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Young * Friends' * Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. X.

LONDON, ONT., ELEVENTH MONTH 15TH, 1895.

NO. 22

DWELLER IN HEAVEN.

Dweller in heaven high, Ruler below,
Fain would I know Thee, yet tremble to
know!

How can a mortal deem, how may it be,
That being can ne'er be but present with
Thee?

Is it true that Thou sawest me ere I saw
the morn'?

Is it true that Thou knewest me before I
was born?

That nature must live in the light of thine
eye?—

This knowledge for me is too great and
too high.

That, fly I to noon-day, or fly I to-night,
To shroud me in darkness or bathe me in
light;

The light and the darkness to Thee are the
same,

And still in Thy presence of wonder I am?
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,

Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air;
In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild
brink,

From the eye of Omnipotence still must I
shrink!

Or mount I, on wings of the morning, away
To caves of the ocean, unseen by the day,
And hide in these uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in
Thee;

Nay, scale I the cloud in the heavens to
dwell,

Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still Thou art present, and all are the
same!

Yes, present forever! Almighty! alone!
Great spirit of nature, unbounded, un-
known,

What mind can embody thy presence
divine!

I know not my own being, how can I
Thee?

Then humbly and low in the dust let me
bend,

And adore what on earth I can ne'er
comprehend;

The mountains may melt, and the elements
flee,

Yet a universe still be rejoicing in Thee.

—James Hogg, better known as
"The Ettrick Shepherd."

THE PILGRIMAGE.

VIII.

Next day, by train, we leave Scot-
land, passing along the west coast—by
Solway Firth, and through a mining
country, to Keswick in the English
Lake district, a small market town
close to Derwentwater, and amid fine
mountain scenery. "This lake, three
miles long and one mile wide, is the
loveliest of the English Lakes, where
the picturesque variety of the steep,
wooded crags, and green hills rising
from its banks, and the grouping of its
islands, delight the vision." But we
did not see "how the water comes
down at Lodore," whose falls were very
near.

By coach we are carried over a moun-
tain pass, and through the heart of the
lake district, passing Thirlmere and
Grassmere lakes and and vales, the
scenery being most lovely and romantic,
to Rydal water and Rydal Mount, the
former home of the poet Words-
worth. In this vicinity Southey and
Coleridge also lived. We stay over
First-day at Ambleside, situated in the
valley of the Rothay. The morning
is warm and bright, and a short walk
brings us to the ivy clad "knoll," the
former residence of Harriet Martineau.
Back from the road a little space, its
windows face the mountains, and there
is a large sun-dial on the lawn, clearly
defining the hour. It is "morn amid
the mountains, lovely solitude," and in
this quiet vale, with the beauties of
nature thrilling the senses, and the
music of distant cathedral chimes, call-
ing to the outward expression of in-
ward aspiration, our hearts responded,
"God is good."

Leaving this place, we embark on
Lake Windermere (the winding lake)

and the largest in England, being ten and a-half miles long and one mile broad. Its banks are beautifully wooded and lined with villas. The sail is delightful, at one place a large hotel is charmingly situated on a small promontory jutting out from the bank, and here is a ferry also. Then across the lake we steer, skirting a well wooded island, and after leaving Bowness, enter upon the most picturesque part of the voyage. The fine amphitheatre of mountains at the head of the lake becomes more and more distinct, to the right many high peaks, to the left the Langdale Pike's. A little farther on is Wray Castle, a modern mansion rising above the trees, and high up on the opposite side is Dore Nest, once the home of Mrs. Hemans, while near the head of the lake open out the valleys of Brathray and Rothay which unite their waters just before entering it.

By train again we come to Ulverston and Morecambe Bay, the town mostly supported by its mines of haematite ore, and about a mile away is Swarthmore Meeting House and Swarthmore Hall. The former, an ancient gray stone, ivy covered building, several of the windows having small panes of glass leaded together, an inscription over the porch says, "The gift of George Fox in 1688." It is well preserved and has lately had a fresh coat of paint inside. The old Tryacle Bible with its chain and lock, are now enclosed in a box with glass top. Here also are two large arm chairs which belonged to George and Margaret Fox, and in an adjoining room, stands a large oak chest, black with age, which he used in his journeys across the ocean. The meeting was very small. We sat awhile in silence, which was broken by a tendering prayer. Then one of the counsellings of the dear apostle of our simple faith with whom the present surroundings were so closely associated, was revived, "Friends, hold all your meetings in the power of God," and few meetings have been more favored to exemplify the possibility of such an attainment than

this opportunity proved, its influence remaining.

At Swarthmore Hall we were interested in the ancient time-stained building with stone floors, and a large bay window where stood the writing desk used by Fox. Here is the room where he often preached, and another close by where Judge Fell listened without being seen, and up a stairway with curious oak banisters, is a large room with oak paneling and carved mantle, black with age. In the attic the floor is rough hewn, and the same as when the house was built over 200 years ago. A walk through a pleasant lane, by bridge across a narrow stream, and out to the broad well-made road, and soon we are back in Ulverston, with another picture to hang on memory's wall.

Sheffield, one of the principal manufacturing towns of England, is smoke begrimed, but enjoys a world-wide reputation for its cutlery. The town itself is given over to factories and business premises, while residences spread up the sloping hills on every side. Here also we find a Friends' meeting, where were assembled about twenty persons, besides our party of four, and we felt much freedom among them. They were social and seemed grateful for our visit. From this place we made an excursion to Chattsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, near the end of the railroad journey, passing through a tunnel said to be 6,470 yards in length. This handsome residence is 560 feet long, its galleries are filled with paintings and sculpture and its conservatories and gardens, and the park, where many deer are sporting, are very fine. One fountain throws a jet of water 265 feet high, and the estate is nine miles in circumference. The scenery is very lovely, but it lacks that expression which smaller homesteads, scattered here and there, give to a landscape.

By rail again we come to Warwick, and stay three days, going by carriage to Stratford-on-Avon, visiting Shakespeare's cottage, which they tell us is

400 years old, the chapel where his remains were interred, and to the cottage of Ann Hathaway at Shottery, two miles farther on. This last is a quaint picture truly, with its thatched and moss-grown roof with overhanging eaves. Ann became Shakespeare's wife, and in the stone-floored kitchen, near the large fire-place, is an old wooden settle," which the old lady in attendance called the "courtin' sate."

At Warwick we find a Friends' Meeting House, very ancient, and entered through the dwelling of Mary Redly. Her sister was visiting her, and they, and we, and a young man who had come over from Leamington, composed the meeting. They told us that sometimes a good sized meeting convenes. They seemed interested and anxious to do for us what they could.

Pursuing our journey we reach Oxford, which is the seat of one of the most celebrated universities of Europe. It is surrounded by gentle hills and on the river Isis "By the beginning of the thirteenth century, it ranked with the most important schools of Europe, cementing itself by a thousand links with the intellectual and moral development of England. This and Cambridge are the most aristocratic universities of Great Britain, and the expense of being educated there is very great" The stone buildings are time-stained, and we noticed one whose front seemed to be crumbling away. Christ Church College was founded by Cardinal Woolsey in 1525, and in a handsome gateway there is a bell called Great Tom, weighing seven and a-half tons. Every night at 9 o'clock it peels a curfew of 101 strokes. In the large hall which is used as a dining room we counted 77 oil portraits of eminent scholars, including that of Woolsey in red robes.

Merton College, founded in 1264, contains the most ancient library in England. There are several books with chains attached, relics of the time when books were very precious. In front of this College is a meadow inter-

sected by an avenue of noble elms. In Oxford is a monument erected to the memory of the martyrs Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, who perished at the stake in 1555 and 1556. On the way back to London we stop at Windsor, and the Queen being absent we were admitted to the State apartments, which are very fine. Handsome portraits line the walls, and many relics of departed royalty abound. Windsor Castle is one of the most magnificent royal residences in the world; the great park, 1800 acres in extent, is stocked with deer. The interior of the Albert Memorial Chapel is exquisite in its expressions of sorrow, faith and hope. Back to London once more we attend a First day meeting at Stoke Newington. It was large and interesting. A venerable Friend at the head of the meeting invited us to "come and see" what good things the spirit hath in store, and another brought to mind the text "Judge not that ye be not judged," exhorting us to be careful lest our criticisms of what we hear in our religious meetings hinder us from being benefitted thereby. Other testimonies were borne, and the meeting closing with prayer voiced the feeling, "it was good to be there."

We found the Chapel where John Wesley preached, containing his ancient pulpit, a chair with his favorite motto inscribed, "the best of all is God is with us," and other relics. On the lawn in front of the building is a life-sized statue describing him, and on the column below the inscription, "The world is my parish." Across the street is Bunhill fields burial ground containing many graves, among which is the mother of the Wesleys, and John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe's, and a little farther on Friends' Memorial Buildings, erected on the first freehold property they ever owned in London, used for mission schools, adult classes and religious meetings. On the closely shaven lawn stands a single time-stained slab which is said to mark the grave of George Fox. In this ground

the remains of ninety martyr Friends were buried, most of which were long since removed.

In a drive through the streets of this great metropolis, out Kensington way, we pass Buckingham Palace, the Queen's city residence, with large grounds attached. In front is St. James Park. Hyde Park is also very large and fine, and there is an artificial sheet of water called the Serpentine, supplied from the Thames, over which many row boats are gliding.

Albert Memorial is a magnificent monument, the gilded canopy bearing the inscription, "Queen Victoria and her people to the memory of Albert, Prince Consort, as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good."

We were also at the South Kensington Museum, and the National Art Gallery, both of which contain fine works of the old masters, both in painting and sculpture. An inscription round the cornice of one room in the latter building says: "The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to respect and veneration, to which no modern can pretend."

Westminster Abbey, with its royal burial vaults, and long series of monuments to eminent men, is 513 feet long, 102 feet high, its towers are 225 feet, and it was entirely rebuilt in the thirteenth century. Interment within its walls is considered the last and greatest honor which a nation can bestow upon her most deserving offspring. The poet's corner contains, among other memorials, busts of Longfellow, Tennyson, Burns, Southey and Coleridge, and two marble slabs in the floor mark the graves of Tennyson and Browning. In one of the aisles of Henry the Seventh Chapel is Mary Queen of Scots' tomb, and in the opposite aisle a cradle tomb in memory of an infant daughter of James the First. There are gilded tombs of royalty whose outward glory has long since departed, while the lives which bore fruit to bless and uplift humanity,

still command our grateful respect. There are ancient corridors, called cloisters, looking upon inner courts, whose time-stained arches are twined with flowering vines, making a lovely picture. Beneath our feet are inscriptions in the pavement, and ancient stone coffins and stone figures, with features obliterated by the hand of time, lie close to the inner wall.

But time and ability fail a description; we walk the aisles with reverent step, a profound silence stealing over us. 'Neath the tall arched roof on either hand white marble forms are standing, while reverberating through aisle and chapel fine melodies are floating and their echoes are dying away. In a review of our journey we find much interest has been centered round the graves and monuments of generations past and gone, but we must remember that much of this old world treasure consists in memories and relics of men and women, many of whom lived and labored and died before our new world was discovered. They are our forefathers; their life and character are made familiar to us through the pages of history, wearily toiling, but with earnest purpose—the good and noble planted seeds of reform—the benefits of which we of to-day are reaping. We should cherish every noble example and profit by it, aspiring to

"Make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Another day the pilgrims stray, via the Metropolitan Railway, (underground through the city), to Chalfont, and five miles farther on by carriage to Jordan's meeting house and burial ground, on the way taking luncheon in the old cottage where John Milton lived when he finished "Paradise Lost," and commenced "Paradise Regained," (1665-68.) It has been unchanged since the poet's time, and contains a few relics of him, among which we notice his autograph with date 1679.

At Jordan's the graveyard contains the remains of William Penn and his wife Hannah, Guilelma Maria Penn, Thomas Ellwood and wife, Isaac Pennington and others.

The meeting-house is ancient, but well preserved, with small diamond-shaped windows and a brick floor.

Back of the house is a shady dell where open air meetings were held in the olden time when Fox and Penn, and other worthies, bore testimony to the immanence of the divine spirit and its power to bless.

Then back to London, through narrow winding lanes lined with hedges, where noble oak and elm trees overarching make a play of shadow across the sunny way. This district was an old forest belonging to Windsor Castle in the days of King John. We pass a grove of young pine trees planted in rows, making straight and narrow avenues as far as the eye could reach, and preserves, where small game, such as pheasants and partridge, abound. Here, by the roadside, are blue harebells in profusion, and hawthorne trees full of bright red berries, and a field of heather and bracken fern, and poppies.

Homeward bound, in one of the ocean greyhounds, we start with a clear sky and a smooth sea. But soon the scene was changed, the sky was leaden, and high winds lashed the waves into foaming mountains, through which the good ship rocks and plunges. One morning a great wave washed one side of the upper deck, carrying steamer chairs and their occupants and deposited them drenched and broken against one of the obstructions on the deck. Two of the engines were disabled, but we hold on our way, the last two days under a smiling sky and over a silver sea. Two sunsets were rarely beautiful, an immense red ball sinking out of a sea of red and bright green, and grey cloud lined with silver, and higher still clear blue, into a dark blue sea, the stars shining brighter and brighter as the darkness advanced. We

watched the green shores of Long Island and the other islands in beautiful New York Bay, and gayly steaming along with the Stars and Stripes unfurled to the breeze we reach our dock amid the busy stir and hum of *next to the largest city in the world*. Crowds of people line the dock, flags and handkerchiefs are waving the welcome home to many a loved one, and we disembark with hearts full of gratitude for continued preservation through many a danger, and grateful too for the peaceful home enjoyment in the land of our birth.

SENEA A. MINARD.

MINISTERS AMONG THE EARLY FRIENDS.

In writing this paper I have tried to give some idea of the hardships endured by the early ministers in the Society of Friends, and of the trials which beset them in their travels.

Beginning with George Fox, we find he travelled over the most of Great Britain and Ireland, and also visited the colonies in America, as well as some places in Germany, walking long distances, and preaching in churches, market-places, or wherever opportunity offered. Of him Thomas Ellwood said: "He was valliant for the truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, unwearied in laboring in it, steady in his testimony to it" Many became convinced of the truth of his preaching, so that as early as 1655 there were seventy-three preachers. These as well as many in later years, suffered severely from being frequently confined in prison many months at a time, but as they were thus kept from preaching, they busied themselves writing letters and exhortations.

The following narrative affords an instance of the remarkable faith in Divine guidance possessed by the early Friends, a number of whom, having a desire to visit this country, engaged the vessel named Woodhouse, the master of which had had it manifested to him

several times, "Thou hast her not for nothing." They set sail from Portsmouth about the middle of 4th mo., 1657, and when they had sailed about thirty leagues, they sighted a large ship like a man-of-war coming toward them, which occasioned considerable fear on board, but the promise of the Lord to one of their number, that they should be carried away as in a mist, was fulfilled. They then met together to seek counsel of the Lord, and the word from Him was, "Cut through and steer your straightest course, and mind nothing but Me," which caused them to meet thus every day for guidance. Robert Fowler, the master of the vessel, in giving an account of their voyage, said: "It was very remarkable, when we had been five weeks at sea, in a dark season, wherein the powers of darkness appeared in their greatest strength against us, Humphrey Nolan, entering into communion with God, told me he had received a comfortable answer; also that about such a day we should land in America, which was even so fulfilled. Thus it was all the voyage with the faithful, who were carried far above storms and tempests; so that we have seen and said, we see the Lord leads our vessel as it were a man leading a horse by the head." So they reached Long Island the last day of the 5th mo., having accomplished their voyage safely, without regarding latitude or longitude.

Many among the early Friends were very well educated for that time, such as Isaac Pennington, Edward Burroughs, and Robert Barclay, while others, like George Fox, Francis Howgill, and John Woolman, acquired but ordinary education, yet they were all so much inspired by their convictions and so earnest in their ministry, that it is difficult to tell who accomplished the greatest results.

It is a remarkable fact that many began their ministry when young in years. James Parnell, being only sixteen, and so powerfully did he preach that many were convinced by it. He died at the

age of eighteen, after having endured severe hardships from imprisonment.

Thomas Clarkson, in speaking of William Penn, says that, although he was a learned man, he used while preaching, language the most simple and easy to be understood, and also, that he was of such humility that he generally placed himself in the lowest space allotted to ministers, always taking care to place above himself poor ministers and those who appeared peculiarly gifted.

It is said of him that he was much opposed to the use of tobacco, and in his travels in America, seeing its constant use, was a source of annoyance to him. In coming into a house in Burlington, where some of his particular friends had been smoking, he perceived it and discovered that they had hidden their pipes on his approach, so he remarked pleasantly, "Well, Friends, I am glad that you are at last ashamed of your old practice." "Not entirely so," replied one of the company, "but we preferred laying down our pipes to the danger of offending a weak brother."

The journal of Hugh Judge, who died in 1834, in his eighty-sixth year, gives us some idea of what Friends had to overcome in travelling in those days. He was sixty-two years in the ministry and travelled during that time about thirty thousand miles, sometimes being away from home a year or more. In his later life he resided in Ohio, and each year, even after he was eighty, came east to attend Philadelphia and New York Yearly Meetings, having to travel on horseback, by stage coach, or by canal boat.

In reading over the accounts of the lives of those men who suffered and endured so much for their religion, it gives us much to think about and reflect upon. Is the ministry of to day in the Society as powerful, as convincing, as of the early Friends, or have the times changed so that it is not necessary it should be so? Let us each, instead of resting on what

Friends have done in the past, do our part towards keeping the high standard of the ministry in the Society, so that we may have, as Barclay has said, "A holy, spiritual, pure, and living ministry, in which the ministers are called, qualified, actuated and influenced by the Spirit of God."

TO THE FATHERS AND HUSBANDS OF OUR COUNTRY.

At a woman's meeting connected with Illinois Yearly Meeting of Friends' held Sept. 18, 1895, in discussing the purity of the home, our members felt that that purity would be greatly promoted were the fathers and husbands to take the same interest the mothers and wives do, and be as careful as they in the use of pure language, not only in the home, but also when they are gathered together in the work of the farm, at the corner grocery or Town Hall, or any other place in which men are liable to congregate.

Boys will follow very closely the words and actions of their fathers and the fathers of their associates and, if they hear them using vile language, or making low remarks in regard to women or girls, they will be likely to follow their example. Therefore we plead with you to join with us in making the resolution that we will strive, not only to be pure in thought, and word and act, ourselves, but use our influence to induce others to do the same.

ELIZABETH H. COALE,
President Woman's Meeting
of Illinois Yearly Meeting.

Signed by direction of Illinois Yearly Meeting,

OLIVER WILSON, Clerk.

Genuine Christian experience is enjoyed when, holding fast to present attainments, we are continually looking forward to something better.—*Canadian Churchman.*

O, TO BE GODS IN BABYLON.

"The Gods abide in Babylon;
Of old they came to Babylon;
Footsore by green-hedged country roads,
Mere men were they in plain attire,
Oft scant their fare and chill their fire,
But when they died men crowned them
gods;

Let us, too, go to Babylon."
So spake the lads who would be gods,
Three lads who went to Babylon.

All through the night the snorting stream,
Unto the city of their dream,
With clank and jumble, jolt and stand,
Held on, while past them fled the land;
Fled streams and meadows, hills and
downs,
Fled lochs and forests, hamlets, towns,
Till set the moon and paled the stars,
And dawn appeared—Babylon!

* * * * *

The majesty of Babylon!
The mystery of Babylon!
Her stately years, like laden wains,
Piled high with efforts, failures, hopes,
And sheaf on sheaf of fruitless gains
Moved slowly down life's harvest slopes;
Time, heavy-footed, led them on,
But Youth, outworn, a-top lay prone,
Old grew the lads in Babylon.

The first, him Pleasure whispered fair;
About him blew her 'wildering hair;
Her glamor circled him like a flame,
He ceased to strive, forgot his aim,
And woke at last, a soul beshorn,
Himself unto himself forsworn;
Dull, dull, as down the city's roar
Where sink the souls who rise no more
In the deep, deep dark of Babylon!

And one with all too tender eyes
Saw but the wrong to heaven that cries;
The smoke of men's vain torment rose,
And dimmed all else but human woes;
Nor hope, nor help on any hand,
A stone this heart of Mammonland!
Oh, sun-bathed hills! were ye a dream?
Oh, fields of youth! oh, flower-fringed
stream!

Out of the fog and home to die,
He, gasping, fled from Babylon!

Through toilsome years, by stony roads,
One reached the dwelling of the Gods;
The silences that brood alway
In Thought's vast temple, domed by day;
Here found he strength and soul-increase,
In work knew rest, in tumult peace;
Here burned his lamp, and, lo, its ray,
Shone o'er the world from Babylon!

—*Jessie Kerr Lawson.*

Young Friends' Review

A SEMI-MONTHLY.

*Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends*

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

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In a note from Isaac Wilson, written on his way home, dated Utica, N. Y., 17th mo. 8th, he writes: "I have been from home over three weeks, have attended Western, Calu, Concord, Purchase, Nine Partners, and Stratford Quarterly Meetings, also a number of appointments. All satisfactory. Have had beautiful weather nearly all the time, and have kept well"

In this issue closes the account of Serena Minard's "Pilgrimage" in Europe. We are sure the readers of the REVIEW have been delighted and deeply interested with the excellent accounts of her travels abroad, and ill miss their coming. Perhaps she

may feel constrained to keep up, though by other themes, the connections and acquaintances that her pen in this series of articles has won for her. Although she went an acknowledged delegate in the cause of temperance, of peace, and of prison reform, yet the supreme mission of her going, though perhaps unknown even to herself, we prophetically feel will result in accelerating a unity in feeling, and finally in action, between the British Friends' and our branch of the Quaker Church. What true Friendly mind will not be disarmed of its prejudice against the harmless tenets of Hicksitism after hearing it from the inspired lips of our own mild evangel.

"In Christian breasts, oh, for a Pagan zeal." This cry of one formerly, somewhat altered to suit conditions, is very frequently on our mind when beholding the indifference found in many Friendly localities towards our beloved Society. We do not desire that narrow, selfishly denominational zeal that once characterized Church members. We rejoice to see that spirit vanishing before the clearer light of a broader Christianity. But there is a zeal for denominationalism that does not militate against this universal Christianity. There is a loyalty towards individual Societies that harmonizes with the move for the unification of the Churches. As only through individual faithfulness can we have a model Society, so the Church of Christ can best be perfected through individual denominational faithfulness. Let the hope the world has in the unification of Christianity fortify our zeal in all branches of Society work. Let us see that it is not for our Society alone, but for the world. Let us be convinced that we can best serve the world religiously by serving our own Society. If Friends think the work of the Society is finished—it is finished. But if they think there is a respectable, a worthy, even a glorious future for it, it will be so.

It is only in some localities, in some

individuals, that hope is lost. Let these take a broader view and see our Society as a whole. Instead of spreading discouragement, let them enkindle their dying hope where the Society's altars are at a white heat with working the world's good.

YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATIONS.

On account of our Half-Yearly Meeting at Genoa, the Association at Lincoln, Neb., was not held until the week following our usual time. For opening, the lesson was read from the Lesson Leaves, followed by the review of the month's lessons by Martha Davis. The subject of current topics was given by Nellie E. Lownes. She covered a number of subjects—Colored People, Temperance, War, and several others. Several comments were given upon these, among them the thought that the introduction of Christianity into the so called heathen countries elevates woman, also that the voice of God appears to all men. It was also thought that much mission work could be done at home. An account of Half-Yearly Meeting was given by Fanny C. Lownes and others. The great unity of feeling through all the business of the meeting was spoken of, also the number of children and young people.

The explanation of the following verse was discussed: "Ye worship that which ye know not; we worship that which we know; for salvation is from the Jews."

"Where Has the Summer Gone?" was recited by Martha Garlock, and "The Best Place to Get a Drink in Town," by Erwin Davis. Temperance sentiments were given. Minutes of the last meeting and programme of next were read.

HAMTONETTA BURGESS,
Correspondent.

For YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

A regular meeting of the Young People's Association of Prairie Grove,

Iowa, was held at Prairie Grove, First-day afternoon, 10th mo. 27th, 1895. The topic assigned for the consideration of the meeting was "Lucretia Mott: Life, Sayings and Doings." The leader presented a paper which gave a very comprehensive sketch of the life of this remarkable woman. There were also several other selections read relating to her life and work, all of which were listened to with seeming interest. There was considerable interest manifested by some of the young people present, not Friends, in the character under consideration, one lady requesting the loan of "James and Lucretia Mott. Life and Letters," saying she was anxious to know more about her after listening to the sketch given. This request was willingly granted, and I only wish more, who are not of our field, would take an interest to learn of the lives of some of our early consecrated Friends. The next meeting of the Association will be held 11th mo. 30th, 1895. Topic for next meeting, "Our Duty in Regard to Attendance of Public Worship."

J. D. S.

Winfield, Iowa, 11th mo 5th, 1895.

For YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

TRENTON, 11th mo. 4th, 1895.

The regular meeting of the Trenton Friends' Association was held in the meeting house 10th mo. 28th. The Meeting was very interesting, with about the usual number of members and others in attendance. Delegates were appointed to attend the coming Conference. Two very excellent papers were presented, the first by Dr. Laura Satterthwaite on "Swarthmore and Its Advantages to the Society." The paper was written in the usual good style of the writer and was listened to with great interest. She thinks our Society has been greatly benefitted by the establishment of Swarthmore College, and that it is the exponent of our principles, and with encouragement and support will erect monuments to our Society that time cannot destroy.

The next paper was by Wm. Walton, entitled "What Makes a Christian? and What is the Object and Effect of a Christian Life?" The writer after defining what constitutes a Christian (according to Webster) went on to state he believed to be a Christian one must not only profess the religion of Jesus, but must practice it, and by practicing it we must live honest, temperate and moral lives, "doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us," and by so doing we will not only ennoble our own lives but the lives of those around us. Several joined in the discussion which followed the reading of these papers, and many words of encouragement and help were given us.

After a short silence, the meeting adjourned to meet 11th mo. 25th.

M. W. F. MOON, Sec.

A regular meeting of the Young Friends' Association of New York and Brooklyn was held in New York 10th mo 27.

The Conference Committee reported that our Association would hold a Conference at Flushing, the 1st of 12th mo.

The report of the Current Topic Section was given by S. Elizabeth Stover, in which mention was made of Henry M Stanley and his work in Africa; the school law in Belgium, which made religious instruction obligatory. In the New York Board \$5 000 was asked for to equip the children for military drill, but it was refused: \$10,000 was asked for to fit out kindergartens and this was granted; This goes to show that military drill is getting less attention, and occupation for young children more, which is as it should be.

Marianna Hallock gave the report for the Literature Section, in which she read the article from the *Intelligencer* for 10th mo. 5th, entitled, "Are the Quakers Dying Out?" In view of the recent two hundred and fifty first anniversary of the birth of William Penn, the Section thought it fitting to make a partial report of his writings, so a short

review of "No Cross, no Crown," was given, and a few quotations from his Book of Maxims.

The subject for the evening was "Journalism, as a Moral Force." It was opened by Dr. Charles McDowell in a brief talk. Among other things he said that in the history of the world the newspaper was a recent invention, it being only about three hundred years old. It is, to a certain extent, an educator. It broadens our sympathies for other people and countries, and it assists any concerted action on the part of the people. Newspapers follow popular sentiment. The editors assert that the reason they print disgusting matter is that the people want it; so, in order to sell their papers they are obliged to print it. He closed his remarks by saying that each person should be careful of the paper he reads and to read none that have an immoral sentiment. A very interesting discussion followed the opening remarks. The meeting adjourned to meet 11th mo. 10th, in Brooklyn.

M. H

AN EPISTLE.

To Nebraska Half Year's Meeting, to be held at Genoa 10th mo. 27th and 28th, 1895:

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is with feelings of deep love that I retire from daily care to pen a few thoughts that crowd for utterance. Certain conditions prevent my being with you in person, and next to this is the use of the pen. Let me assure you that, though hundreds of miles intervene, still the prayer thoughts of my soul will be with you, and may they add a weight to your earnest endeavors that the overshadowing spirit of devotedness to the truth will be as a helmet and shield to guard the tree of spiritual life in each soul. When at eventide we contemplate the day's work that has passed and we find the setting sun of duty shining out brightly with no cloud to cast a shadow, then it is we feel the loun-

tain of the great deep stirred with emotions of gratitude to God, and love to all mankind like a banner floats over our whole being. This is the Christ power, the saving presence, and may we abide with Him, realizing that here alone is safety. Oh, dear ones, how close to our real life is the remembrance of these times of union and communion, these special meetings, when we cast all our united force into one concentrated prayer, and in this condition we consecrate ourselves anew to the work of the Lord. "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," is of deep significance to us, and all we have to do is to put forth our hands to earnest work with a zeal to feed with knowledge, and He the Spirit of Truth, the Lord from Heaven, the Christ of God, the Son and Sent of the Father, is close beside us to walk with us, and as Drummond puts it, we are yoked with Christ, and he being our true yoke fellow all things become easy. I pray that we may all, I with you and you with me, seek more often than the morning for the spiritual refreshings, and let us remember that labor is the watchword of all life, be it natural or spiritual. If every meeting was a consecration meeting when we renewed our fidelity to the truth, to God the Father of all life, the first great Cause, the only Way to true life and knowledge, then would rough places become smooth, dark places become light, and the great forces of men and women be in the ascendancy. The millennial day would dawn upon us as individuals, as families, as churches and as a nation. Glory, honor and praise would be the anthem from hearts that are now seemingly dwarfed to spiritual expression. So let all our efforts as individuals be centered on the mountain heights of spiritual revelation, and as this is our work it will spread from shore to shore, from the center to the circumference, and there will be no gloomy forebodings for the future, no doubtful disputations to chill the spirits of the little ones, no contention over the letter of

religion, but on the contrary the Christ babe will become the strong man by the law of love in each soul and thus binding us together in a holy kinship we will be able to gather and roll back the tide of evil from the soul's hearthstone. Then, oh, most Holy Father, grant thy devoted children may continue to abide with thee, and thou with them, and that we may all come nearer together, drawn by thy eternal power, which is love, unselfish love in himself. We make the request, and all honor, praise, renown and thanksgiving be ascribed to Thee now and forevermore. Amen.

MARY G. SMITH,
Your devoted Sister in Christ.

THE BIG CONVENTION AT BALTIMORE,

At Baltimore Miss Frances Willard carried the W. C. T. U. convention with her in a movement to include in fraternal relations Catholics and Hebrews. The question arose on the following resolution:

"Resolved, that Catholic women and Hebrew women should be invited to send fraternal delegates from their annual conventions to ours, and to establish branches of the White Ribbon Society within their own borders."

One of the delegates suggested that it might not be quite consistent for the Women's Christian Temperance Union to ask Hebrews to affiliate. This roused Miss Willard. She said: I want to recognize these two denominations, because in places where I have been, especially in the south, they exhibited sympathy with our work and have extended every courtesy. It has especially touched my heart that in meetings where I have presented the work of this organization among those who have welcomed me to the platform have been the Catholic priest and the Jewish rabbi. They knew what I came for, they knew what I presented, and if they were broad enough to go half way and extend the

hand of greeting, should my hand be so small and withered as to not accept the clasp? I want to welcome them to us if they want to come."

The resolution was adopted.

JOSHUA L. MILLS' LETTER.

MT PALATINE, ILLS.,
11th mo 4th, 1895.

To L. E. Wilson, correspondent Y. F. REVIEW :

On the morning of the 7th of 10th month last I left my home for a visit among the families of Nebraska Half Year's Meeting residing in Nebraska, and to visit one or two families in Iowa, going and returning; also a number of my relatives and friends not of our fold, yet who, I believe, are striving to serve the Master in the way which seemeth good in their sight.

My first call was on our dear aged friends, Joseph A. and Ruth Dugdale, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. We found them feeble, but our meeting was a very cordial one, I having known Joseph over 60 years, and Ruth all my life: she having nursed me frequently during my infancy, over 70 years ago. Financially they are in straightened circumstances, having met with losses. Spiritually calm, and quietly awaiting the summons to the higher life, and with the desire that their separation may be of short duration. Few have been permitted to walk the path of life with so much genuine sympathy, one with the other, for so many years. He having passed his 85th and she nearing her 94th milestone. To me it seemed like the glorious, mellow sunset, when all nature seems to give place to the quiet of an endless eternity.

I bade these aged friends farewell with a feeling that it was good for me to have visited them. I arrived safely at Lincoln on the 9th, and commenced my visiting from house to house, which seemed to be the best way for me to get near each individual soul. Attended Lincoln Meeting on First-day, the 13th. The private parlor in which these friends meet was full of over-

flowing, quite a few not members being acceptably with them

They have not what is called a recorded minister here, yet there were several whose vocal utterances met with a responsive Amen, and I doubt not but the record is kept by the great I am. After meeting rode down to the Bennett neighborhood with my young friends, Rebecca and Irene De Peel, which was an enjoyable one across the country, nearly 14 miles.

I visited all the families here including the children of my deceased friends, William Dorland, Henry and Benjamin Bedell. I believe this visit was well timed, as it seemed to me we were all drawn very near together in that which goes to build one another up in better things. Surely they need the strengthening of the spiritual here in order to enable them to withstand the great financial strain that has been brought upon them by the unprecedented drouth of the past season

One or two told me that from 75 acres in corn they would scarcely realize 100 bushels. Others would get 5 to 10 bushels per acre, the latter the exception.

On 17th, run back to Lincoln and down to Crete, via railroad, to visit a first cousin. He, however, was called away that morning with an invalid son, yet I had a very pleasant visit with his wife, youngest son, daughter-in-law and grand daughter, the latter two the family of the invalid son.

Returning again next morning to Lincoln I again visited my brother-in-law and wife, the latter my late wife's sister.

The crops here are some better: say 5 to 14 bushels, an exceptional piece, going 20 to 25 bushels

Nineteenth, left for Garrison and David City neighborhood, reaching the former near bed time, and found kind friends to meet me.

Next day attended their First-day School to good satisfaction. This seems to be to them the only hope in keeping alive the deep interest that is man-

tested in the principles of our Society. I was in all these dear Friends' homes, and I believe quite near their hearts, and I left them feeling that they were quite anxious to do what they could.

Crops better here, still short, and prices low all through Nebraska; oats, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c., and corn 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 20c.

At Oconee was met by my young friend, Stephen Lightner, who kindly took me to his hospitable home for the night, his estimable wife giving me a cordial welcome, although not a member. Next day took dinner with Esther Matson and husband; he not a member, though none the less cordial was my reception.

These dear young friends are children of Isaiah and Fannie Lightner. Spent the night with Joseph and Emma Webster and their son William. These dear friends are as pillars in the church, and yet how much more good could they do if they were to let their light shine farther and farther out in the world, and especially in our own beloved Society. I always enjoy a visit there: they are a family of highly cultured minds.

Joseph kindly took me to Isaiah Lightner's for dinner, and he kindly and generously offered me horse and buggy that I might visit outside Friends, with the only restriction that I get back to the Select Meeting next day. This enabled me to visit two or three families I was particularly anxious to visit, which otherwise I could not have done. The Select Meeting convened at 2 p.m. There we met our Lincoln friends again, who brought us the sad intelligence of an accident to our dear young friends, Rebecca and Irene de Peel, on the evening of 22nd ult., in the suburbs of Lincoln.

It seems they were about to cross the railroad track near the train time, and whilst upon the track the horse refused to go on; the train coming— struck and killed the horse and demolished the buggy, and threw the girls some distance. Rebecca, when taken up, was found to be unconscious and

remained so for some four hours; the sister apparently not much hurt. We have not heard since from them.

The Select Meeting was a favored one, opened by supplication by our friend Isaiah Lightner, couched in beautiful language, with an earnest plea for our preservation in best things. Nebraska Half-Year Meeting (for ministers and elders, has never closed its doors to any friend who has a desire to sit with them (and that desire is made manifest by their coming), hence is a departure from the usual custom among Friends.

David Wilson and myself were the only members of this branch from a distance.

On First day the house was well filled, David Wilson, Daniel Griest, Fannie Lowmes, Isaiah Lightner and Mercy Hooper, each being called to minister to the spiritual needs of the people. The Meeting closed under a solemn covering.

The Friends here have lunch prepared on First and Second-days, as they are so isolated from the place of Meeting.

Afternoon the First-day School Conference convened, with quite an interesting programme by the younger members, and one or two papers.

Second-day morning met in regular session of the Half-Year's Meeting, George S. Truman, clerk, and Katie Shotwell, assistant. In addition to the visitors in the former Meeting we had Lydia Gibbs, of New Jersey, and Amy Votaw, of North Platt, Nebraska, all of whom were made welcome. The clerk also read a message of love from Mary G. Smith, of Holder, Ill., which met with a response in each heart.

At the recess a short session of the Philanthropic Union was held, in which some appropriate action was taken.

The afternoon session was not very lengthy. The closing exercise seemed to me to have been one of the most beautiful I had ever witnessed in the Half-Year's Meeting. All seemed to

have come so close together (although of different professions) as one in Christ Jesus. Third-day morning came the time for separating, each one bidding the other an earnest farewell, and a silent prayer for the other's preservation in best things. At Freemont, separated from the Lincoln Friends.

Called at Council Bluffs, visiting relations over night and the next forenoon. Thence to Des Moines, Iowa, to visit my niece, R. Alice Mills, widow of John H. Mills, an earnest seeker after truth. Next day she accompanied me to visit an invalid friend whom I had known over 53 years. To my surprise I found him in the hospital. He was deeply moved when he recognized me, yet seemed reconciled to his situation. Left that evening for home, where I arrived 11th mo. 1st, finding all well, and with a thankful heart to the Giver of all good for his many mercies during my absence of nearly four weeks.

JOSHUA L. MILLS.

SPEECH OF G. W. ROSS

AT THE OPENING OF THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY IN LONDON, ONT.

[We believe many of our readers will be interested in the following notes on university education, from a speech by the Hon. Minister of Education for Ontario, standing, as he does, in the concurrent opinion of all competent judges, at the head of the most perfect educational system in the world.—Eds.]

The speaker said it was a great advantage in a country like Canada to have diversity in its educational system. In unifying a system of education, it might lose its individualizations. For instance, Oxford made a specialty of classics, and Cambridge of mathematics. Each of the great universities of Germany had its peculiarities. With such a faculty and such a magnificent field around them, he was sure the Western would hold up the standard of higher education.

“Where could you have a better field than in my native county of Middlesex? You have around you many of the best collegiate institutes in the Province — an excellent breeding ground for the material of which a good university is made. Your city is a beautiful one, and the country surrounding is rich and full of men of energy, and, I trust, wealth.” Mr. Ross said the young people who attended a university sometimes imagined that they would be subjected to a new process of mental development, but they would find it no different from the processes through which they passed in the early stages of their education. There was only one process, and that was self application. “You go to these universities,” he said, “to direct your powers of observation, perhaps upon higher planes, but not upon a different plane. You may project them into greater mysteries by the aid of better trained men, but it is by the same power. That is part of our educational system—its continuity. We begin in the universities where we leave off in the collegiate institutes.” The speaker described three university methods. One was the fixed method by which a certain amount of Latin, science, mathematics and literature was prescribed. There was also another method, which led very largely by Yale and Harvard, many universities of the world were adopting—the system of options. This, he thought, was overdone. There was another system, which he thought was better, and which was between the other two. Under this the first and second year courses were of a comprehensive, practical character, and the remaining years could be devoted to special optional subjects according to the aptitude of the pupil. If he were fitting himself for a general education, the Minister thought he could derive more benefit from a general and comprehensive course, such as had Oxford and Cambridge 30 years ago, than could be taken from some of

the specialty courses of modern times. But with the widening of the horizon, specialization, he admitted, had become more necessary. The general education he approved was one which laid the foundation of a broad, general, useful education, and then specialized according to the aptitude of the pupil. "I am bound," he continued, "to give the palm to a classical education as being indispensable to the highest culture, and I shall be sorry if the time ever comes when any university shall have so far forgotten the traditions of those old schools which have given the world such famous poets, scholars and writers, as to give a secondary place in its curriculum to masters of Latin and Greek."

Mr. Ross said he had been charged with neglecting the public for the high schools. This would be a serious thing if proven, and still more serious if true. While his anxiety was great for the public schools, it was no less great for the secondary schools. Without higher education there would be a dead mental level. There must be leaders of thought, men of character, men of force, to govern the country, and in order to produce these there must not only be proper facilities for primary education, but for education all the way up. He was always delighted when a collegiate institute was opened, and more when a university like this was opened. He did not care to open a university as a school unless he felt that it was calculated to have some influence upon the life of the nation. Its purpose should be to have vital power in the development of men and women for future citizenship. If it failed in that it failed in all. An educated fool was no better than any other fool—in fact, more tedious by reason of his perfect inanity. In all sincerity he did not think her universities had done enough for Canada. He did not think they had the power they should have upon the public life of Canada. How many university men were in the legislative halls, the

municipal councils, the public institutions of the country? In the last British House of Commons 371 of the 670 members were graduates of the great universities of England. No wonder that the British House of Commons was the grandest deliberative body in the world! "I say our universities should so impress their individual life upon the nation that men will see that people trained in them have superior fitness for the positions in the gift of the people. A university should make us better men, more tolerant men. Don't we want to take a wider view of the possibilities of this country in our denominational relations, in our inter-collegiate relations? Instead of endeavoring to discount each other, to discredit the work of another because it is not done our particular way, we should exalt and aid him in whatever he puts his hand to. We are not as refined in our literary tastes as we should be. Is it the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, of Macaulay that are most sought after in our public libraries? No! It is the great current of light fiction, so light that it is almost like the vapor of morning, passing away with the rise of the morning sun, and on this does our great Caesar feed and shrink every day. Can you make Caesars on such literary pabulum as that? Sixty per cent. of the reading of our Canadian public libraries is fiction. This fiction may serve as dessert after a substantial meal, but it does not make men, no matter how it is fixed. Carlyle has said that a man after reading a French novel should wash in Jordan seven times—and it was Goldwin Smith, I think, who said that this light fiction was the bad tobacco of the mind."

In conclusion the honorable gentleman dilated eloquently on the necessity of building character as well as mind. The students did not merely send their brains to the university to be submitted to a cerebral massage, but they should go through it, body, souls and mind, and come out sub-

limited and refined by the process. Having been in the company of the great men of all times, having drunk of their inspiration, having sat at the same table, having had communion with them day and night—could this make a crawling, simpering, oscillating citizen? No, never! They looked to the young men of Canada to project national life upon higher lines, with consciences quickened to do the right and all circumstances—*London Advertiser.*

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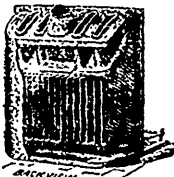
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