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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VIII.

LONDON, ONT., FIRST MONTH, 1893.

NO. 1.

GLIMPSE OF THE DAWN.

Faint voices float upon the breeze,
Through waving grass and sighing trees,
To fill the world with prophecies
Of changes to be born.

The discontent in rural life,
The growing wail of city strife,
Are both with deepest meanings rife,
Prophetic of the morn.

The State ideal will only be
When men with one accordance see
The oneness of humanity,
In pleasure and in pain.

Oh, haste the day when through the world
States into war shall not be hurled,
And over all shall be unfurled
A flag without a stain!

—Myron H. Goodwin, in *Twentieth Century*.

WAR.

ESSAY READ BY THOMAS BOYCE AT THE
PHILANTHROPIC SESSION AT COLD-
STREAM ON CHRISTMAS
DAY, 1892.

What better subject could be chosen, and especially at this season of the year, to review and seriously consider than that of war.

It is not the spiritual, but the human warfare that I am now going to deal with, perhaps I might more truly term it inhuman warfare, the warfare which contending humanity wage one against the other, devoting their utmost tact and energy to the destruction of fellow lives, each side striving to obtain the victory over the other at any cost.

Let us ask the questions:

1. Is war in accordance with our Christian religion?
2. Is war just and lawful and right?

3. Is war a benefit to mankind and the world at large?

When we consider them a moment and the misery, sufferings and privations caused by war, what a truly hideous monster it becomes in our eyes, and how else could we conclude to answer the above questions than by a decided negative.

There was a period when war was looked upon by almost all as being quite right and proper, but that period, let us hope, is gradually but surely passing away. We still find the views and ideas concerning war are, as with all other public topics, many and varied.

The New Testament is a book that says a great deal about war, and if each one were to study it and make up their mind from that source, I do not think any overthrowing arguments would be brought to bear upon the question, either in regard to its being in accordance with the Divine will, or to its being lawful and just in the eyes of God.

The late lamented and much esteemed John Bright once said: "If we may presume to ask ourselves, What, in the eyes of our Supreme Ruler, is the greatest crime his creatures commit? I think we may almost, with a certainty, conclude that it is the crime of war."

Some one has described war as the "Sum of all villainies." We know it has been the direct cause of such suffering and misery, bloodshed and slaughter, that no tongue or pen can describe. Large tracts of fertile flourishing country laid waste, noble cities devastated, homes destroyed, mothers widowed, and children orphaned, family circles broken up, all under the

baneful and blighting influences of cruel war.

Can any one, in the face of these stern facts, bring forward one substantial and convincing argument in favor of war being a benefit to the world? How is it that Christian nations have become involved in so many wars when, undeniably, it is at variance with their professions of faith. Probably the reason that war has been so indulged in up to the present time, is because sufficiently deep thought and close inquiry has never been given it. The pomp and circumstances of war has been interwoven into our thoughts and associations since our earliest recollections, we have become accustomed with the accounts of battles fought and great victories won, soldiers and armed troops moving around amongst us; therefore they have all become familiar objects in our minds. We have not paused to consider whether these things should be or not. We have acquiesced in them as we do in the rising of the sun, with no other idea than that it is a part of the ordinary processes of the world.

Want of enquiry has been the means by which long continued practices have obtained the general concurrence of the world, and by which they have continued to degrade it, long after the few who have enquired into their nature have discovered them to be evil. Through this same cause was the slave trade so long allowed to exist in this land of humanity, but, when men were induced to take it into consideration, it was abhorred and finally abolished.

So let us hope it may be the case with war.

It is an observant fact that the world is gradually getting its eyes opened to the sinful enormities of war, and when they do they must find that their previous conclusions regarding its justice and lawfulness were based upon no evidence capable of proof.

It is nearly nineteen hundred years since men first adopted this religion,

the sacred birth of whose founder and head we celebrate on this day, and whom we are pleased to designate as the

PRINCE OF PEACE.

It was announced as a religion which was intended to bring Peace on earth and good will among men, and yet after all these years the peace on earth has not come, and the good will among men is only partial and occasionally exhibited. Amongst nations we find little trace of it, though centuries have passed away since that royal proclamation issued from the throats of the herald angels, and floated softly away on the midnight air, across the plains of Bethlehem.

Dr. Adam Clarke tells us that war is as contrary to the spirit of Christianity as murder.

In the Book of Exodus, xx. chap., xiii. verse, we find God's word written: "Thou shalt not kill." These words forming the sixth one of the ten commandments which he gave to the children of men by the hand of his servant Moses, graven on tablets of stone.

Pure Christianity is undoubtedly the only true remedy for war, and by the signs of our times, let us hope we may be fully justified in believing that advancement is certainly being made in the world to that end, slowly, no doubt, but nevertheless surely. Individually we may not be able to do much, we think, to put away these many evils which we have amongst us, and which must be wholly and totally eradicated before all nations, and people shall be united in one holy and loving brotherhood, but let us not forget that whatsoever we do in a right spirit, be it ever so little, will be acceptable in the eyes of God, our Maker.

Let us each, therefore, do our utmost to help along that blessed and glorious time of which the Prophet Isaiah writes in the 4th verse of 2nd chap., when he tells us: "They shall beat their swords into plough shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against

nations, neither shall they learn war any more."

GOD IS LOVE

Read by Edgar M. Zevitz at the Philanthropic Session of Friends' First-day School, at Coldstream, on Christmas Day, 1892.

In the beginning was Love, the source of the world,
 And of all things that are ; and the mighty sustainer of all.
 By its power the planets are held on their orbits unerring,
 And the myriad worlds are suspended in limitless space ;
 By it too are the species of earth reproduced in succession
 After their kind, from the animalculæ up to man.
 In its own image and essence Love made man ;
 And gave itself to be the main-spring of all action.
 And while men are ruled by its beneficent influence
 Harmony reigns supreme, like music in harp-strings ;
 But in time man lost this impress of his Creator,
 And with it his peace, and joy, and honor and goodness ;
 And grating discord into the harmony came,
 And all was wrangling like from harpstrings broken or slackened.
 But Love so loved the world that it sent its influence down,
 That all might receive it and be transformed to its nature,
 And thus regain possession of life everlasting ;
 For Love is the only thing that endureth forever ;
 Love, and the things it endows with its own endless life.
 Creeds and beliefs, and grand ceremonial pomp,
 Rites and rituals, followed ever so closely,
 Are outweighed by the gift of a cup of cold water, through Love,
 To a stranger in need. Pure religion is prompted by Love,
 It visits the widows and orphans, and soothes their affliction,
 It clothes the naked, and feeds the hungry and poor,
 It tends the sick, and comforts the lone and forsaken,
 It blossoms in generous thoughts and fruits in good deeds,
 The first and the chiefest commandment to men is " to love,"
 And the second is like unto it and repeats it, " to love,"
 And the essence of all the commandments is summed up in " love."
 If we love our brother how shall we steal his goods ?

How speak to him falsely, or of him unjustly, unkindly ?
 How shall we take his life, on the public gillows,
 On the field of bloody war, or in some lone wood ?
 How shall we chain him and make him our slave for life
 Because his skin has a different hue from ours ?
 Or because his religion is worse or better than ours
 How shall we make him recant, or burn at the stake ?
 Love envieth not, and is kind, and thinketh no evil.
 It was purely love that *Jesus* came to reveal :
 It was this that made his life-course worthy to follow ;
 This that made him for *all* men a worthy example.
 This above all things he taught as the *summum bonum*,
 The supreme gift ; and the greatest thing to covet.
 " Love your enemies," banish hatred and envy,
 Did he not teach to the children of men when among them ?
 " Put up thy sword, my kingdom is not of this world :"
 " This is my body," he says to Judas Iscariot,
 Meaning the love that ministered to the betrayer.
 And when nailed to the cross it was love that caused him
 To plead for his enemies, saying " O Father ; forgive them."
 This love was the life-blood he shed from Calvary's mount.
 'Tis the only power that can ever redeem the world,
 Redeem it and save it with an everlasting salvation.
 Lo ! it is better to lose our life than our love
 Better a few brief years to miss, than eternity.
 " God is love " and if *we* have retained the impress
 With which we were endowed we shall be also love ;
 And never a thought of envy would lodge in our minds,
 And never a plan of hate would be fashioned there,
 But each would esteem another as good as themselves,
 Since all are sprung from the common fountain of love.
 Love is God ; not the selfish love of the world,
 But love that loves our enemies as ourselves ;
 Love that carries comfort to all that feels ;
 Love that thinks no evil or ill of any ;
 Love that speaks no word to wound a brother ;
 Love that does no deed to injure another ;
 That Love that fruited rich in the life of *Jesus*,
 And said within him, " I am the Way, and the Life."

"I am the resurrection," "I and the Father are one."
 And now, O Love; thou essence of Good,
 and of God,
 And of all things worthy and fair in earth
 and in heaven,
 We veil our mortal eyes at thy awful approach,
 Lest we, like Paul of old, be smitten with
 blindness—
 We veil our mortal eyes that we may see,
 With the spirits ken, thy comeliness and
 beauty,
 'Till we grow enamored of thee, and lose our-
 selves
 In thy ineffable presence. O happy condition!
 'Tis heaven itself!—for Love has the blessed
 key,
 And Love alone, that opens the portals of
 heaven.

AT HOME AGAIN.

We arrived safely home on Fourth-day, 28th ult., and feel truly grateful in review of twenty weeks absence with the many changes of climate and living in many ways different from the quite home life, yet without the slightest accident or an hour's sickness. Nor was it owing to the much leisure, for it would not sound amiss to the reader I could state that in the time we called and visited at 150 private homes, attended 126 meetings; ticketed for trains 80 times and rode by rail over 6000 miles, and as for myself seldom felt weary, and I have long since grown strong in the belief that life is much happier in wearing out than in rusting out. Surely there is work for all if we can but find our proper field, and no honest labourer will be unrewarded. As I advance in life and learn more of truth as revealed to my own mind through the circumstances of my life and the demands of duty upon me for others, the more thankful do I feel that I am a *Friend*, for while there are many other beliefs yet the number is growing rapidly who are more than willing to endorse our simple faith—a faith that requires no interposition of the laws of nature, no unreasonable or cruel things of man to atone for wrongs, but that the child born and Son given to every human soul must be found as its Saviour.

If this profession was but carried out in the lives of all who bear our name, we would find a place in the world's history, second to no other as meeting the demands of our age, for we find tradition and Theology fast giving room to life and practice that bears evidence of an applied Christianity, and yet the demand is by no means lessened for earnest workers to accelerate the movement. Our desire is that none will be found careless and luke warm to the great needs of society as we find them to-day.

We shall ever bear in mind the many new and pleasant acquaintances formed during our recent trip, and feel truly grateful for the helping hearts and hands that served so well to add to the pleasure and profit of the labour.

While we could readily see in some localities and homes, a lack of that real life and interest essential to the growth of religious knowledge, yet we trust that the time may come that even these may awaken to the fact that if there is to be found and enjoyed a corresponding result in the higher life there must be that attention given that would correspond at least to that bestowed upon the farm and stock, for even these are found at times to stand in the way.

But we would not judge unkindly, and only feel that if this should come to the eyes of any with whom it may find a place they may entertain it kindly at least, but to others let the writer be not judged harshly but rather charge it to his undue zeal for the well-fare of humanity.

ISAAC WILSON.

Bloomfield, 1st mo 2nd, 1893.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Essay read by Arletta Cutler at the Philanthropic Session in Friends' F.-D. School, at Coldstream, on Christmas Day, 1892.

Our subject for to day is broad and deep, and of the numerous sub-topics only a few can be chosen owing to our limited time. One of these, "Our Treatment of the Indians," is of no

little importance; it is a branch of work which to-day needs the earnest thought of intelligent minds. Are the Indians of our land treated as fellow citizens, dealt with fairly and honestly?

Let us trace the progress of their standing in the estimate of the white race for the past 400 years and then judge if they are yet placed on equality with us; or if not, why not?

The first small colony of 38 English men settled on the coast of Virginia in 1607, a strange people in a strange land, unprotected and with a very limited supply of provision. It was not unhuman that the neighboring Indians, not accustomed to the whites, should think them intruders and strive to defend the land given them by the hand of God, and which was being unmercifully taken from them by these new comers. Peace, however, was soon made, and soon after the whites were only too glad to depend on the kindness of the Indians for their food.

Presents were sometimes bestowed upon individual Indians for some act of charity, or to restore peace, but no recompense was offered for the land taken or corn gathered.

All the petty wars were caused by the Indians defending their own from the robbing foreigners.

Up to the year 1682 we find the Indians being driven off their farms like cattle, forced to leave home and all, and seek shelter where best they could. Wm. Penn now applies for land in America and is granted Pennsylvania. "The object of this enterprise was to afford an asylum for the good and oppressed of every nation, and to found an empire where the pure and peaceful principles of Christianity might be carried out in practice."

How faithfully this is done when he honestly buys of the Indians their lands: treating them as he would those of his own race. We can see how quickly that spark of fellow-feeling and brotherly love in the Indian's breast is kindled and he returns kindness by

peace and friendliness. Thus we see an elevation in the minds of the whites -- they have risen from that savage and cruel state, and taught to instruct rather than scorn their colored brothers.

In Canada at the present date the Indians have their territories of land, granted them by the Government of the Dominion. Individual Indians own farms, which they cultivate, and raise the same sort of produce as the white farmer, and it is of a good quality generally. Schools, under the instruction of white teachers mostly, are scattered through the districts, where Indian children are educated. Some Indians go into business, and those having property qualifications are entitled to a vote.

This transformation of character, which has taken place in so short a time in these Indians, through the civilizing influences brought to bear on them, gives hopeful augury of their further advancement under like management, combining as it does fairness and perseverance with kindness and patience.

We can see that both the whites and Indians have been raised from their cruel, war like life to one more peaceful, filled with love and fellow feeling. Let us all strive then to attain and help raise others to that state of sweet obedience to our Divine Master.

THE OLD NIAGARA.

FOR THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

A description of Niagara Falls, written in Old Style by my father, Halliday Jackson, while residing among the Seneca Indians, as he, with several other young men, were sent out by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting to teach them agriculture from 1798 to 1800.

ELIZA H. BELL.

And it came to pass on the morrow that we passed over the river (even the great river Niagara) in the dominion of the great king, which is called in the vernacular tongue, Conada. And the brethren went on their way, but I journeyed on the other side of the river toward the north, and the country was beautiful and well favored, and had many goodly dwellings therein, and lo!

about mid-day, I came to a certain fortification nigh unto the brook Chippaway, and I went into a certain inn and did eat bread, because I was an hungry.

Now there was a miracle nigh unto this place, and it was the wonderful work of Him who created the heaven's and the earth, the seas and the fountains of water.

And it was in my heart to go and behold the miracle, and I went and looked, and saw the waters of the river, even the great river Niagara, falling down ninety and two cubits, and I descended the mountain as though it were down by the side of a wall to the waters below the cataract, and the rocks were mighty to behold.

Now, there was an island in the midst of the river, and part of the cataract was on this side of the island, and part on that side, and I walked under the rocks and the waters poured down exceedingly, and there was a great mist went up and watered the face of the earth round about, and it looked like a cloud, and I saw a rain-bow in the clouds, and the rushing of the waters were mighty and caused a great wind underneath the cataract, and it blew the mist upon me like small rain and wet me exceedingly, and the noise thereof was indeed as the sound of many waters.

Now, when I beheld these things I was like one astonished, and I mused thereon and said in my heart, "the hand that made them is divine."

Ye waters that come from afar, with many a curve round hills and mountains, perpetually rolling down this mighty cataract and steadily pressing towards the unfathomable deep, are emblematical of the wisdom and excellency of the great Author of Creation. Ye lofty craggy rocks that surround me, and have sustained the blast of many a thousand years, yet remain as monuments of the dignity and power of your Supreme Architect, and declare that He that made you lives for ever and ever.

And thou arching bow that ornaments yon rising cloud, echoes the language of praise to Him, who, with unclouded majesty, presides over all his works and displays his wisdom in fixing thee in thy appointed place. And it came to pass after I had mused on all these things that I went up from the river by the same way whither I went down, and the country round about was beautiful and fruitful, and every green thing did flourish because of the mist that went up from the dashing of the waters, and distilled as small rain upon them, and I returned by the same way which I came, and lodged at a certain inn that night.

BETHESDA MONDAY EVENING
PRAYER-MEETING, MAY
2, 1892.

Mr. Groves. Jer. xviii, 1-4. It is always interesting to watch a skilled workman at his craft, and often spiritual lessons may be learnt by those on the look-out for them. I have frequently taken my friends to "the potter's house" in Bristol, and beheld this very scene reproduced, for, while in so many other trades modes of working have been completely altered, to this very day three things, in this country, no less than in the East, continue to be used just as mentioned here,—the lump of clay, out of which the vessel is to be fashioned,—the wheel or revolving table,—and the hand of the potter,—the finger and thumb, or in some cases, piece of stick for the shaping. Very great care has to be exercised in the preparation of the clay. Some of it may be got close at hand, but other portions come from a long distance, over the sea often, but there is one point common to all, each ingredient must be reduced to the finest powder possible, grinding and repeated siftings being carried on to secure this end. The need for all this labor was made abundantly evident on the occasion of my last visit.

The potter was at work on a jug. I

watched him as he formed all the lower part successfully when, just as he was proceeding to build it up to a goodly height, a morsel of grit, so small that the eye could hardly detect it, came under his thumb and, acting exactly like a chisel, in a moment cut off the whole neck of the jug as cleanly as possible. "The vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter." But he did not, as is often the case, throw it on the ground as useless. It could never be a jug, but by some care and fashioning a fairly creditable basin was produced,—“he made it again another vessel, as it seemed good to the potter to make it.”

As I watched it seemed to me a striking illustration of that other marring which often happens in spiritual matters. Just as the first purpose of the potter was defeated by the presence of that tiny speck of grit, so, speaking after the manner of men, that which it was in the Lord's mind to do with one or another of His servants has been set aside by something evil analogous to it, a morsel of self-will, pride, no matter what, not wholly subdued to His hand. When God appeared to Moses in the burning bush (Ex. iii) and bade him go to the deliverance of his people how reluctant he was,—the grit of lack of faith, or whatever else, was there, resolved not to yield, and in the end Aaron had to share the honor and glory intended alone for his brother. Again we see it when (Numbers xx) just a little arrogance and self-assertion once more marred the vessel, curtailing its goodly capacities, and the glorious privilege of leading the people into the promised land was poured into another more prepared to hold it. How small the grit seems to us, but how solemn a reminder we have in it of what sin is in God's sight,—what man calls a trifle is never such with Him!

But though the marred vessel fell short the Heavenly Potter did not cast it aside. Moses might not, as the triumphant leader of his people, enter

Canaan, but the long and faithful toil of the wilderness journey was not forgotten, and from the top of the mount (Numbers xxxiv) Jehovah gave him to behold the land, north, south, east and west, perhaps more completely than if his feet had trodden its actual soil.

Have not we too known what sorrow and loss this little particle of evil is capable of working? We have been glad and willing to labor for the Lord, and it may be have done so for a long time happily, and then the tiny grit has come in,—we have been ready to work still, but it must be in our own way, not just in His, and the marring has surely followed. Or perhaps a sphere of service has at some time opened before us for which we believed that God had fitted us, when, just as we thought to step in, everything has changed and we have seen the work taken out of our hands and given into those of another. But the grit in this case has not been sin on our part,—possibly a breakdown in health or some such matter, but none the less as regards our cherished plans a final marring. Is all service forever shut from us? Ah, what comfort there is in those words, “So he made it again another vessel.” Thanks be to the Lord, if we are truly His and His blessed finger has touched us, whatever the marring may be, or however caused, even by our fault, if we will but submit to His hand He will make each one a precious vessel to hold precious things, though it may not be so shapely in form or so capacious as was once promised

—Selected by M. F.

The liquor traffic exists in this country to-day only by the sufferance of the membership of the Christian churches. They are the masters of the situation so far as the abolition of the traffic is concerned. When they say “Go,” it will go.

“The sandal tree perfumes, when riven, the axe that laid it low;
Let man who hopes to be forgiven, forgive,
and bless his foe.”

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Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting meets in Lobo on the 11th and 12th of 2nd mo. Norwich Monthly Meeting at same place on the 10th. Meetings of Ministers and Elders on the 10th. Friends coming by train will be met at Komoka on the 9th.

We had expected to be able this month to announce the names of the prize winners in the essay competition of last year. The decision has been left to three competent and impartial judges—one living in Toronto, one in New York City, and the third in Baltimore. We have no doubt but that we will be able to make the announcement next month, and that the final result will be fair and impartial. The

prizes will be forwarded to the successful writers soon after the announcement is made.

There seems to be no wish among our list of readers to see the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW drop out of existence. On the other hand we are receiving by every mail indications that it may have a long and prosperous course before it. One gift of \$30 cash, and others of less value, to the publishers, are indications to us that such a paper *is* needed in our Society, and *will be sustained*. Let the good work go on. We hope to re-enter every subscriber's name in our books for 1893, and the indications are that we are likely to make many new friends. Now is the time for our Friends to push the canvass for a larger constituency. By renewing at once our subscribers of last year will lose no numbers, as we send this issue to all. Enlarge our field and we will guarantee a better paper. We believe that not one of its readers can afford to drop the REVIEW from his or her list of papers for the coming year.

We want all our *old subscribers* to RENEW, and, in addition, *one thousand NEW subscribers*. This will be an easy matter to accomplish if *each one does a little*. "Many hands make easy work." Let those who have been in the habit of sending us large clubs endeavor to make them still larger for 1893, and in neighborhoods where but one or two copies are taken it will be an easy matter to procure a good sized club. Remember the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW *is but 50 cents per copy a year*.

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The "YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW" was started by young people of our Society for the young people of our Society. We felt that our religious organization had not yet fulfilled its whole mission, had not yet come to the limits of its usefulness, but believed that it might be still doing a great, necessary and important work in assisting the advancement of humanity towards more light, liberty and love. We believed that our Society was richly and especially endowed by God, indirectly through inheritance and directly through immediate revelation with divine truths and principles that ought to remain while the earth lasts. They not only *ought* but they *will*. We are magnanimous enough to think that not *all* the light is confined in our own Society, and when that is extinguished all will be darkness. No! Other societies, more faithful to their sacred trust than we, will continue the good work till earth becomes like heaven itself. But, Friends of to-day, are we willing to let our Society become extinct, its work cease, and its light go out? Are we willing to shine by the borrowed light of our faithful ancestors, however illustrious they may have been, and to let the high and holy principles for which they suffered persecution, imprisonment, and the stake, be lost sight of?

The inception of THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW was the answer of a few of us. We saw in its past history that our Society was not only not advancing, but not even holding its own in both numbers and influence. We looked about for a remedy. A young people's paper that would call into exercise and development the talents of the rising generation suggested itself. Hence the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. It has been running now for six years and a half, during which time it has carried comfort and consolation to many a lonely home; it has come with words of encouragement to many a despondent heart; it has stirred up by way of remembrance many a care-

less mind that was fast forgetting the faith of its childhood days; it has revived, in many a heart, the desire to check the decay in our religious body and to renew the walls of our Zion, and make our Society felt for good as in its palmy days. THE REVIEW has induced many of the younger ones to write, thus aiding them to discover the reasons for the faith that is in them, and making them more able to maintain our principles in all emergencies, and disseminate them over the world.

And now, dear Friends, are not these things worthy of your hearty support. It is a serious question with the editors whether we shall be enabled to maintain THE REVIEW or not. Without a *wider* support and encouragement by the Society we cannot. We had hoped and expected that by this time we might enlarge it thereby increasing its usefulness. Last year we went beyond our means in endeavoring to reach the desired enlargement for a few months. So it is to-day not a question of enlargement, but of maintaining.

We appeal to all who desire to see "THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW" a permanent thing to neglect not the time of opportunity. Are the majority of our members willing to permit the earnest endeavor and worthy projects put forth in behalf of our Society to starve, to die, for the want of a little support and encouragement? We believe they are not if they understand the situation, and this we have endeavored honestly to lay before them.

Dear Friend, a little thoughtfulness and a little prompt action just now, prompted by thy present kindly and generous feelings may help to sustain and even advance THE REVIEW, and through it may help to sustain and even advance the Society.

There are 215,000 saloons in the United States and 164,000 public schools. The people pay \$80,000,000 yearly to support the schools and \$1,474,000,000 to support the saloons. More means and money to debauch than to educate the youth of the land.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES.

When taking up the last number of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW my eye was caught and mind arrested, as never before, by the head line of command, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee," and thinking of the young Friends of to-day, the question came. 'Are we?' and quicker upon that came the individual question, striking home, "Am I?" and then as I read the editorial appeal to the younger ones, I felt, as far as I was concerned at least, it should not go unanswered, but let one of my New Year resolves be to add my mite of "mind and matter" toward the support of that project which is so essentially in our own sphere.

And will not other young Friends join me in this? Many there are, 'I know, who could better than I portray their thoughts upon its pages; have they too, like myself, been thoughtless (not to use a harsher term, for there be sins of *omission* as well as *commission*), and though not totally indifferent to its success, too lukewarm to afford encouragement; putting off "till a more convenient season" ourselves, leaving for other shoulders to bear the burden "in the heat of the day," and for us the profit and pleasure accruing therefrom for our own enjoyment "in the cool of the evening."

Let it be so no longer, tho' the *gift* may be almost imperceptible—not be of a kind calculated to win fame as a writer. We know there is a "diversity of gifts," and if it be but the one of appreciation, tell it out; those faithful laborers would be glad to know their labors approved. And to whom have the standard bearers of to day to look but to us, the younger generation; and if we neglect the little duties, how shall we be fitted to fill the higher duties later on?

We have a concern for the well-being of our Society, I am sure of that; and so it is our privilege, nay, distinctly our right, to lend our aid to this REVIEW, started for us, and should be maintained

by us. Perhaps we have not stopped to think that when the pillars of the church fall if there be not others of seasoned timber to slip in their places the whole structure will totter and lay in ruins about the heads of the unfaithful ones.

"Let us then be up and doing," and among other New Year resolutions, decide in this direction: 'To begin anew to "improve our talents," tho' they be but few and of uncertain value; for it is one of our greatest blessings that we *may* repent and "begin again" at any time, no matter how indifferent we have grown, nor how far away from the fold we may have wandered, our Father waits to welcome us and wipe away the stain. As every day is a new beginning, with its opportunities for good, so is each year in a larger sense, with its blended joys and sorrows, seeming to offer still greater inducements, as with renewed vigor we hope to make a better record and retract past errors.

Shall we then, young Friends, having been *co idlers* in the past, be *co-workers* in the future? with true repentance, awakening to the fact of our negligence—pledge ourselves with renewed earnestness to be mindful of the "gift that is within us," and make the gracious new year just dawning a happy one to all, as we surely want it to be, and emblematic of the time to come, when

"In the joy and light of a fairer world,
He'll let us 'begin again.'"

Byberry, Pa.

A. C.

THOUGHTS ON ALFRED
TENNYSON

Thou hast crost the bar; thy undrest soul
Unfettered and free from earth's control
To the baseless deep lets folly roll.

What can riches and titles or honors make
For the soul redeemed for Jesus' sake
Eut hard cold rocks where billows break?

Thou hast crost the bar to the open sea
To the boundless endless eternity;
O gifted one; is it well with thee?

The call was clear, the rolling tide

Came full and deep from the other side,
Calm on the surface the billows side.

Back with the swell of resistless love
Silent, yet swiftly, the waters move
As angels are watching thy course above.

A light on the billows we might trace
As broke o'er thy soul the perfect grace
And skill of thy pilot when face to face.

No moaning bar, no fragile foam,
But thy quick response to the order "Come!"
Then the Father's smile and the "Welcome
Home!" —M. F.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE MEMORY OF THE POET HONORED
AT AMESBURY, MASS.

Amesbury, Mass., Dec. 17.—The memory of the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier was honored here to day. This is the anniversary of his birth, and according to a custom of many years' standing the day was observed with appropriate exercises. Many people from out of town attended, and among them were writers of national reputation, all admirers of the great patriot and poet. The exercises were conducted in the opera house, which was crowded to the doors. Orations were delivered, sketches of the poet's life and selections from his writings were read. The leading feature of the event was the reading by Prof. J. W. Churchill, of Andover, of the following original poems, written in honor of the great poet for the occasion:

On heavenly ramparts loud and clear,
Shrill, shrill and sweet, and earthward bounding,
Glad salutations to their peer

To-day the trumpets should be sounding.

In many a wide and winding chord
Such music once before they blew him,
When he, the trumpet of the Lord,
Answered the Lord's breath blowing
through him.

To-day, through interspace of night,
Undying dawn and vernal forces,
Mailed in a whiteness more than light,
He sings, he springs to song's far sources.

Oh, mighty as the battle blast,
And soft as wings in summer stealing,
A great song on the outer vast
What wordrous strains he now is pealing.
—Henry Prescott Spofford.

"John Greenleaf Whittier, a citizen of
Amesbury,"

A single, noble, unpretending man,
Who built his life upon his Maker's plan;
That man that God intended he should be
He was, and is, O, men of Amesbury.
With him you shared the sunshine and free air,
His townsmen—honorable name to bear,
His memory with you best of life must blend;
To every one of you he was a friend;
The heart that throbbed to his, more nobly
beats;
Grand should the manhood be that walks your
streets.

—Lucy Larcom.

Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest,
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing
And on thy ears the murmurs blest
Of Siloam's waters softly flowing;
Beneath that tree of life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves.
In the white robe of angels clad
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad,
The city of our God forever.

—Robert Purvis.

For the heavenly birthday of John Greenleaf
Whittier,
Thou gracious dead, that last year wast so
alive,
How shall I sing thy worth to written line,
Higher than most men's highest, and divine
With heaven's own blessed wisdom, thou
didst strive
To make men happy, equal, good and free;
To aid the toiling, comfort and distress;
And we, thy friends, were we not doubly
blest,
Instructed of God's love, through knowing
thee?

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

There were present ex-Senator J. W. Paterson, New Hampshire; Rev. W. J. Tucker, Andover; Rev. Geo. L. Richmond, Geo. F. Babbitt, C. C. Cooper, James Cairns, J. H. Little, G. W. Christie and W. B. Flanders, of Haverhill; J. F. Spaulding, of Salisbury; the selectmen of Merrimac, the selectmen of Amesbury; Mayor Burham, of Haverhill; Mayor Gurney, of Newburyport, and the selectmen of Salisbury. —Exchange.

We ask our club raisers especially, and our individual readers everywhere, to assist us in increasing our number of subscribers to the Young Friends' Review for 1893. Now is the time to begin.

CHILDREN UNDERSTAND PEACE.

Extract read by Rossie Marsh, at the Philanthropic Session at Coldstream on Christmas Day, 1892.

Dear Sir,—While visiting one of our infant schools a few days since, I enquired of the teacher if he had any idea of what the children think about war. He significantly replied that I might question his school and learn the views of his scholars for myself. I commenced :

"As I was coming here this morning, I saw, on the street below, a large brick building, of somewhat singular appearance; everything about it appeared neat and in order; the blinds were all closed and a high fence surrounded it. Can any of you tell me what building that was?"

"That's the Quaker Meeting House," said a half dozen little fellows in the same breath.

"But is there not a prettier name for them than that?"

"Yes," said one, "they are called *Friends*."

"But why are they called Friends?"

"Because they won't fight."

"Why not?"

"Because they know better."

"But how came they to know better?"

"They learned it in the Bible."

"Yes, but many people read the Bible and yet fight. Do you know that when armies and fleets meet to butcher each other, they have ministers on each side to pray for success in their work?"

"I know it, but 'tis because they don't know any better."

"It is not," said another, "because they don't know any better, but because they won't do better."

"But does the Bible say that it is wrong to fight?"

"It says what means the same, 'Love your enemies.'"

Said another, "It says in the fifth chapter of Matthew, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

"But who are the peacemakers?"

"All who try to make everybody love each other."

"But why are they called the children of God?"

"Because God loves them as a father does his children"

Said another, "Because they love what He loves."

One little flaxen haired, rosy-cheeked fellow said, "My father is a captain, and he says I shall be a soldier; but if I am, I never will kill anybody; I should rather be killed."

"But how fine a thing to have a red coat, and cap and sword, and be honored as captains are!"

The boy listened for a moment, and then said, "I can't help that; I would rather be shot than kill anybody; for God says, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and if we break His commandments, He will punish us."

Reader, are you a teacher or a parent, beware how you train up your children. Teach them while young that they are to love everybody as they do themselves. If parents and teachers would do their duty, and show their children what war really is, their children would hate it, and give up their childish weapons and disband their little companies, It is high time for Christians to look at this subject, and cease from training their sons to be lovers of war.

HULDAH HOAG'S NARRATIVE

In *Intelligencer and Journal* of 10th month 1st.

I enclose a copy of an old manuscript which was found among family papers last winter. On the back was written, "Transcribed for Mary Briggs, by a near friend, Second month 23rd, 1823." The owner had been wondering and asking about the Hoag family, but had received no definite information before the coming of the *Intelligencer and Journal* of Eighth month 27. Several Friends to whom we showed the old paper have been much interested in it, and asked me why I did not send it to you. I was

not sure that it would be of use to you, but it certainly has a historical value, and perhaps the fact that young people took part in our meetings much more as a matter of course in the first quarter of this century than they have more recently, is worth consideration. M.M.

Olney, Maryland.

HULDAH HOAG'S NARRATIVE.

I joined in membership with friends in the eighteenth year of my age, by the name of Huldah Case, and believed myself called to the work of the ministry before I was received a member; but pleading that for an excuse from time to time, I did not feel great condemnation therefore; but still kept covenanted to be more given up, if called upon when a member. And when that time was fulfilled I found that my mind was deeply impressed, but still pleading for some greater evidence, which was mercifully condescended to in the way that I asked. But O, the distress that I felt for breaking my covenant no tongue can express! Then, renewing my covenant, the Lord was pleased to favor me next meeting in breaking forth in a few words, to the peace and humbling of my own mind, and the satisfaction of my friends. When twenty years of age I joined in marriage with Joseph Hoag, in the State of New York, who had also appeared in publick a few times.

Our daughter Phebe, which was our eldest child, was a very exemplary child, and in the thirteenth year of her age she came forth in the work of the ministry, and was a faithful laborer; and when seventeen years of age she joined in marriage with Valentine Meader; he likewise was young in the ministry. They were both eminent therein: and she finished her course the 1st of the Seventh month, 1816. Departed in great sweetness. evincing us that she had done her day's work in the day time.

Nathan, our second child, appeared in publick in the eleventh year of his age. He and his sister above mention-

ed both appeared in one day. He grew up exemplary, his gift has been acknowledged (also his sister's and brother-in-law's above mentioned in the same year). In the twenty fourth year of his age he joined in marriage with Abigail Rolison who since has appeared in the same way.

Martha, third child, appeared in the same line in the twelfth year of her age, and continues therein. In the twenty-third year of her age she was married to Ezra Meader: he also was called to the work of the ministry.

Our daughter Hannah appeared once when ten years of age. She has lately told that she let in some discouragements and concluded she would get through the world some *other* way, but found no peace nor satisfaction until she gave up thereunto again. In the twenty-second year of her age she joined in marriage with Ezra Batley: he is a steady Friend.

Elizabeth, our fifth child, grew up steady, and in the twentieth year of her age she joined in marriage with James Taber, who was a promising young minister; she joined him in the labour.

Our daughter Jemima, when seventeen years of age, was married to David Knowles, who has appeared in publick.

And our son Joseph, who is sixteen years of age has also appeared in the same way for about a year. Their testimonies appear to be satisfactory to their friends. Our youngest son Lindley is eight years of age.

Now I have given thee a short account of my family.

HULDAH HOAG

SOWING THE SEED.

There is the natural and also the spiritual, and in sowing or planting seed in the natural way we are mostly careful to select the best, so that we may reap that which is the best of the kind planted, and this care should be practiced with more vigilance if possible in planting in the spiritual king-

dom, for as we sow so shall we reap. Hence the necessity of having in our spiritual mind a seed or principle that will of its nature produce good actions and lead us into pleasantness and peace. It seems that as this good or heavenly nature is practiced that it becomes our delight more and more to come under its influence, at the same time giving us an assurance that all will be well with us when done, with this earthly tabernacle.

I think it is closely connected to the kingdom of heaven and the little leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened or made of the same nature ; and also to the kingdom of heaven, which is likened unto a grain of mustard seed, which is the smallest of all seeds, but grows to be the largest of all herbs. According to this the kingdom of heaven is a growth which must be experienced in each individual who would enjoy this heavenly state, from which it would seem that heaven is a state of happiness to be experienced rather than a material place to go to ; for God is a spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. It seems then that God is not material at all, but altogether spiritual, but the spiritual controls the natural, so the spirit of God controls his whole creation in the glory of His might, and as He is love and they who dwell or live in love dwell in Him and He in them, so all that are under his divine love to live and act through his power are in unity with Him, and have a reliance thereby that all will be eventually well with them. Then which will or ought we to choose to sow in the garden of our heart or mind or soul. Let us choose the good and be happy.

WM. TYSON.

Hankinson, Richland Co., N. Dak.,
11 mo. 27, 1892.

The astronomers at the Paris Observatory are already making preparations for the observation of the expected total eclipse of the sun in April next.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM ON INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

[Extract from a charge to his clergy.]

If we believe the Gospel to be what it claims to be, the fellowship of nations is included in its promised victories. The final issue may be remote, but the belief that universal peace lies in the counsel of God for mankind will influence our present conduct. In this respect the language of the prophets and of the Apocalypse expresses the truth which is involved in the incarnation. And now at length we can see, in a long retrospect, that in spite of checks and delays the whole movement of life is towards a federation of civilized nations, preparatory to the civilization and federation of all.

Now we are reaching out to a change, through which the nations of Western Europe will, as I believe, be united in a close federation, and continue to bring all the resources which they have gathered through their history to the service of the race. We understand and acknowledge as never before that nations no less than men and classes, in spite of all the disturbances of selfish ambition, must suffer together and rejoice together ; that each nation has its unique endowment and establishes its greatness by the fulfilment of its mission ; that each is debtor to all alike by what it has received and by what it owes ; that the end for which we look will then be reached when the king of the earth, with a common devotion, bring their glory into the city of God. I know the difficulties which stand in the way of such a confederation, the temptations of pride and rivalry which distract popular feeling, the inheritance of past errors and crimes which perplexes the policy of statesmen. But if Christendom is filled with one desire, I cannot but believe that God will fulfil the purpose which He inspires. . . . It is said that the discipline which comes through military service, and the sacrifices which are required for a campaign,

bring vigor to nations not unworthy of the price; and that the sufferings of war are preferable to the torpor of cowardly and selfish indulgence. But torpor is not peace. Peace calls for sacrifices as great as war, and offers fields for equal heroism. Peace demands courage of body and soul for the accomplishment of its works and kindles enthusiasm by the prospect of new victories. Perhaps our social evils are still unvanquished because we have not yet approached them with forces marshalled on a comprehensive plan, and stirred by the ardor of a common service. The very fact that the fulfilment of Christian duty is described under martial images helps us to feel that the conflict with evil offers scope for every virtue which ennobles war. A patient analysis of the qualities which win our admiration in the soldier shows that the horrors of active service are not required for their development.

It is said again, that if we substitute arbitration for war, arbitration may miscarry. It is enough to reply that we have no security that an appeal to arms will establish a just claim. There is, indeed, no more reason to suppose that right as right will triumph in war than in a wager of battle. Moreover, in a national controversy the question of right is rarely of easy decision. It is certainly not likely to be decided justly, by "the crude, cold, cruel arbitration" of war. And when once the contest is begun our own experience will tell us that we think more of the establishment of our own will than of the determination of the merits of the controversy. We pray for victory and not for the victory of righteousness. If justice is indeed the supreme aim of those who engage in a national dispute, the most imperfect tribunal, which has to give its decision in the face of the world after open discussion, is more likely to secure it than contending armies. Even our own recent history teaches us that there are losses which after a time come to be regarded with greater satisfaction than successes which

simply witness to strength.—*From Friends' Review.*

WORLDS FAIR NOTES.

The American flag now floats from the Administration building at Jackson Park to signify that the World's Fair buildings and grounds are in the possession of the United States government. Vice-President Morton accepted them on behalf of the government on Dedication day, but actual possession was not taken until Director-General Davis, the chief government World's Fair official, moved into his offices in the Administration building. The raising of the stars and stripes signaled that event.

All of the World's Fair offices except two or three, are now removed to Jackson Park, and those will soon follow. For nearly two years the offices have been in the Rand McNally building in the centre of the city. Now, however, the work of preparation of the great Fair has reached a stage requiring it to be carried on in the buildings which are to contain the exhibits. All of these buildings are now practically finished and ready for the installation of exhibits. Most of the work remaining to be done on the buildings is of a decorative nature and can be carried on and completed without interfering with the pacing of exhibits.

In the Administration building, with Director-General Davis, are the offices of the departments of Foreign Affairs and Publicity and Promotion. The chiefs of the various exhibit departments—agriculture, electricity, mines, transportation, etc.—have their offices respectively in the great department buildings.

The installation of exhibits has already begun, but has not yet progressed far. Soon, however, the interior of each one of the buildings will be the scene of great activity. The authorities are determined to have all exhibits in place at the opening of the Fair, and manifestly this cannot be accomplished

if exhibitors are allowed to be dilatory. It will not do to permit the great mass of exhibitors to defer installing their exhibits until April, and accordingly state and foreign commissions and individual exhibitors will be required to be prompt. Exhibitors who are dilatory beyond a certain point will lose their space and be barred out.

THACKERAY ON HAPPINESS.

For my own part I know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly or unwomanly and craven than the everlasting sighing for happiness. Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their duty happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe! The heart and mind are brought—and reverently be it said—in contact with the creator and ruler and father of all the perfect bliss. Again, with leisure; it is a very pleasant garment to look at, but a very bad one to wear. The ruin of thousands—aye millions—may be traced to it.

What a woman with a will can do is told in the story of an enterprising Western girl. Alone in the world, all that was left her from her father's possessions was a horse and carriage. Instead of selling out and despairing she drove down to the depot the next morning and hung out her card for passengers. In admiration for her pluck the patronage soon increased beyond the capacity of the old rig, and she now runs a whole livery establishment.

Hamburg is said to have the worst water and the best beer of any city on earth. For the moral, observe the result when cholera struck Hamburg.

There are about 2,500,000 boys and girls attached to the United Kingdom Bands of Hope,

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We desire to develop intelligent, upright, honest men, and to this end we aim to surround them with such influences as will bring out their better natures, and inspire a desire for study and improvement. For particulars address, EDWARD N. HARNED, Principal.

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