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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IX.

LONDON, ONT., ELEVENTH MONTH 15TH, 1894.

NO. 22

## HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME.

"We must accept ourselves as we are."

—Edmund Scherer.

God pours His soul in different moulds  
And none may choose the form or size.  
One but a scanty measure holds,  
Another all infinities ;  
This is fire-hot, and that dew-cool,  
And one seems empty, one seems full.

All are of Him—the scant, the frail,  
Know their own limits, nor repine.  
The coarser shape and clay avail  
For use as though of finest line.  
The mould the potter cast askew  
Must duly still a good work do.

Let us accept, then, as we must,  
Our limitations, since we know  
That God, who framed us out of dust  
For His good pleasure, made us so,  
And measured our capacities  
According to His just decrees.

Failure is harder in ourselves  
Than 'tis to watch another fail.  
To know, however hard one delves,  
A thin soil is of no avail ;  
To see another lightly do  
The task impossible to you.

All this bitter-hard ; and yet,  
Take courage soul, accept your lot,  
And take this comfort—nor forget—  
God made us, Who mistaketh not ;  
And every soul He shaped and willed  
May be with grace and glory filled.

—Susan Coolidge, in *Sunday School Times*.

## THOUGHTS ON CLOSING OUR FIRST-DAY SCHOOL.

Written for and read at the closing of Pelham First-day School, 10 mo. 28th, 1894, by R. W. Brown.

Another summer has passed away, and the time has again come when, for several reasons, it seems advisable to close our First-day School for a season ; and as we have gathered here this morning with that purpose in view, I feel that we have great reason to be thankful to the All-wise Father for his loving and preserving care, and the opportunities which have been

afforded us during the past season, of meeting together on the first day of the week, the old with the young, and in a simple and childlike manner, endeavoring by the assistance of that illuminating power of Divine Light which "Sheweth unto every man what is good," to search out the great and practical truths contained in the Scriptures. And to so apply them to our own individual needs and experiences that we may be built up in the faith and knowledge of the truth, and finally through obedience "Grow in stature to the strong man in Christ" ever "Letting our light so shine before men that others, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father in Heaven."

While some of us may have felt that they have gained but little in this direction, yet I trust that we all have realized, that in thus mingling together, it has been a source of strength and profit to us. And as the years roll on and these boys and girls here to-day have grown up to manhood and womanhood, and have gone out from the parental home into the wide world, and when amidst the temptations and allurements which beset their pathway, perchance they may be led to look back with grateful hearts to the teachings received here in the First-day School as their strength, and the foundation of useful and noble lives. I trust and pray that we who are older in years may be very careful that we place no stumbling blocks in the way of these little ones, but earnestly strive to cultivate and nourish the good seed sown in their tender hearts, so that it may grow and develop and bear much precious fruit to the "Honor and glory of God" and the advancement of his kingdom in the earth.

And now I feel before closing this short address, that it is my duty to

refer briefly to the faithful labors of our beloved Superintendent and her worthy companion, our Bible Class teacher, to whose united, earnest and well directed efforts in the past, though met by many discouragements, we owe the first establishment of our First-day School and its subsequent growth and usefulness. I feel that we all appreciate more deeply than words can express, their help and encouragement, and that our loving Father will amply reward all His faithful followers.

Then let us both individually and collectively put our necks to the yoke and our backs to the burden, we shall then know for ourselves "That His yoke is easy and His burden is light." In conclusion may His indwelling Spirit and loving presence continue to dwell with us till we meet again.

### THE ARMOR OF GOD.

Composed and read by Elston E. Willson, at the closing of Pelham First-day School for the winter, 10th mo. 28th, 1894.

How blessed is that light within  
Which leads and guards us from all sin ;  
If we will let it be our guide  
We safely then can stem life's tide.

Now let God's armor be our stay,  
That we withstand the evil day ;  
With truth may we be strongly girt  
The tempter then can do no hurt.

And truly we should all possess  
The strong breast-plate of righteousness ;  
Then firmly may we take our stand  
To watch and follow God's command.

And let upon our feet be found  
Gospel of peace most tightly bound ;  
When with this preparation shod,  
No evil ways will then be trod.

Above all, take faith for a shield,  
For fiery darts the wicked wield,  
But ever stand steadfast, and strong,  
And it will guard against the wrong.

The helmet of salvation wear ;  
The keen sword of the spirit bear ;  
This weapon is God's Holy word,  
If listened for, it will be heard.

Now thus equipped with arms of might  
Let us against all evil fight ;  
With Christ for leader, let us go  
And conquer over every foe.

But we must ever watch, and pray,  
And go not in temptation's way,  
For though the spirit willing be,  
The flesh is weak, the sin to flee.

O ! that we all might see God's light,  
And be led out of sin's dark night ;  
His grace to all is freely giv'n,  
And they who trust shall rest in heav'n.

### OUR KNOTTED THREADS.

An Essay written by a young girl, Emma C. Brown, and read at Kenneth, Pa., F. D. School Union, 10th mo. 20.

While wondering what I should prepare for to-day that would, in a measure at least, satisfy myself as to having performed an appointed duty, my eye fell upon a short story for children, concerning a baby girl, who, having watched her mother busily engaged with sewing, begged for a needle to do likewise. The needful things were supplied, and a knot placed on the thread. The little eyes sparkled with joy, and the baby fingers began passing the needle to and fro. But soon the smiling face changes to one of troubled impatience for, to her baby ideas, she is making no progress. She pricks her chubby fingers, and is almost ready to quit, for the stubborn knot at the end of the thread won't budge; but mamma cuts away the knot, smiles again appear, but soon vanish, for as through and through the thread goes, nothing but the needlemark is left; it doesn't look like mamma's after all her work, and so she quits trying, and here the story closes. Yet it remained with me, and as I thought it over ideas suggested themselves. But thoughts are one thing, and the intelligent expression of them another. However, to me there seemed a sermon hidden here

Since circumstance is the great web in which God clothes us, some thread seems constantly getting tangled. The trials that meet us in daily life, the hindrances to hands and feet, seem to mean that to every thread there is a knot, which a wise Father has placed for our advantage. Like the child

we seem to think that some other way of doing would be more pleasant. Personal experience has shown the most of us that just when some great pleasure seems in store for us, when all our plans are laid according to our idea of proper development, unthought of somethings interfere, and God in superior wisdom marks out a different course. Sometimes He sees fit to grant our desires, even though they may be selfish ones. Human nature reigns triumphant, and for a time we are happy, but the hidden life within our hearts cannot be satisfied, when at variance with its Creator, and the missing stitches face us boldly, showing that the knots are needful.

Because our thread is fast is no reason our labor is lost, for none but God can understand God's ideal, or how it is perfected. In our weak judgment we pull and fret, until He cuts the knot, and then like the little one, we wonder why our work is not like the pattern. Ever since we have arrived at an age to understand, kind friends have told us, First-day Schools have endeavored to teach us, and our own reasonable judgment must endorse the same, that God is able, and willing, to do the best thing for us, or rather to teach us to do the best thing, and yet we worry, making ourselves and frequently those around us unhappy, because things do not accord with our wishes, and yet for those same seeming grievances we afterward thank a kind Providence for sending. Blair said: "Anxiety is the poison of life, the parent of many sins and of more miseries; why then allow it, when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand?"

Dear young people, we have started our little boat on life's rough ocean, shall we add to its breakers by neglect of known duties or grieving over the inevitable? I have tried to convey just one thought, which is, let us honestly and earnestly try to do our best, and if our aspirations are not fulfilled, let up keep right on in the

good old way, or, better still, improve it; and who knows but in His own time God may give us more than we have desired.

Let's strive not with the fate that binds,  
To cut it with a knife,  
We are but pulling at the knot  
That holds our very life.

## DEATH.

Essay read by Mary Loudon, at Memorial Meeting Old Blue River Meeting House, 9th mo. 30th, 1894.

It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of Death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in our eternal home, there to dwell in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and go no more out for ever. Death will never knock at the door of that mansion. But the picture of our early home must hang on the walls of memory until "the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken."

Whatever else the heart may forget, it cannot forget the little broken cart, the sled and the kite, the sister's fond caress, the brother's generous aid, the father's loving counsel, and the mother's anxious prayer.

We can not forget the day when hushed footsteps were in the house, and the silent rooms were filled with the odor of flowers, and the gate swung outward to let the casket through. On how many a dying couch have the sacred words, "The pure in heart shall see God" found their last and best verification.

Life is no idle game; it is a fixed and stern reality, fuller of duties than the sky is of stars.

No good action, no good example dies. While the frame moulders and disappears, the deeds leave an indelible stamp, and moulds the very thought and will of *future generations*.

The good thoughts, the good deeds, the good memories of those who have been the salt and the light of the earth, do not perish with their departure;

they live on still, and those who have wrought them live in them. And yet how few of us have made ourselves all we might be. If he does his best, as Shakespeare says, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! in form and movement, how express and admirable!" Few indeed, as yet, can be said to reach this high ideal.

How blest must be the recollection of those, who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Since our earthly life is so brief, "and the night will soon come when the murmur and hum in our days shall be dumb ever more" it were well to have milestones by the way pointing to a better land.

The tree falls in the forest, but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell. The traveller who goes round the world prepares himself to pass through all latitudes, and to meet all changes. So man must be willing to take life as it comes, to mount the hill when the hill swells, and to go down the hill when the hill lowers; to walk the plain when it stretches before him, and to ford the river when it rolls over the plain. A perfect life is not attained in a day. Men cannot cut cross lots, or take an air line for the kingdom of heaven.

If we had our way we should have the bud, the blossom, and the ripened fruit at the same time, but this is not God's method. He gives us first the blade, then the ear, afterward the full corn in the ear.

Our path cannot always lie along the sunny highways of life, we must have patience and perseverance, believe that there is still a future before us, and we shall at last reach the haven where we would be. It is when we are robbed of our friends that we fully realize how much we are indebted to God for them, and how much we owe for what still remains to us.

## WHEN WE DIE.

Read at Old Blue River Memorial Meeting.

When unto us the hour has come,  
When soul and body part,  
And that "white messenger" called Death,  
Has stilled the throbbing heart.

When low within the narrow house  
These forms are laid to rest,  
And gently o'er the coffin lid  
The friendly clods are pressed.

When this is past, and we are seen  
No more of human kind,  
Then will this life seem all the same  
To those we've left behind?

We do not doubt but that the earth  
Would still roll on its way;  
Nor would it have one beam the less  
From the glorious orb of day.

Nor do we doubt that Nature, kind  
And faithful to her trust,  
Would bring the spring time then as now,  
And strew with flowers our dust.

And off, too, in the busy world,  
The restless tide of men  
Would ebb and flow on just the same  
As if we had not been.

But would the hearts that we have loved  
Forget to love us still,  
And feel a void that nothing but  
Our presence e'er could fill?

And would the friends who gather round  
The sacred spot of home,  
Keep green the memory of our lives  
When we no longer come?

A mem'ry that is not washed out  
By the first few farewell tears,  
But shines with radiance all undimmed  
On through the changing years.

Will they think with loving faith that we  
Had laid earth's burdens down,  
And only gone awhile the first  
To wear the starry crown?

Could we but pass the pearly gates,  
And leave them slightly ajar,  
So that our loved could see the light  
Shine from our homes afar.

Then would the brightness of that life  
To which our souls had flown,  
Forever shed a heavenly glow  
Of halo round their own.

If this of certainty were ours,  
This bliss beyond the tomb,  
Then would the "king of terrors" lose  
His fearfulness and gloom.

To merit sweet remembrance when  
Our souls do rest on high,  
Would make us mindful how we live,  
And cheer us when we die.

LIZZIE T. BAYNES.

### THE INNER LIGHT.

Referring to the remarks of Geo. S. Truman, under the above caption, in the REVIEW of 10th mo. 15, I must admit that I was in error in charging James Naylor with indecent exposure. It would seem from the authority cited by G. S. T. that Naylor was accused of this offence, but the charge was not sustained. This was in 1652. Naylor was probably then, as he certainly was afterwards, engaged in questionable proceedings. Under date of 1656 Fox, in his journal (Ed. 1800, vol. 1, p. 273) records an interview with Naylor in which he severely rebuked him and "his company," but says his remonstrance was slighted. He says: "James had run into imaginations and a company with him who raised a great darkness in the nation. . . . I saw he was out and wrong, and so was his company." Storrs Turner, in his "Quakerism," tells how James with his company, immediately after this interview, entered Bristol in a parade imitating Christ's entry into Jerusalem. James was the principal figure, and was addressed and treated like his august prototype.

This illustrates quite as fully as I could desire the preposition which I maintained, *i. e.*, the liability of persons to be mistaken as to the leading of the Inner Light when they depend on themselves alone to interpret its teachings. No possible doubt can exist as to the sincerity of James Naylor or of George Fox, and yet they differed as to the duty of James.

Then, as to experience, let us not deny the pit whence we were digged. Quakerism came forth from a furnace of fanaticism, and still has the smell of fire on its garments. Storrs Turner, in his chapter seven, gives accounts of both men and women exposing them-

selves naked, and in his journal (vol. 2, p. 75) George Fox tells of many signs shown by prophets and servants of the Lord sent to warn the people, "but instead of repenting they have beaten and cruelly entreated. . . . But the Lord is just, and happy are they that obey His word. Some have been moved to go naked in their streets in other power's days and since, as signs of their nakedness, and have declared amongst them 'that God would strip them of their hypocritical professions and make them as bare and naked as they were.'" This was written in 1666, in the reign of Charles II. And "other power's days" indicates the time of Cromwell. He does not indeed say that these persons were Friends, but calls them prophets and servants of the Lord, sent by Him. Turner says expressly that some "in other power's days" were Friends.

JOHN D. MCPHERSON.

Washington, D. C.

### PERSONAL HOLINESS.

Extract from "The Spirit of God" by P. C. Mozoomdar.

The love of the spirit visits the loneliest and least, comforting all wretchedness with an assurance that suffices for for life and death. It is love that recognizes love. Without love we cannot comprehend the love of God. The more loving the soul is the more strong the sense of divine affection. The sense of being unloved fills the soul with desolation. The love of God given and gotten back is the joy and consolation of the Holy Spirit. But it has always to be borne in mind that the Spirit is holy, and that *holiness in character only* finds access to his love. The wicked who are penitent are visited with forgiveness, and the marvellous peace which it brings, the heart that is broken feels for a moment the healing touch of Heavenly love; but the *perpetual sense* of loving and being loved by the Supreme Person can come by *personal holiness* only. The holiness

of God reproves us in the conscience night and day, heaps suffering upon suffering that the wicked will of man may be broken into submission. The personal sanctity of the Divine, when realized in mood of devotion, points out how far we are from the land of our pilgrimage. God's personality encompasses us. The constant realizing of that personality and its blessed attributes is the highest reward of spiritual life.

### YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Young Friends' Association of New York and Brooklyn was held in the parlor of the New York Meeting the fourth First-day evening in Tenth month.

After the usual opening exercises and the transaction of some special business, the reports from the various sections were read. The literature section embodied in its report the reading of a poem found by it in its researches, one which was no doubt new to many of us and highly appreciated. From the report of the history section we know that they are doing well in a field of learning much needed, and we trust their labors will furnish our meetings with a great attraction—accounts of the rise and progress of our Society. The current topics section called the attention of Young Friends to a number of recent events that would interest them in their religious and daily lives. The paper of the evening, entitled "Games of Chance," was prepared under the direction of the discipline section and read by its chairman. The author made a clear and interesting exposition of the reasons for the beliefs of Friends against such amusements, which was supplemented by selected readings from Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism. The discussion which followed would assure the most skeptical that the younger generation of Friends have not departed from the tenets of our forefathers.

Though we are doubtless the young-

est among the similar associations of our Society, our members are materially increasing, and we trust that our interest and influence will increase many fold. The next meeting will be held in the Brooklyn Meeting House the second First-day evening in Eleventh month.

### SYNOPSIS OF MEMORIAL MEETING

AT OLD BLUE RIVER, IND., 9th MO.  
30TH, 1894.

Threatening rain in the morning made the gathering a little late, yet by 11 o'clock a large crowd had gathered, and were ably addressed by Dr. Reathburn, M. E. minister, M. M. C. Hobbs, a retired elder of M. E. Church, and Ellwood Trueblood, Friend. Dr. Reathburn, standing, offered fervent prayer that the Holy Spirit might rest upon the Meeting and lead us through the day. Hobbs said silent worship is the most sublime mode of worship, yet people have a notion that something must be said. These bodies die and moulder away to dust, it does not matter what becomes of them, they are only the house in which the Spirit dwells. If we follow God and believe in His promises we will be led through troubles and sorrows, but if we try to get out of trouble without His aid we will fail.

E. T. said, the dust of my father and mother who lie buried here is sacred dust; it matters much what becomes of these bodies. The condition of our graveyards tell of our civilization, etc.

Doxology and benediction. Then adjourned to 1.30 p m.

The interval (after lunch on the ground) was taken up by groups of people wandering through the cemetery.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

Promptly at 1.30 the people again assembled. After prayer by Samuel Trueblood, and songs by young folks,

the following programme was called by Mary N. Overman.

Recitation, "Things Unseen are Eternal," Mary B. Thompson; reading of the "Angel of Patience," Leah Batt, a little girl; recitation, "When we Die, Lowry Trueblood, written by Lizzie Trueblood Baynes, o'er whose coffin lid the friendly clods were pressed years ago.

Address, "Trust," Annie Walker; "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Recitation, "Wasted Lives," Fannie Baynes; essay, Mary Loudon; recitation, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," Maude Payne. These exercises were interspersed with appropriate songs. The deep stillness of the people in the house and out doors beyond the sound of the voices was noticeable. Some of the older Friends said they had been strengthened by the young people taking part. It was a scene where spirits blend, where friend holds fellowship with friend. All denominations in this county being represented. S. N. H.

#### THE AUTUMN CLOSING OF PEJ- HAM FIRST-DAY SCHOOL

ON THE 28TH OF 10TH MO., 1894.

Thinking that it might be of interest to the readers of the REVIEW, I will endeavor to give a brief account of our closing for the winter.

As our summer's labor in our First-day School was near its close, the Superintendent proposed that we change the order of our School on the last day, and have selections of reading, essays, or addresses. This met the approval of the School, and on the closing day a very liberal response was given.

After a short study of our lesson, the scholars were called upon. Several read from the Psalms, others read good selections of poetry. R. W. Brown

read a paper prepared for the occasion. The Superintendent, A. R. Page, gave a very feeling and encouraging address upon the summer's work. The Bible Class teacher, D. W. Page, also addressed the School.

The hour thus spent proved to be very interesting, beneficial and encouraging.

Our School is small compared with others, yet we feel that we should not be discouraged. So we hope, and trust, that the efforts here put forth will not be in vain, but will bear fruit in due season.

Our School adjourned to meet the first First-day in fifth mo., 1895.

ELSTON E. WILLSON,  
Secretary.

#### PREHISTORIC RELICS.

A discovery of great scientific interest has been made in excavations being carried on in the district of Tlaxiaco, State of Oaxaca. A number of small images formed in metal were uncovered by the workmen in one of the oldest ruins a few days ago. The images represent people of Oriental appearance and dress, as well as priests in their robes of sacrifice. They bear hieroglyphics of unknown characters, and are elaborately wrought with fine art lines shown in every curve. The images found thus far are of gold, either wholly or in part, and are coated with some unknown enamel, which has preserved them from all harm in the many years they have been buried in the soil. They will probably be shipped to the National Museum in the City of Mexico, where they will be placed at the disposal of the scientific world for further study and discussion. The find is the most important of the year in the domain of antiquities, and preparations are now being made to conduct a complete exploration of the Tlaxiaco ruins for further evidence of the ancient civilization which is known to have flourished in southern Mexico.—*The Tablet*.



# Young Friends' Review

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of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

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The complaint of a few years ago, that the members, and especially the younger members of our Society, were lacking in a knowledge of its principles and testimonies, is lately being largely overcome. One primary effort of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW has been to educate its younger readers in a knowledge of the Truths which make us a distinctive Society, and in comparison with most other Christian denominations of the present time, in many respects, a peculiar people. In this effort the editors have received able assistance from many who are among the best writers in our Society. We may mention the articles which are appearing each month this year, written by Wm. M. Jackson, of New York, as among

the ablest. Their study by old and young will do much to advance thought and knowledge along the lines indicated. We purpose continuing like contributions in the REVIEW.

Another means (and we might name many) of promulgating our principles, is through the Reports of the General Conferences of Friends of the seven Yearly Meetings which go into so many Friends' homes, and which carry with them some, at least, of the enthusiasm, and of the educating power, which are received at those gatherings. The reports of the recent meetings, at Chappaqua, N. Y., on First-day School Work, Philanthropic Work, and the Religious Congress, are published and being distributed. They contain much food for thought, and many words of encouragement.

Still another means of enlightenment as to the advancing thought in our religious life and growth are the Reports, published annually, of our several Yearly Meetings. The latest to reach us at this writing is that of Illinois Yearly Meeting, held in 9th mo. The Report covers eighty-four pages, contains much useful information, and the "make up" and printing does credit to all concerned. The printing was done at Lincoln, Neb.

But few, who have not been over the ground, can apprehend the difficulties, and, at times, the discouragements which are to be met and overcome by the earnest and interested members of Illinois Yearly Meeting in the promotion of the cause of Truth throughout their borders, which extend from "Southern Indiana to Central Nebraska." The Report on the whole is encouraging. The Meeting is said to have been one of the best ever held there. Some of the movements which have brought new life into our Society had their origin in this Yearly Meeting, notably the Philanthropic Union and Friends' Religious Congress. No wonder the present condition of things in regard to holding

these General Conferences brings dismay to the hearts of some Friends in some of the smaller Yearly Meetings, as was expressed in Illinois. But the General Conferences *must* adjust themselves to the condition of these Meetings, and methods adopted by which all may be benefitted. Our sympathies are with the weak. We know that the tendency in the world to-day, and our own Society is not exempt from its baleful influence, is for the strong to draw from the weak. Thus making weaker that which should be receiving strength from those who are able to impart strength. If some of our eastern Friends who are at present making such efforts to induce Friends to establish a School for Indian Children, would devote that energy towards the establishment of a *Friends' School* in the *West*, and if the unremitting appeals to the West for the "Education of the Colored People of the South" were turned into the same channel, new energy, and new life would spring up in our smaller Yearly Meetings, and greater strength to the whole body would be the result. In the enthusiasm of the General Conferences some members seem to have been inspired with the spirit of the Churches, which are exerting so much of their strength to save the poor "heathen" in foreign lands, while all around them are the weak, and sinful, and needy, uncared for. We wish to see bound in closer sympathy and helpfulness, the strong and wealthy Yearly Meetings of the East, and the weaker ones of the West. We have labored to remove the gulf which existed between the old and young in our Society—to bring them into harmony, and almost everywhere a great change in that direction has come about. Care and labor is still required to maintain unity and harmony, and a deeper spirit of sympathy within our Society.

Yes, we give an "extra copy" to the club raiser for each club received of eight yearly subscribers. We have al-

ways given the "extra copy" for such work, and think the workers fully deserve it. *New* subscribers for 1895 who subscribe *now*, as announced in last issue, will get the remainder of this year *free*. A hearty, united effort, on the part of the friends of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW at the present time, is desired, to increase *very largely* the present circulation. New names are coming in, and old subscribers are renewing. An early canvass for names is advantageous. Persistent effort in the right is the price of success. It may be long coming, but it will come in good time.

The YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW is known as a live, liberal and progressive little Friendly paper, adapting itself to the needs of the Young People of the Society of Friends, and as receiving the encouragement, good will and support of many *older* Friends. We intend to keep it in touch with the times, and with the *Quakerism of to-day*. There is *no* time as good as the *present* to make the endeavor to *double* the subscription list of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. We ask our readers everywhere to co operate with us *now* in the effort to send the REVIEW into 2,000 homes next year. A little exertion on the part of each one will more than do that. As soon as our list of subscribers reaches 2,000 our offer of last year will be complied with. That is, the REVIEW will be enlarged to twenty pages, issued semi-monthly as at present, and at present rates—75c. per year. There is no reason why, in time, the REVIEW should not go into 5,000 homes. The advantages of wider circulation are great to both readers and publishers. However, 2,000 is our present aspiration. In remitting, follow instructions at head of editorial page, and address S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream, Ontario, Canada.

The "Olio" opened its twentieth season by a very typical and successful one at the residence of Carrie Cutler,

Coldstream, on the 9th of this mo. As the Olio is to the Young Friends in this vicinity practically what the Young Friends' Associations are to Young Friends in other parts of our Society, a short notice occasionally of our progress may not only be appropriate but expected and due from us.

We are startled with the fact that the Olio is in the hands of a new generation. But we have the happy assurance that its usefulness will be maintained and its glory untarnished. Brilliant as its course has been, ought not its future to eclipse its past? The generation advancing to possess it are not without practice in the art, and a model to pattern after, as were we, its originators, but they are birthright members to its inheritance, and have grown up from childhood familiar with its ways. We older ones will still have an interest in it through our children's interest, but we no longer sway its destinies. Look to them, will ye, on whom its success and glory depend.

Under the caption "Select Recitations for Literary Circles," we intend furnishing, in each issue of the REVIEW during the winter, our young readers with poems especially adapted for reading and reciting at literary societies and entertainments. We desire that any who become possessed of new choice pieces adapted for this purpose, will forward them to the REVIEW for publication. In this way all our literary societies can mutually help each other in the difficult task of finding suitable and appropriate poems with which to entertain their home circle.

Errata.—The paper on the subject of "Prayer" at the Religious Conference of Friends at Chappaqua, prepared by Jonathan W. Plummer, was *not read* by him as was stated in the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW of a recent date, and on our Leaflet No. 1, page 327 of last issue read "Jehovan Jireh" instead of "Jehovah Circle."

*The Ladies' Home Journal* makes the following announcement:—"An Englishman, who, when she was a girl, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett really looked upon as her enemy, turns out, upon mature reflection, to be the man who, of all others, most influenced the famous author's life. Mrs. Burnett has written out the story of her curious friendship for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which periodical will publish it as the initial article in its series of 'The Man Who Most Influenced Me,' to which six of the most famous American and English women will contribute."

### BEHIND THE BARS.

SAMA AT THE CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO—MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF LILIES IN THE GROUNDS—INSIDE THE PRISON.

[The Toronto Globe.]

"I have been at the Central Prison," I announced to the home party.

"Poor thing! First offence?" said one. "Didn't know they took women there," remarked another.

"How did you get out again so soon?" asked a third; while a fourth looked unutterable things, but said nothing.

"Give me time, and I will tell you all about it." I exclaimed, as soon as I got a chance to be heard. "It wasn't petty larceny, nor yet 'want of visible means of support,' as you were about to suggest, but only journalistic curiosity that took me there."

"Is that something that is catching?" asked the small one, who had been deeply interested in a learned declamation uttered in her presence upon bacteria, cholera germs and other like dainties, a few days previously.

"Yes, dear, it is very catching," I answered gravely.

"You don't look a bit sick. Do you think it will make you die?" she added in a tone of deep anxiety.

So then, seeing her troubled face, I

stopped joking and told them all how it came about that my footsteps had been straying in such an altogether unlikely direction.

PINK WATER-LILIES.

It was a chance question put to me by a girl friend that was the motive power in the first instance, for she said to me:—

“Have you seen the water-lily pond at the Central Prison?”

Had she asked me if I had seen the Czar of all the Russias playing poptag the association of ideas would have seemed hardly less incongruous to me, for I had never been within sight of the prison grounds, and naturally not having seen them one would hardly expect to find anything that is beautiful in such environments.

I thought of that water-lily pond for the rest of the day, and I dreamed of it all that night, and the next morning found me on my way thither, although indeed, I was due at the exhibition ground at that very time.

I fear you will smile at my ignorance when I confess that I had to consult my map of the city before I started, so as to be sure of where I must leave the trolley; for my ideas of the location of the Central Prison were hazy in the extreme.

“Down Strachan avenue, and cross the railway tracks, and turn to the right,” I repeated to myself as I went along, but when I had followed these directions carefully to the end, and then found myself before wide open gates that led into exquisite grounds, luxuriant with beautiful trees and flowers and velvety lawns, I paused to consider whether I had not, in some unaccountable manner, missed my way.

“Is this the entrance to the Central Prison?” I enquired of a man who was passing by.

“Certainly it is,” he replied, and just then a man in the unmistakable garb of a prisoner came down the carriage road with a basket in his hand, pausing here and there to cut a slip from some of the plants that adorned the

brilliant ribbon border on either side.

So I turned into the gateway, and, following the walk, soon came to the water-lily pond where I desired to be, and then, though I was quite alone, I uttered a quick exclamation of delight, as you would have done also had you been in my place.

I had expected to see something lovely, for what else, indeed, are all water-lilies? But surely this was beautiful far beyond all expectation. I had expected to find masses of pure white lilies, and perhaps a few of the single yellow ones, that are so common in our shallow streams everywhere. What I did find, however, must be seen to be fully appreciated, and anyone that goes there will find herself well repaid for her trouble. Great pink lilies she will see, surrounded with big, glossy leaves, the size and shape of a palm-leaf fan, that are beautifully marked “*Nymphaea Devoiensis*” these pink lilies at the east side of the pond are called, and a beautiful purple lily is known a “*Nymphaea Zanzibarensis*,” while pale yellow ones are there, also, that bear the somewhat appalling name of “*Nymphaea Marliacea Chromatella*,” and one wondered how they ever lived at all so weighted down with cognomens. I must not omit to mention the beautiful white lilies, however, for some of them are enormously large, like the pink ones, and others have a faint pink blush upon them more delicate in tint than the glow on a maiden’s cheek.

There are five enormous leaves in the centre of the pond, with edges turning straight up for at least three inches on all sides. These leaves are bright green and very glossy, and are marked and outlined heavily, while the lower part of the leaf, as shown by the upturned edges, is dark-pink in color. Two buds appeared above the water that day beside these leaves, covered with sharp thorns, like a cactus. The flowers, when open, are like the ordinary white water-lily, only larger, and this variety rejoices in the fitting name of “*Victoria Regia*.”

Besides the lilies are several well-grown plants of "Cypress deternifolius" commonly known as "Cypress grass," which so many people try to grow in their houses, but, because they forget that, being a swamp plant, it needs a very great deal of water to make it flourish, they seldom succeed in bringing it to perfection. Egyptian lotus plants are there also, and they are soon coming into flower.

Pink and purple, cream, pale-yellow and white, in varying shades and tints, double and semi-double blossoms, each one perfect in itself, as it rested lightly on the water, surrounded by foliage that is equally beautiful—no wonder I lingered about that pond for I cannot tell how long, now viewing it from this side, and now from the other, and then again retracing my steps to look once more at one especially beautiful lily or another.

It was not until I had feasted my eyes for some time upon the wonders the pond contained that I took in its framing, so to speak, or bordering, more correctly, of beds filled with foliage, plants of great variety that had been arranged by one who is evidently an artist in landscape gardening.

"I wish I could transplant the whole thing to the front of the Parliament buildings or Osgoode Hall, or anywhere else where the world of busy people might see it, and pass on feeling better for so having looked upon such beautiful works of God," I thought.

#### WITHIN THE WALLS.

As I turned away at last, I suddenly decided to go on and visit the prison itself, if I was allowed, and I wondered as I went if there existed anywhere in the world greater contrasts within the same walls than the two of which I am speaking. On the one hand, vice, wrong-doing, intemperance and all the other works of the destroyer of men's souls and bodies, shut in with iron bars and locks, and on the other hand beauty, purity and sweetness, the work of the great Creator, out in the glorious sunshine, beneath the free air of heaven.

When I rang the bell of the Warden's office, and stated my wishes, I was told that Warden Massie was out of town, but that the Deputy Warden would act as my escort through the prison, and I was given a seat in the office, and asked to wait for a few moments until he was disengaged.

A guard in uniform sat in one corner of the room, beside a door made of iron bars, and as anyone approached it from the other side he turned a large key, that caused it to open for them, locking it again immediately behind them. Among those who passed by were several prisoners, who were evidently going to the storerooms with their arms filled with blankets, and one could not help noticing the sullen, morose look that many of their faces seemed to wear.

Other visitors were waiting there also, of the male persuasion, however, and it amused me not a little to observe the curiosity with which they regarded me, and it was easy to surmise the conjectures they were making as to my presence there, for I have little doubt they thought I had come because of having a special interest in some one of the prisoners behind the bars.

#### PRISON LIFE.

The Deputy Warden received us one and all most kindly, and acceded to our request with a cheerfulness that I wondered at afterwards, when I had seen the amount of walking and exertion it had involved for him.

Passing through the grated door, which closed behind us with a snap that made me shiver involuntarily, we were taken first through some corridors to the south wing, which contains half the total number of cells for the prisoners. These are built in a solid block, back to back, down the length of the wing, in four tiers, one above another, with iron stairways leading to each tier. The doors of the cells open into the wide passageways that are on all sides of this block of cells, and on the opposite wall of these passageways, on three sides at least, are high windows covered

with iron bars, and filled with frosted glass, so that while plenty of light comes in, it is impossible for the prisoners to see into the outside world through them.

Everything about the cells was beautifully clean, and in one or two of them I noticed some pictures pinned to the walls by way of adornment.

The north wing, into which we afterwards were taken, is precisely similar.

"How many prisoners have you here now?" I asked.

"About four hundred, which is an unusually large number for this time of year," answered the Deputy Warden. "There are at least one hundred more than we usually have in summer."

"Do you think the prevailing hard times has anything to do with the increase in crime?"

"Undoubtedly, in the majority of cases," was the answer.

As we passed by the school rooms and library, we were told that evening and Sunday classes are held for the prisoners, and that those who desire it can spend two hours every evening in reading.

Through another open doorway we noticed a barber busily at work shaving a man, and our guide remarked that a fresh batch of prisoners had just arrived from some outside town, and that they were being arrayed in their regulation attire.

We then went to see the kitchens, where some tempting looking pancakes were being cooked for the guards' dinner, their table being laid in the adjoining room.

In another room off the kitchen the process of bread making was being carried on, and three men were busy kneading dough in big troughs that were full to the brim. How they did whack it about, to be sure, and punch it, and work it with an amount of quickness and energy that was far in excess of anything I had ever seen bestowed upon such work by the most notable housewife of my acquaintance.

I tried to calculate how many loaves

of bread that amount of dough would represent, but without arriving at any definite opinion in the matter.

#### PRISON INDUSTRIES.

We next passed out from the main building, and, crossing the court yard, entered one of the many workshops that surround it on three sides. Here we saw a number of prisoners engaged in wood turning and carpentry work, and found that children's sleighs, broom handles and other articles of a like kind were being turned out in large quantities.

After watching them for a time we next went to the large broom factory, and here my superior knowledge of the art, gained during my Collingwood visit this summer, filled me with pride, as I explained the various processes to some of my companions, much to their evident surprise, while our guide was busily engaged in the same task for some of the others.

As we passed on to the next factory, that where the justly famous binder twine is made, I remarked hesitatingly to the Deputy Warden:—

"Some people think the prisoners should not be employed in any work that brings the product of their labor into competition with others."

"Would those people be cruel enough to have them pass their lives here in idleness?" he queried.

"No, I suppose not," I answered, "but it is said they should only do the work that is necessary to provide the clothing and requisites for this and other Government institution."

"Would not that bring their work also into competition with that of others, who would otherwise have to do it?" he said, with a smile.

"I agree with you that it would be a terrible thing for these men if they had no work to do. Why, it would be enough to drive them insane," I said, as I tried to picture what their lives would be like in that case.

"Yes, and beside that, many young men come here who have no knowledge of any trade or work whatever, and

when they leave us they have learned something which will provide them with the means of leading an honest, industrious life for the future if they choose to follow it."

The process of making this binder twine, from the combing out of the flax until it is wound into balls and marked all ready for the market, proved to be a very interesting one; and it was easy to understand the working of each ingenious piece of machinery used during the operation, although the noise made it almost impossible to hear the explanations that were given to us.

We also enjoyed watching the various operations in the woollen mill, where we saw the looms winding the wool on the bobbins, and also the spinning of blankets, cloth, flannel and winsey for the winter clothing of the prisoners, and also for some of the patients in the lunatic asylums.

We were also shown the factory where are made the iron bedsteads with woven wire mattresses that had excited my admiration in the asylum in Orillia last winter, and we were not a little amused to see how very simple is the method of making those mattresses after all, although they look so intricate.

Besides all these industries we were told that some of the prisoners are employed in farming, gardening, tailoring, and boot making, so that almost the complete round of industries is represented in that prison world.

#### PRISONERS AND LILIES.

I was sorry to notice some very young lads among the prisoners, and I could not help thinking that it was a pity they should be confined with older offenders, for although the rules prohibit all conversation between them, there is little doubt that it is a rule that is frequently broken.

As I looked at the faces of some of the lads, and then at many of those near by, who bore the unmistakable stamp of evil upon their countenances, I thought of their mothers, and of themselves, as they were, once upon a time, little, innocent babies, and my thoughts

flew back to the water lilies once more, and to one particular bunch of water lilies that I had lately seen crushed, and faded, and bruised, after being worn throughout a busy day in the crowd at the fair.

"Even these lilies could not remain lovely if taken away from what is necessary for their good," I thought, as I reached the pond once more, "and how can we expect boys to grow up good if evil has been near them from their cradle upwards."

#### THE LILIES AGAIN.

I was fortunate in meeting Mr. Houston, the head gardener, beside the pond this time, and he gave me a good deal of information about the plants, explaining that they were all annuals from the tropics, and that the water had to be kept at a high temperature to make them grow in this climate, and for this reason the waste pipe from the boilers has been turned into the pond.

"I thought those big leaves in the middle were artificial, at first," I confessed, with a laugh.

"So does nearly everybody," he said, and then he told me that they each measured at least, five feet four inches across, and that they would sustain the weight of a man standing on them.

"I wish these gardens and these beautiful green-houses were attached to the Parliament buildings, I said, and then I thought that perhaps it was as well I seldom get my wishes, for surely working among plants and flowers must have a softening and refining influence upon the prisoners who do it

"Would you like to have one of the lilies?" Mr. Houston kindly asked me as I said good-bye.

I need not tell you my answer, nor need I say anything about the envious looks that followed me afterwards, when I proudly carried one of the largest pink blossoms in my hand as I went my way to the fair. SAMA.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—  
Lord Clarendon.

## Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

### ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE, AUGUST 23, 1570.

BY MRS. BATTERSBY.

The tocsin boomed at dead of night, to arms  
the murderer's flew,  
Ere the first gleams of morning light, they  
had a deed to do  
Within the cruel realm of France—the Hugue-  
nots to slay,  
To smite with sword and spear and lance, the  
young, the fair, the gay,  
To kill the brave Coligny, too, and dye his  
hoary head  
With gory stains of crimson hue, and cast  
him forth when dead.  
King Charles has seized a loaded gun, like  
Checlab, scenting blood,  
There at the dawning of the sun within a  
niche he stood  
And shot the wretched Huguenots, who sought  
their lives to save,  
By flying their pursuers' shots across the  
Seine's blue wave.  
"Slay, slay them all," the tyrant cries, "be-  
hold them how they fly,  
Let not one Huguenot arise, strike home and  
let them die."  
While laughed the cruel Katherine and wicked  
prince of Guise,  
To see the carnage and the sin which followed  
their decrees.  
Just two short weeks before the fray, some  
joyous girls were seen,  
Upon a sultry August day, with lightsome step  
and mien,  
Passing upon an ancient street, they heard a  
feeble moan,  
And saw upon an old stone seat a sentinel  
alone.  
He raised his pain struck heavy eyes, "Kind  
ladies give me aid,  
Not one hath pity on my sighs, they mocked  
me when I prayed,  
Ill and athirst for hours like years, I dare not  
leave my post,  
If one a cup of water bears, the deed shall  
not be lost."  
All turned from him with scorn, save one, a  
gentle English girl,  
Tho' of her school the pride and sun, and of  
her mates the pearl,  
She brought the fainting sentinel the boon so  
humbly craved,  
And words of pity softly fell, as his hot brow  
she laved.  
He asked her where she made her home, and  
what they called her name,  
She told him "O'er the salt sea's foam to  
la belle France" she came

And where she dwelt, then hurried on, nor  
heeded scoff or jest,  
Full little cared she for their scorn, her happy  
heart at rest ;  
The thought of One who ever hears the cry of  
want or pain,  
And as she thought, her thankful tears fell  
down like summer rain.

When in that dreadful massacre of St. Bartho-  
lomew,  
To fill their ghastly sepulchre these girlish  
forms they slew ;  
Not one escaped from deadly harm, save that  
fair English maid,  
Protected by a soldier's arm from glittering  
sword and blade.  
She looked in her deliverer's face and saw the  
sentinel,  
Regardless of the time and place, her grateful  
accents swell ;  
He whispered, "Hush, if for thy aid thy life I  
now have given,  
Thank thy own kindly heart, fair maid, and  
thank protecting heaven,  
For of the souls that slept last night, there  
now are left but few,  
To gaze unscathed upon the light of St. Bar-  
tholomew."

### MY OWN.

Brown heads and gold around my knees  
Dispute in eager play.  
Sweet, childish voices in my ear  
Are sounding all the day ;  
Yet, sometimes in a sudden hush,  
I seem to hear a tone  
Such as my little boy's had been  
If I had kept my own.

And when, oftimes, they come to me,  
As evening hours grow long,  
And beg me winningly to give  
A story or a song.  
I see a pair of star-bright eyes  
Among the others shine—  
The eyes of him who ne'er has heard  
Story or song of mine.

At night I go my rounds and pause  
Each white-draped cot beside,  
And note how flushed is this one's cheek,  
How that one's curls lie woe ;  
And to a corner tenantless  
My swift thoughts fly apace—  
That would have been, if he had lived,  
My other darling's place.

The years go fast ; my children soon  
Within the world of men  
Will find their work, and venture forth,  
Not to return again ;  
But there is one who cannot go—  
I shall not be alone ;  
The little boy who never lived  
Will always be my own.

—Mary W. Plummer.



## LEAFLETS—No. 1.

The Sermon by Serena A. Minard which appeared 9th mo. 15th, in the REVIEW, we now have in leaflet form [5,000 copies], suitable for general distribution in First-day Schools or elsewhere, and may be had at 25c. per hundred. We purpose issuing such Leaflets occasionally, and hope the undertaking will meet an encouraging demand.

## NOTICE.

To the Members of Illinois Yearly Meeting :

At our late Yearly Meeting the committee in charge of "Western Department" in one of our society papers, was continued, and the committee decided to continue with the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. The correspondents named last year were continued for the coming year, and it is earnestly desired that you diligently endeavor to increase the subscription list. It certainly would be entirely within our reach to double our list from this Yearly Meeting. There are some localities that have never responded with a communication of any character. This is not right. The paper is, and will be to some extent, what we make it. We can have a twenty-page weekly if we do our whole duty. And how can we make a more worthy effort than in this direction? You in the far West give us a little account of your surroundings, your desires and needs, of your efforts to hold meetings, of visiting Friends, and any other items of general interest, just such as you first look for on receiving the paper. Sincerely,  
EDWARD COALE, Chairman of Com.

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