.

To be Continued.

## A MINISTERING ANGEL.

### A STORY OF A FAMOUS SINGER.

When Parepa was in London she was everywhere the people's idol. The great opera houses in all our cities and towns were thronged. There were none to criticise or carp. Her young, rich, grand voice was beyond comparison. Its glorious tones are remembered with an enthusiasm like that which greeted her when she sang.

Her company played in London during the Easter holidays ten years ago, and I, as an old friend, claimed some of their leisure hours. We were friends in Italy, and Easter Sunday was to be spent with me.

At eleven in the morning she sang at one of the large churches. I waited for her, and at last we two were alone in my snug little room. At noon the sky was overcast and gray. Down came the snow, whitening the streets and roofs. The wind swept icy breaths from the water as it came up the river and rushed past the city spires and over tall buildings, whirling around us the snow and storm. We had hurried home, shut and fastened our blinds, drawn close the curtains, and piled coal higher on the glowing grate. We had taken off our wraps and now sat close to the cheery fire for a whole afternoon's pleasant enjoyment.

Parepa said: "Mary, this is perfect rest! We shall be quite alone for four hours."

"Yes, four long hours," I replied. "No rehearsals, no engagements. Nobody knows where you are. If the whole company died they couldn't let you know!"

Parepa laughed merrily at the idea. "Dinner shall be served in this room, and I won't allow even the servant to look at you!" I said.

She clasped her little dimpled hands together like a child in enjoyment, and then sprung up to roll the little centre table near the grate.

"This is a better fire than we have at home," she said. "Do you remember the scalding that day when I took you to our museum, and you made great fun of our 'pot of coals'?"

"Yes, and how absurd your Italian fires are! I almost perished."

Parepa leaned her head back against the chair, and said in a low voice:

"Mary, that was a good Sunday in Venice, when my faithful old Luiga rowed us round to St. Mark's to early Mass and"—

"Oh! how lovely it was," I interrupted. "It seemed like a dream—how we slipped through the little canal under the Bridge of Sighs, then walked through the court-yard of the Dog's palace into the great solemn shadows of St. Mark's. I shall never forget the odor of the incense and the robed priests, and the slow intonings. Such crowds of people, all kneeling!"

Parepa looked intently into my eyes, and softly laughed in her queer little Italian way. "And," she went on, "then you took me to your church where your priest read a song out of a book, and the men and women were very sober-looking and sung so slow. Why, I can sing that little song now. I have never forgotten it."

Parepa folded her hands exactly like the Scotch Presbyterian folk of the small English Church in Venice on the Grand Canal, and sang slowly one verse of our old hymn, "When all Thy mercies, oh my God," to the old tune of 'Canaan.'

(Continued in next issue.)

## SPRINGTIME IN JAMAICA.

Written for the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

What! Springtime in a tropical island so far south and so near to the Equator? Yes: The years are not without their miracles of the seasons even though the range of temperature throughout the year is only enough to be plainly perceptible, and never so great as the extreme variation during the one month of June alone in the temperate zone. In this fertile tropical island, not large enough in area to cover one-half the surface of Lake Erie, there are the regularly marked seasons, with March for the general spring month. The temperature, the amount of rainfall, and the prevailing winds do change in relation to the different seasons; but none of these changes are sufficiently defined to mark the change of seasons nearly so perceptibly as is shown on the tropical vegetation. It was a surprise to me to discover the spring season for the first time, because I had been told that the seasons were always the same in this island, except for more or less rainfall in certain parts, which had determined a customary time for planting sugar cane and some few other crops.

Then the most curious and interesting feature of this miracle of spring is, that while March is about the time for general spring to everything tropical, many of the native trees and flowers choose some other month to grow and bloom in, and some even make a spring month of every month in the year. Thus we have really a land of regular spring and perpetual spring all in one, which, of course, makes a beautiful picture. During the months of January and February, some few varieties of deciduous trees stood here and there throughout the valleys and hills and along the roadsides, some with the leaves nearly all gone and some quite bare, which, amidst the surrounding foliage of other sorts—some with dense foliage and some brilliant with flowers—have the appearance of being quite

dead. But there is no coloring which suggests autumn leaves with any of these trees. This dormant season doesn't last long, for in a few weeks the vegetation is touched by something to which everything responds, and we know that spring has come. The Guango tree, with its immense horizontal branches frequently covering an area of one-fourth of an acre, rapidly pushes out new buds and leaves which shade the pastures from the hot summer sun; and while it is shading the land with so much benefit to the pasture, it is also occupied in storing up the sun's energy in the form of a seed pod, which ripens and falls later in the season to afford much nutritious food for the sheep and cattle. The wild plum, wild fig, sand-box tree, and others spring into new growth at this season and help to renew the beauty of the already deeply foliaged tropical hillsides. The trees of the palm variety, which are so typical of the tropical latitudes, are continuous growers, and have no very marked season even for ripening their fruits. New leaves continue to appear at the top, while old ones continually die and fall from below, and the tree increases in height, while the fruit gets higher from the ground every succeeding year.

The birds know the spring season, too, and proclaim it well with song and delight. They sing for their mates, explore new places, and build new nests. Some of the bird notes are familiar to those of the north, and a few of the birds seem to be the same—the woodpecker, the chickadee, the mockingbird of the Southern States, and some of the swallows and martins. The vulture, known as the John Crow here, seems to be at home, and a thoroughly tropical bird. Every day seems to be the same to him. He never says a word, but sits quietly on the housetops, or trees, occasionally sailing easily around on the breeze, looking the streets and fields and waste places over carefully for waste bones, or dead animals, or any such thing that

might endanger the healthfulness of the atmosphere. He is always a faithful member of the Board of Health, and evidently too much occupied with his duties to give much thought to the seasons. The wild parrot announces the approach of spring, but doesn't express it with words especially chosen for the occasion. They fly from place to place in small flocks with certainly much screaming, and apparently much quarreling, and some fighting. Perhaps it is because I am not familiar with their language, but I really think their sayings are always much more interesting and sentimental after they have been interpreted by the editor.

In the months of March and April the orange trees and coffee bushes usually come into full bloom. The orange blossoms make the air sweet, but are not so conspicuous to sight, for the trees are always full of green leaves. But the coffee fields, which are usually on hillsides, are especially beautiful. They have single white flowers, which grow along the slender branches of the low, shrubby trees, and while the bloom is on the foliage is quite thin, allowing the flowers to show quite plainly and resemble snow-flakes, which one might imagine had fallen into the branches and remained there without melting.

The native settlers also recognize the spring season as the most favorable time to plant their "grounds," as they call the places where they raise vegetables. During February and March little bush fires may be seen here and there about the hills and mountains, sometimes to the very top, which, from a few miles distance, appear to be in the very heart of an unbroken extent of forest. But there are many familiar and well-trodden paths winding amongst those hills, and communicating with thousands of little plots of ground, where the black settlers live in houses built of a few poles and roofed with palm leaves and thatch grass, and the occupants appear to be as happy as anybody else who is not discontented. After the bush is roughly cut down with the cutlass—the universal imple-

ment which represents every purpose from seed time to harvest, and does the carving for harvest festivals, too, for all I can say—they burn it over and then proceed to dig the land up and plant it with their native vegetables. They frequently work together in gangs, for they enjoy much company. It is not unusual to hear a troop of them singing to their work up on a hillside, while one is passing along the road below, and they bring their hoes down to beat time with the rhythm of their song, which is quite amusing. These people know when is the most favorable time to plant certain kinds of vegetables, and their primitive gardens are known as provision grounds. They usually plant all kinds of crops together, without respect for variety or order, and in variety it is a decided success. Shortly after the plot is cleared and planted it becomes of much the same appearance as the wild hillsides on every hand; but the owner of that ground knows where to dig for his fine big yams, sweet potatoes, cocoas, and other vegetables, and his harvest season from it continues throughout the year. Never does he need to store his provisions in a cellar. On any market day numbers of little donkeys may be seen collected at the places of trade, with loaded baskets lashed to their sides, and laden with the products of these native gardens. Many varieties of fruits, which are only known in the tropics, grow on large trees throughout the whole extent of the island, and though each variety has a definite season for its principal yield, many sorts bear through several months of the year. One kind of fruit is usually succeeded by some other, so that something may be had fresh from the tree at any time. The lack of thrift and energy, so conspicuous in the inhabitants of Jamaica as compared with some other countries, is, perhaps, much due to the ease by which they can live. The harvest season continues the year through, and seldom are they required to reap in time or lose the opportunity.

W. J. S.  
Jamaica, 5th mo. 9, 1896.

