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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOLUME I.

LONDON, ELEVENTH MONTH, 1886.

NUMBER 6

SONNET.

And what is education? nothing more
Than this,—communion of the soul of man
With nature and her glorious works; to span
The limits of our varied earth, and soar
Amid the multitude of worlds, and o'er
The vast and measureless abyss of space
That man and angels only dare to trace,
To Heaven's sacred, consecrated door,
Imploring entrance there. Or if, perchance
Imagination has denied thee wings,
Thou hearest not the music of the worlds,
Go, listen to the warblers; glance
Into the beauty of the rose; each brings
A lesson to be learned, a God unfurls.

E. M. Z.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

How frequently is the term "the spirit" made use of in referring to the affairs of everyday life without awakening, in the average mind, any particular interest. How familiar are such queries as these: "In what spirit was the assistance offered?" "Do you understand the spirit of the piece?" "Is he inspired by the spirit of the just?" If carefully considered, however, we find a depth of meaning couched therein which does not admit of being easily expressed. The contemplation of the real inwardness of these terms lead us to meditate profitably upon the spirit which is admitted to be innate in man, many considering it to be the main factor in the human make-up. The spirit is undoubtedly the most mysterious and truly wonderful constituent in our complex nature—that which acts through and effects material things; that which establishes and controls all the private and public affairs of the people, as a people. The power of the

spirit in man seems to be circumscribed, it becomes wearied and exhausted; but from an unseen and seemingly inexhaustible resource the strength is renewed, and the spirit is refreshed. This last fact gives rise to the idea, which has developed into a belief, that there is a great spirit which is back of all things, and which throbs and pulsates, through its counterpart, the lesser, in man; enabling him to live and act; to advance, and to enjoy the comforts and blessings attendant thereon; not only so, but also to feel poignantly the state and condition into which neglected and abused opportunities plunge him. Now, if the latter state of things exists, and he is miserable, it is matter for serious reflection; if the former, and man is happy, gratitude should, and often does, fill and overflow the soul. These deep, heartfelt emotions of sad regret for our actions and life, or joyous gratitude toward the Great Spirit, are the basis and groundwork of all true spiritual worship, which in primary sentiment does not differ from the characteristic peculiarly distinguishing mankind in all ages. From the earliest times men have paid homage, and offered restitution to mysterious forces or powers, by which they believed they were effected: likewise the Spiritual Deity, and the worship thereof, it is not improbable, has been found, and established (from a human standpoint) from the convictions of deep, earnest, sincere men, who, recognizing the powers and capabilities of the spirit, in or of man, have looked farther, and have become convinced of the existence and controlling influence of an omnipotent spirit; the central power; the essence of the universe; the dispenser of peace, happiness and life, present and future. The recognition of this power is the first step towards worship. Our attitude toward that power may be expressed, as I said before, by

gratitude or remorse. And I believe it is, along these lines that the truest and noblest spiritual worship is built up.

In my opinion there have been just as devout, as conscientious, as truly worshipful people, whose object of worship was inanimate and powerless, as any to be found among those who have spiritually and acceptably worshipped the living God. I do not question the truth of the averments of those who claim to have been benefitted by such worship. Men are free, and should be, to follow the dictates of their own conscience, and, without a shadow of a doubt in my mind, will be truly happy if they act up to the highest idea of right they are in possession of. I believe that all honest men worship sincerely,—and sincerity develops a strong, able-souled man; gratitude he must also needs have, which elevates and ennobles him.

The more worthy the object of adoration, the greater the benefit derived by the adorers. And in this connection, dear reader, rejoice with me that there is such a thing as spiritual worship of the Divine Father, the living God,—that there are myriads who have taken part in the blessed duty,—that in the present advanced state of society and investigation there are thousands of the most clever, thoughtful, and earnest of our fellow-beings who are faithful worshippers at the shrine of the spiritual,—that the best men and women of the past and present have and do believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, whose attributes are all good and unchangeably so,—that all things were created and are controlled by Him; that sought after, He is found—not, however, in temples made with hands, but within the consciousness of the devout seeker.

It is not more difficult, nor is it easier, strictly speaking, to worship the Father in this age than it has been in any age of the world's history. He must be found and known before He can be worshipped; and, being a spirit, this knowledge can only come to us through our own spiritual life and experience. This has always been the case, and must remain so. A similar experience to that of the prophet of old, who heard "the still small voice," must be ours also, then true spiritual worship can be

enjoyed to its fullest extent; the fountain of living waters thus unsealed, the soul realizes sympathetic union and communion with the Father of Light and Life—a state and condition veritably to be desired—one enjoyed by many, and may be by every one who earnestly craves the blessed privilege.

B. H. B., Montreal.

THOUGHTS OF HARVEST TIME.

Another summer has gone to dwell among the shades of the past; another autumn is on the wing, and another winter is menacing us with its cold blasts; and before we quite settle down to the winter's work on the farm, in the office, or by the fireside, may we not gather a lesson or two from this harvest season, this thanksgiving time of the grateful earth? Nature fulfils all her promises, but she is a silent worker. Last spring you put that little seed into the ground; you watered it, you watched it for awhile, but there came a time when your care was no longer needed, and all you could do was to wait. Other hands than yours came in then. The rain fell, the sun shone, the winds swept over the fields, and all silently, unseen by you, that little seed was growing to the plant, the plant gaining strength, and now, before your rejoicing eyes, the blossom comes and swells to the fruit, and mother earth yields up to you again the little seed entrusted to her care—but oh, how manifold! Have any of us been sowing seeds of kindness, seeds of mercy, seeds of love, this past season? Have we watered and guarded them, and have we looked in vain for our fruit? Has it all seemed to come to naught? Let us take courage, we who are young and longing for a harvest. Nature has rewarded the patient toiler abundantly, and are we not told that nature's God rewards His harvesters and will gather into His storehouse the golden sheaves at last? And, as the seed comes to the fruit by wind and frost and sunshine and shadow, so is the grandest work of God in us—the development of character—accomplished. The germ of a Godlike character—that is the seed the Father of All has implanted in us, His children. And strength-

ened by hardship, warmed by the light of hope, kindled to new life by the might of His love, and shielded from the glare of the sun of prosperity by clouds of trouble and sorrow, it becomes the fruit of our lives, the reward of our submission to the workings of His hand—who knows the evil from the beginning.

Let us see to it that we have stored up enough of the hope of spring, the joy of summer, and the strength of autumn, to withstand the dreariness of the winters of our lives, so that we may render to the "Lord of the Harvest" "golden sheaves of life's fair ripening grain," instead of "nothing but leaves." Then we may rejoice in the storm, smile under the cloud, and be patient in waiting, knowing that the harvest is sure; and though

"Over our harvest and into our lives,
Shadows will sometimes fall;
The sunshine is never wholly dead,
And Heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all."

CARRIE WING.

Quaker-Hill, N. Y., 10th mo. 20, '86.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.

Why is it that, though for years after we may have tried to do right, still in our innermost souls there is a feeling of unrest instead of that "peace that passeth understanding?" Why is it that we do not seem to gain anything?

Is it not that we are trying to serve two masters? I have felt that it is.

We desire to serve God, and make an effort to do so; but, if we will examine our hearts earnestly, we will find that we are more faithful in serving the world than our Heavenly Master. We cannot but acknowledge that our immortal souls are of greater importance than our perishable bodies, yet how much of our time and thoughts are given to the adornment of these bodies, and the pursuit of wealth, that might be so much more profitably spent in beautifying our spiritual lives, or in laying up treasures in Heaven—treasures which will await us with rich interest, in the world to come.

May we ever bear in mind that to God, our

Heavenly Master, whose children we are, and who does all things for our good, we owe our first thoughts and best efforts.

It is the service of an undivided heart, that will merit the reward of that peace that "the world cannot give nor take away."

M. V.

I would that I might die, if power were given
To me, to choose my time for going hence,
Just as the sun sinks down behind the hills;
And as the light of day fades from the earth,
So may the light of life fade from my form.
I would that I might die, if thus God wills it,
When all around is dying; not in spring
When everything is bursting into life.

So let me die

When the year dies, and the light of day goes
out.

And as the day dawns anew, and as the flowers
That fade shall bloom again; so may my
soul

Burst from its earthly prison, bloom, and live
In glory evermore.

M. V.

COLORING OF AUTUMN LEAVES.

Editors Young Friends' Review.

In your last issue my valued friend, E. M. Z. has contributed a "sonnet" entitled "Autumn Leaves," in which he attributes the coloring of the leaves in autumn to the action of the frost, which thought I have frequently heard expressed, and is generally, if not universally accepted by others; but observation has prompted me to form a different conclusion, which I will briefly cite for the columns of your valuable paper.

Unquestionably, all have observed the varied tinting and beautiful coloring of the different kinds of fruit on reaching what may be termed "perfection," or ripeness, a condition when its highest qualities of excellence are attained. Those tintings or colorings are attributed, and I think correctly, to the action of the sunlight, as the fruit most exposed to the sun are the most highly colored.

So, in like manner, I conclude, it is with the leaves in autumn, they have reached "perfection." The vitalizing fluid that invigorated

them becomes restricted, and finally ceases. During the time of this restriction the leaves are taking their delicate and beautiful colorings from the chemical action of the sunlight.

We had but one slight frost this season previous to the falling of the leaves, and yet they were most beautifully tinted and colored, hence I conclude that we shall have to attribute their varied markings to some other cause than the action of the frost.

Should the hypothesis above suggested prove correct, methinks the metaphor drawn between the leaves in autumn and our life-work will appear none the less beautiful.

Permit me, in kindly deference to the expressed sentiments of my friend, E. M. Z., to say that human life is not necessarily rendered the more beautiful in consequence of the ills, besetments and disappointments, etc., that we endure—circumstances frequently proving otherwise; but rather from the drinking in and assimilating the rays from the fountain of Eternal Light, and thus, like autumn leaves, its beauty becomes intensified when nearing the spirit's home, where nought but "perfection" dwells.

J. D. NOXON.

Mendon Centre, 10th mo., 1886.

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

The waves of the ocean are ceaseless, they are imbued with the spirit of unrest. They continue to roll as they have rolled for centuries, and plunge as they have plunged from the birth of time. What element or what condition is above the influence of the spirit of unrest? What is there in existence not moved by its power?

It causes the parasite to wander among its mighty forest of infinitesimal trees. It induces the ant to rear its many-avenued clay-walled palace to the clouds of its own visionary skies—a life-long work. It sends the bee on its momentary voyage from port to port to rob the multitudinous flowers of their heart's blood. It sends the antelope bounding over the hills of its native land, the wolf prowling through unlimited forests, and the lion roaming in the barren deserts of its Afric home. It tosses the

rivulets down their rocky slopes and into the sea. By its cunning the paths of the fishes weave an invisible network in the ocean. The birds of the air leave their passage behind them indelibly written, by the spirit of unrest, with invisibleness, never to be blotted out. It vexes the bosom of old earth so that she bursts out with grief in volcanoes and earthquakes. It stirs up the air into storms and hurricanes. In the infinity of space it hurls the myriad worlds around their endless orbits. It shoots the comets into unknown regions far beyond the reach of telescope. The sun himself sways in the universe. Nor is man free from the spirit of unrest. He is tossed about even on his couch. Where then is the spirit of rest? Where then is there no mutability? We have looked in vain through all the outward works of God. Let us turn now to God. Let us turn to Heaven, where the troubled are at peace and the weary are at rest.

The contented parasite in its wanderings is at rest. The ant joyfully rears its noble and spacious palace. The bee pours forth its praise in melodious song on its search for the pools of nectar. The antelope, the wolf and the lion find rest—God-given rest—in their lairs. The rivers eternally repose on their beds. The fishes sleep in the ocean, the birds in their nests. The winds of the tornado roll away to their quiet caverns. The myriad worlds rest in the lap of attraction. The sun himself rests upon the laws of God. Man is in a state of unrest only because he does not obtain the spirit of repose from God. It is a mistaken theory that action is the type of power. Ask the sculptured gods and heroes of the Greeks and, though dumb, they will convince you that repose is power. Repose thyself then on the bosom of thy God, and know all things, and gain access to all power. Archimedes said: "Give me a resting-place, and I will move the world." But Jesus found the resting-place, and moved the world. The spirit of unrest is weakness. The spirit of rest is repose. Repose is power. E. M. Z.

One must know whether he would climb before he sets up his ladder.—German Proverb.

* A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say that God lives very high !
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why ?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold,
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things
made,
Through sight and sound of every place :

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said :
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser ?"

E. B. BROWNING.

* Selected by Walter S. Way, Lyles, Pa.—
Eds.

HOME CULTURE AND THE FIRST-
DAY SCHOOL.

I believe there is not a brighter outlook for the growth of our Society to-day than we see in the untiring efforts of the earnest workers in the cause of the First-day School. When the "well done good and faithful servant" is spoken, it will be heard by those devoted ones who have been willing to give their time and talents under untold discouragements, for the sake of the truth and humanity, to promoting establishing, and successfully carrying on, and, I am sorry to say, without the recognition or help of the Society, a First-day School on the *very ruin of some meetings.*

I have just received a private letter, in which I find the following : "Our meeting is very small, and I am pained to the heart's core when I confess I fear it will be smaller before it will be larger. Our First-day School has been more prosperous, in many respects, than

ever before. There are but few of the scholars Friends' children. Out of the number enrolled, which is between sixty and seventy, only nine are birthright members. When those who were invited to the wedding refused to come, then went they out into the by-ways and hedges, and from thence a large company were assembled and for them a bounteous repast spread—a blessing rich and comforting. There is at times a ray of hope that there will be a gathering together sometime in the old meeting house of those who are willing to work in the Master's cause, and as they have received gifts be willing to impart them."

In speaking of another Friend, the same writer says : "Stripped of all his immediate loved ones, alone to keep house, and alone to go and keep up First-day School, in which there is not a single member among Friends." And yet this Friend with his wife, until her death a few years ago, kept up this school for twenty years, and without recognition or help from Society. It seems a sad commentary on our religious organization that it has not recognized such generous efforts and given those schools its care, encouragement, and help. These instances should give new life to us who are laboring in the same cause under more favorable circumstances, and should be an inducement also to establish schools where there are none.

S. P. P.

FRIENDLY NOTES.

By circular we are informed that Chappaqua Mountain Institute, a boarding school for both sexes, under the care of Friends, reopens 10th mo. 12th, in new buildings well equipped. The school is beautifully situated on the N. Y. and Harlem R. R., thirty-two miles from New York City. S. C. Collins, M.A., is still retained as Principal.

We regret to record the death, which occurred 10th mo. 1st, of Elma, second daughter of Dr. A. J. and Nellie Ingersoll, of Corning, N.Y., aged 14 years and nearly 9 mo's. She was grand daughter of the late Edmund Vail, once a member of Genesee V. M. of Friends.

Young Friends' Review

LONDON, ONT., CANADA,

in the interests of the Society of Friends.

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We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed in communications over the name, initials or other characters representing the contributor.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, etc., or small amounts in Registered Letters. American money taken at par, also Postage Stamps (ones and twos), as fractional parts of a dollar only.

We would now invite those who have not done so to kindly remit their subscriptions at earliest convenience.

If any have not received their numbers regularly please let us know, and we shall endeavor to supply the wanting numbers.

We are sorry to say that our effort last month to increase the list of subscribers has as yet met with a very poor response.

In our last, the lines by A. M. B., which we termed a sonnet, is an example of a Spenserian Stanza. It may be an advantage to many of our readers to look up the difference between a Sonnet and a Spenserian Stanza.

It is possible that many expect us to follow the custom of newspapers, that is, to send

sample copies and keep on sending till notified to stop. We do not send regularly unless the name has been forwarded to us to put on the list of subscribers.

Brown, the Evangelist, now in Chicago, and recently here holding services under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., attracted large audiences and made many friends. The element of society not averse to pulpit slang must have had their taste satisfied. There was a good deal of "faith cure" during his sojourn here.

We have been favored with a receipt of all the back numbers of *The Philanthropist*, published in New York City monthly "for the promotion of Social Purity, the Better Protection of the Young, the Suppression of Vice and the Prevention of its Regulation by the State"; also nine leaflets, by Aaron M. Powell, Emily Blackwell, M.D.; Rev. J. P. Gladstone, Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Elizabeth Powell Bond, Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., and Josephine E. Butler.

It should be in every home. Fathers and mothers should catch its inspiration. It is 50 cents a year, and is edited by Aaron M. Powell, 58 Reade street, and Mrs. Anna Rice Powell.

Toronto never before perhaps got such an awakening as it did last month upon the occasion of Rev. Sam Jones' and Sam Small's three week's visit. Their discourses were regularly published in the daily papers, and the influence of their meetings extended, it may be said, for hundreds of miles. Never before in Canada were evangelists accorded a better hearing and reading, and never before perhaps have so many hearts been stirred during a three week's service.

The White Cross Degree is the name of a branch of the Order of Royal Templars of Temperance, established by the Dominion Council of Canada and Newfoundland. Its general management is visited in five commissioners. Its general purpose is, through "systematic effort to advance the cause of chastity and personal purity." The present Chairman of this White Cross Commission is W. W. Buchanan, Esq.; Secretary, T. W.

Reynolds, M.D., Hamilton, Ontario. This is a timely movement, giving promise of a large measure of usefulness.—*The Philanthropist*.

General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, has visited Canada and is now in the United States. The Grand Opera House here in London could not begin to hold the crowds that wished to see and hear him. He attended three services on the Sabbath, and his addresses were clear and practical, calling attention to our everyday duty and our Heaven here. His manner and speech were convincing and his illustrations vivid.

—♦♦♦—

A VISIT TO THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION'S CAMP ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

—

We were camping about eight miles away, on one of the very prettiest islands of the whole Thousand. I am perfectly safe in saying one of the prettiest, since that might conscientiously be said of almost any island in the river—they are all so beautiful. Being so near the A. C. A.'s camp, at the foot of Grindstone Island, we, of course, planned a trip across the eight miles of blue water intervening, and promised ourselves a sight of the merry canoeists, of whose gay doing we heard frequent echoes. So one fine morning we packed our lunch basket of prodigious size and fame, tucked ourselves safely, if not gracefully, away in our new skiff and were off. One cannot be graceful in a rowboat, for feet develop such painful proclivities for being in the way; and elbows, if the boat be crowded—which ours invariably was, are SUCH an inconvenience. Then, too, the whole affair wobbles in such an unexpected and inconsequent way, if one does but move! I will spare you the detail of our voyage that morning. The chief advantage of "newspaper journeys" is that one may be spared details, and at once be transported to his destination. Suffice it to say that, under the spell of that volume, "The late Mrs. Mell," which we took turns in reading aloud, the time seemed not long until we were in sight of the far-famed camp. After due consultation, we halted at a picturesque little island about a mile distant to interview the lunch basket, and had our sand-

wiches and iced lemonade under the low hanging branches of a mighty pine, whose bent trunk, and bare, gnarled roots formed comfortable seats for all. How complacently man fits himself into nature's crevices and appropriates her handiwork, without so much as a suspicion that she may have intended it for other purposes. Is it indicative of his right of supreme dominion? or, proof of his superior impudence and conceit? After luncheon and an hour's "noon-spell," again we betook ourselves to the boat and soon were nearing the western side of Grindstone Island, now occupied by the Brooklyn Canoe Club. A pretty sight was that of the scores of gleaming white or richly colored tents grouped amid tall trees at the foot of a smooth, steep hillock, with flags, banners and ensigns of every size, shape and color, floating gaily in the breeze. All was life and motion—the water dotted thickly with sails white as seafoam, some not much larger than a man's handkerchief, others of such large proportions that the tiny craft beneath seemed utterly eclipsed. Every now and then when the wind gave a sudden puff, or the sail jibbed, one involuntarily started, half expecting the miniature craft to be swamped. One of these butterfly like creations came skimming along the wave tops with no apparent knowledge or appreciation of the fact that we were directly in its course until close upon us, when, by the merest shade of a slackening of the rope he held, its handsome young occupant swung himself and his fairy skiff to one side. Having assured himself by one swift glance into our boat as he passed that he was being duly admired, the stalwart young canoeist whizzed by with the conscious indifference of a recognized hero. Upon the numerous piers and landings along the shore lay the daintiest of paddle canoes. So fragile and toy-like they appeared that one felt a desire to hold and examine them by hand, only that handling might mar the glossiness of their rich yellow and brown varnish. The owners of these toy ships were being photographed on the bank above. One did not require to see the tripod with its draped telescope, nor the anxious looking individual hovering near it, to be made aware of this fact, since the attitudes of graceful

repose and studied carelessness assumed by the athletic canoeists plainly betokened it. But those tents! All were pretty, but unanimous were the exclamations of admiration over three or four oriental appearing ones of reddish brown and yellow. Many of the tents were wide open to admit the sun and air, and their contents thereby unblushingly revealed to the passer-by. Far be it from me to take advantage of such confiding trust in the public eye. I will only say that what appeared, at first sight, to be rows of well bound books, on neatly arranged shelves, in some of these canvas abodes, proved, on closer inspection, to be rows of lobster and salmon cans interspersed with bottles of various colors and sizes. "Distance ever lends enchantment," quoted the literary member of our party; but "Cousin John," he who performed the duties of *pater familias* in our camp, looked unutterable things in the direction of our own empty and devastated lunch basket.

The public wharf at the foot of the camp presented a scene not easily described or forgotten. Hundreds of canoes of infinite variety, skiffs, sailing boats, steam yachts, catamarans, and big excursion steamers, almost jostling each other, were plying and flying in every direction, or else were "hove to" waiting to watch the race, preparations for which were just being made. Whistles, horns and trumpets were blowing; people shouting across the water to each other, and laughing; flags of every fantastic device were flying, and the whole place seemed given over to merry-making. With caution we made our way through the swarm of boats—not without getting in the way of one or two canoeists, particularly in that of a stalwart young fellow in a blue cap with red and white tassel, who smiled instead of frowning at us. Some of our party got permission to land, while the rest of us sought protection alongside a big, hospitable, but ugly looking steam yacht, whose captain, also big and hospitable if not ugly sat on the bow with his feet hanging over in what I hope was a comfortable position, since it certainly was not an elegant one. We were safe here, in a good place and out of the way, and, moreover, had the privilege of overhear-

ing (or underhearing) the opinions of the captain and his family on the scene before them. His wife—presumably—was stout and disposed to be critical. "There!" she exclaimed; "Look! there's one of them lady canoeists at last; don't see that she's anything so wonderful, do you?" "My! she thinks she's mighty fine, don't she?" said a voice in the rear. Truth to tell, she was "mighty fine"—being pretty, natively dressed, and exceedingly graceful in movement. There was modesty in her bearing, too, as, conscious of the many eyes upon her, she deftly, and with quiet self-possession, made her way through the throng of boats. I was pleased to note that her bearing had its effect on the captain's wife, for she said, presently, "Well, she ain't bad now, is she?" To which the captain responded. "She's a good lookin' lass, anyhow." It was a paddling race which presently came off, and conspicuous among the contestants was he of the blue cap. Careless enough he looked until the signal was given, and then swift as a bird's wing his shining paddle flashed in and out of the water. The first dozen strokes carried him half a canoe length ahead of the others, who plied slower, more steady, but tremendously vigorous strokes. The voice above us explained to the captain's wife: "That there feller with the white top-knot won't win, anyhow; them short strokes of his 'll soon give out; that big one with the yellow and brown shirt, I'll bet on him." "That little feller on tother side 'll win—you'll see!" prophesied the captain. But he didn't win; nor yet did he of the yellow and brown. Our hero of the white and blue won. He came in, cheered and welcomed until the noise was deafening, looking hot enough, but with the air of one who finds no more than he expected. I watched for the return of the others, whom every one else appeared to have forgotten. The "big one" pushed his way through the swarm of boats in a brisk way, as if he had important business at the other side of the island, and had merely paddled out for his own amusement and to encourage the rest; while the "little feller" came in as if he considered the whole thing a joke, but there was a lurking consciousness of defeat visible in his demeanor. The last one

I didn't see at all. Probably he stopped back at "Squaw Point," which certainly looked inviting, with its many easy chairs, hammocks, and pretty hostesses.

Those of our party who had gone on shore were full of praises of the courtesy and kindness shown them by the "officers of the day," who, though beset by visitors and full of business, were gracious and considerate to every one. To John's great satisfaction, we were able to sail home, but slowly, the wind having fallen somewhat during the day. But we were in no hurry—why should we be? We had a world of blue sky and blue water around us, fairy islands against one and reflected by the other, the sun setting in the west and the early moon rising in the east, and wherever the eye rested was beauty and peace. No, truly, we were in no hurry.

A SONG OF THANKS.

For the freshness of the morning,
For the brightness of the noon,
For the crimson tinted glory of the west ;
For the ever golden sunlight,
For the gleaming of the moon
When the busy ones of nature are at rest.

For the glorious joys of springtime,
For the wreaths of summer bloom,
For the wealth of autumn fruitage rich and rare ;
For the winter's ermine mantle,
For the tempest's gat'n'ring gloom,
For foliage dark and massy, tow'ring forests
wear.

For the arching blue of Heaven,
For the tender light of stars,
For the murmur of the brooklet low and sweet;
For the carpet green and mossy,
For the sunset's golden bars,
For the many tinted blossoms at our feet.

For the grandeur of the mountains,
Crowned with everlasting snow,
For the beauty of the valleys wild and deep ;
For the notes of feathered songsters,
For the gentle winds that blow,
For the restless, heaving ocean's surge and leap;

Aye, for all our varied blessings,
For the earth, the sea, the sky,
E'en the terrible in nature which appal ;
We would thank thee, Heavenly Father,
Who dost hear us when we cry,
We would thank thee, dearest Father, for
them all.

L. M. TEST.

Camden, N. J., 10th mo. 30, '86.

For the Young Friends' Review.

Could one word that my pen may write be the means of encouraging the good seed that is sown in the hearts of the readers of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW and cause it to spring forth into newness of life and bring forth good fruit, the object of my writing would be answered. The more I mingle with the people of the world the more I realize the goodness of their hearts, and amid all the wrong there is much to encourage. Even though it may be covered with trespass and sin, there is a spark in every human heart, which, when the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in its wings and shines upon it, it kindles into beauty, and when fostered by the Heavenly Father's love it grows brighter and brighter just so long as it is open for conviction and obedient to the Heavenly Visitor. When we are willing to be covered with that charity that thinketh no evil and is not looking for the weaknesses in humanity, but rather lending a hand and raising a brother and a sister from the mire and the clay, and encouraging them to place their feet upon the sure foundation, the Rock of Christ, against which the storms and tempests of this world will not prevail, then we will ourselves be partakers of our Heavenly Father's joy. Our lives are made of moments, and it is wise to attend to the demands of the present, not reaching after that which is beyond our vision, but be ready to grasp the golden rays as they present themselves. Our Heavenly Father is always ready to help all who are willing to help themselves, and He will go before and open the way of life when there is a willingness on our part to follow, to close in with his offers of love and mercy and do His bidding. Let each one of us be encouraged to do even the

simplest thing that is required of us, and sweet peace of mind will follow the offering. It is truly said: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all things necessary shall be added."

E. H. BARNES.

Purchase, N. Y., 11th mo. 4th, 1886.

IS THERE ANY WORK TO DO?

W. G. B.

In previous articles under this heading the obligation of Friends as citizens was shown. It upon, also the question of Capital and Labor and other matters, between which and national Government there may be an intimate relation. In this number let us get down to matters that are more intimately associated with the growth and perpetuity of our own particular organization.

The evident essentials in our progress of course are: 1st. Lives becoming to our principles, and minds lovingly desirous of doing our duty under a deep sense of our obligations to God and man. 2nd. To know what our duty is, and "knowing dare maintain;" and 3rd. Performing our duty in the most effectual way. Without making these a division of a text, I will go on to a statement by a friend of mine recently. "What a pity," said he, "that the ministers do not see it necessary to visit more of our smaller meetings after an attendance at a yearly or other large meeting. They will travel a hundred miles or more to attend a large meeting, and go straight back without calling off at smaller meetings, where their service would be well appreciated and good would result. If they would only follow the gracious influences accompanying the larger meeting to the smaller ones, hope might be sustained and progress made." The writer, while sharing in this thought largely, is not disposed to overlook the fact that this is sometimes done by our ministers, nor to cast any reflection wherein smaller meetings are not visited. The same thing ought to be done to advantage by small companies from some of our larger ordinary meetings visiting the smaller ones. That it is done to some extent is commendable, but these

visits, both by ministers and committees, are generally so far between that the good cools off before it has become of the right temper.

Our yearly meetings do not seem to build up our society in the way that such a force for good might. They are seasons of great spiritual power and refreshing—new strength seems to be imparted, and we feel a stronger desire never to depart from doing the will of our Heavenly Father. but we afterwards, this silence and neglect, become so engrossed with the love of gain, that we are content with what is usually implied in "I will mind my business and you mind yours." We remember the sweet, calm peace that often rests upon the closing moments of these meetings—how the heart strings of every soul seem to vibrate in sacred harmony at the quickening touch of divine love, till the heart overflows with tenderness and purity and we long for an eternity of such fellowship and brotherhood. If circumstances favored our ministers to follow up these blessed feelings to their influence in the smaller circle and seek to direct it and encourage the members to extend their feelings of obligation to their neighbors, an impetus might be given that would result in enduring and growing strength.

But we should not expect our ministers to sacrifice more than we are willing to sacrifice ourselves. It is all very well to have a pleasant speaker and a devout man or woman come among us, and forget that he, for instance, has a family and himself to support like the rest of us, that time and money and energy are taken away from his home. It is all very well to say "he has his reward," and it might be remembered to advantage that so have those who are unwilling to "give a helping hand" to those who must sacrifice in order to attend to their convictions. We look at other churches and behold a paid ministry, and maintain that it is wrong in principle, but the willingness to pay, the spirit of giving on the part of these churches, is a virtue that our society at the present time can scarcely be said to possess. Unlike our forefathers, we may decry foreign missionary efforts, and with some ability maintain our position, and say "there are plenty of heathens at home." Yes, but what have we

done and what are we *doing* for the "heathens at home?"

More of that spirit of giving which supports missionary work and strengthens the churches is wanted in our society at the present time. What a blessing it would be to the spreading of truth could our hearts be inspired with a judicious generosity towards those who require assistance to perform their mission to the extent of their legitimate desires. Private individuals have done their duty in this respect, but there are too many of us ready, were reference to be made to the society arranging any plan for making ministers freer to do their Master's service, to give a wise shake-headed allusion to a "hireling" ministry and "our testimonies." What we have lost and what we shall lose by being too close is too evident to be overlooked. I would not be misunderstood. Not for one moment do I advocate a paid ministry. Though there are arguments in its favor, on the whole I consider our testimony on that point sound, and it leaves our society rightfully and pre-eminently constituted that all may become workers in the sphere of practical Christianity. It is in the churches that ministers are paid for doing what would make the members better men and women by doing themselves; but dare we say, after all, that we as members do more for humanity around us and the cause of truth than they? Have we not settled down into close habits and shut out the warmth of our hearts towards others? Why do we not believe in a paid ministry? Is not the great reason that, besides leaving ministers free in a sense, it invites all members into active service? But where is the active service that is a service to any but ourselves? and a service largely for ourselves, cannot result in the highest good to ourselves. Our own greatest good and satisfaction comes from the spirit that delights in the good and happiness of others. We know this, but do not feel sufficiently our responsibility to always act upon it. It is not the ministers that should do all the work; the rest of us are the ones who should be doing, and if we don't, we need not say very much about those who, if they are not disposed to do so, are at least willing to pay some one who

will do it for them. A great many of us are willing to do neither one apparently, but I believe it is in a large number of instances apparent only.

The trouble is we have not been schooled to any work in the church; we are diffident and uncertain, and are at a loss to know what to do, even when willing to do something. Well, now, here is something to do. Here is a large meeting A, and there is a small meeting B. You may appoint a small committee from A to attend B perhaps every three months. Why don't you have a committee *every week* visit B till it is built up and the members and others take interest and courage? Why don't you impress upon everybody the duty of willingness, and appoint committee after committee, always including the younger members, even boys and girls perhaps, instead of always old members, and generally the same ones each time? Make a calculation, and divide up the members so that everybody will be on a committee, the young with the old, to go and visit meeting B. In this way every one will be actively, though silently it may be, engaged, and this begets interest, and all in a small measure become identified with a missionary spirit and recognized as a definite quantity in the church. Take turns in visiting until all the members have performed a part in the matter. Endeavor to dispel this modesty that seeks to leave to others to perform because they are thought to be more capable, and bring home privately, as well as publicly, the obligation to do something. What do we see all through Canada and the United States—families removed from the influence of meetings, admirers of the Society, yet predicting its decay if things are not so and so—they must do that and this and the other thing. Stop! what are *you* doing? What kind of duty, what kind of obligation, does your solicitude for the church and humanity suggest to *your* mind? Can you hold yourselves aloof, look complacently on, feel that you can never hold other views than the central ones of Friends, point out its mistakes, and quietly sit down with no feelings of obligation to the mother church that has nurtured you on those views? Modesty, diffi-

dence, lack of moral courage, and entire willingness *to do*, may stand in the way. Wherever there is an isolated family of Friends, even, a meeting should be there for the good it may do, and as a monument and a promulgator of a high conception of spiritual worship that is calculated to bring peace to all men, and a knowledge of right living that will enable humanity to fill its allotted sphere. It is very convenient to be a good Friend Yearly Meeting time, and its privileges are not withheld from any. It is a far different thing to get out in your own neighborhood and advocate and support your church. Other people do it, why cannot we? Let all the members, old and young, take their turn in committee. In this way every one becomes serviceable in adding to the number, and will eventually feel it a pleasurable duty. Friends in their own homes should be freer to talk over their experiences and their convictions of truth, should cultivate more and more their tender and sympathetic dispositions. Preaching is necessary, but there is a great need for all kindly-disposed Friends to visit many of the homes, carrying with them encouragement to persevere in well doing, in the cultivation of a devout heart, and in being alive to their responsibilities. This is a matter of no little importance.

While yearly and other large meetings serve a noble end, yet it is in the smaller meetings the life is seen, the seed grows or decays, and our real strength lies. Above all things, let it not be said that the small meetings suffer neglect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We never graduate in religion, because the nearer we are to God the more we see there is to be learned.—[M. H. Seely.

One colored preacher in the South prayed with great earnestness upon the revival of a well-known brother in the field. "O, Lord, 'noint dis yer brudder wid de kerosene ile ob salfashion and set him on fire."

God never leaves the soul without some light. As Charles Kingsley said in the London fog, "There is always light enough to get home."—[Rev. T. S. Scott.

The Bartholdi statue of Liberty, at the entrance of New York Harbor, is the largest of its kind in the world, and lofty in conception as well.

W. C. Brown has lately received the appointment of Inspector of the Glasgow and London Fire Insurance Co.

The Brant Monument was unveiled last month in the city of Brantford, before the chiefs and representatives of the Six Nation Indians, Lieutenant-Governor Robinson, and a vast multitude. The figure of Joseph Brant, in bronze, stands on the pedestal, and six life-sized figures of Indians, with implements of hunting and warfare, with two Indian scenes, in bronze from British guns, complete a statue of attractive study and great beauty. Percy Wood, of London, England, is the sculptor, and took part in the ceremonies.

There are a number of wealthy Indians in Ontario, with well educated and cultured families.

In a private letter, we have been invited to examine what may be called the "Andover controversy,"—see *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*, p. 685, 696 & 701. If any of our friends would like to make a review of the question or questions involved, through our columns, it might prove interesting to a large number of readers. We may say, in connection with this, that other views upon questions that have already been brought to your attention may appear to advantage, and we invite our young friends to give expression through our columns, upon what appears from time to time that they do not endorse. We will be pleased to publish all such reviews and comments that do not fall short of our limit of courtesy and prudence.—[Manag. Ed.

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