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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VI.

LONDON, ONT., SIXTH MONTH, 1891.

NO. 6

TO LIVE IN GOLD.

ITALIAN FOLK SAYING.

Oh, what is it to live in gold?
Some flowers first the secret told;
They give the sun's gold ray away,
And golden flowers they shine to-day.

Oh, what is it to live in gold?
Those birds that no sweet note withhold,
Are golden birds with golden songs,
For what they give to them belongs.

As by its gifts the heart is known;
What we give most is called our own;
And good bestowed, creates a grace,
The heraldry of a grand race.

Oh, what is it to live in gold?
The miser's soul, for riches sold,
Is ignorant of wealth like this;
He dies and never knows the bliss.

Oh, what is it to live in gold?
To live in giving hundred fold;
Gold words, gold deeds, the coinage pure,
Of blessedness that shall endure.

ANCIENT LORE.

SERMON.

DELIVERED BY JOHN J. CORNELL AT
NORWICH MONTHLY MEETING,
HELD IN LOBO, 2ND MO. 13TH,
1891.

The religion which Jesus taught, although it was eminently a spiritual one, was at the same time a strictly practical one. It did not, and it does not appeal to man's credulity but to the best judgment and highest common sense. It is especially adapted to the needs of the human family in the present life. It recognizes a God as the creator and sustainer of all material and spiritual things—the Father of all spiritual life, the source of all spiritual know-

ledge. It recognizes a Christ—a son, as the medium through which God communicates with his children and secures to them happiness in this present life. It recognizes in Christ an attribute that never was, and never can be crucified by man. It recognizes man as a mortal being, capable of receiving, through this Christ medium, knowledge and rules of life, that, if obeyed, would render him acceptable in the Father's sight. It also recognizes in man the necessity of performing these divine laws in order to obtain this acceptance. It is simply, as was said once formerly, "Obey, and thy soul shall live." The introduction of this religion was to aid man in affecting his highest happiness amid all the vicissitudes of this present life. It does not, as I understand it, give man an immunity from the suffering and the sin incident to the vicissitudes of human life.

It was designed to save man first from the commission of sin. Whatever of mystery surrounds the religion of Jesus, it is the result of man's misunderstanding, or his designing influence upon other men's credulity to advance his own interests. We have been called upon to accept as a saving faith the manner in which Jesus died at the hands of malicious men. This view seems repugnant to me, and inconsistent with what I know to be the nature of God.

Let us compare the two views. The one presents life here as a sort of an endurance, harassed by an influence as potent as God himself that threatens to destroy the soul for the present and the future, clinging to the hope that Jesus did in suffering death upon the cross expiate their sins, looking to him

to intercede before God, to allay God's wrath that He might on the great judgment day assign them to a condition of happiness in the other world. Is it possible that a conscious soul, feeling its unworthiness, knowing that it has done nothing to merit heaven; I say, is it possible for that soul to enjoy heaven? If we receive that we do not deserve it detracts greatly from our enjoying it.

Whatever the condition of soul may be in the other life, the vital question with us should be is life here one of acceptance with God; if so, I have no anxiety for the life beyond. If we are preserved from the commission of sin day by day, it brings a happiness that is real and enduring, that supports us in sorrow, that uplifts us when we are depressed, that protects us in persecution, that brings us consolation when the heart is bruised and bleeding, and when we are done with this life wafts us into a heaven with a consciousness that we have done something to merit it.

Our work is to bring all the animal powers within us into perfect harmony with the divine. When thus controlled we are free from both the commission and consequences of sin, and will need no pardon and no absolution, in the present or in the future life. This is why the religion of Jesus is so practical. He once said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." It is noteworthy that Jesus nowhere called upon men to believe in this, that or the other doctrine, but always pointed to a practical life.

The first requirement in a religious life according to this utterance of Jesus is the purification of our individual soul, the denying of self.

There are certain passions and propensities with which man is endowed that are all right and proper in themselves, but must be controlled and regulated lest they gain undue supremacy and lead into error and suffering not only to the individual but also to his associates. Look around and trace the sources of all crimes, and vices and in-

congruities in a life and they will all be found to have originated in the indulgence of some of the powers intended for man's good. Nothing outside of man pollutes him. The apostle James says that, "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust." It is noticeable in the animal life that there is no perfectly regulating power, not even in instinct, to keep from excess. The horse, if he gets to a bin of grain, will over-eat, and death will ensue. This regulating power is the first work of the Christian, this denying of his selfish natures.

Then comes taking up the cross—daily—continually. God did not intend that our powers should be unused, or obliterated, only be kept in their proper places. There must be watchfulness unto prayer on our part, and that continually lest they get the better of us, and usurp undue authority.

I have in my mind an occurrence that transpired in the early part of my ministry. After discoursing to the people, an aged mother came to me and said, "John, remember the enemy is not dead yet." We think when we have surrendered all we have reached a condition where we will not be again so closely tried. But I found that the enemy was not dead yet, nor is he dead yet, nor will he be so long as we live in time. There will need to be a continual watchfulness to keep all our propensities within the bounds in which God intended they should be kept. This course may deprive us of some temporary pleasures to be gained from undue indulgence of some of our lusts, but it will bring a truer pleasure, a sweeter happiness, more real and more everlasting in nature and character.

I do not believe in that stern asceticism, that sanctimonious face that denies itself of the blessings that God holds out to it. God did not intend this to be a place of mere endurance; no, the highest happiness man can enjoy comes from an obedience to the laws of his being. Our God is not a God of fear, but a tender counsellor, a

loving Father. The laws that he has designed for man to walk by are the very ones that lead to his highest happiness. Parents check their children not to detract from or interfere with their happiness, but because of their love for them, and looking to future results to make their happiness greater and more secure. Our loving Father does no less for us.

Then comes the "following me" in our text. Jesus invites us to follow his example: to do *our* work as he did *his*. It does not mean that we should all go and preach the gospel by word of mouth. The Lord calls different individuals into different fields of labor, each one unto that work that he has best qualified him to perform.

The soul that obeys the divine law advances beyond mere hope, even to an assurance that the same loving Father that so abundantly rewards in this life will assign to the soul in the eternal life all the joy and happiness that that soul is capable of. They have the assurance that when life is over the language and welcome will be, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It seems to me that the mission of our Society is to call the world away from mere outward forms and ceremonies, to call it away from a belief that rests on man's credulity, back to the simple, primitive faith, back to a religion that affects human life as in the beginning, to a belief in the eternal word that is eternal, that speaks unto man to-day as in any former day. I have no new doctrine to give you. I point you to the relationship that Jesus, as our example, held with God to the belief, revived by George Fox, that God now holds immediate communion with man, and by obedience to this inward monitor may you preserve your souls in peace.

By our abiding faith and by the purity of our lives may we show to the world that this course will bring to the soul the highest happiness that it is capable of appreciating.

FROM TOLSTOI'S "SPIRIT OF CHRIST'S TEACHING."

CHAPTER VI.

AND THEREFORE, IN ORDER TO ATTAIN TO A TRUE LIFE, A MAN ON EARTH MUST ABSTAIN FROM THE FALSE OF THE FLESH, AND LIVE IN THE SPIRIT (ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN).

For the life of the spirit there can be no difference between relations and strangers.

Jesus said that his mother and his brothers were nothing to him in their personal relationship; those were only near to him who fulfilled the will of the common Father.

The happiness and the life of man depend not upon his family ties, but on the life of the spirit. Jesus says, "Blessed are they who keep to the knowledge of the Father. A man who lives by the spirit has a home. Jesus said that no home had been appointed for him.

For the fulfillment of the will of the Father no appointed place is needed: it is everywhere and always to be found.

The death of the body cannot be terrible to a man who has surrendered himself to the will of the Father, for the life of the spirit does not depend on the death of the body. Jesus says that he who believes in the life of the spirit cannot fear anything.

No cares can prevent a man living the life of the spirit. To the man who said that he would perform the will of the Father afterwards, but that he must first bury his father, Jesus answered, "Only the dead can trouble about burying the dead; the living live always by fulfilling the will of the Father."

Care for family and domestic affairs cannot prevent the life of the spirit. He who troubles himself about the way in which his bodily life will be afflicted by his fulfilling the will of the Father, is like the tiller who, while he

ploughs, looks behind him and not before.

The cares for the joys of the life of the flesh, which seem so important to men are really but a dream. The only real business of life is the announcement of the will of the Father, attention to it and fulfillment of it. To the reproach of Martha, that she was left alone to look after the supper, while her sister Mary, instead of helping her, cared only to listen to his teaching, Jesus replied, "In vain dost thou reproach her; trouble thyself with these things if they are necessary for thee, but let alone those who need not bodily pleasures; let them do the one thing needful in order to live.

Jesus said that he who wishes to obtain the true life, which consists in the fulfillment of the will of the Father, must before all things give up his own personal desires. Such an one must not only refrain from fashioning his life according to his own wishes, but be ready at any hour to endure all kinds of privation and suffering.

He who wishes to fashion his bodily life after his own will, will ruin the true life which fulfills the will of the Father.

And there is no advantage in the accumulation of necessity for the life of the body, if such should ruin the Life of the spirit. The Life of the spirit is destroyed by nothing so surely as by the love of gain, the acquirement of wealth. Men forget that whatever riches and property they may acquire, they may die at any moment, and that property is not needed for their life. Death hangs over each of us. Illness, the murderous violence of men, accident at any moment, may put an end to life. The death of the body is the unavoidable condition of every instant of life. While a man lives he should look upon each hour of his life as a respite granted him by, favor. We should remember this, and not say that we do not know it. We know and foresee all that happiness on earth and in heaven, but we forget the death which we know awaits us every moment. If we did

not forget this we could not give ourselves up to the life of the body; we could not depend on it.

Christ went on to say "In order to follow my teaching, you must weigh well the advantages of serving the flesh and your own will against those of fulfilling the will of the Father. He alone who has carefully calculated this can become my pupil, but he who has done so will not prefer a pretended good, and a pretended life to a true good and a true life. The true life is given to men, and men know it, and listen to its call, but are led away by the cares of the moment. They lose this life.

The true life is like the feast given by a rich man, to which he invited guests. He called to them, as the voice of the Father spirit calls unto all. But some of the guests were occupied with their trade, others with their household affairs, others again with their family, and these came not to the feast. The poor, however, who had no earthly cares, went to the feast and were happy. And thus men, led away by their care for the life of the body, deprive themselves of the true life.

Whoever shall not utterly renounce all the cares and advantages of the life of the body, cannot fulfil the will of the Father, for it is not possible partly to serve ourselves and partly the Father. We must calculate whether it profits us to serve the flesh, whether we are able to fashion our lives as we will. We must do as a man does who would build a house, or who prepares for war. He calculates beforehand whether he will be able to finish his house, whether he can hope for victory. If he sees that both are impossible he will throw away in vain neither his trouble nor his troops, to be ruined for nothing and to become the laughing stock of others. Were it possible to regulate the life of the body according to our own wishes, it might be worth while to serve the flesh; but as that is impossible it is better to renounce all that belongs to the flesh and serve only the spirit.

Otherwise, it is neither one thing nor the other. Our bodily life we do not secure, and our spiritual life we lose. Therefore, in order to fulfil the life of the Father we must utterly renounce all the works of the flesh

The life of the body is as the imaginary treasure of another entrusted to us, that we may use it so as to procure for ourselves true riches. If a steward serve a rich man, and know that, however long he may serve this master, the latter will call him to account and leave him with nothing, he does wisely, while he still administers his master's wealth, to do good to others. In that case, if his master send him off, those to whom he has done good will receive and keep him. Men should do the same with the life of the body. The life of the body is the treasure of another of which they dispose only for a time. If they use that treasure well, they will obtain true riches for themselves.

Unless we give up our pretended wealth, we shall obtain no real wealth. We cannot serve both the false life of the flesh and that of the spirit; we must serve the one or the other. We cannot strive for riches and serve God. What is great in the sight of men is an abomination unto God. Wealth to God is an evil thing. The rich man is wrong in that he eats in abundance and luxury while the beggar hungers at his gate. All should know that the retaining of property for ourselves is a direct non-fulfillment of the will of the Father.

There came once to Jesus a rich Pharisee, and he began to boast that he had fulfilled all the commandments of the law. Jesus reminded him of the commandment to love all men as we love ourselves, saying that this was the will of the Father. The Pharisee answered that he had ever done this. Then Jesus said that it was not true. If thou didst wish to fulfil the will of the Father, thou wouldst have no property. It is impossible to fulfil the will of the Father if thou hast goods which

thou givest not to others.

And Jesus said to his disciples: It seems to men that without property they cannot live; but I say unto you that the true life is in giving of your own unto others. A certain man, by name Zaccheus, heard the teaching of Jesus, believed it, and invited Jesus into his house, saying: The half of my substance I give to the poor, and I will repay four fold those whom I have offended. And Jesus said: Behold a man in the act of fulfilling the will of the Father; but there is no position in which the will of the Father is wholly fulfilled; our whole life is but the attempt to fulfil it.

Good has no measure of comparative value; we cannot say who has done more, who less. The widow who gives her last mite gives more than the rich man who gives his thousands. Neither can we measure good by utility.

Let us take as our example of the way to do good the woman who took pity on Jesus, and heedlessly anointed his feet with the most valuable oil. Judas said that she had acted foolishly, that she had expended what might have fed many. But Judas was a thief and a liar, who spoke of the good things of the flesh, and never thought of the poor. It is not worldly advantage, nor the amount of it, that is wanted, but that we should, at every instant of our lives, love others and give up to them what is our own.

A PSALM FOR TO-DAY.

TO YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Blessed be Thy holy spirit that visits the children of men.

Praise be given for His love manifested to all His children, both the just and the unjust.

Our hearts, Oh, Father, raise up in gratitude towards Thee, because of so many mercies towards us. There is no other power other than Thee, either above or below.

Thou hast ordained man with special privileges over the beasts of the field.

Thou givest him a little power to go and to do, and at once he grows big in his own eyes : but how little we are in Thy sight ! Oh, how insignificant man is,—how forgetful ! Thou instructs him and yet he will not remain taught. David said : “ What *is* man that Thou art mindful of him ? ”

Thou givest man the opportunity of the right or of the wrong ; and he chooses the wrong. Thou givest him worldly prosperity, with a little control of worldly things, and in time he comes to worship these. But in the end confusion and humility over takes man. He comes down to the dust whence he sprang. Both idolatry and pride will be made low.

Oh, man, when wilt thou learn to love God, and Him only serve ?

H. H. W.

A CHANGE COMPLETED.

There was one matter of procedure in the Yearly Meeting the present year which may have passed without the full notice it deserved. It marked what seems to us to be the completion of a change which has been going on in our Yearly Meeting for a number of years, and which—as just suggested—appears to be now entirely accomplished. This is the establishment of the full equality of the two branches of the meeting, and their formation as one body. To all intents and purposes Philadelphia Yearly Meeting now consists of two equal and coordinate branches, one held by the men, the other by the women. The title which has been given to the women's meeting of the “Yearly Meeting of Women Friends,” has become a misnomer ; it is properly Women's Branch of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting

The particular step taken this year, and which completes [the procedure by which the Yearly Meeting has become a united body, with two equal chambers, was the sending by the men of the minute appointing a financial committee over to the women, and their addition

of a number of Women to the committee. This never was done before. For several years it has been usual to submit to the women the nomination made by the men's committee for Treasurer of the Yearly Meeting the coming year, but the examination of the Treasurer's accounts, etc., has been performed by men's meeting alone. There now remains no business of the Yearly Meeting, we believe, in which the united action of both branches is not required, in order to render it complete.

Under these circumstances it may very properly be considered whether it is not desirable to define more distinctly in the Book of Discipline the manner in which the yearly meeting is constituted, and the equal relations of its two branches. The older usage was very different from that which we have now reached. Women's meetings for business, in the Society as it existed in the beginning of the present century, were more nominal than real. Their share in the Society's affairs was practically very small. Even now in England, all business of importance is done by the men, and we find in a lively and interesting article by Jane E. Newman, in the latest issue of Friend's Quarterly Examiner, a clue to the manner in which the women members—very naturally—regard the situation. She says :

“But where the women's meeting (and we have known more than one) is chiefly occupied with reading aloud extracts from the Book of Discipline, to fill up the time till men Friends come out, some reform is certainly needed. If women Friends are to have a meeting, they ought to try to make it worth holding. Their time is as valuable as that of men Friends.”

The thought amongst us has been that our members were not divided in their rights by a line of sex. This has been more and more fully recognized in practice as time went by, and the equality of the women's meetings has been steadily approached. In

those yearly meetings (Genesee, Ohio, and Illinois) where the business is transacted in joint session, this equality is reached in that way. In our yearly meeting, even if it were desired, we could not adopt that plan, for want of a house to hold all, and it would be undesirable, also, because with so large a number attending, the conduct of business is rendered laborious. We have attained the equality of the meetings in the way which our circumstances pointed out, and it is practically as complete as where all members, without regard to sex, assemble together.

FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE. AT FLUSHING, ERECTED IN 1695.

How oft, upon this edifice, hath gazed the passer by,
And paused awhile its antique form to view
with wondering eye,
How oft, ere any living now, had entered
life's career,
The meek and humble worshippers, in silence
gathered here.

How oft, within its ancient walls, the aged
and the youth,
Gathered and heard proclaimed with power
the everlasting truth.
Then, may we trace its history past, well nigh
two centuries o'er,
And in the record find, e'en now, perchance
instructive lore.

Our fathers fled from tyranny, and crossed the
briny flood;
And *here*, amid these western wilds, these
stately timbers hewed;
But the builders all have passed away, and
doubtless are at rest,
They have passed through life's probations,
to the city of the blest.

No ornamental work within these ancient walls
we view,
To gratify the outward eye, and please the
fancy too;
For a "meek and contrite spirit," is more
precious in God's sight,
Than all the gaudy works of art, in which
pride takes delight;

Yet an air of neatness, and of comfort, per-
vades the whole within,
And we feel that worship here can rise from
thankful hearts to Him.
The author of our mercies, sure, and all our
blessings given,
Which rightly to appreciate, is incense raised
to heaven.

How oft, me thinks, did prayers arise, from
hearts that gathered here,
From spirits that have passed away, to join
a happier sphere;
And may their bright examples prove to those
who yet remain,
As "bread upon the waters cast," that will
return again.

Ye spotless, white-robed angels I say, if from
your home on high,
Ye can revisit earth again, and hear the
mourners sigh;
Is not the veil transparent, that keeps you
from our view?
Say I can ye not commune with us, of things
both old and new?

Near by this ancient meeting-house is the old
burial place,
Where the "loved ones" are reposing who
have run their earthly race,
Reminding the survivor—how frail the hold
on life,
And that the warfare to maintain, should be
our daily strife.

Here, the aged from their labors rest, for their
trials now are o'er,
They are gathered to their fathers, and we
hear their voice no more;
But their memory is precious, and we feel
their spirits near,
As we look upon these "hallowed spots,"
which were to them so dear.

How often have the tones of one, now passed
from earth away,
Fallen sweetly on the listening ear, to cheer
the lonely way;
While on his earthly mission here—memory
can trace him now,
Where the "frosts of many winters," had
gathered round his brow.

How often have I watched him, as with
stately step and slow,
He came unto this ancient place, where we
are wont to go;
At length the Master summoned him, but all
within was peace,
He heard the sound rejoicing and how tran-
quil his release.

Here, too, the young and lovely sleep, in the
cold entrance of death,
Their garments they have laid aside, and
yielded up the breath,
For a "crown of life immortal," for the joys
that time outlast,
To the mansion of the blessed have their
spirits safely passed.
Tho' the outward temple moulders, and re-
turneth unto dust,
'Tis the spirit that ascendeth to the Father
ever just.

ELIZA H. BELL.

ANTHONY FRANKLIN.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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We prefer that remittances be made by post-office order or by registered letters. If bank drafts are sent from the United States they should be made payable at New York or Chicago. Postage stamps (American or Canadian) are accepted for change.

We desire greatly to receive, for publication in the REVIEW, reports of the various yearly meetings that transpire at intervals through the year. Are there not some young people in each yearly meeting interested enough in the little paper and sufficiently zealous for our worthy Society and our inestimable principles, to make out reports for us to publish? We know you are modest, but you need not fear that you will be considered as assuming too much. Extra copies will be sent free to all who will thus aid us in making the REVIEW interesting. Our desire is to make the REVIEW an impartial organ for every yearly meeting in our branch of Friends. Genesee Y. M.

has been reported pretty full in the past, we hope other Y. M. will feel and take the liberly to do likewise. Whatever we have received has been always welcomed and inserted with pleasure.

Stephen K. Brown, of Toronto, writes us he has made arrangements with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railroads, by which certificates will be granted to persons attending Genesee Y. M., held at Bloomfield, Ont., and a reduction of $\frac{2}{3}$ return trip will be made. Two or three days before and after meeting will be allowed to go and return. These certificates may be obtained at any railroad station on these lines, and must be properly filled out by agent at starting point.

As we go to press, our illustrious Premier is, according to all reports, on the verge of death. All hearts, Reform as well as Conservative, opponents as well as allies, are hushed in awe and watch with fearful apprehensions the hourly telegrams from Earncliffe. Both parties that his life kept so bitterly distinct will unite in lamenting the death of the great leader. Truly the hour of death disarms hostility. Misfortune makes all flesh kin.

OBITUARY.

SEARING—Died at Poplar Ridge, N. Y., Fourth month 21st, 1891, Elizabeth, eldest child of Samuel and Amelia G. Searing, aged 15 years, lacking a month and a day.

It seems fitting that something more than a passing notice should be given of this dear young Friend, whose short life was fraught with many sad experiences and disappointments. She became the child of heavy afflictions when about two years of age.

The sad accident that occurred at that time came near ending the life of the little one. But tender loving hands nursed her back to a degree of health and strength, but not in full measure as heretofore, when every motion seemed to come from a bubbling fountain of life or activity. For a time

her extremely active temperament seemed to hold in check the lurking foe within, she had to contend with the remainder of her life.

But all too soon did the sad truth come home to the hearts of the parents, that their fondly loved child must be maimed for life—from hip disease.

Although skilled physicians and loved ones did their utmost to stay the incoming tide, but, alas! all proved fruitless in the end! Still her life was a helpful, and not an unhappy one. The quickness of thought in little things was very remarkable, and the avenues were many wherein she found pleasure and enjoyment. It can well be said her life had the usual amount of cheer, but in a different way from other children of her age. With noble fortitude and patience this child of tender years battled with her afflictions, and her buoyant happy nature made sunshine where deepest shadows might have been. Her pleasant home surroundings, together with the many loving, sympathising friends she drew to her side, by her genial pleasant ways (with scarce a word of her physical sufferings, and so wisely guarded were her ways that one felt only the bright joyous side of her life) all combined to make life pleasant to her.

But like a lovely fair flower, ere the petals opened to the full sunshine, she drooped and faded from our sight. The frail life within could not hold out more; and she did not cling closely to life, as her own words evinced a few months previous to her death in a talk with one who was very near and dear to me said, "It is beautiful to live and—it is beautiful to die."

And thus it seemed; for gently the spark of life went out—a glad release for the weary one.

"The Gate was ajar," and the sweet spirit passed beyond. Her presence in the home circle was like a gleam of sunshine! The place she filled is very empty; but the memory of the precious life made doubly dear by years of tender care and solicitude

will *never* fade out, but will be kept sacred, and the bereavment will be hallowed and chastened with the thought that for her there is no more weariness or pain—and the parting is not for long. S. W. HART.

SPIRITUALISM.

The prophet Isaiah says: "And when they shall say unto you, seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto wizards that peep and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? For the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in this." How does this prophecy apply to spiritualism, which, under different names, may be traced back to the earliest times. We have not the time or space to take up its history in the different ages of the world, but take a glance at it as it appears to us to-day. Many are only familiar with it in its bold, blasphemous form, but it appears also in a more subtle guise dressed in so-called scientific facts (many of which have proved to be fictions), and even under the cloak of Christianity does it seek to insinuate its false doctrines into the minds of those who are not well grounded in the truth; to whom the word is not "a lamp unto their feet and a guide unto their path." We are told to regard not them which have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled; *I am the Lord, your God.*

Christ has given us a rule by which we may try all people; "By their fruits ye shall know them." Now, what are the fruits of spiritualism? Leading its votaries away from everything good and plunging them into everything bad; breaking up homes, the Christian homes upon which our country must depend, and without which it must surely fall, for it is a well known truth that the strongest bulwark of a nation is its Christian homes; and all the near and dear ties which make the home

spiritualism would sever, for one outgrowth of its doctrines is free-loveism. Surely we may say of it: "They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." And what do they in the darkness? A prominent spiritualist was seized at times by a power over which he had no control; he could neither eat nor drink for days at a time; his form would assume an emaciated appearance, and his countenance looked like the face of a demon, so that his nearest friends could not endure the sight. Another leading spiritualist deserted spiritualism, declaring to his friends that he dared not remain longer in it, and from being a most zealous supporter of the cause he became so earnest in his opposition to it that he would not allow one of his former persuasion to visit his home. He bore an earnest testimony that "there was nothing good in spiritualism and the less any one had to do with it the better off they would be." Again a Christian man asked a medium, professing to be under the influence of spirits or a spirit, if the Bible was true, asking the question in the name of the Lord; the answer was "Yes." He then asked why people were counselled to consult the spirits. "Because we wish to deceive you." Further questioning called forth the answers that they (the spirits) were not happy, had no prospect of happiness, that their mission was to deceive and their end to be destroyed. Ah! how true the words of Revelation, "They are the spirits of devils working miracles." The above facts seem to carry us back in mind to the days when Jesus was upon earth, and men were possessed of devils, who, nevertheless, were powerless before Him and before His servants who spoke in His name.

To-day infidels and spiritualists are joining hands, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." O, how true do we feel it to be that no one with the least spark of wisdom could entertain such a thought for a moment.

It is no excuse for any one to say they do not know God, and therefore cannot be blamed for not knowing him. "They that seek me shall find me, and unto them that knock it shall be opened," is a promise that never yet was broken nor ever will be. "If any man do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." This is the test, how many who boast of their unbelief in God, Christ and the Bible, are willing to "do this will" in order to learn of the truth of the doctrine? But many are infidels, not from convictions, as they pretend, but from choice; they wish not to believe in a God and a book which condemns their evil deeds. It is written, "That which may be known of God is manifest in them, for He hath shown it unto them," but of too many it is true that "when they knew God they glorified them not as God, neither were they thankful, but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened, professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." "For the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." "But your covenant with death shall be disannulled, your agreement with hell shall not stand, when the overflowing scourge shall pass through ye shall be trodden down by it." In contemplating those things are we not led to explain. "O, my soul, come not thou into this secret, unto their assembly mine honor be not thou united" When we see the hosts of the powers of darkness increasing, ever increasing, using all their influence to make converts to their *unbelief*, how diligent we should be to use all our influence, however small, for the cause of Christ; and "let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

Nothing endures but personal qualities.—[Walt Witman.

THE MEETING-HOUSE AT
SPARTA.

(YARMOUTH, ONTARIO.)

Slowly, *one bright April morning, o'er the hill I took my way.*

To the meeting-house, where gather Friends to meditate and pray.

'Neath the sun kissed portal ling'ring, gazing o'er the peaceful scene,

Glimpses of the blue sky catching through the trees fresh budding green.

And the smile of God seems resting in a sweet, peculiar way,

O'er this quaint old house of worship, where His people love to stay ;

And the wings of Peace, that only flutter o'er this weary world ;

Brood above this building holy, with their glory never furled.

While within as they pure hearted whose calm faces met my view,

While the lines of care seem fading into youth and sweetness new ;

Surely evil thoughts must vanish from this atmosphere of peace,

And the turmoil and the fretting of our weary living cease.

Strikes into the silence holy, voice as silvery as a bell,

Unto thee and me revealing thoughts, the Spirit bid her tell—

Thoughts that speak of fires refining, lit by Wisdom's loving hand ;

Till the nobleness of living we begin to understand

Hushed again in soul-communion, every heart and troubled brain,

While sweet peace to sullen sorrow, chants a beautiful refrain ;

And we learn that surely, somewhere, life will end in perfect joy,

When no clasp of farewell fingers shall our dream of peace destroy.

B. E. MERRILL.

NEBRASKA HALF-YEARLY
MEETING.

Nebraska Half-Year Meeting of Friends was held at Lincoln, 27th of 4th mo., 1891, and was an occasion of great interest. The meeting of ministers and elders was held on Seventh-day afternoon, and as the place of meeting was the general rendezvous for Friends coming to the city, so this meeting be-

came a spontaneous gathering of such, as interested listeners, and we believe was productive of much benefit to all concerned, removing the prejudices which have existed in the minds of many towards what are called select meetings of a privileged class. Throughout this, as well as the following meetings, the good seed sown evidently fell upon prepared ground, and will, no doubt, bring forth fruit to the honor of the Great Husbandman. A very pertinent query was asked why it was so few women Friends, at the present time, were recorded as ministers, which produced a feeling response. On First-day morning the hall where the meeting was held was filled by a large and attentive audience. "A spirit of reverent waiting seemed to pervade the meeting, from which came wisdom and instruction, freshly clothed in words of truth and light, and in this way food was handed forth fresh from the Father's hand, suited to the differing needs of the hungering ones. One may be the bearer of strong meat, while another may hand forth but the cup of cold water, yet each be truly doing the Master's work, and receive the reward of peace." Provision had been made for bodily refreshment without leaving the building, and this also afforded a good opportunity for social refreshment, but we missed the presence of some who had labored faithfully for the establishment of this Meeting, and who had been called from works to rewards. May it prove an incentive to us who are left to keep our lamps trimmed and burning, ready for the Master's call to go forward in his work.

In the afternoon a young people's meeting was held, or rather a F. D. S. conference of the young people of the Half-Year Meeting. Encouraging reports were received from three schools under our care, also excellent essays from the pens of our young men and women were read, some of which will doubtless appear in print as a reminder that our young people are not losing

their interest in our principles, and that those who so think are unnecessarily despondent. The business meeting on Second-day was well attended by old and young, and the active participation of the latter was a source of much strength and encouragement to their elder Friends, and though, with a short recess at noon, we continued in session until 6 p. m., we fully realized that the time was too limited to conduct our business with as much of that deliberation as comports with our Christian profession. Many of our Friends, especially those from a distance, being obliged to take the cars before the close of the meeting, caused a feeling of sadness that we were thus deprived of the opportunity of responding to their God-speed, except by silent aspirations. On the whole our meeting has been one which will be long remembered.

Genoa, Nebraska. . . . T.

1841—1891.

CELEBRATION OF THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES POUND.

Fifty years ago James Pound and Rebecca Zavitz were married in Welland county, Ont., and last evening a number of friends had the privilege of being present at the anniversary of the event, the celebration being gotten up by some of their children and neighbors around. By request Edward G. Schooley took charge of the order of exercises, and after a few appropriate opening remarks, called upon Edgar Haight to re-read the marriage certificate of one-half a century old, and, according to the custom among members of the Society of Friends, James and Rebecca Pound affixed their signatures thereto and all the others present did the same as witnesses. An original poem was read by Mrs. Tryphena P. Way; a number of brief addresses of congratulations were made and reminiscences told of early days in Elgin county. Several letters were read from

absent brothers and sisters, and an essay in honor of the memorable occasion was read by Henry H. Way, followed by an address and presentation by Asa Pound, of a good substantial cane to the father, and pair of spectacles to the mother from their children, while the grand-children contributed a pair of spectacles to the aged bridegroom, and cuff buttons and broach to the bride of years ago. The presentations proved a complete surprise, and it was sometime before the aged couple could collect thoughts to fully express their deep feelings of surprise and gratitude for these acts of love and remembrance. At a later hour refreshments were served, and the visitors left with many expressions of satisfaction and of good wishes for James and Rebecca.

LADY AGNES MACDONALD.

BY MAX JESOLEY.

The brilliant woman who for nearly twenty-five years has shared with the Premier of Canada—to a degree not common in the case of wives of public men—the toils and triumphs of his arduous and illustrious career, is a gift from the sunny South to the snowy North; the island of Jamaica having been her birth-place a-half century ago.

Her parents were of aristocratic and wealthy Creole families—this term being used in its strictly accurate meaning, as designating Europeans long resident in the West Indies. Her father filled a judge's chair for many years, and also had a seat on the Council of Eight that in his time administered the public affairs of the Island. On the mother's side were extensive interests in sugar plantations.

While still a mere child, Miss Agnes Bernard lost her father, and—as about the same time the family property became seriously diminished in value by the introduction of free trade, following abolition of slavery—her mother decided to remove to England.

At first the change of environment

proved very unwelcome. The difference of atmosphere between Jamaica—where the lower classes were all attention and servility—and England—where even servants had wills of their own and dared to use them—was not to be comprehended at once.

But the years, busy with books and acquiring accomplishments, slipped by, and England, despite her exclusiveness, became very dear. In the meantime, matters in Jamaica were going from bad to worse. The plantations fell into ruin, and all who could get away from the ill fated island with any remnants of their fortunes hastened to do so. Miss Bernard's three brothers were among the number, and the eldest decided upon trying his luck in Canada. The outlook was so promising that his mother and sister joined him in 1854.

They had no reason to regret the step. From the very first the venture approved itself. In a few years Mr. Bernard became private secretary to the Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General for Western Canada. This official connection may be considered the beginning of his sister's interest in the political history of Canada, and in the personality of her foremost politician, although she did not make the acquaintance of her future husband at the time.

Change of residence to Toronto and Quebec, extended visits to the United States and England, were the principal events of the succeeding years, with the exception of certain overtures not of a political character, although emanating from a Premier, which found their appropriate conclusion in an interesting ceremony performed in that far-famed temple of Hymen, St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, in the month of February, 1867. Sir John A. Macdonald was then engaged in carrying to completion his magnificent scheme for the union of all the Canadian provinces into one confederation, and it was a happy coincidence that the fates kindly permitted him at the same time to perfect another union of more immediate

personal interest. A few months later Lady Macdonald accompanied her husband to Canada, and took up her residence in Ottawa.

In figure and complexion Lady Macdonald is a striking illustration of the change that comes alike to all of European lineage after long residence beneath the hot, southern sun, for she is tall and tawny, with warm tints of color glowing in her cheeks. Her abundant hair a few years ago became white as snow, and now makes a wonderfully becoming aureole about her high, broad forehead. Energy and determination is unmistakably stamped upon a countenance whose habitual expression is somewhat grave. Yet when moved to laughter, the whole face lights up until every trace of care and anxious thought vanishes from it.

In the art of conversation Lady Macdonald has nothing to learn. She is an omnivorous reader, and not only reads, but digests and assimilates her reading, while a retentive memory keeps at command all that she acquires. She forms her own opinions about the subjects of the day, and never hesitates to express them in clear, concise terms. Her remarkable resources in conversation is notably in evidence at her Saturday afternoon receptions during the season of Parliament. Her drawing room is then filled with an ever-changing flow of visitors from three o'clock until dinner time. Yet no one of them fails to receive a warm clasp of the hand, a bright, appropriate greeting, and the impression that the hostess is quite as glad to see them as if they were the only callers. With a dozen in the room at once, the most of them utter strangers to each other, Lady Macdonald will contrive to keep the ball of talk rolling so merrily that all feel they have a share in the conversation.

The wife of the Premier is a frequent attendant at the sittings of Parliament, the best seat in the Speaker's gallery being always reserved for her, and no important debate takes place that she does not follow it to the final vote,

though the daylight may be dimming the electric lights. Her devotion to her husband knows no limitations, and whether his fate be to stand or fall, her place must be not far from his side.

Lady Macdonald is a strong church-woman, and an active adherent of St. Albans, the only Anglican church in Ottawa with "high" proclivities. Yet nothing is farther from her nature than bigotry or supercilious antagonism to dissent. In company with Sir John she may from time to time be found worshipping with the Dominion Methodist, or St. Andrew's Presbyterian congregations, and two years ago they were both regular attendants upon a series of revival services.

To the full extent of her time and ability she co-operates in all religious and philanthropic enterprises and associations that commend themselves to her approval. Neither does she hold aloof from balls, dinners, receptions and other fatiguing features of social life at the Canadian capital, nor disdain to take a lively personal interest in the fascinating subject of dress. Here her southern nature asserts itself in a preference for effective colors and striking combinations, which her dark complexion and stately figure enable her to carry well.

Lady Macdonald's home is peculiarly well situated on a point jutting out into the Ottawa river, where it commands enchanting views of the Parliament Buildings crowning their tree-clad eminence; of the valley of the Ottawa, extending eastward and westward, with the Grand Rivers speeding swiftly through its centre, and of the Laurentian Mountains lifting their smooth shoulders to close in the northern horizon. All this may be seen from the windows of her boudoir, a lovely bright room, furnished with desk, book-shelves, tables, easy chairs, sofa, pictures and other pleasant accessories, where much hard work is done by its occupant. "Earnscliffe," if not precisely an imposing edifice, is at all events, an exceedingly comfortable one, and is competently if not luxur-

iously furnished. The everyday life of the household is somewhat after the French fashion; a cup of chocolate before rising, breakfast at eleven, and dinner at seven, this arrangement being found most convenient for the Premier. The guest chambers are rarely unoccupied, Lady Macdonald delighting in a cheery home, and the hum of happy voices. She has only one child, a daughter, whose precarious state of health has unhappily precluded her from being aught but a constant care to her mother.

The part that Lady Macdonald plays in her husband's life is not to be set forth in a few words. All that Lady Beaconsfield was to the Conservative Premier of England, Lady Macdonald has been, and is, to the Conservative Premier of Canada, who singularly enough, bears a striking physical likeness to Disraeli. She enjoys his fullest confidence. If any one on earth knows his mind it is she. Their understanding of each other is complete, and their matrimonial felicity unruffled. How much Canada owes Lady Macdonald for the help she has given her greatest statesman, only the Premier himself can fitly estimate.—[From the Ladies Home Journal.

A ROSE AND ITS MISSION.

Just near by to the way-side Inn

A little Rose tree grew,
Why it was there none gave a thought,
Of its mission they little knew.

"Beautiful rose," ah some had said;
While others had passed it by,
Unheeded, unnoticed, she drooped her head,
While she seemed to drop a sigh.

A sigh, for why, oh why should I,

A beautiful rose, be put here to die.
For down-trodden, beautiful rose had been
Many, and many a time again,

By careless feet that had staggered away
From that great brown house just over the way
But beautiful rose picked up her head
Ready to bow to the next she said.

But the next was a stranger that came that way
A great strong man, with a forlorn look.
And Miss Rose bowed and swayed her head
As a drink of the pure morning dew she took.

And the stranger paused, and viewed her more,
And beheld her as none had beheld before.
Such purity, loveliness, all combined,
Partaking her draught from the all divine.

And he turned his face from that way-side Inn
For a new channel of thought opened up to him
For a man of culture he once had been
Surrounded not by temptation, and free from
sin.

And it brought him back to his mother's knee,
When in childhood he had asked her to "pray
for me ;"

And she prayed that her son might only grow
To be God's messenger here below.

He grew in stature firm, and tall,
A handsome man he was called by all ;
And his mother had called him her joy, her
pride.

The day that he brought to her home his bride
Then he thought of the grave-yard far away
Where side by side four graves were made,
And he knew that his all was buried there,
His mother, his wife, and his children fair.

And as he thought of those other days
When he had not been to the wine a slave,
He had viewed himself, as he had viewed the
rose,

With his manhood wrecked and in tattered
clothes.

And weeping, that great, strong man sat there,
And his grief seemed greater than he could
bear,

But he had learned in that long ago
Of one who had loved his strength and aid to
bestow.

And he sought for that aid in earnest prayer,
And the Father heard, and a message came
there :

One that spoke peace within that soul
Go weary one, watch and sin no more.
This little messenger seemed the rose
So much for a simple flower to disclose.
But he took a lesson from that flower,
And a Christian lived from that very hour.

And he tried to teach as 'twas taught to him
Of a pathway pure, and free, from sin
By only partaking of what was given;
For man but needs the gifts of heaven.
O we are all teachers as was this flower,
Teachers by influence, if not by power,
And who would not a teacher be
When so much was learned of a little rose tree.

O man of influence, wealth, and power,
Your mission may be like this sweet flower
To reach some brother, to teach some good,
To lift up poor fallen brotherhood,
It may be to teach it within your home
Or it may be when over the land you roam,
You may teach in silence as did the rose
And what are your teachings God best *knows.
MYSTIC.

THE INDIANS.

Chauncey M. Depew said at a meeting in New York City, 4th mo. 2nd, in the interest of the Indians, that our system of dealing with them had come down to the present time from two methods, practised by the Puritans and Dutch. "The Puritan method was to steal the Indians' land and shoot them if they objected and tried to recover it, and the Dutch method was to buy Manhattan Island for \$24, and then take the money away from them for fear they would spend it for drink." I think this method is about on a par with the man who hired his son to go to bed without his supper for one cent, stole it from him in his sleep, and then whipped him the next morning for losing it.

C. M. Depew further said : "When the Indians comprehended the situation and fought against it in their own way the whole world was horrified at the atrocities of savage warfare." "He thought if the audience he was addressing had been isolated on reservations with nothing to do, and then brought in contact with the worst elements of our civilization, they would have deteriorated as rapidly as the Indians. He spoke urgently for work and Christianity as the only two elements that would cure the Indian trouble" While in company with Robt. S. Haviland, on a recent religious visit in Bucks county, we saw many Indians employed by Friends, who gave them the name of being reliable and industrious. They were from the Carlisle School in Penn, where there are about six hundred, mostly boys. The managers of the school like to send them out among the farmers in order that they may learn what will be of practical use to them when they return to their tribes. It was hard to realize, when seated at the table with them, that they really belonged to the savage race we have been wont to associate with the tomahawk and scalping knife.

JOSHUA B. WASHBURN.

FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocketful of coppers dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus and the heathen. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny; not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do."

That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box he shed a tear, and his heart said:

"Poor heathens! I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable."

That was a silver penny—the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar gave this, saying:

"For thy sake, Lord Jesus! Oh, that the heathen may hear of thee, the Saviour of mankind." That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.

You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and to slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful. The former is the better education. Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands that you may linger on the mountain-tops.—[The Parishioner.

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