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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IV.

LONDON, ONT., EIGHTH MONTH, 1889.

NO. 8

For the REVIEW.

SEEK THE LORD.

"Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord."

"Seek the Lord and His strength; seek His face evermore."

Seek the Lord! thou little child,
Ere the world can harm thee;
Learn to hold thy Father's hand,
Learn His ways to understand,
Pray: "Thy grace preserve me."
And rejoice! the way is plain,
None shall seek God's face in vain.

Seek the Lord! dear youth or maid,
'Midst thy early gladness;
Pause awhile, and every day
Give a time to watch and pray,
Lest thy mirth turn sadness;
Then rejoice! t'will be thy gain,
None e'er sought God's face in vain.

Seek the Lord! thou man of cares,
Life and toil are pressing;
Heed that thou some token raise,
Work redounding to His praise,
Who can give the blessing;
And rejoice! for thine the gain,
None shall serve the Lord in vain.

Seek the Lord! O mother mild,
Threefold blessing craving—
For thy husband, children sweet,
For thyself, as surely meet,
Each from sorrow saving;
Yet rejoice! amidst thy pain,
None shall seek God's face in vain.

Seek the Lord! whate'er thy station,
Or whate'er thy portion be;
Thou wilt need His grace to guide thee,
And His presence close beside thee,
And His strength thy strength to be;
Then rejoice! whate'er befall,
Christ sufficient is for all.
England.

M. F.

For the REVIEW.

OUR MINISTRY.

Our chance for usefulness as a Society depends upon our ability to come into simple and practical relations with the questions of the day. Just so far as we mark ourselves off by mere peculiarities, just so far as we fail in clearness of aim and expression, just so far we hinder that chance for usefulness. If our organization exists only for those inside, understanding outside matters but little; if, on the other hand, our Association is an instrument in our hands, to be used so far as possible for the benefit of society at large, then it is essential that we use every possible means to spread abroad the truths we find helpful to us.

One of the difficulties I have very often met in explaining our views is the basis of our ministry. It seems that certain phrases, originating perhaps with early Friends, have taken on a kind of mystical authority, and seem to contain more meaning—or rather a different meaning—from that which really belongs to them. It is customary to say that those who address our meetings must be "inspired" or "moved" by the Holy Spirit, or "made the instrument of truth." This is indeed only the necessary outcome of our central doctrine of immediate revelation of duty to each individual; but the use of such phrases applied particularly to the act of public ministry, thus distinguishing the motive of that act from the motive of all our acts, cannot be other than misleading. If we know direct from the "inner light" what our duty is on all occasions, we must of course know our duties on this particular

occasion; but we seldom speak of "inspiration" or "spirit-moving" in other connections, so that in the minds of the world at large we are supposed to attach some peculiar sanctity, some unusual superhuman agency, to the service of our ministers. In fact, I think that same feeling is widespread in our own Society as a result of just this use of formula instead of clear language. Such a feeling, I am persuaded, has robbed us of much good service in helping others to see truth from our standpoint. Many who see clearly and feel deeply hold back from expression of thought and feeling because they feel no supernatural prompting; however they may realize the importance of the subjects they have in mind, they turn aside from the God-given power within them and look for some external power to speak through them.

It should be clearly understood that *inspiration*, among us, means simply a clear view of a helpful truth, and that a call to speak is no more than a favorable time for passing such truth on to others. It is impossible consistently to draw a line between the ever-present directing power that guides all our actions and the power that guides this one action. Intelligent people must recognize the fact that any theory of verbal inspiration is false. All of us have heard sermons making such claim where the sermon itself proved the falsity of the claim. The one test for the hearer, as for the speaker, is in the truth conveyed. We know that our ministry is imperfect, and therefore that it is human; but we know too that divine truth sometimes shines through it, and therefore we recognize also its divine source.

This distinction may seem unimportant, but in fact no half view of truth is unimportant. The world outside, which is the raw material on which we must work, sees the absurdity of an assumption of perfection where perfection is not, and so fail to get the good that is really to be had. The effect of our own loyalty to our belief is wasted

if we do not make it plain what that belief is.

Another conclusion from this way of looking at the matter is that a clear view of a helpful truth is a necessary preliminary to a call to speak. It must be realized that silence and thought are the real basis of our meetings. No one has the right to break into that silence and that thought unless he has clearly in mind something that he feels will be valuable to his hearers. The responsibility of speech must be upon the speaker; a call to the ministry implies an ability to distinguish between a flow of ideas and a flow of words, and responsibility must not be shouldered off on a supernatural power.

This brings me to another point. It is a tenet commonly accepted among us that ministers should not prepare their sermons. This opinion does not seem to me to be well founded. While our thoughts come from that "Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," the duty of expressing it is ours, and there can be no doubt that it will be better expressed in many cases if it is thought over in advance. Some have the gift of clear expression without effort; others always have a struggle with their vocabulary before an idea can be translated into words. In this latter case it would be more seemly that the struggle should take place in private. It will always detract much from the force of an idea if the mechanism of its expression is forced upon the attention of the hearer. I think the example of the founders of the Society of Friends sustains me in this view. George Fox did not prepare particular sermons, because his whole inner life was preparation for his ministry. His life was given up to impressing one great idea upon his generation—can we say then that he spoke without thought? The same has been true in varying degree of those who have upheld his standard. It is a curious conclusion from such examples that men whose lives are necessarily occupied for the most part in the cares and responsibili-

ties of their work for daily bread shall give no thought at all to their public utterances. Diffuseness and turbidity necessarily result from such neglect.

Reduced to simplest terms, the thoughts I wish to convey are these: That our ministry has not, and should not claim, any other authority than its truthfulness and helpfulness gives it; that only a valuable truth clearly in mind gives anyone the privilege of breaking in on the thoughts of others; and lastly, that ideas for public expression should be faithfully and clearly thought out before they are publicly expressed.

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Kearney, Neb., 8th mo., 1889.

For the REVIEW.

FAITH.

Oh! it is sweet to walk with thee, my Father,
To feel Thy hand clasp mine by night or day,
To know that thou art ever, ever near me,
However dark or stormy be the way.

And though I walk through tangled forests
lonely,
Or cross o'er rivers flowing deep with tears,
I hear Thy voice in gentle accents reach me,
Still whispering "Peace" throughout all the
fleeting years.

And when, at times, the day is brightly shining,
I see Thy face, more radiant than the sun,
All wreathed in smiles of tender, loving kind-
ness,
"Well done, my faithful, faithful ones, well
done!"

And when I weep with those I know are
weeping,
As Thou would'st have us "Weep with
them that weep,"
I feel that we are still within Thy keeping;
Thou holdest blessings in Thy fountain deep.

How tenderly the light of Thy rejoicing
Bids us "Rejoice with them that do rejoice."
There is no joy except Thy presence cheereth,
There is no woe too deep to hear Thy voice.

Oh! it is sweet to walk with Thee, my father,
To yield unto Thy loving arms of light,
To rest the weary head upon Thy bosom,
Secure until we reach Thy realm more bright.

JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, N.Y., June 23rd, 1889.

NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.

MINUTES OF EXERCISES.

[We had made arrangements for a report of New York Yearly Meeting, but for some cause it failed to reach us. We therefore copy from the Extracts the minutes of exercise of the different meetings.—EDS.]

MEN'S MEETING.

The Yearly Meeting assembled as usual, a good number of Friends, including many visitors from other yearly meetings, whose company was most acceptable to us, being in attendance.

It has been comforting to us all to behold this renewed evidence, that the interest in our time-honored Society and the love of its principles, still retain a strong hold on the hearts of so many of its members.

The meeting was opened after a season of silence by an impressive allusion to the fact that we are all members of a living body, and that everything that impairs the soundness or health of any one, even the least of the members, imperils the soundness of the whole body.

The exercises of the meeting have been lively and very generally participated in, and while differences of opinion on practical methods have been entertained and freely expressed, we have been privileged to remain in a state of harmony and brotherly love, and a condition of mind to yield extreme views to the common interest of the whole body.

The many deficiencies disclosed by the answers to the queries have been a source of much solicitude to us; but while we have mourned over these, it has not been as those who mourn without hope. We believe there are discernible evidences of the awakening of renewed interest in the maintenance of our precious testimonies, and the future is bright with hope. Especially is this hope based on the presence with us at this time of so many youthful Friends,

who by their steady attendance, and in some cases their active and intelligent participation in the business and exercises of the meeting, have evinced their deep interest in the Society and its prosperity.

The first of our queries by implication calls upon our members to attend our meetings and all of them.

This priority is not to be regarded as accidental. The attendance of our meetings, while it may not be the first and most important of our duties as Christians, is manifestly the first of those which attach to us distinctively as members of the Society.

The reason for this is obvious; the very existence of the Society depends upon the attendance and keeping up of these meetings, for if they are neglected and abandoned the Society inevitably falls into decay and perishes. Let those who profess their interest in the Society, and, at the same time, treat this great duty as a matter of little or no essential importance, take this solemn truth to heart.

WOMEN'S MEETING.

Appreciating the command of Scripture to "gather up" the fragments that nothing be lost," we feel desirous that our absent sisters should share with us the spiritual food which has been bountifully dispensed in our midst, and we trust the seed has fallen on good ground, that may yield its harvest in due time. In the general tenor of the answers to the queries from our subordinate meetings we feel there is cause for gratitude and encouragement; and though some deficiencies are acknowledged, we may rejoice that they are neither serious nor irreparable.

We are assured that our meetings are generally well attended; that love and unity are maintained in our midst; that our children are trained to love and honor our testimonies; that we are free from the use of spirituous liquors; that the needy are cared for, and the children educated; that our testimony in favor of a free gospel ministry is generally upborne; that none of our mem-

bers comply with military requisitions; that Friends are careful in their business transactions, prompt in performing their promises and paying their just debts, and that offenders are dealt with in the spirit of restoring. Therefore, "we will not fear" though some faint and fall by the way, for He who made a passage for His people out of Egypt has still the power to redeem them from the bondage of sin, and bring them into the glorious liberty of the truth. Let us, therefore, number our mercies, rather than dwell overmuch on our weaknesses, and gird ourselves anew for the heavenly race, the goal of which we may reach if we press forward in faith "nothing wavering." * * All humanity must be refined from its dross; like gold and silver, we must pass through the refining mills of affliction, and thus our hearts may be fit receptacles for the spirit of God. * *

The overseers were admonished to have a watchful care over the young, and advise them in regard to attending places of amusement not approved by our Society. Those who have set their faces Zionward were encouraged to keep the eye single to the light. "Hold fast to that thou hast, let no man take thy crown." * * We were advised in loving words of counsel not to go into the extravagances of the day, but to keep strictly within our means, and so strengthen the efforts of our fathers and husbands to live within the bounds of economy. A beautiful picture has been presented to our minds of a temple not made with hands, where the sound of the hammer is not heard—each stone well fitted to its place—the whole symmetrical and the foundation sure. * * A concern was felt in regard to the attendance of our mid-week meetings. By accomplishing the duty that lies nearest to us we are strengthened in life's work, for our Heavenly Father is pleased to hold His children in close communion with Himself; the quiet hour with the mind settled on the Divine Power prepares us for the cares of the coming day. Why should we go

about oppressed when the good Father stands ready to be our Counsellor in each event of our lives? "One hour in His presence is worth a thousand elsewhere," and the strength received therein will enable us to do our duty without questioning. He knows our needs, and in His own time will satisfy the desire of our hearts. Only the submissive soul can realize the lifting of the heavy burdens of earth, trusting as a child to its mother's leading.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Through all the sessions of the First-day School Association the feeling seemed to prevail that the First-day school work was a most important factor in the present and future of the Society. Though begun in weakness, it had so grown in strength and influence for good that it now seemed indispensable to the welfare of the Society. The duty of each individual in the work was also dwelt upon, and those who felt incompetent for active service were told to remember that even their presence would exert an influence, and might be the means of calling others to useful labor. Allusion was also made to the beneficial effect of the schools on the old as well as the young, and the formation of adult classes was approved even in places where there were no children. The effect of the schools in uniting the sympathies of old and young was especially noted. Jacob Capron contrasted a Yearly Meeting which he attended in 1849 with the Yearly Meeting of to-day. Then the young were afar off in sympathy, awed into silence, and taking little or no part in the work of the Society; to day they were taking an active and intelligent interest in every part of the work, and by expressing their ideas and sentiments they had awakened sympathy and liberality in the old.

The epistles from other associations called forth many expressions of approval. It was thought that they had of late years been improving in tone and in the practical character of the subjects discussed.

At the meeting of teachers on First-day evening, William M. Jackson was requested to make some suggestions upon the subject of methods. He said there was an old map dated 1821 hanging in the library, and showing the preparative and monthly meetings of New York State at that date. The contrast that would be shown by a similar map of to-day was very marked. What were the causes? Dissensions on doctrinal points and rigidity of discipline. These had, it seemed, supplanted the best, the fundamental principles of the Society. We have now reformed in this respect; but still there is something more to be done, the care and training of the young. Perhaps the best definition of Quakerism was the well-known expression of George Fox, "Mind the Light." But do we and our children know what it means? Do we know it completely, rely upon it, give it full scope? He illustrated his meaning by the following incident: "William Penn at one time was in doubt whether he should continue to wear a sword, and asked the advice of George Fox, who replied: 'Wear it as long as thou canst, William.'" Thus the spirit was allowed to do the work. He was not referred to an inhibition of the discipline or the Scriptures or of any other outward source, but to the source of the light within. This is the essential idea of Quakerism. How can we teach it? Why, just as we make a plant grow; surround the child as the plant with the proper conditions of its development, and let the divine law within the child, as within the plant, do the developing. Turn the mind of the child inward. The promptings of the divine in its own soul should be cultivated, encouraged. For this purpose he could not say what special method he would use in conducting a class; but the aim should be to develop thoughtfulness. One of the stumbling-blocks was that when a teacher asked a question the answer would come in the form of a set phrase from the language of church, meeting, or the Scriptures, but contain-

ing no real thought of the child. Such answers should, therefore, not be accepted as final, but should be carefully followed by other questions, or the same question repeated, with the view of awakening the child's own thought.

Davis Furnas, of Ohio, said that though the Society in the past had declined in members, yet those who went out carried with them our fundamental principles into all parts of the country. The principles indeed had grown and extended while the organization declined. The question now was: How to revive the organization? and the solution seemed to be in the teaching of the First-day schools and in cultivating among the young an interest in attending meetings. He thought children should be taken to meeting even at a very early age. He approved William M. Jackson's suggestions as to questions and answers. A thought that is formed into language is more apt to be preserved in the memory.

Elias H. Underhill thought the work should extend, as it does, beyond the children of the Society. Dependence on birth-right membership had been one of our weaknesses in the past.

Stacey Potter thought the two essential things to keep in mind were: First, the age of the scholar, which must indicate the means to be employed; and second, the impression to be left upon the scholar's mind. He thought the lesson leaves were useful, especially in the younger classes; but, in his opinion, the younger the class the greater should be the skill of the teacher.

The session on Fourth-day afternoon was largely attended and was especially interesting, as the reports from the schools were then read. The nearly uniform success of the schools, the extent to which their influence is extending both among our own members and outside the Society, and the general improvement in the spirit and efficiency of the work, called forth numerous brief remarks of approval and suggestion, the speakers being about 70 in number.

Perhaps the general sentiment of the

meeting cannot be more accurately expressed than in the following remarks of Josiah T. Tubby: "Before this meeting adjourns I wish to say the evidence to me this afternoon has been of a deepening religious sentiment in the First-day school work. Looking back through the vista of years I think I can see a manifest change in the general tone of the reports that have come up this afternoon. I think I see a deeper religious sentiment in all the reports. I think I see evidence of a deeper devotional feeling. The thought that is in my heart, friends, is just this: that the First-day school work will only prosper as this feeling is cultivated—as the First-day school workers gather nearer and nearer to the Divine Father. I plead with the First-day school workers to keep near the source of divine life and love. If we wish the schools to prosper, they will only prosper through this agency. Cultivate a nearness to God, cultivate a spirit of devotion, and all will be well."

FRIENDS IN CANADA.

ARTICLE V.

The 7th of 9th mo., 1798, the first preparative meeting of Friends in Canada was held at the house of Philip Dorling in Adolphustown, Upper Canada. Committees from New York Yearly Meeting and Nine Partners' Quarterly Meeting, acting conjointly, were present to assist in the establishment thereof. In consequence of its remote situation enlarged powers were allowed the meeting, viz.: To accomplish marriages, to deal with offenders, to receive requests for membership and to report their judgment of the cases to the Monthly Meeting. The committee in attendance were: Fry Willis, Enoch Dorland, Gideon Seamon, Henry Hull and Reuben Haigt.

The 29th of 1st mo., 1801, the first Monthly Meeting was held in Friends' meeting-house in Adolphustown.

At the Monthly Meeting held in

Adolphustown the 16th of 4th mo., 1801, propositions were received and entertained for holding a preparative meeting at Kingston and a meeting for worship at West Lake. Those meetings were accordingly held under the care of a committee.

In the 11th mo., 1803, a preparative meeting was established at West Lake, near the present village of Bloomfield.

At the Monthly Meeting held in 4th mo., 1804, a meeting for worship was allowed to be held at Green Point, in Sophiasburg, under the care of a committee.

In 1st mo., 1799, Pelham Monthly Meeting was established by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

In 12th mo., 1806, Adolphustown Monthly Meeting appointed a committee to confer with the Friends of Yonge Street in reference to being united in the transactions of church affairs, which concern finally resulted in the three monthly meetings in Canada laying the matter before the Yearly Meetings of New York and Philadelphia, and a committee of said meetings attended Adolphustown Monthly Meeting the 26th of 9th mo., 1808.

At the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia and New York in 1809, Canada Half-Year's Meeting was established, and directed to be held alternately at West Lake and Yonge Street. Other meetings were established in several places. Some alternated between thriving and declining, others grew to be what they now are.

B. W.

[This ends the series of articles on the "Establishment of Meetings in Canada," which have been appearing in late issues of the REVIEW. As they have been compiled by different persons, some repetitions and disconnections have been the result; but upon the whole we think them quite reliable, and a pretty general account of the establishment of our meetings here.—S. P. Z.]

JOTTINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

An unexpected opportunity to attend a Monthly Meeting of New York Friends was another of the good things with which my holidays have abounded. Lydia Price was present, and throughout her sermon it seemed to me that face spoke even more eloquently than her words of the enjoyment of righteous living and the peace of perfect trust.

She spoke in the course of her remarks of the impressiveness of a Friend's meeting for worship in the heart of a great city. "The quiet withdrawing from the bustle and confusion to wait and worship in stillness apart brings renewed strength to the waiting heart." There was a beautiful impressiveness about this quiet meeting in the midst of seeming confusion, but I missed the music of our country meetings—the wonderful voluntaries, anthems and requiems of the swaying pines and the singing of the birds and insects.

The separate meetings of business with the Committee or delegates from the Men's Meeting, to inform Women Friends of certain transactions or decisions, I found particularly interesting. There is a charming quaintness and independence about these separate meetings, and I do not wonder that many Friends are loth to adopt the system of joint sessions. The unrevised discipline I had not heard read for several years, and it seemed almost like listening to a delightful old time story. While change may be wholesome, and routine monotonous, tending to torpor, conservatism certainly preserves a great deal of the poetry which practical reform must sacrifice. I was delighted to find the meeting-house so characteristic. It would hardly have seemed a Quaker meeting house without the friendly trees and hospitable porch; and I shall not soon forget the kindness of Friends who welcomed me.

—[Scott's Marmion.

—[Elizabeth S. Stover.

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We prefer that remittances be made by post-office order or by registered letters. If bank drafts are sent from the United States they should be made payable at New York or Chicago. Postage stamps (American or Canadian) are accepted for change.

Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting will be held on the 24th and 25th of this month, at Yarmouth, Ontario.

Isaac Wilson, of Bloomfield, Ontario, has some prospect of attending Baltimore Yearly Meeting this fall.

When "school begins," we shall miss for a time from our land the presence of two of our most promising young women, Lizzie Stover, of Norwich, and Bertie Wilson, of Bloomfield. Both go to fill positions as teachers in Friends' schools, in N. Y., the former in N. Y. City, the latter near Albany. They are well known to the readers of the REVIEW, as "L. S." and "B. W.," and have been among the most earnest

workers for the success of the paper, L. S. being an associate editor. We congratulate alike our young friends and the schools which have secured their services. We know they have the ability and the disposition to fill the positions with credit. They will continue to aid the REVIEW as in the past, though removed to new fields of labor.

A TRIBUTE.

"There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." It is not enough to feel thankful within ourselves for benefits or favors received. Common courtesy demands expression, in some shape or other, of thankfulness for material favors. Is there then no manners to be observed in regard to the reception of spiritual favors? While we may feel truly thankful to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," yet to my mind *our* duty is only half performed when we stop just there, and our blessing is narrowed in consequence.

By all means, if we would have the full measure of blessing that may be ours in the freedom which the gospel gives, *let us say our thanks out loud*, thus inciting thankfulness in other hearts and a just appreciation of public favors.

It had been so long since a travelling messenger in gospel love had visited our Monthly Meeting, that in joyful gratitude of heart we feel to make mention through the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW of the late visit of Darlington Hoopes, of Little Falls, Maryland.

His acceptable ministration to us, coming as falleth a gentle refreshing rain upon receptive ground, was not only cheering, strengthening and edifying, but forcibly reminded us that the "Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious."

The remnant left to sustain the old home in Pelham are thereby reviewed in spirit, and feel to take fresh heart to press onward and upward with renewed hope and emboldened courage.

A. R. P.

OBITUARIES.

HAIGHT.—On the 18th of 7th mo., 1889, at the home of her son-in-law, S. V. Wilson, Union, Ont., Sarah G. Haight, widow of the late James Haight, in the 82nd year of her age, an esteemed member of Norwich Monthly Meeting of Friends.

BORTON.—At the home of his grand-daughter, at Toledo, Ohio, 6th mo., 16th, 1889, Nathan Borton, sr., aged 78 years, 8 months, and 19 days. He was a member of Battle Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends, and had been a minister for 40 years.

Nathan Borton, sr., was born in New Jersey, Burlington county, in the year 1810, moving thence to Fulton county, Ohio, in the year 1835. In 10th mo., 22nd, 1839 he was united in marriage with Mary T. Ayres, who departed this life 4th mo., 17th, 1850. To them had been given five daughters and one son. Two daughters still survive him. Being left with the care of two little ones, he became united with Mary G. Borton 12th mo., 21st, 1850. To them has been given four daughters, three of whom remain to cherish his affectionate remembrance. The deceased was a man possessed of many sterling qualities, mild and pleasant in disposition. It was ever a pleasure to visit or converse with him. In his convictions of right and wrong he was open and firm. His loss to the society and the community in which he lived is great, but beyond this his loss to the church. Early in youth he became united with the Society of Friends, and has been a minister of their meeting for 40 years. Being taken with paralysis about one year ago, it left him somewhat more feeble than before, yet he was permitted to attend meeting nearly every Sabbath until the Sabbath he passed away. He was stricken with apoplexy, and was only permitted to remain with us two nights and one day. He passed away with a smile upon his face into His immediate presence, to worship in the temple not made with hands, whose beauty eye hath not seen. Thus has closed a

long, useful and exemplary Christian life. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and a loving father.

H. S.

MEMOIR.

A short account of Annie Webster, daughter of Joseph and Martha Webster, of Pickering Monthly Meeting, in Canada. She was born the 6th of 9th mo., 1823; and it appears by some notes kept by the family she was taken sick in the spring of the year 1840, and after an illness of some months departed this life the second day of 8th mo., 1840, aged 17 years, 10 months and 27 days. What might have been the impressions of Divine grace upon her mind in her early years there is nothing known, but when she grew up to womanhood, surrounded by a circle of relations and acquaintances who were many of them too much given to mirth and vanity—and being herself very lively, she gave way to her inclination in a career of jovial habits among her companions until the winter of 1840, when she took her last visit among them, in the circle of which she made herself conspicuous and stood foremost in the ranks in their jovial assemblies. But after returning home from this visit she was by a mortal disease laid upon a sick bed, and clouds of darkness and despair hung over her mind until the very gates of hell seemed open before her, and all her pride and vanity of this world was brought into judgment, and the Lord was pleased to grant her forgiveness and give her the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Then her mouth was opened, and many excellent testimonies both to the honor of God and the reproof and instruction of her former associates were delivered. But her disorder increased and baffled the doctor's skill, and while her friends in anxiety were mourning her fate her soul, under the Divine influence, was made to triumph over the fear of death,

hell and the grave. She began to speak, as it were, with a new tongue, being qualified with Divine authority, reaching the witness of the truth in all and softening the most obdurate hearts. Having a clear view of the goodness of God and frailty and corruption of human nature, she was in deep exercise of mind on account of the danger of the youth of her own society and associates. She spoke many excellent things to those who visited her, reproving the wild habits of the youth and showing the awful consequence of a misspent life. At one time, speaking of the goodness of God, she said if raised from that bed of sickness she would declare His name abroad and His praise from town to town. She exhorted all to be faithful to their religious duties; to abstain from pride and observe plainness, sobriety and moderation in all their walks through life. It is much regretted that more care was not taken at the time in preserving her testimonies, but the following expressions were taken down at the time by someone present. When her cousin, Angelina Widdifield, came to see her a short time before her death she addressed her as follows: "Dear cousin, how I have wanted to see thee since I have been sick; I want to give thee some advice whilst I am here. Dear cousin, I always loved and respected thee much; this is the last time we shall ever meet in this world, but I hope we shall meet again in a better, where we shall part no more. Thee knows that thee has been very wild; I want thee to be more sober and plain, and set thy brothers and sisters a good example, with all thy young associates, and warn them of the great day of the Lord that is coming. Dear cousin, when I am gone do not make sport of my words, but ponder them in thy mind. 'Oh, what a comfort it would be to thy parents to see thee walking in the paths of peace and truth! Dear cousin, there is a place for thee in heaven if thee will only submit thy will to His; the Lord has told me so, and

bid me to tell thee. Farewell, dear cousin. I hope we shall meet in heaven."

After the interview with her cousin her sister Abigail, being with her to attend her through the night, wrote: Dear sister Anna suffered great pain of body through the forepart of the night until about 2 o'clock, when she slept a few minutes, lying perfectly easy and quiet. Then all of a sudden she called out - "Oh mother, mother, I am going to heaven; I am going to heaven! Call the family, for I am going to heaven." The family being gathered around her, she bid them farewell. Most affectionately taking her sister Martha by the hand and bidding her farewell, she said: "Dear sister, remember and be faithful to follow me, then thee can come where I am and rest where I rest, even in the arms of Jesus." She addressed her sister Mary in the same manner. The family weeping around her, she said: "Dear brother and sisters, do not weep for me." Then addressing her brother Moses, she said: "Dear brother, do not weep for me. If thou wilt be faithful in thy religious duties the Lord will bless thee." Much more she said, exhorting him and others to be faithful, that cannot now be remembered. She then called a little boy to her who lived in the house, and bidding him farewell, told him to be a good little boy and never use any bad or idle words. Soon after she said: "How sweet it is to be in heaven. Oh, how sweet I feel!" After which she passed away, aged 17 years, 10 months and 27 days.

On penning the foregoing and reflecting on the Divine peace with which her mind was clothed, and the triumph of her soul as she took her last farewell of all that was dear to her on earth and fell asleep as it were in the arms of her Saviour, and in a moment all the scenes of life were left behind, on these reflections the following lines were written:

How sweet are the tears of the weeper
That weep for a friend whose reward
We know is the rest of the sleeper
That sleeps in the arms of the Lord?

How sweet was the peace she was blest with,
Looking forward to heaven's reward ;
How sweet is the counsel she left us,
I'm called upon here to record ?

How oft will her parents remember
Her words that were seasoned with love,
And rejoice that her soul has ascended
To mansions of glory above.

Ye brothers and sisters still living,
Who bitterly wept when she died,
Oh ! cease this immoderate grieving,
With Jesus she'll ever abide.

Henceforth may your tears cease from falling,
And heavenward lift up your eyes,
Her voice is still earnestly calling
To you to prepare for the skies.

Cast off the things that encumber,
Those things that true pleasures destroy,
And taste of the joys without number
You saw her so richly enjoy.

Come, number your days that are fleeting,
Reflect that your years will pass by,
While her body is peacefully sleeping
And her soul with her Saviour on high.

Her trials and dangers are over,
Her spirit with angels doth live ;
The victory to her has been glorious
Through Him, who salvation doth give.

She was taken as a plant in the flower,
As a rose in the bloom of her day,
To warn her dear friends of the hour
When they will be summoned away.

Oh, then, let the thoughtless remember
That God, who in judgment doth kill,
Can heal when we're brought to surrender
Our own stubborn hearts to his will.

For this was the sacrifice given,
May it not be neglected or scorned
By those who are yet with the living,
Who thus have been faithfully warned.

For the righteous will ever be singing
Of mercy and love so divine,
That has given a Saviour to bring them
Forever in glory to shine.

SAMUEL HUGHS.

THE TRUE ANOINTING.

We cannot touch the hearts of those who believe that the last word in revealed religion was spoken many hundred years ago. If we persuade our fellow-men we must deal with living issues and thought, announcing distinct personality in our testimonies to

make them vital facts to our hearers, colored and quickened with our own spiritual experience to make permanent impressions, no matter how unorthodox we may be in presenting our gift. What reason have we for proclaiming that "God teaches His people Himself?" Because we have been under His instruction and recognize God's immediate loving presence, which makes us to understand our line of duty unfolded by Himself. By entering the closet, by laboring in spirit, the Bridegroom cometh and maketh us to rejoice, realizing and corroborating the testimony of the teachings of Jesus when he said : "Resort to, pray to the Father and He will reward you openly." Why did he thus express? Because he had received and was qualified of the Father to declare the way of God, who appeareth to the human family the world over if they will accept and entertain Him; which teaching is valid among the children of God, consequently authority. This is practical worship, in which all may successfully engage and personally know of His coming. Inspiration is immediate, direct connection between the Creator and the children of His creation; consequently the line of communication between the Heavenly Parent and His heirs is the same in all periods of the world's history. All who apply unto Him He feeds with the bread of life. Although Jesus said "The Father doeth the work in me"; David, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and Isaiah, "I rejoice in the Lord, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation"; yet these are as sounding brass and a tinkling symbol if we do not personally experience divine unfoldments by the Father, the same source whence they received. We must personally receive to know and understand the authenticity of the above written quotations. Our offerings, in order to claim attention and respect from the hearers, must be practical experience of present unfoldments in our own lives, and thus we will be enabled to feed the multi-

tude with the bread from heaven, which hath no connection with the letter, but is the genuine sap flowing from the Tree of Life through the instrument. An Oxford education is one thing, divine intuition is another—the former being an intellectual development, while the latter produceth celestial culture. Herein God's school becomes an established fact to all who acknowledge and receive His prerogative, permeating and clarifying the children of men, making them luminous bodies, becoming the children of God; while without God's kindling they are opaque. The light maketh plain. We need and must obtain oil for our lamps, which we are to keep trimmed and burning, ready to meet the Bridegroom and establish our identity at His coming.

H. G. M.

Sing Sing, N.Y.

WHAT SHALL WE SING?

Or perhaps it might be more proper to ask what are we singing? for it is a well-known fact that music has entered the homes of many Friends. It is not my purpose, at this time, to enter upon a tirade against music nor to advocate its introduction. But I have a word of caution for those parents who are thus indulging their children, as to the nature of the music introduced, and the influence it is likely to exert over the religious views of the child. I have no thought that Friends will countenance songs of a low or vulgar character, I will therefore say nothing upon that phase of the subject. But our religious views differ materially from very many of the "hymns" and "sacred songs" which are so common in our day. How many parents are thus weekly, yes, perhaps daily, teaching their children, or allowing them to be taught in this way, views altogether contrary to the principles of Friends. The child-mind is plastic, and we cannot guard it too closely from influences that may mould it into deformity.

Snatches of songs which I learned at

school in my childhood sometimes come drumming through my brain to this day, conveying views altogether out of harmony with my present feelings, and contrary to the teachings of Friends. I believe it is necessary for Friends to examine well into the character of the songs which are imprinting themselves, indelibly perhaps, upon the minds of their children. It is far easier to teach right, than to afterwards undo wrong teaching

S. P. Z.

AN ESSAY.

What are we living for? A question too dry to attract much attention and yet one most important, and should be asked in the presence of God by every individual even oftener than the morning, and answered at the close of each day by asking: "What have I done?" The record of every thought, word and action, as it left us, passed up to the recording angel, and "What are they writing down to-night?"

There are none of us but have more or less of life, time, talents, means. What are we doing with them? They are God's gifts. Are we using them as such and making them what He intended, a blessing to ourselves and to those around us? We who are older, whose feet are going down the hill, are we in earnest, and bearing as we go along the goodly sheaves to fill the garner of our blessed Master, and leave behind us the assurance of a life well spent? And you, young ladies! I would not chase away one rosy smile from your bright faces (God never meant that they should grow sad, but that living in obedience to His loving command they should be brighter as you pass on to the latest evening of life), but remember you have a work to do. There is not one exception. The Creator never intended His children to be idle. It may be in your own hearts and lives the work must first commence, and even in that you will be teaching to others a most beautiful les-

son, which, though it be silently read as acted, may do more good than tongue can tell—like the rippling waves, widen and widen so far, that only when you have passed beyond this narrow world and stand on the boundless shore of eternity you may see its real worth to your happiness, its real effect on those around you.

What are we living for? A question all should ask, and none more seriously than our young men—with your time and talents, what are you doing? Go over the record, brother. God will help you turn back the pages. It may be of a few years, for you can never be separated from Him. In evil as well as in good He is ever at your side ready to help. With His witness in your soul you may read over the scroll. Go over it carefully, and go over it to-night; and if there are dark passages which will not stand the light of Heaven, or which you know would sadden the hearts of those who loved you first and best, ask your Heavenly Father to forgive, to blot out the darkness and help you cast forever aside the habits that mar the record. He will do it. The fault will be all on your side if yours is not a noble manhood and the world is not both brighter and better that you are in it. For this, I apprehend, should be the object of our living. E. J. E.

SELFISHNESS.

Methinks the writers of long ago made a mistake when they said "Money is the root of all evil." Is it not rather selfishness that is the root of all evil? The tipler thinks not of his wife and family who are weeping over his downward ways and ruined life, but of the mere gratification of a perverted, selfish appetite. The miser thinks not of the poor around him, half clothed and half starved. He thinks only of getting a hoard of wealth for the selfish end of being called rich; but, alas, really poor. So, in a great measure, we all look for our own individual comforts and pleasures, thoughtlessly regardless of our brothers.

B.

BROADCAST THY SEED.

Broadcast thy seed !
 Although some portion may be found
 To fall on uncongenial ground,
 Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
 Its coming into light of day ;
 Or when it comes, some pestilent air
 May make it droop and wither there.
 Be not discouraged ; some will find
 Congenial soil and gentle wind,
 Refreshing dew and ripening shower,
 To bring it into beauteous flower,
 From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes
 And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.

WHITTIER ON FARMING.

The following, taken from the *Intelligencer*, is Whittier's answer in response to the congratulations of the Essex County Agricultural Society, tendered the poet at the occasion of their meeting in 12th mo., when the subject for consideration was: "Whittier, the Poet of Our New England Homes," and his influence upon the homes of our farmers :

OAK KNOLL, Danvers,
 12th mo., 30, 1888.

David W. Low, Esq., Secretary Essex
 County Agricultural Society.

Dear Friend : Thy letter conveying the congratulations and kind wishes of the Essex County Agricultural Society at its meeting on the 28th inst., I have received with no common satisfaction. No birthday has ever given me more pleasure. My ancestors since 1640 have been farmers in Essex county. I was early initiated into the mysteries of farming as it was practised seventy years ago, and worked faithfully on the old Haverhill homestead, until at the age of thirty years I was impelled to leave it, greatly to my regret. Ever since, if I have envied anybody, it has been the hale, strong farmer, who could till his own acres, and if he needed help could afford to hire it, because he was able to lead the work himself. I have lived to see a great and favorable change in the farming population of Essex county. The curse of intemperance is almost unknown among them; the

rumseller has no mortgage on their lands. As a rule they are intelligent, well informed and healthily interested in public affairs; self-respectful and respected; independent land-holders, fully entitled, if any class is, to the name of gentlemen. It may be said they are not millionaires and that their annual gains are small. But, on the other hand, the farmer rests secure, while other occupations and professions are in constant fear of disaster; his dealing directly and honestly with the Almighty is safer than speculation; his life is no game of chance, and his investments in the earth are better than in stock companies and syndicates. As to profits, if our farmers could care less for the comforts of themselves and their families, if they could consent to live as their ancestors once lived, and as the pioneers of new countries now live, they could, with their present facilities, no doubt double their incomes. But what a pitiful gain this would be, at the expense of the decencies and refinements which make life worth living. No better proof of real gains can be found than the creation of pleasant homes for the comfort of age and the happiness of youth. When the great English critic, Matthew Arnold, was in this country, on returning from a visit in Essex county, he remarked that, while the land looked to him rough and unproductive, the landlords' houses seemed neat and often elegant, with an air of prosperity about them. "But where," he asked, "do the tenants, the working people live?" He seemed surprised when I told him that the tenants were the landlords and the workers the owners.

Let me return my sincere thanks to the Essex Agricultural Society for the kind message conveyed in thy letter, and with the best wishes for its continued prosperity and usefulness, I am truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The time is already come when none are wretched but by their own fault.—
[Johnson's Rasselas.]

ONE DAY AT LONG POINT.

"The breeze is up and our sail is set," chants A. as we leave the wharf, and our craft—which, by the way, hasn't a sail at all, but A as a "land lubber" out for a holiday, may be pardoned nautical accuracy—heads toward Long Point. We are a party of nine—two merchants, who have foresworn the yardstick for a couple of days; one minister, who has modified alike his clerical garb and manner for the occasion; one agriculturalist, bent on forgetting for a time flocks, herds and harvests; a boy friend of the parson's, and four "women folk," whose calling and profession may be set down as the orthodox one for women, and whose proficiency is testified to by carefully packed lunch baskets of prodigious size and weight.

It is a soft, gray day, when the weather might be termed cool and collected, and one feels that the agent of the weather bureau really has matters well in hand, but in a spirit of pure maliciousness sends out a non-committal bulletin to set picnic parties in a state of fluttering uncertainty. The water of Lake Erie, owing probably to comparative shallowness, is not so blue and sparkling as that of Lake Ontario, but in calm weather reaches away to the horizon in soft grayish blue until the line between sky and water is lost.

Ours is a merry party, bent on making the most of a short holiday, and the relaxed parson fairly bubbles over with boyish mirth. To the consternation of our chaperone the bow of our small vessel is voted a much more desirable station than the tiny canopied cabin, and she vainly implores the Parson to re-enforce her authority "before one of those girls falls overboard." No such calamity occurs, however, and two or three hours brings us near the lighthouse, where everyone's attention is drawn to several gulls. Now the Parson hath repute as a mighty hunter, as his cherished gun case testifieth, and the sight of those gulls rouseth the spirit

of Nimrod within him; but much to our chaperone's relief the birds are declared out of range, and we watch them skimming and circling—now just over the surface of the water, then higher and away until we lose sight of them in the direction of the mainland.

But here we are at the landing, and the lighthouse keeper, a stout, weather worn, kindly-faced man, who has been curiously watching our arrival, recognizes Mrs. B., our chaperone, and hastens forward with outstretched hand, and hearty words of welcome extended with equal heartiness to the rest of the party, while he assures us that his wife would be glad to see us all. A very cheery welcome we receive at her hands at the door of a strongly-built and comfortable if not very picturesque house, at the end of a long board walk connecting it to the lighthouse. She assures us that there is plenty of room for us all, and that the house is at our disposal. During the summer there are frequent visitors to the Island, and as at this end there is no other house, the quaint little parlor and one or two sleeping rooms are often allotted to holiday makers. Appetites which had threatened rebellion on board the boat now become clamorous, and we are not long in preparing and disposing of a nondescript combination of dinner and luncheon, whereafter Jack and the Parson sally forth with the gun. Mrs. B., stipulating that a certain very unseaworthy boat be left undisturbed, leaves the rest of us to our own devices, and we set out to explore as much as possible of the island.

The lighthouse we leave for later inspection. The dwelling-house stands midway between the beaches, and later we are told of two vessels wrecked in one night, one at each side of the house, and listen to stories told in simple language and with unconscious eloquence of the rescue of half the frozen crews.

About half a mile from the house we came upon a narrow pond, or lagoon, two or three miles in length and white

with water lilies. We follow the shore for some distance, then attracted by some curious blossoms make our way through the coarse marsh grass toward a clump of scrubby pines and hemlocks. Ascending a little rise of ground we come most unexpectedly upon a narrow grass-grown mound. Light words and laughter are silenced as we listen to our little guides'—the keeper's sons—story of a wrecked vessel and the unknown, unclaimed stranger laid here in the nameless grave. It was a woman they said, and no one knew anything about her except that one of the sailors said that she came on board the boat at Montreal. "An unknown woman, but she was our sister," was the wordless comment of the blades of marsh grass plucked by gentle fingers and laid carefully away.

Two or three hours' walking in the beach sand is wearisome recreation, and we women folk take appreciative possession of a cosy nook, sheltered with tall shrubs and canopied with pine boughs, while our brothers vote unanimously for a bath at the bay round the bend. Left to quiet enjoyment of books, botany and the arms of Morpheus, the time seems very short until a hungry trio descends upon our retreat, and we are hurried toward that loadstone (the lunch baskets), which our chaperone wisely keeps under personal jurisdiction at the house. Near the end of the lagoon we come upon the Parson, who frantically commands us to "drop down" behind our respective bushes or shadows, as the case may be, while he gets a shot at some coveted water birds. Our sportsman is wily, but the birds are sly, and anathemas of clerical intensity fall upon the irrepressible dog belonging to our little guides, while they, by the way, show a natural disposition to resent the Parson's ire as directed towards their canine friend. I am afraid our sympathy is quite as much with the birds as with our baffled sportsman. At any rate, we are glad to rise from our unwilling ambush and face once more our gastro-

onomic Mecca. Our clerical Nimrod too, who is not without trophies of his powers, despite his recent disappointment, brightens at the prospect of supper. The day has been a fatiguing one, and even A, the most indefatigable "pleasure exertionist," is content to lounge and listen to the lighthouse keeper's yarns—which, as an old sailor, he is very apt in spinning—until it shall be time to light the lamps. Our honest host, warm-hearted and rugged of physique and manner, and his alert, bustling, keen-eyed and enterprising wife, deserve a whole chapter to themselves. The latter, in the face of what seem to us enormous difficulties, has made herself a taxidermist of considerable repute. The small museum opening off the parlor, and filled with birds and animals of her own mounting, bears ample evidence to her skill and perseverance. A number of beautiful birds she points out as having flown to their death against the lighthouse windows. Poor birds! your testimony is born with a thousand similar ones to the fatal brilliancy, whose flash is warning; or, mayhap, to a tragedy more dreadful—death where the light seemed to open a way out of darkness. And yet—who dares say?—perhaps death were the better thing.

At lighting time we follow our host down the long walk to the lighthouse, up the almost endless winding stairs, and into the queer little room, all windows and reflectors and lamps. Something has gone wrong with the revolving apparatus, making it necessary to turn the lights by hand. The principle is explained to us and we are allowed to turn the lights, making them flash forth their warning twice every minute. I recall a tragic story connected with a similar breakage of the machinery at a lighthouse on Anticosti. In this instance brain fever resulted from the nervous tension due to the increased responsibility and monotony of revolving the lights by hand for a number of successive nights. Here in the queer little room, with my hand on the crank and

the revolving lights before me, I could easily understand the possible truth of the story. But our lighthouse keeper is relieved by his wife and sons if necessary, and as communication with the mainland is comparatively easy, repairs could at any time be made in a few days.

We bid our host a somewhat reluctant good-night. To us his seems such a lonely vigil, and his life here insufferably monotonous. And yet, may it not be a life worth infinitely more than ours? I think we all pay secret tribute to the unconsciously heroic old man who sits quietly sending forth that warning flash—flash—flash—throughout the long night, guiding his fellow-sailors safely past a dangerous point, while we go back to his home to sleep.

E. S. S.

The laws of attraction and repulsion between man and man work on the subtle, though often unconscious, mutual recognition of secret convictions.

E. S. S.

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