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Young * Friends' * Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. III.

LONDON, ONT., TWELFTH MONTH, 1838.

NO. 12

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

IMPETUOSITY, OR THE METEOR.

Thou bright impetuous being that dost rush
From out the starry world to endless space,
Impatient seeming to outrun in the race,
What art thou? say, a spirit who wouldst push
A swifter road to glory, abiding not the hush
And sacred silence of the spheres, whose grace
And beauty are more noble, each in place?
Then wherefore wildly to thy ruin rush;
Like thee, I would not so outrun the world,
But tread with quiet pace my pathway home
Peaceful as star of even, mid clouds unfurld
Until the dawning of the day shall come
Like thee not so would I mid chaos hurled
From all communion of my fellows roam.

M. FELLOWS, England.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR SUMMER'S WORK.

The approach of autumn days warns us that we have arrived at that season when it is customary to leave for a time our labors in the F. D. S.

Nature has already been marked by the finger of frost and vegetation far and near mourns the loss of its splendor and power—Whence did they come? Was it not a gradual increase from the tiny seeds scattered in early spring, heated by the rays of the brilliant sun, watered from time to time by the rain from heaven, and daily refreshed by the gentle dews? Yes, little by little it has grown until the golden grain now waves in grandeur o'er the ground once naked and desolate. For weeks the song of the busy harvester has resounded from our fields and lanes as he gathers in the abundant rewards for his labor, lands tilled, seeds scattered, —in time to produce load after load of precious sheaves.

Was the result of his labor at once discernable? Nay, days and days passed o'er, some perhaps --unfavorable, almost blighting to the vegetable life, Does the farmer despair and say: Crops are light, it is useless to try again? No, small profits are better than none and faith with true perseverance has never failed to make a pleasing increase in the returns.

Does the harvester rejoice alone in the blessings thus bestowed? Nay, see with what earnestness the children lend a hand to aid and the happy faces beam with joy at the sight of rich stores for winter's use, while the good mother busily engaged in her countless duties rejoices that harvest doth ever follow the sowing of good and precious seed.

Yes, in the outward, notwithstanding the many hopes and fears, a rich harvest has been reaped.

We look on the fields of labor. The summer long we have engaged in F. D. S work, but it has been to all we trust a pleasing duty with fellow laborers to aid and encourage bright prospects along the way to cheer us on to increasing efforts, and now as the season arrives when we rest for a time, we very naturally inquire What shall the harvest be? Have we gleaned from our daily lessons those pearls of truth which shall be as treasures that moth or rust cannot corrupt nor the cares of life steal away.

The lessons so thoughtfully prepared by our distant Friends have come to us as valuable helps laden with deep moral lessons set forth by simple truths of actual life—and particular importance attached to good works—to which the good master doth ever call us in terms pleading and loving—Go ye and labor in my vineyard.

The correspondence between the

vegetable and animal life was most beautifully portrayed leading us to realize that the All-wise and loving Father notices all from the tiny plant to the stalwart man.

And as the dew, the rain, and sunshine are requisite to the growth of the flower, so is the warmth of His love, for the building up of the spiritual life of man. Who alone in some isolated portion of our earth be it never so fair—would be by his very nature a lonely and helpless creature, but how much less contented and happy is he who strives to find amid his wealth the satisfaction he longs for. It is not there. That only solid comfort which the Father alone can impart.

We have been led to know that true happiness is felt only in the "sense of duty willingly done"—then is it acceptable and well pleasing in the sight of Him whose kind and watchful eye doth ever behold with joy the obedience of his children whether they be young or old. In *this* work we feel that *all* may find a place where faithful and untiring labor will yield rewards whose value we cannot estimate. The young need the wise council and kind instruction of those who from experience can direct them in paths, free from many of the difficulties they have encountered and older ones need the company of the children whose pure and simple lives reflect the image of Him whose life was the Holy pattern designed for our guidance and imitation. "Unless ye become as one of these little ones ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

Mingling with children tends to clothe the mind with the mantle of childlike simplicity.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." We catch from their reflecting hearts, as the light of Heaven smiles down into them, glimpses of the innocence and purity of the Christ nature.

We extend to other denominations that brotherly fellowship and charity which characterizes the true professing Christians still we cherish with increas-

ing fondness the principles of our beloved society—and we trust they have been imparted in some small degree to those who have weekly gathered in these rooms and may the influence extend to the strengthening of our meetings for worship until all may appreciate the hour of solemn waiting upon the Lord.

While we realize that we are far from attaining a satisfactory standing in our schools, we believe there is an earnest and prayerful effort on the part of our laborers to seek for light and wisdom. We may read those beautiful Bible truths and acknowledge them, but if we desire to impress them upon the minds of others we are apt to study them deeply, to ask that we may receive power to convey them clearly, and that the mysterious parts of them may be opened to us.

As we part, hoping to meet again in early spring in the capacity of a F. D. S., we do not feel weary, but freshened in spirit and renewed in faith by the results which the summer of practical work has given us. 'Tis said "One grows in strength as he moves forward with the consciousness of right endeavor." Let this be the faith which shall be ours as brothers and sisters in the same Father's vineyard and for the same righteous end.

B. W.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is an attachment between persons of congenial dispositions, habits, and pursuits.

It has its origin in the nature and condition of man. He is a social creature, and naturally loves to frequent the society, and enjoy the affections, of those who are like himself. He is also, individually, a feeble creature; and a sense of this weakness renders friendship indispensable to him. Though he may have all other enjoyments within his reach, he still finds his happiness incomplete, unless participated by one whom he considers his friend.

When in difficulty and distress, he looks around for advice, assistance and consolation.

No wonder, therefore, that a sentiment of such importance to man should have been so frequently and so fully considered. We can scarcely open any of the volumes of antiquity without being reminded how excellent a thing is friendship. The examples of David and Jonathan, Achilles and Patroclus, Damon and Pythias, all show to what degree of enthusiasm it was sometimes carried. Even the great Cicero deemed it of sufficient importance to form the subject of one of his masterly essays. But it is to be feared that in modern times friendship is seldom remarkable for similar devotedness. With some it is nominal rather than real, and with others it is regulated entirely by self-interest. Yet it would, no doubt, be possible to produce from every rank in life, and from every state of society instances of sincere and disinterested friendship creditable to human nature, and to the age in which we live. We can not think so ill of our species as to believe that selfishness has got the better of their nobler feelings sufficiently to destroy their sympathy with their fellow creatures, and their love towards those whom God hath given them for neighbors and brethren.

After these remarks, to enlarge on the benefits of possessing a real friend appears unnecessary. What would be more intolerable than the consciousness that in all the wide world not one heart beat in unison with our own, or cared for our welfare? What indescribable happiness must it be on the other hand to possess a real friend; a friend who will counsel, instruct, assist, who will bear a willing part in our calamity, and cordially rejoice when the hours of happiness returns!

Let us remember, however, that all who assume the name of friends are not entitled to our confidence. History records many instances of the fatal consequences of infidelity in friendship;

and it cannot be denied that the world contains men who are happy to find a heart they can pervert, or a head they can mislead, if thus their unworthy ends can be more surely attained. Caution in the formation of friendships is, therefore, in the highest degree necessary. We should admit none to to the altar of our social affections without closely scrutinizing their lives and characters. We must assure ourselves of the uprightness and truth of those to whom we open our hearts in friendship, if we would not have a pernicious influence exerted on our own dispositions; if we would not, in the hour of trial find ourselves forgotten and abandoned to the cold charities of an unsympathizing world.

W. A. C.

THE ORIENT.

Could I impart
By some true art
The vision that I see,
The inward light,
The outward sight,
That meet and blend in me.

The world would gaze
In future days
'Till on it this would roll,
That soon will pass
And then, alas!
But live within one soul.

'Tis a common thing
I'd paint or sing,
That happens every morn;
Yet not just so
Does the orient glow
When the day is being born.

The eternal blue
Is peeping through
The clouds below unfurled,
And is purer made
By the light and shade
Contrast of the lower world.

And now I feel
This might reveal
Somewhat the nature of God;
His realm above;
His beaming love;
His calm, serene abode.

And then the crowds
Of floating clouds
The heavens and earth, between,
Lit up so bright
With the fiery light
Of the great sun yet unseen !

The silver fringe !
The orange tinge !
The iridescent glows !
The thousand hues
Of reds and blues
That our art never knows !

And then between
That fiery scene,
So redolent with light,
Are sailing past
Dark forms aghast,
Still steeped in utter night.

This outward show
Is grand, I know,
With grace and beauty rife ;
But surely 'tis
Not all there is
That it can give to life.

The outward show
Of things below
But point to something higher ;
Unto a fond
And fair beyond,
To which man may aspire.

Then reader list,
These clouds of mist,
That earth, the air endowers,
Might well be meant
To represent
Man's nature, passions, powers.

And those in night,
Devoid of light
Man's nature blind and bare,
That does not know
The slightest glow
Of Heaven's benignant care.

But those afire
Is man inspired
With lamination given
By God's own light—
The infinite,
All glorious Son of Heaven.

Whose beams are wrought
Through human thought,
And human nature brightens ;
And what in him
Is dark, or dim,
Transfigures and enlightens.

And ere we go,
May we too show

This beautifying light :
For go we must
If we may trust
This oriental sight.

For 'ere the day
Had passed away,
The clouds had passed on too ;
And there remained
The pure, unstained,
The calm, eternal blue.

O nature's laws !
O Thou First Cause !
Maker of all things made !
We bow our knee
In awe to Thee
As Thou our thoughts invade.

And O ! may we
Grow near to Thee,
While passing through this world !
And read aright,
With clearer sight,
Thy glorie here unfurled !

E. M. ZAVITZ.

Coldstream, 12 mo., 1888.

REMINISCENCES

OF THE HAIGHT FAMILY, YARMOUTH, ONT.,
BY SAMUEL HAIGHT.

I have had it on my mind to write, from personal recollections, a brief narrative of the various trials and afflictions as well as of the joys and blessings of my parents and their family, from the spring of 1817, at which date my father and mother moved from Westchester Co., N. Y., with nine of their children, viz: Daniel, Mary, James, Rebecca, Esther, Reuben, Samuel, Ephraim and Hannah, leaving my eldest sister, Phebe, married to Henry Powell, and settled in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. My parents' names were Reuben and Sarah Haight, formerly Wright. Father bought 1,000 acres of land, mostly pine land with a small grist and saw mill, also a carding and julting mill, located where it is now called Otterville in South Norwich. At that time there was a great scarcity of provisions, and prices were very high, and my father commenced building a grist mill and making improve-

ments, which caused a large outlay, and very hard labor almost day and night, until a reaction took place in prices, which caused him in 1820, to turn everything over to his creditors. At that time the assets were more than the liabilities, but the creditors hoping to realize more, kept the property for a time, but it declined in value, and was disposed of without satisfying their claims. There is a grist mill now standing on the same site—a monument of remembrance of their losses and trials.

A little prior to 1820, John Moore and Elias Moore had located and settled on lands in the Township of Yarmouth. They were special friends of my father's and had bought a lease from Government of a clergy Reserve lot in the Township for nine dollars, which they presented to father. One-seventh of the land at that time was Clergy or Crown lands which Government leased for twenty-one years at a nominal rent—the first seven years \$3.50 each year, doubling every seven years. In the spring of 1821, the said John Moore engaged Merritt Palmer and my brothers, Daniel and James, to clear and clear land on his farm on the following terms: He, John Moore, was to find team and board and they to do the work, each to have one-quarter of the crop.

Previous to father's leaving Norwich my sister Mary was married to a young man by the name of John Weeks; this Weeks being a millwright entered into partnership with Jacob Birdsel and built a grist mill one-half mile south of what is now called Richmond on the Otter Creek in the Township of Bayham in the year 1822, and in the fall of 1821 my father moved to Yarmouth, into a part of the log house owned by Isaac Moore, who was a very hospitable man. I can truthfully say that all who became acquainted with my father's situation and that of his family showed great kindness and sympathy. We now lived $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the lot father's lease covered, so we commenced

to build a log house in the winter of 1821 and '22. Brothers Daniel and James assisting. It was one mile in a dense forest. We brought what lumber we required for flooring and window frames from Norwich, a distance of forty miles, mostly through woods almost impassible at this time. I was near twelve years old. The house was built near a tamarack swamp connected with a long black ash swale with a spring proceeding from the swamp, which made it a very favorable resort for the wolf and wild cat which seemed to think we were intruders on their domain, and during the night particularly they were heard almost without cessation, and if we look at it unselfishly we can hardly blame them. To return to my narrative, in the fall of 1822, after the crop matured on the above named John Moore's farm, which was to be shared equally, my brother Daniel being very homesick, sold one hundred bushels of wheat to Elias Moore for one yolk shilling per bushel, to realize means to return to our relatives in Westchester Co., N. Y. I can well remember that, at that time, it was a rare thing to see a shilling for a circulating medium, we used our productions, such as 20 bushels of wheat and 15 of corn for a cow, or four bushels of wheat for 6 or 8 yards of cotton. We mostly manufactured our own clothing from flax and tow. A lady's dress of such material would outwear four or five such as we now see, and many a pair of coarse, striped linen and tow pants have I worn. A few products would demand one-quarter or one-third cash. In this way we were enabled to pay our taxes, which were very light—no court house to build, no officers to pay. The nearest court house was at Victory village, seventy miles east. Brother Daniel returned to New York state, remaining there about one year, then came back with a one-horse waggon, old-fashioned. Elliptic springs were not known here in those days. He also brought a box of second-hand clothing for the family's use.

The horse and waggon was especially to enable mother to get out to meetings, she being a public minister amongst Friends from the time I can first remember her, and father was an elder until his death. They were both birth-right members. I shall never forget how rich I felt, yes, the richest day I think I ever experienced, when we received the box of second-hand clothing and the one-horse waggon, donated by our relatives.

In the spring of 1822, sister Mary was taken sick at the Otter, near Richmond, and mother was there waiting upon her. I remember of going with a horse to bring her home—walking a part of the way and sometimes riding on the horse behind mother. Mary was soon after brought home and died of consumption the 7th of 11th mo. 1822, aged 23 years, 2 months and 17 days. Her husband came and was with her until she died. She left one child named Phebe. In 1823, I cannot say in which month, father's creditors appeared to justify themselves in sending officials to take whatever they found worth taking, and also took my father or rather left him with the promise that he would meet them at a designated place on Talbot street, as they told him they could not bear to see him part with his family. He met them as agreed upon, and was nearly two years in Victory jail, at Long Point. At that time imprisonment for debt was lawful, even for a very small debt. He did not remain very long in close confinement before there were bondsmen offered to bail him out on limits. I have often heard him relate that there was a school in the village, and there was a report circulated that there was a white-headed Quaker in jail, which came to the ears of the children and excited their curiosity to see what kind of a creature it could be. Accordingly they slowly approached his room, and he mildly and pleasantly spoke to them and told them he wanted to write them some pretty verses and wished them to come again to get them and

commit them to memory and recite them to him. They did as requested, and this opened the door for multiplying his friends in the village in so much that the cupboard was filled with abundance of the delicacies for the physical man. He was soon allowed as much limit as his peculiar condition admitted for his comfort. He was very expert in catching pigeons, which were very numerous then, and he furnished the neighborhood with an abundant supply. During my father's confinement in jail my mother went and stayed with him for seventeen months, during which time she had a severe attack of bilious fever. Dr. Troyer of Long Point Bay doctored her without money and without price. I trust he received his reward.

Father was given his liberty I think in the fall of 1824. During the four years previous to this we made but little progress in clearing land. Two more children had been added to the family since our leaving New York State, viz: William, born in Norwich, and Sarah E., who was born in Yarmouth, both of whom were delicate. Brother Reuben R. next older than myself was always troubled with a cough, and was able to do but little. The other members of the family had to work out to get the necessaries to live, so it seemed very hard to make much progress in clearing land. In the year 1826, brother Reuben was taken more poorly and departed this life the 3rd of fourth month 1826, aged 17 years 10 months and 9 days; which was a great trial to all of us, especially to me, he being next older than myself.

The following year, 1827, brother James took the horse, and the one-horse waggon that our friends had sent us, and took mother back to visit her friends in New York. While there James went to one of his uncles who was a Hatter by trade, and was put forward in learning the trade. Shortly after the Yearly Meeting in New York, in 1828, being the time of the separa-

tion, at which they both attended, they started again for Canada, James bringing a journeyman Hatter with him. He commenced the Hattng business in a log shop, on the same lot we occupied, and but a few rods from the house, the material for which Brother Ephraim and myself had prepared before he came, and after he came it was put together. Brother Daniel, after his return from New York State, took jobs of chopping in the neighborhood until he was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs, after which he lived only about a year, dying the 3rd of eighth month, 1827 aged 30 years 9 months and 22 days My sister Rebecca had been slowly going into a decline for 3 or 4 years prior to her death, which occurred the 30th of twelfth month, 1828 in the 24th year of her age. This sister was very dear to us, as we were deprived of all opportunity of getting school learning; she wrought hard in in her delicate state of health to teach us all she could.

(Concluded next Month)

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW:

HOME LIFE.

The word *home* is a soulful word; it signifies depths to us all; it is comparable to a wreath of flowers strung around the shrine of human affection. The poet's soul breathes out his tuneful lay, "Home, Sweet Home," and sings it with tearful feeling in a foreign land. That song, whose never-dying melody will haunt the coming age of man. The real home is made up of hearts bound to each other by Heaven's own chord. No outward furnishings alone can constitute this blissful unity, this mingling of soul with soul; it must be through charity, love and tenderness that we may make our firesides throw out their proper illumination. All the attributes of the human soul, if truly cultivated in the home circle, will grow out to meet the world and thus broaden in the sunshine of human wisdom.

Culture and a love for research should find their embryos at the domestic hearth. We might uplift our homes if we would, and so help to uplift a sleeping world. All nobility, as a result of home planting, will spread to our fellow-men like the myrtle upon the grass.

Let us early endeavor to grace our domiciles with more gentleness and to cultivate that charity for the failures of those whose hearts are leaning upon ours for strength in the need of human sympathy.

The grandeur of a life is marked by an outgrowth that may stem the current of public thought. The true sublimity of feeling meets the heart-throbs of another age as the rivers meet the sea, and the ecstatic soul breathes air from multitudinous worlds that mark the rise of true philosophy. We live in a flame of hope, and die with confidence that worlds to come may know that we have been. The perpetuity is but a dream of great impossibles; but little acts of kindness, tender words of feeling expressed at a proper time may, like the hardy plants, keep their green shoots underneath the chilling snows.

ELLA WEEKS,
Chappaqua.

THOUGHTS.

Speak not till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply for the truth of it.

An acquaintance with the world must convince every one that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends.

"Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this world as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care."

We can change and mend what we keep by us, but words once spoken can never be recalled. No virtue, no spiritual life, no moral beauty nor dignity of character can ever arise unless based upon purity of thought and honesty of purpose.

E. H. B.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published in the interest of the Society of
Friends at

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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.

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.

The YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW for 1889 would be a very good New Year's gift to any young Friend. It would last all the year through, and costs but 50 cents. Try it.

Is it desecrating the editorial column to place in it an appeal for a wider circulation of the paper? We have been commenting lately in this place upon the "Reawakening" in our Society. In those articles we have spoken generally, and when we come to follow up the same theme in its particular lines, we are led naturally to speak of the REVIEW, and its mission. We do not claim that it created, or that it had any chief part in creating the renaissance. We must look to causes more

universal and more potent for this general inflowing of new life. Nevertheless as the inception of both the renaissance and the REVIEW--were happily coincident, and have advanced together, we might naturally suppose the little paper had some slight part in the great and good work. It started out with that object, to get the young people more interested in the Society, and all acknowledge and declare how grandly that very thing is being done. And whatever the causes are would we not all do our utmost to favor them? Reader, is not the evidence sufficiently strong that the REVIEW may be doing a part in this work? By *renewing* and sending in *new names* thou might'st also aid. We have faith in the words of Shakespeare, and ask *every Friend* to think of them in reference to the REVIEW and the Society:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

As with men, so with Societies. They have their flow and ebb. The invisible tide flows up the visible shore of society at the pleasure and drawing of supreme love. To check it in any way, or not to add to it our own love and influence in every way we can is loss to the Society and unfaithfulness to our power in trust. Let us do whatsoever we can then that tends to bring the Society more in the line of God's plan, in the tidal course of His love. With this appeal for a wider circulation to the REVIEW at this auspicious time we will be thankful if each one will consider the matter, and *act* according to conviction.

We wish to again call the attention of Friends to "OUR SPECIAL OFFER TO ISOLATED FRIENDS" as announced in the last two issues of the REVIEW, i. e., to send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to all our members living west of the Mississippi river, in the United

States, and west of the Province of Ontario, in Canada, one year, for 25 cents per copy. This offer should send the REVIEW into every such home. Let each Monthly Meeting in our several Yearly Meetings go half way with the REVIEW in furnishing these homes with this acknowledgement, during the whole of 1889, of our continued interest in them. *Remember it can be done for 25 cents for each home.* Such steps have already been inaugurated. One of the best known Friends in our Society—a member of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, writes us: "I think your offer to send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to our Isolated Members, in the far west, so liberal that we should supply all of our Friends there with a copy, and to that end, introduced in our Monthly Meeting a proposition to that effect, which Friends will consider, and decide upon at our next meeting. Indeed I think they should send to these members even at the low rate of 50 cents." They certainly should; but then the REVIEW will pay the other 25 cents this time.

Since our last issue went to press General Harrison, the Republican nominee has been elected President of the United States by a large majority of the Electoral College. The popular vote of the country was in President Cleveland's favor by about 100,000. The Prohibition, or Third Party, vote was a little less than 300,000 or nearly double that given to Gov. St. John four years ago. General Harrison will be inaugurated President, the coming spring.

Those whose time expires with this number will find it indicated by printed notice on wrapper.

Ambrose M. Shotwell, the blind annalist, who, in another column, requests copies of family records and other information concerning "our Quaker Ancestors and their Descendants," recently returned to his home at Concord, Michigan, calling by the way

upon friends in Norwich, Yarmouth and Lobo. He had been spending several months in northern New Jersey and western New York, seeking his kindred and preparing to render them a service. If any of the reader's forefathers bore either of the names in question, he could aid the work by forwarding at least an accurate record of his own immediate family and the names of his parents and grandparents, their brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren, and other relatives entitled to a place in the registers, with the approximate age, the township or city, and full P. O. address of the living and any comment as to their occupations, public services or other items which they, their children or other friends might like to have preserved in such a volume. Do not assume that any data in your possession have already been furnished, as repetition may serve to correct errors, even if it supplies no omissions. The following in reference to this sightless investigator and his work is clipped from the Plainfield Daily Press of 8th mo., 24th:

Notwithstanding his defective vision, he travels unaccompanied by a guide, visiting various towns and rural homes in quest of appropriate material for the history. He appears to be well equipped for the laudible work which he has undertaken; and we commend him to the considerate attention of all representatives of the families in question and others having knowledge of the same. He carries with him an apparatus by which he is enabled to write down and afterward read by the sense of touch any information that may be communicated to him orally.

We also learn that at his home he has a crippled brother whose eyes and pen are at his service a portion of each year and who being deprived of the use of his hands, writes with facility by taking his penholder in his mouth and thus reduces to a perfectly legible form from the blind brother's dictation or from written or printed copy anything

which the compiler cannot so conveniently transcribe with his typewriter. In this way, each supplementing the other's deficiencies; these brothers are producing a work that must prove of interest to many living in this vicinity and their descendants.

To interest the young in the history of their country and prompt them to emulate worthy examples, an excellent plan is to acquaint them with the deeds, traits and times of their own ancestors and the origin and development of the towns and states in which they lived.

NOTICE.

If any meeting within Genesee Y. M. has not yet received "Blanks" for an enumeration of our Members, as requested by our late Yearly Meeting, they may procure them by notifying me of the fact. I have forwarded all, I think, as requested. The enumeration should be made at the beginning of the New Year. See instructions on back of blanks.

S. P. ZAVITZ,
Coldstream Ont.

OBITUARIES.

At No. 20 Kennedy street, Syracuse, N.Y., Prudence, wife of Israel J. Titus, departed this life 11th mo., 18th, 1888, aged 82 years, 7 months and 2 days. Remains were taken to Bernhard's Bay, Oswego County, for interment, where funeral services were held on the 21st inst., which, had she lived until that time, would have been their 61st wedding anniversary.

We sadly learn, from a private letter, of the deep bereavement that has fallen upon our friends, Joseph A. Bogardus and wife of New York, in the sudden death, by accident, of their little girl and only child, Bessie. It happened on the 24th ult. Our heart grieves with the grieving parents who have thus lost, so suddenly and forever, the joy of their home and their hearts.—
[ED.]

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER RYAN.

[We are sent the following poem by a kind subscriber, who says of it: "The enclosed exquisite poem I have for some time desired to send for the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. If the author had written none other than this poem I think he would be fully deserving of his well-known title of 'The Sweet Poet of the South.'—Ed.]

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
I down the dim, voiceless valley alone,
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met only human and sin.

I walked through the world with the world;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world, each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is toned on the shores of the real,
And sleeps, like a dream, in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the Human of Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the Human,
And I moaned mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,
And heard a Voice call me; since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence,
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a Voice said "Be Mine";
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray:
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops

That fall on the roses of May ;
And my prayer, like a perfume from censer,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hu-h of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing ;
That to men, like the dove of the deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the Silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have heard dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley.
Ah me ! how my spirit was stirred,
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can never be heard ;
They pass through the Valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are furrowed with care ?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there ;
And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright Mountain of Prayer.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE NOTES.

This month has been a comparative
ly quiet one at the college.

Frederick Andrews, at present principal of the Ackworth School, England, visited the college on the 6th., together with David Scull of Haverford College.

The physical instruction now given the students of all classes, under the direction of J. K. Shell, M. D., is a decided improvement over the training in that department for a number of years past.

Dr. Charles Herschel Koyl, who has for the last year occupied the position of professor of physics, has lately tendered his resignation. He did so that he might direct his attention exclusively to the manufacturing and introducing of his night railroad sema-

phore which he has invented. A man has not yet been chosen to fill his place.

The non-partisan rally on the evening of 11th mo., 6th, was a great success. Each class came out in uniform and the line of march was a fine one. At 10.30 p. m., after the parade, refreshments were liberally served in the dining hall.

The class game of football, between our Sophomore class and that class at Haverford, which was arranged for the 17th did not take place, as their college team decided to play Tioga on that day.

Invitations have been received by the different college classes inviting them to a reception to be given by the faculty, on the evening of seventh-day, 12th mo. 1st., in the college parlors.

Every one looks forward with interest to the skating season when co-education usually manifest itself most clearly.

Dr. William C. Day, professor in chemistry his throughout the early part of this month, been preparing his annual report on "the building materials of the United States," for the United States Geological Survey.

A half holiday was given on the 29th, Thanksgiving Day.

Milton H. Bancroft has been given a full professorship in the department of art and mechanical draughting.

E. C. W.

Oh, if religion *were* a diffusive, practical, every-day reality there would be a marvellous change in the aspects of life and the conditions of humanity around us. The great city, now so gross and profane, would become as a vast cathedral, through whose stony aisles would flow perpetual service ; where labor would discharge its daily offices, and faith and patience keep their heaven-worn look, and love presents its offerings. Yea, the very roll of wheels through its streets would be a litany, and the sound of homeward feet the chant of its evening psalm.—[Chapin.

BLOOMFIELD F. D. S. NOTES.

The closing exercises of Bloomfield F. D. S. were held on First day, 28th of 10th mo. The school met in the afternoon in order to give ample time for the special entertainment which had been prepared. Very excellent selections were given by old and young. The children deserve great credit for the manner in which they rendered recitations in concert and individually. All seemed to enjoy the afternoon, and, we are pleased to note, there was apparently no abatement of interest. It was universally felt that we had just passed our most successful season in this branch of labor.

The Bible class is continued through the winter in our Literary Circle, which meets once in two weeks. B. W.

STANFORD QUARTERLY MEETING.

As the Quarterly Meetings of this Yearly Meeting are held in succession, and their glad influences extend from our southern to our northern limits, we are reminded of the multitude on whom Jesus had compassion, causing them to be seated that their hungering might be satisfied. And so at Stanford Quarter held in Chatham on the 9th inst., though its numbers were small, perhaps on account of rainy weather, and when no ministering Friend was expected, some felt as formerly: where-with shall the multitude be fed? Yet, as we were seated aside from our daily employments, hoping and waiting for the blessing, the voice of testimony was heard from two friends young in the ministry, inciting us to greater dedication, more watchful care that in our daily walk our light may shine, giving to the world a knowledge of our beautiful, simple and consistent faith, that none need to entertain the thought that Christ is not the foundation on which our religious structure rests; encouraging the young to earnestness and

purity, thus day by day building a perfect character, precious and acceptable to the Divine. And so, as at other seasons of similar companionship where the social, intellectual and spiritual elements of our nature so happily mingle, we felt that it was a time of profit—giving food for thought, building up each other in love, strengthening all in diligence, and in a right appreciation of the gifts and blessings bestowed on us by a loving Father.

MARY M. REYNOLDS,
Rayville, 11 mo., 16th, 1888.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

AIM IN LIFE.

Much has been said on the subject, "Aim in Life," yet the term is not easily comprehended. If we mean nothing more than following a particular course in life, consequent from our adaptability for that particular line of action, we need no admonition. Are we not inclined to do this? The word aim is too ambiguous; I would substitute duty; all that is good is embodied in it. There are few of us who after contemplation cannot discern a path of duty, and one in which we can more so efficiently that the effect can be constantly felt. Our inclination to lose the sense of present duty, in the anticipation of some change which seems awaiting us, often causes us to overlook our true selves and neglect the duties that are really before us.

Let us endeavor to increase our influence and strengthen our motives: not in order to set off ourselves, but that we may be actively useful.

Let us never become so absorbed in worldly affairs as to close our ears against the voice of duty calling us to active service; remembering the exhortation, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do - do it with thy might. L. T.

The only sound and healthy description of assisting is that which teaches in dependence and self-exertion.—[Gladstone.

In a letter bearing date 11th mo., 20th, 1888, the following original lines by Sarah Hunt, aged 92 years, were contained in a letter to D. H. Griffen and wife :

“ We are often brought
To take a review of our deeds ;
To see, as we may,
If each passing day
We have sown only heavenly seeds.

When the way is clear,
Fruits will appear,
That never fail to bless ;
Then we abound,
Our hearts are crowned
With an abiding rest.”

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

I am an interested reader of the REVIEW, and fully realize the benefit I receive from accounts given by those who are travelling in different parts of the country attending meetings, with other items of interest, and the query presents itself: “Is thee doing thy part? If the experiences of others are beneficial to thee, may not thine be to some other seeking minds?” In these feelings I am willing to occupy the simple talent lent me, knowing it is for the Master's use, and give the readers of this paper a sketch of a visit I made with my husband to Western Quarterly Meeting, Pa. We left home on the morning of the 20th of 10th mo. We were pleased to find the wind right for fine weather, as it had been a rainy season. Soon the sun shone forth in its splendor, reminding us our Heavenly Father dispenses His blessings upon His children in His own time. Among the greatest of these is health, and a willingness to be led according to His requirements. After a ride of six miles we reached Elmsford Station, on the N. Y. & N. R., where we joined our parents, D. H. and A. W. Griffen, and were carried by the propelling power of steam to the Pennsylvania Railroad station, Jersey City, where we took the cars for Philadelphia, 90.

miles distant. As we were swiftly gliding along, meditating upon the workings of the power of God in the hearts of His children, we were renewedly impressed with our utter incapability to do any good thing of ourselves; our entire dependence upon that Divine Power, which always goes before when He sends out His messengers, and as the eye of the mind is kept single the way will be plain. At this season of the year the thickly studded forests are ablaze with their autumnal hues; the corn fields are ready for the huskers. A few more swiftly-flying days the branches of the trees will be divested of their ornamental garb, the corn will be stored away for winter's use. Thus one season with its course of events passes away and another cometh after, each one to receive the care and labor that belongeth unto it. How true it is in the case of the husbandman: If the seed sown in the spring is not nourished and cared for it will not produce blossoms in due time, and the harvest will not be as plentiful. Thus it is spiritually—such as we sow and cultivate such shall we reap. We reached Broad street station at 1:30 p.m., and its name is truly descriptive of its dimensions. We spent over an hour pleasantly with Isaac Lippincott and wife, who came to meet us. We then took the Philadelphia & Baltimore Central Railway, which took us through beautiful valleys and by meandering streams; over the placid waters of the Schuylkill, past the beautiful grounds and stately buildings of Swarthmore College to Soughkenemen Station, where we were met by our friends Elwood Micherner and wife, who kindly entertained us in their pleasant home. First-day we attended New Garden Meeting, where was a large and interesting audience, many children present. D. H. Griffen, Louisa J. Roberts, of Philadelphia, and Thos. Sheward, of Wilmington, were exercised to address the people. Gospel truths were spoken to understanding minds.

The youth were feelingly appealed to, urging upon them the importance of an early surrender of their wills to the Divine will; to confide in their earthly parents, thus oftentimes saving them from the snares of the enemy, which would beguile them into a net that would be difficult to escape from. Directly following the meeting the F. D. S. organized, nearly all remaining. It was opened by reading the 23rd Psalm. The exercises of the school were interesting, and participated in by all ages.

Second-day, the 22nd—Our friends took us to London Grove to attend the meeting of ministers and elders. These were gathered from different parts of the Quarter, with a few visitors from other meetings, who came for the good of their own souls and the welfare of the church.

Next day was quarterly meeting, the fore part for public worship and the latter to consider the state of Society. Notwithstanding the rain, the lower part of the commodious house—having three apartments, with two partitions and six coal stoves to warm it—was nearly filled on the floor. They have no youths' or public day, so the meeting was lengthy, but not wearisome. Loving testimonies were borne to the grace of God being sufficient for the salvation of mankind when there is a willingness on our part to mind the Divine leadings and guidings of light and life in the soul.

The Temperance Committee's report showed an awakening and searching after the cause of so much misery by the use of intoxicants and an effort to remove it by not encouraging the sale by license. The next nine days we spent in religiously and socially mingling with friends, attending twelve meetings by appointment of D. H. G. The interest and kindness manifested in conveying us by carriage to these meetings will long be remembered, spending their time and using their means in the accomplishment of the visit. These meetings were usually well attended, and in many places there

was a feeling of renewed life and dedication among the young to uphold by life and precept the testimonies of our Society. Their meeting-houses are well heated, and made comfortable with cushions and carpet.

At West Grove we visited our friend Sarah Hunt, in her 92nd year. Weak in body, but comfortable in mind, she gave evidence of a consistent life, early giving herself into the hands of her Heavenly Father and obeying His requirements. To gaze upon her pleasant and peaceful countenance spoke to us a life-long sermon, and she expressed that not so much as a grain of wheat lay between her and her Heavenly Father. Passing from Kennett Square to Old Kennett we rode by the home of our once noted poet, Bayard Taylor, and also the spot that marks his last resting place. On the 8th of 11th mo. we bade farewell to our friends and came to Philadelphia, and on the first day following attended meeting at Race street in the morning, Fair Hill in the afternoon and Gerard avenue in the evening, all large, and we trust profitable occasions. Second-day, the 11th, we turned our faces homeward, and arrived there in safety, feeling we had gained much by our social and religious minglings with Friends in Pennsylvania.

E. H. BARNES.

Purchase, 11th mo., 15th, '88.

For the REVIEW.

I have felt for some time as though I would like to express my satisfaction and gratitude on reading the REVIEW, this being the first year I have been privileged to receive it. I can truly say our household is surely the better for reading it.

The many excellent articles, which have come before us, I feel is just what is so much needed in our rising generation.

The article on "Music" in a number some months ago, I very much united with. I do think if Friends would not draw the line too closely there would not so many leave our midst. They

have a craving, and if it is not satisfied under the parental roof, they will go elsewhere to seek that that their natures long for. In the home the loving parents may drop the word of caution that may have the desired effect, where, if they wandered away it would be lost.

Our dear Friends, Daniel Griffen and wife, Robert Barnes and wife, have been very acceptably in our midst. Our elderly Friend felt once more drawn towards us; to hand forth the word of caution, which was very tenderly received, and we felt it sank deep into our hearts, it may be the lasttime we will ever hear his loving counsel. They attended our Western Quarterly Meeting, and Meetings composing it. Those we were privileged to attend we felt to be very precious gatherings.

Norway, Pa.

F. W. C.

PONTIUS PILATE'S ACTUAL SENTENCE.

— —

The Tablet says:—A correspondent of Notes and Queries extracts from the Kolnische Zeitung what is called "a correct transcript of the sentence of death pronounced against Jesus Christ." The following is a copy of the most memorable sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks that the journal *Le Droit* has collected, the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has ever been made public in the German papers. The sentence is word for word as follows: "Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the Pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting

in judgment in the presidential seat of the Prætors, sentences Jesus Christ of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove: 1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls himself the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He went into the Temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders: The first centurion, Quintus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution, forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are: 1. Daniel Robani Pharisee; 2. John Zorobabel; 3. Raphael Robani; 4. Capet. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem though the gate of Tournea." The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words:—"A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280 in the city of Aquill (Aquilla?), in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities, and remained there till it was found by the Commissaries of Art in the French Army of Italy. Up to time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the Chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained by their petitions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgement of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the Commission of Arts. De non had a *facsimile* of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,890*l.* There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the gospels.—The Shepton Mallet Journal, (England).

PROTECT THE CHILDREN.

If I pierce the young leaf of a shoot of a plant with the finest needle, the prick forms a knot which grows with the leaf, becomes harder, and prevents it from obtaining its perfectly-complete form. Something similar takes place after wounds which touch the tender germ of the human soul and injure the heart-leaves of its being. Therefore you must keep holy the being of the child; protect it from every rough and rude impression, from every touch of the vulgar. A gesture, a look, a sound is often sufficient to inflict such wounds. The child's soul is more tender than the finest or tenderest plant. It would have been far different with humanity if every individual in it had been protected in that tenderest age as befitted the human soul which holds within itself the divine spark. — Froebel.

A young man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars would come into their hands that did not belong to them. All depended on this clerk's serving their purpose. To their vexation, he utterly refused to do so. He could not be induced to sell his conscience for any one's favor. As the result, he was discharged from the place. Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman, being pleased with his address, asked him for any good reference he might have. The young man felt that his character was unsullied, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer. "I have just been dismissed from his employ, and you can inquire of him about me." It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendations, but the gentleman called on the firm, and found that the objection was that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been greatly troubled by too conscientious employes, and preferred that those

intrusted with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty; so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in favor, and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

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