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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. II.

LONDON, ONT., SIXTH MONTH, 1887.

NO. 1.

## THE ANGEL VISION.

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel dream passed o'er him.  
He carved it then on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
With Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,  
He had caught the angel vision."

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life's dream shall pass o'er us.  
If we carve it then on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel vision."

## GOD IS LIGHT.

(I John i, 5.)

BY THOMAS HILL, D.D.

All holy, everliving One !  
With uncreated splendor bright !  
Should total darkness quench the sun,  
Thou art my everlasting light.  
Let every star withhold its ray,  
Clouds hide the earth and sky from sight ;  
Fearless I still pursue my way  
Toward Thee, the everlasting light.  
Thou art the only source of day ;  
Forgetting Thee alone is night ;  
All things for which we hope or pray  
Flow from Thine everlasting light.  
Nearer to Thee my soul would rise,  
Thus she attains her highest flight ;  
And, as the eagle sunward flies,  
Seeks Thee, her everlasting light.

—[Independent.

## PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

Taken from the *West Chester Republican*, of  
Fifth Mo., 9th.

At the various Friends' Meeting Houses in Philadelphia, but especially at Fifteenth and Race streets, the attendance was unusually large yesterday, many Friends having been attracted thither by the opening of Yearly Meeting week. The dullness of the morning had the effect of delaying the gathering slightly but the attendance was as large as usual. In the Race street end of the meeting house Allen Plitcraft, early in the meeting, appeared in supplication and he was followed by Isaac Wilson, of Canada, who spoke substantially as follows :

### ISAAC WILSON'S DISCOURSE.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life ; no man cometh to the Father but by Me."

If human nature ever shrunk from the performance of a duty, if my mind has ever been baptised in the feeling of nothingness and humility, beloved friends, it has been this morning. One of the farthest thoughts from my mind, when in my far off Canadian home, was that I should occupy this position at this early period, before you. But as I have promised to be testimony bearer to my Heavenly Father, and through His goodness as ability is afforded I must fulfill my part of that contract which was entered into a few short years ago. To bear my testimony to the truthfulness of these words seems to be my duty before you this morning. "I am the way, the truth and the life." Jesus has been taught and held up in the religious world, as far back as memory

carries us, to be the Son of God, the salvation and redemption of the human family. The doctrine or theory is a good one and I acknowledge it to be true, and I want us all to learn it to be so; not only to believe it to be so, but to know it experimentally that Jesus Christ is the way, the truth and the life. And when I looked over this large and interesting company this morning, and saw so large a portion of it in the youthful walks of life, I have remembered, even back in my boyhood days, when I failed so much to understand the application and meaning of these truths; that I looked upon the man Jesus, as spoken about so much in the religious world, and of whom we read so much, as the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind, and Father, and the religious belief founded on what the preachers told me about Him, was going to answer a very good purpose in my life. But I have been brought to realize since that I knew nothing of Jesus. I had not yet realized the workings of the Divine Spirit and the Father in my own soul and therefore did not know Christ to be the way, the truth and the life. I had been reared, thank God, under Christian influences. Probably I was not a very bad boy, but there came a time in my youthful experience when there was a direct impression of the good Father's Spirit made upon my own mind and soul; not different in character from those taught by Christian parents, but more direct and immediate in its character. I found that which dictated to my mind that I should think for myself. I was brought to feel my individual responsibility, and that I must be individually concerned to carry out the truths revealed by the Divine Master in order that I might enter into the enjoyment of the pleasure and good I had reason to believe, would be derived from them. I began to enquire from whence these revelations or teachings came. What was their mission, their design in me? What would be their result if carried out? Such inquir-

ies as these claimed the attention of my youthful mind. And as a result I stand before you this morning, beloved friends, as a monument to God's mercy, with a heart full of gratitude and praise to the great, kind and loving Father, that He has blessed me with these early visitations. We do not have to wait until reaching the middle walks of life for the great blessings of the Father; but in our respective measures we are privileged in all ages, all conditions and periods of even a physical life, to feel the blessings of God visited upon us; and we are individually clothed with responsibility and accountability to our God for the fulfillment of the individual requirements made of us, and on this ground alone can we come to know Christ to be the way, the truth and the life. We may read of Jesus and of His wonderful works during His sojourn among men, and may acknowledge and believe in them, we may never feel to under-rate or undervalue them, or deny their truth, and we may even scorn and ridicule and condemn that man or woman who does so under-rate or undervalue them, or call them inconsistent; and yet I say that our belief in these things does not bring to us an experimental knowledge of them. But when we come to acknowledge Jesus—that God-given power, spiritual in its nature—appearing to us individually, then do we come to know Christ in us. I say that even though in a very small measure, we may realize the spirit of God working in our hearts. We find it early in our experience, and realize that there has been a striving of the Spirit of God with our spirit. Only as there has been a measurable submission on our part to the operation of the Divine Will of God in our souls, has this spirit found lodgment in our hearts. It may be still and quiet, but is still operative, still a manifestation of life, that is great and increasing in its strength and influences, although almost unperceptible. But there comes a time in our experience when it comes forth, it is manifested

among men ; there has been a child born and a Son given to that soul. We can look back in our experience when, it seems, according to human reason, that there has been something that we may almost call miraculous ; but it already begins to appear so plain and simple that we begin to learn to love it and because we love it we begin to serve it, obey its teachings, follow its requirements, and comply with its commandments. Then the truthfulness of that great and glorious announcement made in regard to the coming of the Son of God, is measurably realized in our individual experience—that there is a child born, a Son given. Oh, what a source of joy and gratitude it is to the heart when it realizes that these great and honored tidings of joy, are not alone applicable to the dead state of being, but to us here in this life as well. While I am fearless to declare this morning, although in a feeble and humble way, that I firmly believe that all truth and rich blessings of God, spiritual in their nature, Divine in their origin, are applicable to the children of men here in this probationary state of existence. Do not misunderstand me. It is not detracting in any particular from the rich enjoyments expected in that future world, from the bright anticipations of fresh enjoyments there, but I firmly believe these rich blessings can be realized in this state of existence and the soul diverted of all anxiety about a future state of being. I want our experiences to be that we will each and all come to know Christ to be the way, the truth and the life ; in other words, to know that it is the same Divine Power that has been ever resting upon us and made us sons and daughters of God, that we may come to find him to be the sole guiding influence of our hearts. I know the rich blessing of such a course. If we are faithful to such teachings and to its dictates it will lead us into continual peace. Scripture perpetuates this, and so does each individual experience, that He is the way, the truth and the life, and there is no

other name by which we can be saved except by the name of Christ. And I want you all to spiritually understand this ; in the common walks of life to realize that there is nothing wonderful or miraculous about it, although it may seem so to the human reason. It is nothing more nor less than spiritual enlightenment ; the truths of the Gospel spiritually interpreted, viewed in a spiritual light. Then it is that its influence is felt and the mind sees clearly the light of day, the blessings of Divine truth as we run along. We will become the pupils of a Divine inspiration, and as we come to love and serve the Lord we will find that He has first loved us, and it is for our eternal good that His love is manifested. The love which visits us is a measure of the same love that manifested itself through Christ, that holy example, and no man has a right to say that we cannot live in that condition of acceptance with the Father. God never was so unreasonable as to set an example before men that they could not approach or carry out. Common authority of the day has taught us that we as a family are totally deprived and come so far short of the glory of God that it is impossible thus to live, and while I do not condemn any individual man, a brother or sister, I do feel in my own heart to disagree with that idea or opinion. I believe that you and I, that all the children of the human family are children of God by the law of creation—children of heaven, instead of the devil ; and that we are not only so, but designed to remain and retain our relationship, and that we are clothed with responsibility as soon as we arrive at years of understanding. We are clothed with responsibility to maintain that glorious relationship with Him. Therefore, I would invite those young in years to early give attention to these convictions of truth. Small and almost insignificant as they may seem to be to the human reason, they are none the less worthy of attention. They are the very milk of the Kingdom

offered by the kind and loving Father for the peace and enlightenment of the soul of man, and designed to nourish and sustain eternal life. And I would to God that we could all discover it here to-day in the feeling that I feel it. In all our duties and actions God watches with an eye of mercy, pity, goodness, not of wrath and anger, but watching over us for good, and it is this that makes the spiritual impression on our hearts. It is nothing more or less than the writing of his own soul on the heart; it is revelation. And yet men have said that revelation has ceased. I do not believe that for a moment. I believe if God ever revealed his love and goodness he does it to-day—it is through His revelations that the Spirit comes into an experimental or practical knowledge that Christ is the truth and the life. It is not the name Jesus, for this only applied to His manhood, but it is his spiritual life that has an influence over men, His nearness to the Father. Now I want that Christ power, that spiritual power to influence our actions in every particular. Don't understand that I am going to bring the human family on a level with Jesus. That is not the idea, but in another sense I want all to come on the level and high ground, and as far as acceptance is concerned—and there is nothing identical at all—it is for us all to receive in our respective measures as Jesus Christ did receive. It is the demand of every soul to live in that state that the Heavenly Father places it, and to ask for it a glorious privilege, does not make it occupy the glorious position with the Son of God. Is there anything mysterious or unreasonable about that? I believe it to be the same doctrine and the same truths that Jesus taught in His day.

The miracles of the days of Jesus are not one of the necessities of our age; they are not looked for. But, on the other hand, what do we find. In our individual experience we discover changes wrought on our own minds

and soul that seem as miraculous to human reason and understanding as anything recorded in the days of Jesus. If we come to realize this spiritual power it will prove a present helper in every time of need; an influence Divine and spiritual, guiding and controlling our life's, actions. If Christ was living in this spiritual sense in every soul, what a lovely reason this would be; it would influence the children of men to live for this and for Heaven's smiles above them. It would be the offerings of the spiritual well water in every soul. It is the practical righteousness among men, although it requires many personal sacrifices. Some may never be called upon to make this sacrifice in a public sense. It is very seldom that this has been done, although there have been cases; but some do in a spiritual sense. We may have to lay down our natural rights many times in life, and lay aside the gratification of our natures. This must become subject to the ever-ruling power of Divine goodness, governed and controlled by the spirit of truth. He has not come to be our Redeemer or Saviour if this condition is not ours. Therefore, let us examine this morning whether or not this is our experience. Has Christ so assumed government as to cause us to acknowledge the glory of God? Are we so living that His influence is growing stronger and stronger every day. Now, dear people, let us early in life, if our minds have been visited or touched, be true to these convictions of our hearts. Let us never forsake the love of God; let us ever be under its influence and there will be no inconsistencies. We have only to obey, and we will never depart from that which is in keeping with His holy will.

We will witness its fruits in our spiritual enjoyments and blessings in every relation of life. Such is the testimony of the Scriptures; it is so beautifully applicable to our individual experience, and there is nothing inconsistent or remarkable. Too many human

hearts have been questioning of Scriptures. I am always sorry to hear them referred to in this manner before minds. They say they are inconsistent, they cannot understand them ; they do not think the Lord would require such thing of men. Dear people, I want us to get away from this speculative, imaginary condition of the human heart—it is unsound ground. If we come to understand Christ in His spiritual mission as I have attempted to represent it, it will do away with these things, and that which we cannot understand we are willing to leave alone. Because it has no application to us should not make it subject to censure ; it may be applicable to some one else. Many men undervalue these sacred truths, but we cannot fully realize them in all their beauty until we know something of the Spirit of Christ. Therefore let Christ come in with His spiritual power and assume the government of our lives and we will find Him a wonderful Counsellor. Let Him come in special visitations to you, and you will find a child immortal born in the soul, and governing all your actions. My friends, I want us to so appreciate and understand this mission of the Son of God that we will no longer question why these requirements are made of us, but be willing to do our work at any time, and that our hearts may be so overwhelmed with the spiritual knowledge that we will be willing to obey. Then we will enjoy the rich blessings of God here, with faith and trusting confidence that the future will be with God. I want the religion of Jesus Christ to be carried out in every day life. Early or later in life you may be converted to this divine principle, and by practical lives of righteousness you will be like stars in God's firmament. I want you to live that you will know that Jesus is the truth and the life, and there will be nothing wonderful or strange when the time comes that we touch the hand of the Son of God himself. Let not discouragements turn

you back ; but bring home this Christ-given power and make it the ever-ruling, all-inspiring, illuminating principle of the heart. And now just a few words for those in the youthful walks of life by way of encouragement. If my Heavenly Father had revealed to me when fifteen years of age that I would have occupied this position, my nature would have rebelled and shrunk from it. But, dear friends, see how He has been leading gently along, overcoming little by little, until we are led to stand before you as a monument to His mercy. Wherever your Father in His Divine and spiritual influence is found, there for God's sake and the sake of Heaven and your own souls, follow that leading, and he will lead you home into a condition of Heavenly enjoyment and rich spiritual peace ; and when you die you will remain with Him in glory. That is the prayer of your brother. Let us walk in the paths of righteousness as directed and ordered by the Lord in all things.

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#### PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

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We are indebted to the *Intelligencer and Journal* for most of the information contained in the following :

“Among those in attendance were Isaac Wilson, of Canada ; Thomas Foulke and Isaac Hicks, of New York Yearly Meeting, and Joseph M. Spencer, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. All the meetings for worship were seasons of spiritual refreshment. The labors of ministers from other Yearly Meetings have done much to convince the understanding in respect to the doctrines of the Society and to call home to the witness for the truth thereof in the soul of every inquirer.”

Philadelphia is acknowledged to be the most conservative of our Yearly Meetings, but there has been a desire for reform on the part of many of its

members, and a revision of its Discipline, for which there is a call, seems but a matter of a little more time. In looking over the work of the Yearly Meeting, and the action taken on the different subjects by men's and women's meetings, the awkwardness of doing business in separate sessions manifests itself, and we of Genesee, whose short experience in short sessions has shown us its efficiency and simplicity, can feel thankful for the change. I think the women of Philadelphia have shown themselves the pioneers in that Yearly Meeting, for reform and liberality, by their action on "changes in Discipline" and the appropriation of \$500 towards the maintainance of the two schools in South Carolina for the colored people.

One of the most important subjects to our Society claiming the attention of the meeting was the desire manifested in the spirual welfare of isolated Friends in the far West and elsewhere. The seven Yearly Meetings could hardly enter upon a work calculated to benefit the Church more at present than in the endeavor to interest and enlist the scattered families of our Society in the great work which it has before it, and to give assistance to such where it is needed. We of the REVIEW are often reminded by private letters of the spirit of Quakerism which remains with so many of these, and of the love they bear the Society and its principles.

The reports of its numerous committees indicate the broad and varied labors in which this our largest Yearly Meeting is engaged. Its committees "To visit and encourage our members," "On the temperance work," "On education and schools," "On education of the colored people," etc., all seem to be doing excellent work in their several fields. The schools under the care of the meetings of the Yearly Meeting, including the several departments of the schools at Fifteenth and Race streets, Philadelphia, now number 40. There are about 2,800 children attending these schools, of whom about 690 are

members, and 300, with one parent, a member. The Committee on Education reports an expenditure of \$2,257.48 during the year in aid of schools.

#### SCIPIO QUARTERLY MEETING.

Scipio Quarterly Meeting has just been held, and I would gladly give some account of it, but, though an occasion of great interest to us, there is little to give in regard to it except that which is common to all our meetings of similar character. A heavy rain storm caused it to be even smaller than common. To the Friends of this generation the accounts of the once large and influential meeting of Scipio seem like a fabric of the imagination. That this great building could have been filled to overflowing weekly is in great contrast to the half score of members now constituting the preparative meeting, and the question arises: Where are the descendants of those who once filled these seats? Very few remain in this locality. Many families have died out entirely. The large and well-filled grave yard would be an interesting study had the early graves been marked. But time has obliterated the mounds and head boards, and the older part of the ground in a level expanse, broken here and there by shrubbery, or a lately reared stone placed by some relative whose memory served to mark the place until more enduring tablets were allowed.

In those early days the members gathered from long distances to attend meetings—on foot, on horse back, or in lumber wagons—and one of our aged Friends relates that her father, who was lame, came to meeting once a month on his crutches the whole summer season from his home, sixteen miles distant. We do not see such zeal to attend meeting now, but perhaps it comes not so much from a lack of religious feeling as from the more liberal and Christian character of other

denominations, whose places of worship are now in every neighborhood. We are not able to maintain a First-day School. There are almost no young people, and only five I think under sixteen in the whole Quarterly Meeting whose parents are both Friends. A few of our members, with some others of kindred interests, maintain a meeting for the discussion of moral and religious subjects. It is held at Scipio Meeting-house in the afternoon of the first day in each month. The plan of the meeting was originated by a young Friend, Susan Hoxie Hathaway, then a student at Cornell, since deceased, and it has been held regularly for nine years.

Our Executive Meeting has just held its sixth session. It was, I think, the first to organize in that form in Genesee Yearly Meeting. This change, as well as the others involved in the new Discipline, has been very satisfactory. Will not some Friend who is in possession of the necessary facts give us a history of our Discipline? I find that the first printed book of Discipline was published in 1783 by London Yearly Meeting, and called the "Book of Extracts." A second edition of the same in 1802, and a third in 1834. A copy of this last is before me. It has a separate set of queries for men and women, but states that the answers from men's meeting must cover the whole body of men and women Friends. I would like to know if this work was ever used in this country, and when was the first Discipline prepared by New York Yearly Meeting issued? The oldest I have access to is that "revised and adopted by New York Yearly Meeting in 1810."

AMELIA G. SEARING.

Poplar Ridge, N.Y., 5 mo. 23.

The still small voice of God is sweeter music and more enticing than the strains of the grandest organ.—[J. J. Cornell.

### THE BLIND WEAVER.

A weaver sat at his loom,  
A blind old man was he ;  
And he saw not one of the shuttle's threads,  
Which he wrought so cunningly ;  
But his fingers touched each line,  
As the pattern before him grew,  
And the sunset gleam of a smile divine  
Its light o'er his features threw ;  
As plying his work to a slight refrain,  
He sang it o'er and o'er again :  
Light and Darkness and Shade,  
Shade and Darkness and Light ;  
We never can tell how the pattern's made  
Till the fabric is turned in our sight.

And slowly the fabric grew,  
As his shuttle, from side to side  
With a cunning twist of his wrist he threw,  
And its lines were multiplied.  
But still the surface was rough,  
And the pattern you could not trace,  
For the threads seemed blindly broken off,  
And showed neither beauty nor grace ;  
But he plied his work to the slight refrain,  
And sang it o'er and o'er again :  
Light and Darkness and Shade,  
Shade and Darkness and Light ;  
We never can tell how the pattern's made  
Till the fabric is turned in our sight.

And thus at the loom of life,  
Like that blind old weaver, we  
Are working the threads of our own designs  
To a pattern we do not see ;  
And still with a patient love,  
That is wiser far than we know,  
There is One who looks from His throne above  
And directs the shuttle's throw ;  
And spite of our broken threads,  
He is working His great design,  
And the pattern that seemed unmeaning here,  
With a heavenly grace shall shine !  
So we'll ply our work to the old refrain,  
And sing it o'er and o'er again :  
Light and Darkness and Shade,  
Shade and Darkness and Light,  
Shall have done their work when the pattern's made  
And the fabric is held up to sight.



# Young Friends' Review

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As the editorship of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW has fallen to my lot, I suppose a few words by way of introduction are looked for, a sort of salutatory address. We regret that any change had to be made in the staff from the satisfactory arrangement adopted at the founding of the paper. But business circumstances have reluctantly called away our active and efficient editor. Besides filling that position, the REVIEW was indebted to him especially as its originator and founder. Yet amid these unavoidable misfortunes we have the encouragement to go on that always comes from

laboring in a worthy cause. We feel our unworthiness for the responsible position; yet, seeing the ready support given by our patrons, the untiring and efficient labors of the staff and the approving smile of Heaven, we are willing to serve in this capacity, trusting that we may ever feel the superior strength of this threefold cord. Someone made the expression that the "REVIEW had come to stay." We will use all available and rightful means to make this fair saying a prophetic truth; but it does not rest on us alone, or on the staff alone, but partly on thee, kind reader of these pages. We want every young member of the Society to know that the REVIEW was instituted for their good, and is dedicated to their service, with the object of enlisting the God-given powers within them for the prosperity of our beloved Society, and the universal good of man. We close this introduction to our editorship, and we may say to the second volume also, by an open invitation and an earnest appeal for communications from all quarters—Society news, or essays on humanitarian, moral or religious subjects. Let us make the REVIEW the intellectual "gymnasium" of the Society, where youthful minds may exercise and develop and genius may become acquainted with its powers before it may be called up to higher service in the church or in the world.

Genesee Yearly Meeting is at hand, beginning on the 11th inst. As our next number will contain pretty full reports of the various transactions in the "business meetings," and the labors of those who may be called upon in the

"meeting for worship," we merely give space here for an invocation for that Power to be present which alone makes such occasions profitable. It is a season fraught with vast possibilities, and if wisely directed will bring a rich harvest of good. O! that the good seed sown by God's qualified servants may find a lodgement in the heart duly prepared, that all who meet may be strengthened and encouraged to take up life's duties anew, rejoicing in the ever-presence and all-sufficiency of God's love.

On the subject of temperance the REVIEW will be found the advocate of total prohibition as being the only platform consistent with our knowledge of the truth and of the principles of our Society. The different methods by which this may be attained men, and women too, may and do honestly differ. We have but little faith in looking to any political party as a party to bring about this desired change, but we do look in faith to men and women of principle and independence of all parties to rise above partyism and demand the extinction of this great evil. We have faith in the moral standard—to which we believe the great majority of our young people are willing to aspire—and in the power of moral persuasion and a proper and consistent use of the ballot.

This spring has been a remarkably hot and dry one, exceeding in these respects any former one within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." On many days mercury indicated 80° to 90° F. in the shade. The showers of the past few days, though, have changed

the appearance of things, and have given vegetation new life and growth. Prospects for an abundant crop of fruit are good, even peach trees are likely to be loaded with luscious fruit. Apples, pears, cherries and small fruit are well set and abundant.

We will send still another REVIEW to all the old names on our books, as those forming clubs have not had sufficient time to complete their lists. We do not wish to deprive any of the paper who wish to continue it. But please let us hear before next month, when all unrenewed names will be cancelled.

We are gratified to learn that Friends of Pelham, Ont., meeting have organized a First-day School. We wish it every success. Our correspondent says: "Of course we are all very awkward, but we desire to improve, and would be glad to receive a visit and counsel from any experienced worker who would turn his or her heart in our direction. Will any one think of us? 'God helps those who help themselves' is alike applicable to spiritual as carnal things, and it does appear that we are being aroused to wakefulness and energy. Our present number is fifteen, all told." This is encouraging. The REVIEW will think of you.

We publish a few selections from private letters received during the month:

SAMUEL P. ZAVITZ:

Esteemed Friend,—The YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW comes to us regularly and is always a welcome visitant. As a medium of intercourse between us and our Canadian Friends we prize

it highly, and are gratified to find it an independent exponent of advanced thought, and also of the leading principles of truth as held by Friends.

I enclose one dollar (\$1) for two years' subscription, and the continuance of the paper will be accepted as a receipt, Thy friend,

HARRIET E. KIRK.

The cashier of Moulton Bank, Moulton, Iowa, writes us :

"In the last issue of the REVIEW came the statement that our subscription had expired. Well, we don't want it to cease coming, so we accept the invitation and renew, and hope there may be encouragement sufficient to warrant its continuance for years to come. In looking over its pages memory calls up the scenes of our boyhood, and, although there may be recollections of hard, unpainted seats, yet when we look across the house to the seats where our fathers and mothers sat we come face and face with the fact that we too are growing old and ere long must be called upon to face the realities of the unseen world, whither most of them have passed; and when we contrast the so-called religious worship of to-day in the modern churches with the calm and quiet meetings of Friends we are filled with a spirit of longing, and as years come and go the memories seem clearer, and a hearty God-speed to the principles of the Society is the desire of your sincere friend."

### THOUGHTS.

A bird cannot poise itself in mid air with complacency or upon that which is too weak to sustain its weight, or too low to insure its safety. So with man, that upon which he stands must be of such a nature as to raise him above that which will enslave, harm or destroy.

A. B.

"Difference of opinion is no crime." It is only when this difference is allowed to assume undue proportions, and thereby destroy the Christian love and fellowship that should exist between men as brethren, that it becomes a crime.

A. B.

### TRIFLES.

What will it matter in a little while  
That for a day  
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,  
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were brave  
And lives were true;  
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,  
As I gave you?

These trifles? Can it be they make or mar  
A human life?  
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are  
By love or strife?

Yea, yea! a look the fainting heart may break,  
Or make it whole;  
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,  
May save a soul!

—[*May Riley Smith.*]

### COMMUNICATIONS.

My attention was attracted by one of the Swarthmore notes in a late *Intelligencer* and *Journal*. Of course whatever pertains to Swarthmore, my kind Alma Mater, is always interesting to me, but I thought this item might be productive of thoughts and suggestions that might be interesting to all the readers of the REVIEW. It was where the poet Whittier in a modest letter thanked the class of '89 for calling the new athletic grounds, in honor of his name, "Whittierfield." In passing I might say that I rejoice to see at Swarthmore a sentiment so loyal to the good old poet. But concerning the poet himself, we have incidentally from his own pen a statement that may be profitable and pleasant to remember. He says: "As the graduate only of a district school, I know little of the needs of a college." Thus we find Whittier a living corroboration of the old familiar saying of Horace: "Poeta nascitur, non fit" (a poet is born, not made.) I had heard Dr. Thomas in his "Lectures in Literature" at Swarth-

more conclude his notice and eulogium of Whittier by saying: "And all this without having the advantages of a course at Swarthmore." But I am better pleased to have it plainly from the poet himself. "The graduate only of a district school," the one perhaps

"Where still the sumachs grow  
And blackberry vines are running."

Yet his pieces are read as wide as the English language. "The graduate only of a district school," his influence was mighty in striking the shackles from a nation of slaves. Equipped with the simple armament of a David, he was ever the champion of right in the turbulent days of the Republic. Is there not a lesson in this history of the poet, interesting, encouraging and profitable to all the readers and writers of the REVIEW? Let none lament their disadvantages. Whoever does the best possible with the opportunities granted them, and has learned how to trust, will be equipped for their life's work, be that great or small. It may not be to write a nation's songs, or right a nation's wrongs. But it MAY be, in part, for those who READ these pages to WRITE for them also. May the apparent absence of high scholastic attainment keep none from communicating whatever they feel called to give. There is a better qualification than that within the reach of all. The single utterances of an inspired soul are more eloquent than the studied conceits of the profoundest intellect. An article springing from a sense of duty speaks with authority. The immediate revealing of God's will to the understanding is the rock whereon is built God's Church, is the only sufficient leaven for the nations, the only lever that can move the world.

Robert Burns, the Scottish Whittier of ruder times, excuses his lack, or perhaps his neglect, of higher education thus:

"Gie me a spark o' nature's fire,  
That's a' the learning I desire;  
My muse, though humble in attire,  
May touch the heart."

I am not here speaking in disfavor of a college course, or excusing any for the neglect, if obtainable, of such golden advantages. Whittier himself no doubt feels the want of such a training, but he did not spend his life in lamenting over the inexorable ways of fate. This is the lesson I wish to impress. Let us do with what we have. In lieu of more extensive equipments, let us take the sling that we are used to, and the pebbles from our native brook.

With this explanation of the standing of the REVIEW, we appeal to our subscribers and those interested for a more general supply of communications. We desire to make the paper exclusively original. We do not look for perfection, but we desire to have growth. E. M. Z.

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### "WORKERS TOGETHER."

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Wide as the world are the fields of its workers. Some must till the broad acres, others the gardens; to some the digging of the ore from the mountains, or diving to the depth for pearls, the hewing of granite, the polishing of diamonds; to some the large duties that show to all the world the result, to others the minute things, unnoticed and yet important. In ceaseless round from year to year "the workers work together," and the world teems with industries, civilization, education and progress spread over all its fair domains like a richly-hued garment. The ships that sail over the sea are laden with fruits of labor—gold, silver and precious stones; books and papers (the work of the world's writers); fabrics of the loom and products of the soil; and better than all, in many a ship are those who carry the Gospel of Christ to heathen nations. The missionary in Brazil, in Japan, is kept at his post by the small contributions of the faithful ones at home. Penny by penny large sums are gathered by those who, working together for the Master's cause, shall share in the blessing, and humanity,

whose sympathetic heart believes each is his brother's keeper, knits in a mighty web the interests of a nation. There are rough threads and faded colors sometimes, and poor little patches, but when God, who sees the weaver more than the web, shall smile upon our work there will be no blemish.

No work in His sight is small. Gardens would seem lonesome without roses, so would the woodpath without violets. A sunless day is not much more unendurable than a starless night. An eloquent speech might thrill thousands of hearts, yet might not move any one of ours like a loving word from a friend.

It is the faithful doing of a work that is large. An imperfect stone in a pillar may send scores of innocent souls to eternity; a little omission of mortar in the flue may carry the fatal spark that burns your dwelling; a single mistake in character may mar our happiness and usefulness. A magnificent home is built. The owner brought money and brains, the laborers skill and strength. For its completion many hands toiled. The humblest mason who firmly set the foundation wall was one of the host, and yet there were many workers you did not see. The mason's wife who cooked a good dinner, and the mason's little boy who brought it to him, even the baby, too small to work, yet big enough "to watch for papa," helped in her way. For men work with cheeriest heart when home pictures are brightest, and all are workers together." There is a subtle and potent meaning in "we are workers together." The circle of one's own may seem small, but around it are other and wider circles. The neighborhood, the city, the state, the country, all the interests of mankind and woman-kind form never-ending circles, and the influence of the smallest may extend to the largest; and that soul, knowing and caring nothing for the great outside world, but contented within its own narrow wall, could be balanced on the

point of a cambric needle. Each in our own way, each with our own tools, we are workers together in the world's common field. There is plowing and sowing, stones of custom to pile by the wayside, mountains of prejudice to tear down; there is planting and pruning and grafting before we can hope to gather the fruit of the vineyard. But when the harvest feast is spread, and the humble laborers shall gather from far and near, those who had sown the seed, those who have gathered the sheaves, those who have pressed the purple vine of the vintage will all be there; and perhaps some dear, helpful soul who has only planted and nourished a few daisies will set them in the midst, and their beauty shall shed a blessing on all the "workers together," who together shall hear: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things."

CARRIE WING.

Quaker Hill, 5th mo. 20th, '87.

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#### WHATSOEVER.

"Your letter of last week came to me like a breath of mountain air or a ray of country sunshine. I seemed fairly to hear the birds in the old maple, and I enjoyed that amusing contest between the sparrows and the robin quite as much as if I had been watching it with you. Nothing I am sure, not even a peep at the green fields themselves, or a whiff of unadulterated oxygen, could have done me more good than did your bright, breezy chronicle of country doings and sayings."

Here is a suggestion for those of us whose lines are cast in quiet corners of this great bustling world. In country homes, staid respectable villages, or sleepy little hamlets, one finds girls who feel themselves shut out from fields of active philanthropic labor. They perhaps have listened to appeals setting forth the responsibility of their existence and their duty to their fellow-men, and have

read of the works of noble men and true-hearted women until almost discouraged with their own insignificant part in the "bivouac of life." To many of these it has perhaps never occurred that their talent for writing just such bright, cheery letters as the one referred to above may be made one of the most blessed of the "whatsoevers" so that it be given in His name.

Though not theirs to carry the sunlight of their own bright faces to hospital or prison, not less acceptable and still more productive of result may be the message of good cheer sent through the postman's hands.

Hear what Grace H. Dodge says of this branch of work for the Master :

"Many girls feel that they could not visit a hospital, or that they would not be allowed to do so by some friends, but they could use their brains and hands by writing little hospital letters. Those for children should be filled with story, illustration and loving words. The grown need the same simple letters, but to them should be added helpful texts and practical precepts. In all letters love and sympathy must be shown, and through this love and sympathy the sufferer must be turned to the great Physician. No name need be signed except that of "Friend," and the matron or nurse will gladly direct them. Those outside can have no idea how such letters are welcomed and treasured. They are read and re-read until they fall in pieces. Some will say there is no hospital near or none needing them. If so, ask your clergyman or physician if there are no sick children or young girls lying in some tenement or cottage home. They need you even more than those in the hospital. They need the same cheering, the same reading, the same teaching as the others. To them letters will be especially welcome. Are you away in the country? write back to your sick friends accounts of the birds, flowers and verdure. What bright pictures they will open up! Flowers and plants can

easily be sent from the country, and will be enjoyed to a degree hardly appreciated by those to whom such things are common."

The message for each one of us is "whatsoever," and

"There's a work for me and a work for you,  
Something for each of us now to do."

L. S.

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### "LOOK THOU NOT UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED."

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This injunction we are generally disposed to regard as relating alone to the quaffing of such beverages as will intoxicate, and from it many useful lessons may be learned.

When it is RED. This color in itself is attractive, and especially to the young. It is bright, and seems to correspond with their buoyant spirits; and when the ruddy wine is offered, the gay and thoughtless youth is very apt to accept it; it may be out of courtesy, as it is called; but from whatever cause, if the course is pursued in, the results are alike ruinous to high and low, old and young.

But there is another view that we may take of this passage, and I think quite as profitably. Our minds may become intoxicated, as it were, with different pleasures. Those of a fascinating character, such as dancing, card playing and others of a like nature. To many these are as attractive and fascinating as the wine cup is to others. Some may say: Surely these can not be compared. Let us look at them candidly, and honestly acknowledge what we find. "Look thou not upon the wine when it is red." To the glass of wine with its ruddy, sparkling contents I liken these amusements. The results may not be as rapid nor as marked perhaps. I do not say ALL who indulge are brought to degradation, but there are those who are as effectually ruined by these as those who partake of intoxicating beverages.

By this I mean, when we find that any of these are occupying a larger portion than they should, and there is nothing left of a refining and elevating character—when our mental and physical powers are exhausted in the meditation and participation of these—and our talents, be it the one or the five, neglected and unimproved, we have looked upon the WINE when it was RED, and after looking have tasted, and finally drank too deeply. We have indulged ourselves to an undue extent—we have exchanged the talents with which our Heavenly Father has endowed us for that which cannot nourish. A. B.

### “AT YEARLY MEETING.”

*From Philadelphia Ledger and Transcript.*

Among the best of the profitable reading in the Ledger this week has been that in the reports of the daily proceedings of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, assembled at the Race Street Meeting House. It must certainly have been observed by the large number who have perused these reports from day to day how closely the matters considered, and the “queries” asked and answered, come into the daily affairs and conduct of every self-respecting man and woman; how they bring up for review, not only what they believe as to faith and doctrine, but how these are lived up to in their daily walk and conversation and behavior in actual life. When it is asked: “Are love and unity maintained among you? Are tale bearing and detraction discouraged? When any differences arise, are endeavors used speedily to end them?”—when such questions as these have to be considered and answered in open meeting—how much of the mischief-making, trouble-breeding, strife-engendering influences of the world they bring up for inspection, for regret, for condemnation and correction! They “come home to men’s business and bosoms,” as the great Francis Bacon said of some other

matters. And so do these other “queries” and answers, which were among those of the week: “Are poor Friends’ necessities duly inspected, and are they relieved and assisted in such business as they are capable of?” “Are Friends careful to live within the bounds of their circumstances, and to keep to moderation in their trade or business?” “Are they punctual to their promises and just in the payment of their debts?” “Are Friends careful to bring up those under their direction” so as “to restrain them from reading pernicious books?” “Do you take good care regularly to deal with all offenders in the spirit of meekness, without impartiality or unnecessary delay in order for their help?” How suggestive are all these; how salutary for discipline; how wholesome as affective reminders of practical duty, and as inculcating the spirit of considerateness which should be held for one another, and the forbearance which should prevail among all?

In the largest room of the building at Fifteenth and Race is held the Women’s Yearly Meeting; in a smaller one the Men’s Yearly Meeting.

Public meetings were held yesterday morning in both these rooms. In the former Allen Flitcraft, of Chester, appeared in supplication. Sermons were delivered by Isaac Wilson, of Canada, and Thomas Foulke, of New York, and supplication (or prayer) by the former.

In the overflow meeting in the smaller room, Robert Evans, Robert Hatton, Mary H. Heald and Simon Gillam spoke, and Peter Smedley in prayer.

The First-dayschools (Sundayschools) met yesterday at 3 o’clock in the afternoon in the larger room. Meetings were also held during the day at the meeting houses at Fourth and Green, Ninth and Spruce, Girard avenue and Seventeenth street, at West Philadelphia and at Fair Hill.

At Fifteenth and Race was present in the morning Dr. Saiki, of Japan, a graduate of the the Medical School at

Tokio, and now a student at our University. Mention was made of another native of Japan who has joined the "Orthodox" Friends in Baltimore, Quazo Ota, doctor of philosophy, who studied at the Johns Hopkins University.

An epistle was read from New York Yearly Meeting, which said that the object of all religious organizations should be practical work which will benefit mankind.

An epistle was also read from Genesee Yearly Meeting, which reported an innovation. It stated that at the time they wrote "no partition wall divides the sexes," but the two branches work harmoniously together.

This epistle also mentioned a growing concern to place tobacco beside alcohol on account of its injurious effect on the human system.

A third epistle was read, namely, from Ohio Yearly Meeting. This one also spoke against tobacco in connection with alcohol.

The Clerk read an epistle from the Illinois Yearly Meeting, in which it was mentioned that they had concluded to memorialize the Legislature of their State on the subject of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools. They also stated on the subject of First-day schools that they had been advised in the Yearly Meeting that great care should be extended toward excluding all matters that tend to draw away the minds of the children from the divine truths as understood and taught by the Society of Friends.

Epistles were also read from Indiana and Baltimore Yearly Meetings.

The Committee on the Treasurer's account proposed that \$4,000 be raised, and Thos. J. Husband was re-appointed Treasurer and Jos. C. Turnpenny and Alfred Moore were appointed correspondents of this meeting.

An epistle to the Six Yearly Meetings with which this meeting corresponds was read and approved and directed to be forwarded.

The closing minute was read, as follows: "A feeling of love, forbearance and Christian charity has been plainly manifest throughout our several sittings, and, under its cementing influence, we now adjourn to meet again next year if consistent with the Divine will."

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#### THE LETTER.

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The letter you've just written  
Really can't make me sad;  
You vow you love me no longer,  
But, in fact, you're letter's not bad—

A manuscript twelve pages crossed,  
So fine, it pains my eye!  
One doesn't write at such length, dear,  
When she really *means* "good-bye."  
—[Heine.]

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#### A MISTAKE OF MARRIED LIFE.

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##### SELECTED.

Supposing the man and the woman both agree to be domestic solely, and are equally domestic. It is not the healthiest, best matrimonial condition, even then. It does not, it can not, conduce to development of character and cultivation of mind. That is not a sufficiently broad social horizon which is bounded by two. However close akin these two may come to feel, and however satisfied they may be in each other's companionship, their better course lies in frequent contact with the world at large. Constant, unbroken domestic life narrows the mental outreach and dwarfs the soul. Do I put it too strongly, think you? Ah! you men—you men of the larger opportunities—what do you know of the narrowing effect concerning which I speak? You go daily from the home, from its annoyances, its perplexities, its frequent depressing conditions, its wearing work and friction. You get the breeze of a different, higher atmosphere, the inspiration which it brings. You have your cares and burdens to be sure, but they



are lifted or lightened by the touch of that multitude you daily meet. But we women!—there are cases uncounted like that so painfully given above, and they grow naturally out of a truly domestic woman's narrow field of work. They do not always find enumeration either outside or inside asylums for the insane. They exist, however, in some marked and unhappy degree, and they are a prevalent source of misery which men fail to comprehend.

Whose is the blame? At whose door does the mistake lie? I think husband and wife both err in every case of this kind; the one through heedlessness or ignorance, the other through a confused apprehension of what her duty is.

#### HUMOR IN THE FAMILY.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor or the capacity to have a little fun along with the hum-drum of life. We all know how it brightens things up generally to have a lively, witty companion, who see the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn any annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a good deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright, and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine to a cloudy day. While it is oppressive to hear people constantly striving to say funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to have some. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it. "What is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather

impatient husband, after rummaging through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked, then, with a comical look, replied: "I never could guess conundrums; I must give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and he kissed her, and then she felt happy; and so what might have been an occasion for hard words and unkind feelings became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as well oftentimes. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more at home.

Of Tennyson, Walt Whitman said while in New York the other day: "I think he is still the great poet I have always thought him. His powers do not seem to be on the wane. He is a very great poet, sir." And this was after Walt had read the Jubilee Ode, too.

Death is a veil which those who live call life.—[Shelley.]

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