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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IV.

LONDON, ONT., FIRST MONTH, 1889.

NO. 1

THE NEW YEAR.

I wandered out by a gurgling stream,
That flows from a secret fountain,
Hidden away in the land of dream,
Far up in a misty mountain.

I do not know where the place might be
That the granite rock is riven ;
I only know it flows down to a sea,
From somewhere twixt earth and heaven.

And long I wandered by the stream
Through tangled ways and wildwood ;
As one enamored with the dream
Of happy, listless childhood.

But wandering once, there came to me
An angel, so it seemeth,
That whispered, sweet as sweet can be,
"Awaken thou that dreameth.

And know this gurgling stream, so rife
With careless, playful motion,
Is the restless, mighty River of Life,
Flowing down to eternity's ocean.

Lo ! Here's a gift to give thee joy,
And comfort thee down the river ;
'Tis a gift from God, free given ; employ,
And render back to the Giver.

Who fails in this, his purpose grand,
Or holds with light devotion,
He sinks, as the water sinks down in the sand
Ere it reaches it's home in the ocean."

She whispered again as sweet as before,
"Awaken thou that dreameth,"
Then left me alone by the river's shore
Pondering what it meaneth.

'Twas the night of the year, the noon of night ;
The stars gained their highest station,
And old things with the old year took their flight,
And the new swept into creation.

So I ponder now by the river of time,
Ponder it over and ever,
How best to employ the gift divine,
Ere it's rendered back to the Giver.

And in the hush of the spent day's eve
From old things I try to sever,
And new things in the new to weave
Henceforward and forever.
Coldstream.

E. M. Z.

SERMON.

DELIVERED AT FRIEND'S MEETING HOUSE,
GIRARD AVENUE, FIRST-DAY EVENING
FIFTH MO., 10TH, 1885.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. But if any man buildeth upon the foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble ; each man's work shall be made manifest ; for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed in fire, and the fire itself shall prove each man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he built thereon he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved ; yet so as through fire." Here is set forth the idea of building upon a foundation, and we would all admit at once that every building should have a foundation on which to stand. The Christian religion is founded upon the power that was in Jesus Christ, not that which is changeable, but that which is from the beginning. Now every building must be where its foundation is. The foundation, so far as we are concerned here in this state of being, must be within ourselves, and does not depend upon a creed or confession of faith, but it must be an experimental knowledge revealed in the secret of our own hearts, then it will stand sure and steadfast as a foundation, for it is nothing else but the spirit of God in the souls of the children of men. Here it is, my friends, that we make the true confession that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh. The Apostle declared that "every spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is

come in the flesh, is of God: and every spirit which confesseth not Jesus, is not of God."

How shall we confess that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh? Not simply by an expression of words: not simply from history. We must confess it by righteous and upright lives; by that which springs forth and grows in our lives, giving evidence that the spirit of Christ has come into our hearts, and taken up its abode there. Jesus of Nazareth was not the only manifestation of Christ, and to confess him as such will not benefit any one. It is only as the Christ is manifest in our flesh, controlling it and bringing it under the power of God that we are blessed in spirit.

This power acts only in the individual in which it is placed. Jesus showed, so far as he himself made confession, the indwelling Spirit of the Father in him. His whole life exhibited the evidence of this indwelling spirit. He never claimed anything original in himself, but he declared, "my doctrine is not mine, but His who sent me." "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Here is a point of real interest and value to us, for when we come individually to do the will of God, it will bring us into that condition that we shall be led by the Spirit of God, and it will make manifest the truth of the religion Jesus Christ, and this is all the doctrine that we really stand in need of. When this becomes our experience, and we know wherein the heart is putting its trust in the divine power, we shall know whether it be the doctrine which proceeds from the truth, or whether it be that which originated in man. Now we can see clearly that we need very few doctrines if our hearts are filled with love; but in regard to our religion, if we only adopt the doctrine held by those who lived before us, we know them only by hearsay or tradition.

When we came to have our doctrines produced by the Spirit of God, we know them to be true. Jesus did not

declare any doctrine as original with himself, or that he was the first one that discovered it. He said, "as I hear, I speak," putting all his confidence in the Father, and in all the truths which he uttered originated in the condition in which he stood in relation to his Father. It was the Father's anointing power that gave him the qualification to preach. I know that some may say, "Why was it necessary for him to receive anything from another?" for we are told by some that he was God. Some churches have decreed that there are three individualities in the Godhead. "God the Father God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," but my friends the decree of a Church does not make a dogma true. Jesus never declared that he was God. Our Heavenly Father represented himself as the one and only true God. "I am God and beside me there is no Saviour." Jesus set forth the way in which he and all other ministers are to be qualified to become ministers of the gospel. On a certain occasion he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day as was his custom, and stood up to read, and there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Isaiah, and he read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind to set at liberty them that are bruised, the opening of the prison to them which are bound, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." "And he began to say unto them 'this day is this scripture fulfilled.'"

He was thus qualified to preach the gospel, and this is the only source by which any gospel minister can ever be qualified, and we, on our part, must make use of that which is given to us, for if, instead of putting our confidence in this anointing power we build up a system of creeds and confessions of faith, they are no better than wood, hay, or stubble, which when tried by fire will be burnt up.

These works, thus brought forth by

men, in their own wis is are standing in the way of truth and righteousness, but behold the time cometh when the Lord will arise "and shake terribly the earth" and all that may be shaken. "In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold which they made, each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats."

Now my friends there is a great deal that men have adopted, and in which they are trusting, so that they have become their heavens, their rest. For instance to bring the point clearly before us, they declare that if they will but believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to suffer death, --to be crucified upon the cross,—and to be raised from the dead, (if they will only believe this) they will be saved, and except they believe this they cannot be saved.

Some declare that Jesus came into the world foreordained to die for us, that God cou'd not be reconciled until an innocent son was put to death, and that we must believe this or we cannot be saved. Inconsistent as this doctrine seems to be, it is the foundation on which many are building, and they are laboring earnestly on that which they call the proselyting process to bring people into the Church, telling them that when they profess to believe in Jesus they are saved at once.

It seems right for me now as I am here with you to look into this matter and see how it stands. It is inferred that God foreordained all these things, and that He would only be reconciled to the human family if they were thus fulfilled.

If He foreordained these things He must have known all the circumstances necessary to bring them about. He knew that someone must betray Jesus, and as a righteous man would not do this, a wicked man must have been foreordained for it—a devil. Jesus said, "I have chosen you, twelve and one of you is a devil."

If all this were not foreordained, Judas was as much a part of the plan any other person, and if his act were

necessary for the salvation of man, we can place no blame upon him. Yet it was said that darkness covered the earth, and the vail of the Temple was rent in twain. This would not seem to indicate the pleasure of our Heavenly Father. Don't be alarmed my friends, let us examine it. The Apostle Paul speak of the killing of the Lord Jesus as one of the most wicked acts. If it had been fore-ordained would he have been displeased with the Jews because they did it? If it were necessary for the redemption of the world of mankind, it would have caused rejoicing instead of darkness and the rending of the vail of the Temple.

Why has the name of Judas been execrated by all who knew of him, and why applied to traitors even to this day?

Jesus never mentioned any case in which man had lost by the fall of Adam. One of the Prophets says: "In those days, they shall say no more. 'the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge,' but every one shall die for his own iniquity; every man that eateth the sour grape, his teeth shall be set on edge." "Behold all souls are mine; as the soul of the father so also the soul of the son is mine; the soul that sinneth it shall die; the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."

Here is clearly set forth a truth which we know by our experience to be rational. Those who look for Christ in their own souls are the only ones that are saved. We must come home to that field in which we are to labor, the garden of Eden within ourselves, for the account we have of the garden of Eden is a beautiful figure, representing the spiritual man placed in a garden. We find that in our human nature there are trees and animals of all kinds to be cared for and cultivated, and this is the great

work of man. A poet has said : "Man know thyself, presume not God to scan, the proper study of mankind is man."

When we enter into an examination of our own hearts we find as the clouds are removed that there is a light from our Heavenly Father which illuminates the soul, and that He has marked out a path for each of us to walk in, wherein we need not the wisdom of this world to guide us, yet the knowledge of the scientist will not be in the way if kept in its proper place.

All knowledge will be an advantage to us if we keep our eyes single to the light within, for we shall find that righteousness is the first and supreme thing, and all other things will follow in a secondary manner, and by using these things as they should be used, we may safely study all the sciences. Let me say here that notwithstanding our Heavenly Father has given us powers of investigation, man has never originated anything in himself, he simply discovers the workings of divine law ; so it is with things pertaining to truth, we only discover the laws and rules by which they act.

There is nothing that our Heavenly Father lays a restraint upon in the human mind. He has given us full liberty for the exercise of all our powers in the right direction, and he is ever ready to show us what this is. It is our duty to make a proper use of the talents which he has given us, and if we do this we shall be found walking in the right path, making improvements at all times. We cannot add to our Heavenly Father: such is His goodness, such is His love to His rational creatures, that He is constantly drawing His children by His own Spirit nearer to Him, so that all may come to feel His love to cover their souls, which is the best garment that He can bestow upon them.

God was spoken of in former times as being angry with the wicked every day. I think this is not so, and it is wrong to say that God ever gets angry,

it is wrong to say that God is a God of vengeance. The kingdom of God is in man, not afar away from him. Man dwells in this kindgom when he obeys the divine law, and when he becomes an inhabitant thereof he is prepared rightly to use all the things of this world.

They are secondary things, but we stand in need of them, and if we use them rightly they will always be a blessing to us.

The possession of great wealth will not necessarily exclude a man from the Kingdom of Heaven. When the young man came to Jesus saying "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" When Jesus referred him to the moral law, the young man said "All these things have I kept from my youth up What lack I yet?" He would not have asked this question if he had been satisfied ; but there was something still wanting, therefore he came to the Master because he did not understand what was needed. But we see it was necessary for him to separate himself from his idols. Jesus could see the condition of his heart, he saw what it was that made him uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, and said to him "go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me." But he was not willing to take up that cross so went away sorrowful. for he had great possessions.

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." This is pretty plain language, but I believe he is the 'rich man' who places his supreme enjoyment upon wealth or anything of an outward nature ; such an one is not in a condition of righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Spirit. On the other hand, a man may have a vast deal of wealth, if his heart is not wholly absorbed with it if he holds it in trust ready to relieve and assist those who have need of it.

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of our Lord Jesus Christ." This shows clearly that true faith is of that nature "which works by love to the purifying of the heart," and which gives us a victory over the world.

We then understand the nature and reality of the fruit produced by the tree of life. And as we come to feed upon this fruit, it will be to the soul an anchor, and our trust, our faith, will produce works that will give evidence of its reality.

As "a body without a spirit is dead, so are works without faith." Works are the only clear evidence which man can give of his faith. This is that true faith that will always strengthen and support us, and whatever trials or disappointments may come it will prove an anchor to us, and will keep us in the patience, it will bring us into that condition that we can fill up our measure of brotherly kindness and charity in the world; and here, my friends, we shall give evidence that we are walking in the love of God, and laboring as Christ labored, that we may attain to the same victory over all transgression.

In the vision of John, Jesus said unto him, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I have overcome and am set down with my Father in His throne." I suppose you will all admit that if heaven deemed it right that a message should be sent back to the world, there was no one more appropriate than Jesus to bring it to John.

We know that the throne of God is in the human soul, and when we overcome all that is in opposition to Him there, we too, may sit down with him upon his throne.

It is very plain and clear that if there were anything more important than that of overcoming in order to be saved, if it were necessary to believe in the outward blood of Jesus Christ and the doctrines now considered essential by many, there would have been a message from heaven to that effect, but no such message was given. It was "to him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my kingdom, even as

I have overcome and am set down with my Father in His kingdom."

Now, my friends, I have spoken that which has come before me, not one word of which I had when I sat down. If it does not correspond with the evidence of divine truth in your own hearts, I leave it with you. I declare nothing for truth that I have not a pretty certain evidence from my Heavenly Father is true. I have endeavored to go to Him all my life. When I was a little lad I used to retire in the shades of the evening, in solitary places alone, and pour out my feelings to my Heavenly Father in prayer. I could not become an a theist, or an infidel, with regard to the existence of a kind and loving Heavenly Father, for I had the evidence of this constantly with me then, as all through a long life, nor was I ever rebuked by my Heavenly Father in anger, it was always in love, to restrain me, and restore me again to Himself.

God could not restore any one by anger. It is the love of our Heavenly Father that is leading us back to Himself. Oh, my young friends, I want you to receive the love of God in your hearts now in the morning of your lives; yield yourselves obedient to all His requirements, and if you make this resolution now, you will be safe, although you may meet with trials, and your path through life may be apparently beset with thorns—by that which may be compared to the serpent—if you keep your eyes steadily to the truth you will be preserved, you will not be harmed by that which is around you in the world, the fire will not kindle upon you, your habits will become stronger for good, and you will become steadfast for the truth.

We have the right ground, and if we make the right use of it the Father will guard and preserve us. Amen.

It has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions at whatever personal cost to myself.—Garfield.

Young Friends' Review

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The YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW for 1889 would be a very good New Year's gift to any young Friend. It would last all the year through, and costs but 50 cents. Try it.

Another year has rolled around, 1888 has tolled its solemn requiem, and a new year smiles its cheerful greeting. "Tempus fugit," (time flies) still may sing the poet. "Carpe diem" (employ the time—use the golden moments) may we all respond. But whether "88" or "89," what matters? Time is nothing only as it gives opportunity. If we have responded to the duty calls of "88" it will live with us forever in happy remembrances, and "89" will not be mortgaged with a heavy burden of vain regrets, but we will be ever ready for all the opportunities it has in store for us. Happy are we if the shades of neglected duties do not haunt

us, and hinder us from performing present ones. To the faithful we say, "grow not weary in well doing." To the negligent also we have an earnest word of consolation. Make '89 atone for '88. A wasted past may be forgotten in an earnest devoted present. "There is no too late.

No! for time is a fiction and limits not fate. Thought alone is eternal. Time thralls it in vain.

For the thought that springs upward, and yearns to regain,
The pure source of spirit, there is no too LATE."

NOT TOO LATE YET.—Keep the stone rolling. Our club raisers have not all completed their lists and we send this issue to all. We do not wish to lose one old subscriber and we want to make as many new acquaintances as possible. Readers ask your young Friends to take it and old ones too they all like it. An active worker in a Friend's neighborhood is sure to increase its circulation. One Friend living where there was once a Friend's meeting, but is no longer, has been taking it for some time, and this year sends us *eight names*. Don't forget our offer to "Isolated Friends" as announced last month. Our little paper is going out into the waste places, carrying light with it. Send it into every nook and corner of our heritage, and supply your young people with it at home.

MARRIAGE.

By Friend's ceremony, under the care of Norwich M. M., on the 12th of 12 mo., 1888, Mary E. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ontario, to John E. Bycraft of Barnsley, England. May they receive the divine blessings that flow to all rightly appointed homes, is the REVIEW's warmest wish to them.

OBITUARY.

Once more are we reminded that youth as well as old age, is called by the messenger of death, from this busy world and earthly home to "the House not made with hands."

On second-day, 12th mo., 24th, we were called to mourn the loss of one of our noblest young men, Stewart Christy, oldest son of John Christy. Death was the result of injuries received in a fall from a waggon when passing through a gateway at home. He lingered a few hours and almost before it was realized he ceased to breathe, and his suffering was no more.

The funeral on Fourth-day was largely attended and seldom are the ties of affection and friendship more tenderly touched. Tears of sympathy were freely shed but they fail to fill the vacancy in that family circle, caused by absence of one who was the pride of his younger brothers and a promise unto his father. At the age of eighteen, bordering on manhood so full of hope—of a genial disposition, we miss by his departure a brother, friend and cousin dear.

Shall we wish him back? Quickly does the human heart respond yes, but may we realize that in the land in which his spirit dwells happiness is unalloyed, where mother and son now wait to welcome one by one the dear ones of their household.

Yes, as we gaze on that fair face,
So calm in death's repose,
We strive the hand of God to trace
His workings to unfold.

But listen friends, faith's loving voice
Bids us, our sorrows tell
To Him, whose wisdom never fails
Who doeth all things well.

B. W.

FRIENDS' MISSION SCHOOL IN ST. THOMAS.

St. Thomas, 12th mo., 1888.
E. M. Zavitz,—

Dear Friend: Our Mission School is growing so encouragingly that we feel impressed to forward another report for the REVIEW. We should like to see Friends more interested in it than they yet have been for we need their support.

It now numbers 71 and is increasing every Sabbath without our seeking them. The children themselves are so

interested they bring their little friends. We have clothed, I think, six suitable for coming. As you probably already know, we have now to pay rent for a room to meet in, and this is the 3rd place of meeting since starting, and from present prospects we will have to again make another move for more room before the winter is over, and to do so will necessitate our paying more rent than at present which we cannot do without more outside assistance than yet received.

The subject of papers for distribution has claimed our attention. We like the sample copies of "The Angel of Peace" you sent, from Lobo very much, and think we shall yet introduce them.

With the addition of a children's page, I think the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW would also be a very suitable paper to scatter in the several homes. Could it be had reasonable enough?

We have in the school five little grandchildren of an unbeliever, and also their mother who is very much interested, and just delighted with the last two topic lessons—"Minding the Light" and "Turning away from the Light."

A few First-days ago we had Serena Minard and four other Yarmouth Friends. Serena spoke so nicely to us and before the school that every member was much pleased. And some outsiders afterwards said, "why did you not tell us that she was going to be with you and we should have been there to hear her." But we cannot give out such word, for the want of room to accommodate them, in fact we, ourselves are already too closely seated for comfort.

The school seems to have found out all the Friends residing in the city. We now have a Superintendent, a Secretary and seven teachers—all Friends.

Some of the most active now among them, were at the first rather doubtful and rather held back from starting, but we are now full of it, and might easily say very much more, for we have indeed found a large and a ripe field for laborers.

I have written thus fully so thee can make out a suitable report for the REVIEW.

Sincerely thy friend,
TRYPHENA P. WAY.

We now have a membership of 74 in our Mission School, with an average attendance of 40, and it is surprising to find that all of the 7 Teachers and Superintendent are actually members of Friends—that too is more than we had hoped at the beginning.

We thank the Friends in Lobo who have contributed and sent to us through Wm. Cornell, also Yarmouth Friends who have done the same. These moneys shall go only towards the actual necessities of the school.

(We are pleased to receive the above from the Secretary of said Mission School. The school has certainly made rapid progress, and we wish it due success. The efforts which the officers and teachers are making will doubtless be of mutual benefit to themselves and to the children who have been too long unused to such elevating associations. We hope Friends will provide the necessary funds to carry on the good work.—EDS.

THOUGHTS.

Intuition (with or without enunciation from recipients) conceived by the pure spirit in men, wherein they commune with their God—inspiring and qualifying them was established by Jehovah in the beginning and continues unceasingly forever throughout the realms of the universe; prerogatively maintaining, and by His own hand (so to speak) personally blessing each communicant, from His own celestial board.

These are they who discern the light—distinguish the voice and are gathered though obedience in the Fathers' employ with salaries beyond worldly endowment. H. G. M.

“Thought birds’ are not to be caught with chaff; and good grain must be sown for golden gleanings.

Twelve new months are for most of us in store, each with its thirsty golden grains. What riches await the true treasure seeker.

Generosity and just dealing are easily confounded. Methinks God often condemns our dealing just where men laud our generosity.

Constant use can never dim the lustre of the Golden Rule L.

There is a power in us, but not of us, sufficiently wise to guide us far better than we can guide ourselves. And only those who are led by it, can know it truly, and can trust it fully. Z.

1889.

Drifting by—Pass ye slowly
Minutes—one by one:
I would add a prayer
I would have ye bear
All my spirit's yearning to the Throne.

Drifting by. Must ye leave me?
Richly treasured!
Laden thus with tears,
Freighted thus with fears,
Holding the seal of many sacred years.

Drifting by How the tide runs!
As some gallant barque
Gliding to the dark
Of the limitless,
So I see my treasures
On the waveless current borne
Down into the darkness of the Past.

Drifting by—dumb, relentless,
By no praying moved.
Must I loose my hold,
And let the hour grow old
That bore away the presence of the loved?

A TALE.

NINE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

The last rays of an eastern sun are lighting up with intense brightness the palace of a king. The queen in her royal robes ascends the stairs to the very summit of the building. Leaving her attendants, she leans far over the balustrade as if she longed to gaze upon something beyond the reach of vision. Picturesque hills lie round about, and beyond, but within sight stretches the

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it would be not to have a father's home to go to even if they, the children, worked out. Father seemed willing to do anything possible to keep a home, and proposed that if I would come back he would give all up to Ephraim and myself if we could pay for the farm, make a comfortable home for them, and some provision for the two youngest children.

James married Sarah, daughter of Isaac and Charity Carman, I think, in the spring of 1829, and sister Esther had gone home. I trust I never shall forget the conflict of mind for three days and nights before I was decided to return home. It presented itself as a duty I owed to my parents, brothers and sisters. Brother Ephraim and myself accepted this responsibility in the year 1829, I being 19 and Ephraim 17 years old.

In 1832 Sister Esther was married to Merritt Palmer, and in 1834 we parted with our beloved sister, Hannah, beloved by all who knew her, who died of consumption, aged 19 years, 7 months and 5 days.

Thus we see the afflictions that our parents passed through as well as their children in thus having them removed in the bloom of life. I was blessed to be with them all, and enabled to help alleviate their wants, as far as poor frail man could do, for which I have received a rich reward.

From 1834 we were blessed to be longer without serious illness in the family than for many years previous to that date. We were six in family. Ephraim and I wrought hard. One year we chopped and cleared 26 acres of heavy timbered land sowed it with wheat, and fenced it. The same year we gave a job of chopping and clearing ten acres more. This we also sowed with wheat. That made quite an opening for one year.

Thus we continued until I was married, which was on the 17th of 1st month, 1839, to Phebe, daughter of Cornelius and Matilda Mills.

We had in possession at this time a farm of 300 acres, part paid for. This property was equally divided, also all

goods and chattels except a crosscut saw, broad axe, a five-pail kettle, and a large pair of steel-yards, which both wanted occasionally. These articles are with us at the present time (1886). I then moved on my part of the farm. Father, mother, and Sarah E. remaining with Ephraim.

On the 27th of 7th mo., 1839, we were again brought into a deep baptism by the death of our sister Esther Palmer, aged 33 years, 9 months and 23 days. My brother William not being able to do any hard work, and our brother-in law, Henry Powell, wishing him to go as clerk, he being a merchant in Poughkeepsie, he went in the spring of 1840, remaining there about two years Ephraim and myself had previously agreed to give him a clear deed of 50 acres of our land, by his staying with us until he was 21 years of age. Yet he preferred to go, and sold his land to us. On his return he lived with me one year, then married Mary Ann Taylor, daughter of Elisha and Elizabeth Taylor, and settled on a fifty-acre farm near here. My father, mother, and sister Sarah had a great desire to visit their relatives in Westchester Co., N. Y., and Ephraim and myself feeling anxious they should, though financially we were poor, we put forth every energy and succeeded in raising means for them to go. They started in the spring of 1841 and were gone over a year. Ephraim and myself mortgaged our wheat on the ground to raise money to bring them home on their return in 1842. They remained with Ephraim until after his marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Amasa and Phebe Chase, in 1848. After which time they lived a part of the time at Ephraim's and a part of the time at my house, until father's death which took place the 2nd of 1st month 1851, aged 81 years, 11 months and 29 days. He gave satisfactory evidence that he had overcome the world, and was fully prepared for the rest of the righteous.

After father's death, mother and Sarah E. moved into a house very near ours and got along nicely. Ephraim

and myself furnished them with all the necessaries of life until mother's death, caused by paralysis, which carried her away in two or three days. She departed this life the 25th of 5th mo., 1853; aged 78 years and 3 months.

After mother's death Sarah E. married Randolph Johnson who owned a farm near here, with whom she lived until his death which occurred some years after.

Brother James at his marriage in 1830 was very prosperous in business but became a heavy loser by endorsing papers for a company living in York State which was doing a heavy business in wheat and other produce in Canada, but who failed to redeem their papers, and left him with \$40,000 of Bank debts to pay. This caused him and his family a great deal of trouble and anxiety. His health was not good at the time, yet he was enabled to satisfy the banks and save a sufficiency to make himself and family comfortable up to his death which occurred on the 22nd of 2nd month, 1877, aged 76 years and 5 months.

In 1854, sister Phebe, who married Henry Powell, who remained in Poughkeepsie over 40 years in the mercantile business, with her husband moved to Canada, and bought a farm of me, across the road from our farm. They built a house on it, but before moving into it, sold the farm, returned to Poughkeepsie, retired from business, but remained there until his death. They were in Canada about two years.

Sister Phebe, after her husband's death, lived in Poughkeepsie with her son, Henry, for many years, but later moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., and there lived with her daughter, Sarah C., until her death, which took place on the morning of the 16 of 12th mo., 1883; aged 89 years, 2 months and 19 days.

Brother William died at his home in Union more than two years previous to this—on the 24th of 1st mo., 1881; aged 62 years, 4 months and 14 days.

We see how changeable and perishable are all material things in which myself and wife have had a

great share of experiences, and I trust we feel thankful to the All-Wise Father, the Sustainer and Upholder of all those who trust in and obey Him, who stilled the troubled waters until there was a great calm. This Power ever did, and ever will, I am satisfied from a degree of experience, sustain and raise the desponding mind, and enable it to bear up under the most severe trials that may be meted to us, for the trial of our faith. Persuaded I am, if we faint not, there will be a deliverance experienced, that will cause the soul to rejoice even in the furnace of affliction which burns all that is consumable until the pure life reigns victorious. Then can we kiss the Rod that chastiseth us saying, "Thou doest all things well."

In a measure we know how to be abased, and also how to abound, to rejoice and to mourn, but in all conditions of life we hope to rejoice that we have thus far been spared. At this time my age is nearly 76, Phebe's nearly 68. We are living on a part of the farm that was taken up by us 64 years ago. Brother Ephraim also remains on the other part.

I feel thankful, I trust, that I can say, that all of the above relatives are in easy circumstances financially, a blessing among many other blessings that should be prized by all considerate minds, yet to be in obeisance to the Author of all our sure mercies. Feeling that my sun was fast nearing the western horizon caused me to leave this tribute to the memory of my parents, brothers and sisters who have passed on a little before me, also that our descendants in after time may have some knowledge of what their predecessors passed through in their pilgrimage, and in their day and time.

A NEW FRIEND AT THE DOOR.

There is in Germany I think, a quaint custom of presenting friends with gift balls of string, or yarn, which the fortunate possessor discovers to be little cabinets of charming surprises in the shape of pretty or useful gifts

hidden in the ball. It has just occurred to me, that to accompany New Year's Greetings, this pretty custom is especially appropriate. As a little child the unwinding of a skein, or ball of yarn, seemed to one peculiarly symbolical of the gradual unwinding of the year, each day bringing us one day nearer the crowning day—Christmas, 12th mo., 25, being the grand illuminating day of days, it seemed only fitting that with the wane of Christmas festivities, a New Year should begin. If the friction of flying years has lowered the pedestal of childhood's patron saint, it has also transferred the child's anticipation and enjoyment of the gifts of a day to similiar hope and pleasure, in the good gifts of a year. With to-night 12th mo., 31st, the last thread of the old year is unwound, the last gift it holds for us disclosed; and, from the Hand of the One Great Giver of every good and perfect gift, we greet the New Year—another ball of hidden treasures. Yes, treasures in every ball to be had for the finding! Lightly we may take the gift, carelessly unwinding, and in heedlessly having missed, or crushed the good things written, cry out that none where there. A New Year—twelve months, fifty-two weeks, more than three hundred golden days! What shall we do with them all? Fill the first with good resolutions, and spend the rest in breaking them? Rather let us begin with only one made at the feet of Him from whom the New Year comes, and depending on His strength for its fulfilment. "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

L. S.

ESSAY ON HAND SHAKING.*

Go where we will in any part of christendom and we find hand shaking is a deep-rooted custom. Well, what is it? and how is it done? It is a mode of salutation performed by the grasping of the right hands and concluding by a hearty shake. When this is done it is an admission to the world that the contracting parties are friends.

Recd by Wm. A. Cutler at the Office, 1st mo. 4 1889.

If they are not they are acting the lie, and their hatred will be increased. For I think as love and friendship are increased and invigorated by handshaking so I think are hatred and enmity. It is a sacred custom and should be looked upon as such. It is the seal of friendship. The stolid and brave old Indian warrior smoked the pipe of peace with forgiving hearts. The white man shakes his forgiven enemy by the hand and thereby enter in a contract to be friends. If we are not friends after this we are hypocrites.

Some people pretend to say that they can tell a man's character by shaking hands with him. Well, I believe men differ as much in their modes of handshaking as they do in their characters. I think it was Prof. Robertson who said that if he got hold of a cold and clammy hand and it felt like a chunk of beefsteak he would not trust its owner very far. And then the man with the pump handle shake, the woman who shakes your hand horizontally while you struggle manfully for a perpendicular shake must certainly have some strong characteristics if we only understood the business well enough to read them. Then there is the man who always shakes hands with you if he meets you a dozen times a day you find that in nine cases out of ten he will get the best of the bargain. But we must not forget that man of an iron will who squeezes and shakes your hand till the tears run down your cheeks.

There is something beautiful and enchanting about handshaking when it is the result of friendship or love, but when used to pave the road to riches and fame loses considerable of its lustre. Take for instance the lawyer shaking hands with every client who is fortunate or unfortunate enough as the case may be, to enter his office, the Dr. who shakes with all his patients, and the merchant and the politician together with scores of others. In a sorry plight these men would be, indeed, were handshaking made illegal. It seems to be the surest and certainly the cheapest way of reaching their patron's hearts.

There is perhaps too much of this

kind of handshaking done in the world. The hand gets hardened. It takes more to set the cords in motion, It is like drinking whiskey, the more accustomed we are to it's use, the more it take to makes us feel those delightful sensations which are the result of it's use. If it were not for this promiscuous handshaking would we not enjoy shaking hands with our friends better?

INDIFFERENCE.

Indifference is surely a potent factor in the continuation of ignorant sinning in this world. Indifference on the part of those who *are* informed as to the evil consequent upon all violation of God's laws. Indifference as to what may become of the mass of suffering and sinning humanity without our doors. There is sorrow enough in this broad land of our's to engage the best thought and action of each individual.

It would be well for us, ere passing on thoughtlessly, to listen to the gentle voice of Alice Cary, as she pleads :

"O thou who dost the sinner meet,
Fearing his garment's hem
Think of the Master and repeat,
"Neither do I condemn.

And while the eager rabble stay,
Their storms of wrath to pour,
Think of the Master still and say
"Go thou, and sin no more."

God is everywhere raising up instruments and fitting them to do some special work in his service. We are all capacitated differently and can all find congenial employment We may not be useful to the extent that Elizabeth Fry and Lucretia Mott were, but within our reach on every side there is so much wrong to be righted, so much suffering to be soothed that we may not plead excuses.

That grand woman, Francis E. Willard said in her address to the National Convention, held recently in New York city, "I have compassion on the multitude, this is the key note that Christ has set for each one's psalm of life, and deeds are the only voices sweet enough to sing it in."

In another part of her beautiful address, so full of food for thought, she reminds us :

"There are lonely hearts to cherish,
As the days are going by,
There are weary souls that perish,
As the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew, as our
Dark way we pursue,
Oh! the good we all may do,
As the days are going by."

Chappaqua, N. Y.

J. C. W.

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