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Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XIV.

LONDON, ONT., CANADA, FIRST MONTH, 1893.

No. 1

THE KING'S GIFT.

The angels open the windows wide

In the world so far above us,
Lo, all about us, on every side,
Falls the newborn year unstained, untried,
O, angel hearts that love us !

Ye take our yesterdays dim and old,
Touched with sorrow and sinning,
And ye give to us with a grace untold
The year's soft dew and the dawn of gold,
Ye give us the fresh beginning.

Unstained the new year falls at our feet
From the world so far above us,
And what it will bring of joy complete,
Or take of treasures tender and sweet,
Ye know, O hearts that love us !

JEAN BLEWETT.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

(By Charlotte M. Way, read before N. Y. and E. Y. F. Association.)

The idea of prayer like other ideas, common to all of humanity, has changed, through the ages, with the changing beliefs and ideals of the race. When man looked upon God as a creature like himself, with passions strong in proportion to his power, he believed that sacrifices and loud prayers would gain for him what he demanded. For the Greek Zens would fight and grant favors, if propitiated. To the Jew, Jehovah would grant victory and blessing so long as his will was obeyed and only his enemies slaughtered. These ideas have slowly changed with the evolution of the world under Christian influence. Even following the thought of many of our own time, of God as our Father, beautiful as the thought is, if we follow the simile we think of the necessity of presenting our petitions, that he may consider and grant them according to His wisdom.

But what becomes of our theory of prayer if we hold ourselves strictly to the thought of the indwelling Spirit of God? If a portion of the infinite spirit dwells within the mind that forms the thought, does he not know our wants before we can express them? And if we acknowledge that everything in the universe, natural and spiritual alike, is subject to his unchanging law, and the things we ask for come to us in response to our own efforts and in accord with His laws, what is the province of prayer?

What then is prayer? It is "the soul's *sincere desire*, uttered or unexpressed." It may be the hunger of the body calling for food; it may be the hunger of the soul asking for light and guidance; it may be the longing of an unsatisfied soul for something higher than its present condition; or it may be a well worded and heartfelt prayer expressing the thought of an aspiring and reverent mind.

This great and overwhelming desire for something is the first step toward a successful following of the laws that lead us to the desired goal, for we cannot gain an end unless we desire it sufficiently to work for it diligently. Therefore, we may cast out from our category of prayers all petitions, no matter how carefully worded or lofty in thought, that have not behind them this intense want and desire.

Further, in our lack of wisdom we may many times petition for things unnecessary or hurtful. These wishes, like all wrong things, can endure but for a time. Truth in the end will triumph; our minds will be opened to see the Light. We have left then, for our consideration, only those heartfelt calls upon the infinite for the good and

pure things that we lack, and that 'tis best we should have, and which, if we desire sufficiently—that is, pray for, hard enough—we shall have.

It is in this sense, in the nature of things, that prayers have their answers. For whatever is good, there is a way of getting it, or laws that condition it. If we believe in God, it is He who inspires the want, and it is His laws by which the wants are met. If we throw the force of our want for a thing, therefore, into the ordained way, or into obeying its laws, we shall have it.

We want a harvest, and we turn our want into the channel of the law of the harvest. We want to shield a child from temptation, and we obey the laws of the building of character and of moral influence. Those who turn the force of the most intense want most precisely into its constituted way of approach shall have more, and I may say, shall please God better, than those whose want is meagre. If we want, and take no pains to set our want to work in the direction of its accomplishment, we shall wait forever, till our want learns to express itself according to the law of the thing wanted. In short, an effectual prayer is, in its essence, a want or need which goes out into intelligent obedience of its eternal conditions.

If, then, our sincere prayers are answered in a natural and right way, may we not in perfect trust give expression to our wants, interpreted by the highest light that we possess—trusting for fuller knowledge when we need it. Reverence for the infinite as expressed in the power and beauty of creation is another element of prayer, and it is helped and encouraged by all grand and genuine words that express it. Aspiration, the striving after ideals and unselfishness, the appreciation of good in others and sympathy with others, toil and sorrow are parts in real prayer. Further, and last, an adjustment of the mind to the highest known good must come with prayer.

These are all elements in the best prayer and from the cultivation of these thoughts and attitudes of mind comes much of the value of prayer to the human mind and soul.

For prayer is the putting of the mind into a state of harmony with all truth so that we may be ready to know and obey the natural and spiritual laws which govern the universe, and thus obtain in the best way possible that which we seek. And the more constantly we get our minds into this harmony, the more shall we practice the art of spiritual living, and the more frequently shall we find our prayers answered.

CHRISTIANITY AS FRIENDS SEE IT.

II.—PRACTICAL.

In the application of Christianity to the affairs of life, there is necessarily the same freedom among Friends as in the acceptance of beliefs, but there is not the same diversity. It is the high degree of unanimity in our views of practical Christianity that makes our organization possible.

We look upon Christianity as pre-eminently a practical religion, based upon love; love of God and love of man. Our love of God is shown by faithfulness to the Inner Light—that is, by earnest effort to find out what is best, and to do the best we know. Upon our love of man are based the various "testimonies" for which the Society stands.

We are opposed to war because it is founded upon hatred rather than love, and because we do not believe the love of an enemy to be merely the dream of an idealist. We would not do wrong even in a good cause; and to take a man's life we do not believe to be right.

We are opposed to the prevailing methods of dealing with criminals, because they are not founded upon

love for the wrong-doer. Christianity, as Friends see it, does not mean, however, a weak submission to the evil-disposed; it permits the use of force if actuated by love and not by fear or resentment. It demands that our aim in restraining the criminal shall be his own improvement. We must overcome evil, not with more evil, but with good. Clearly, there is no room for capital punishment in a penal code based upon love; and until our prisons are designed to reform those committed to them, our prisons themselves are in urgent need of reforming.

We believe there is but one way of settling the race problems that have been and still are so serious in this country. We must recognize the Indian, the Negro and the Chinaman as our fellowmen, and let love guide us in our dealings with them. Not a weak, sentimental love that magnifies the woes and the importance of the oppressed, but a practical, honest love that sees and respects the rights of all, and accords to others the same consideration we would have for ourselves. We know from experience the efficacy of such a method.

The Society of Friends discourage the cultivation and use of tobacco, and expects its members to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, because it recognizes in alcohol and tobacco two powerful enemies of the happiness and virtue of mankind, and knows that if we would help our fellows we must ourselves be free from offence. There is much difference of opinion as to the best method of resisting these evils, and everyone is free to work in his own way; but total abstinence is insisted upon as a basis of temperance work.

Christianity as Friends see it is for everyday use. The love of man that it implies must be shown in business as well as in philanthropic work. He who loves his brother as himself will engage in no transaction that is not mutually advantageous; he will be

careful not to extend his business "beyond his ability to manage," and he will be prompt in meeting all obligations. The importance attached to this phase of applied Christianity is such that the Society undertakes to caution or advise its members when it seems necessary, with the result that business failures among Friends are very rare. All forms of gambling are considered unchristian, whether it be speculation, a game of chance, a lottery, or a church fair raffle.

It is a very wholesome query that must be answered several times a year by every meeting, as to whether tale-bearing and detraction are avoided and discouraged. Where love and unity prevail, gossip and disparaging remarks cannot be indulged in.

The simple justice that love for one's fellows demands, gives equal educational advantages to boys and girls; accords the same rights and privileges to both sexes in the religious organization, and has but one standard of morality for men and women.

The care of the poor is a Christian duty recognized by all, but Friends believe it necessary not only to render assistance to those of their members who need it, but to give it so quietly that no one but the recipient and the Relief Committee knows anything about it.

"As a man begins to live more seriously within, he begins to live more simply without," is the way Emerson has stated one of the fundamentals of practical Quakerism. Simplicity, moderation, truthfulness, are its cardinal virtues.

Since the simple word of an honest man is as binding as any oath could be, and since neither the word nor the oath of any other than an honest man can be depended upon. Friends recognize, as did Jesus, the uselessness, the folly and the irreverence of the practice of taking oaths.

The use of any title or form of speech that implies an inequality

among men where Christian brotherhood admits none, is inconsistent with the principles of Friends. The particular forms of complimentary speech that were in vogue at the time of the rise of the Society, however, may at present time be unobjectionable. The moderation and simplicity that deterred the early Friends from wearing mourning, and kept them from the follies of changing fashion, must do the same for us to day; but they do not require an adherence to any style of dress or any form of speech. What constitutes moderation and simplicity for one person, no other person may presume to say, but the practice of these virtues will follow as the natural result of striving to make one's life conform to one's highest conception of right.

EDWARD B RAWSON.

THE GOSPELS.

INTRODUCTION.

I invite the readers of YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to a brief study of the Gospels. Let us try to read as they would read them who have somewhat the habit of students and whose minds are clear of any preconceived theories of their origin, or character. Let us read them, however, under the feeling that there is an eternal source of strength and power for righteousness that has always been influencing human character; that in all ages this power has evolved noble, pure and good lives from less noble, pure and good; that whilst no attainment in that which makes up the life of the perfect man is limited to any previous attainment, yet the noblest human character is an outgrowth of antecedent *human* character.

If possible we shall try to read the narratives as we would read and understand writings that have no claim to be sacred writings, recognizing, nevertheless, that the record of all good and noble action is inspiring; that the history of all pure and true lives is

sacred, in the fact that it tends to help us make our own lives sublime. Thus, while we shall endeavor to study the writings as we do other books, we shall not fail to remember that we do not read all books in the same spirit. As we recognize that the study of mathematics and the study of poetry, the study of music and the study of science, each requires for itself its peculiar mental attitude,—that of the mathematician, the poet, the musician, or the scientist,—so we shall endeavor to keep constantly in view that the Gospels are religious writings, and can only be properly understood by those that are imbued with their spirit and who endeavor to enter into sympathy with the power that evidently ruled in the noble life of Him who rose to spiritual heights unparalleled in human history.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE GOSPELS.

When or by whom the Gospels were written the books themselves give little evidence. Only one of them—the fourth—in any direct way indicates the probable author. In John xxi, 20, 21, we are told that Peter, at the close of the last interview he had with the manifested Jesus, “turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned back on his breast at supper,” and 24th verse of the same chapter it is said, “This is the disciple which beareth witness of these things, *and wrote these things*; and we know that his witness is true.” The disciple “whom Jesus loved” is mentioned in John xiii, 23, as “reclining in Jesus bosom at the last supper, also in xix, 26, as being present with the mother of Jesus at the time of the crucifixion. From this connection it has been inferred that John was the disciple “who wrote these things”—*i.e.* the fourth Gospel, since John, with Peter and James (the brother of Jesus) seem in the Gospels to have held a more intimate relationship with Jesus than did any other of his disciples. The evidence, however, that John was

the one who wrote the book as we now have it, is not clear, for the closing verse of the book seems to indicate that the matter therein contained had been gleaned from the testimony of John by several who had heard him and who could therefore affirm "and we know that his witness is true," and finally a single editor put it in its present form, closing with his own words; "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written."

The Gospel ascribed to Luke has the following introduction. "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which have been fulfilled (or fully established) among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word, it seemed good to me also, having traced the course of all things accurately from the first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus; that thou mightest know the certainty concerning these things (or words) wherein thou wast instructed (or which thou wast taught by word of mouth). Who the pronoun "me" represents, or who Theophilus was to whom he writes, we have no clue. As the word Theophilus means "loved of God" it is quite possible that no particular person is alluded to, but that the inscription is a general one to all lovers of God. Like the closing lines of the fourth Gospel this indicates that in the century following the death of Jesus many had attempted to write his biography, or a history of his work in the ministry. This introduction also informs us that the writer, whoever he was, was not an eye-witness of the events he intended to write about, but that the material which he incorporated in his book had been given to him by some of the apostles, and that he had carefully compiled it, so that the narra-

tive should present the events in a consecutive order.

Examining the second Gospel, Prof. Carpenter * calls attention to the various graphic touches and descriptions of the feelings and demeanor of Jesus that "might seem to proceed from the recollection of some disciple who cherished the memory of his very look and tone." The author portrays, as none of the others do, what may be called the human frailties in Jesus as in iii, 5, when he was rebuked for attempting to heal on the Sabbath day a man with a withered hand, he "looked round about on them *with anger*, being grieved at the hardening of their hearts," and x, 14, when the disciples would prevent the children from crowding upon him "*he was moved with indignation.*" He alone tells us of the tenderness he showed on various occasions, as when the rich young man would learn how to inherit eternal life, x, 21, "*Jesus looking upon him, loved him*, and said unto him, "One thing thou lackest," and when the Scribe commended him for the wisdom of his answer to the question, "What Commandment is first of all?" xii, 34, Jesus said unto him, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." The writer of the Gospel bearing the name of Mark thus writes in a rather familiar way about Jesus, telling us many little details of narrative given by no other, as that when the multitude crowded about so that they could not so much as eat bread, iii, 21, "When his friends heard it, they went out to lay hold on him, for they said, He is beside himself." He also repeats the very words spoken by Jesus in the Aramaic, to the daughter of Jairus, v, 41, "Talitha Cumi," to the deaf and dumb man vii, 34, "Ephphatha," and in the Garden of Gethsemane, xiv, 36, "Abba." He tells us also of the rather playful moods of Jesus, as when he surnames James and John, iii, 17, "Boanerges, which is

*The First Three Gospels by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., Oxford.

sons of thunder." Yet nowhere does the writer reveal himself or give us any clue to his identity.

Nor do we find any internal evidence in the first Gospel that will aid in determining its authorship. In fact there are in this Gospel very clear indications that more than one person had a hand in its composition. It will be more in accordance with my purpose to set forth the evidences of this composite authorship at a later period in this paper.

CANADA TO COLUMBIA :

BY ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Ere out of the sickened East we crept,
in the wake of the setting sun,
This land we have cloven in twain by hate,
in the days of old was one,
'Twas one from the walls of eternal ice
to the hills of eternal heat,
From the fog-wrapt Banks to that bourn
remote,
where the waves and the Rockies meet,
From the lonely dunes of the polar snows,
and the plains of the norland pine,
Right down to the shore of the sultry Gulf
and the vale of the southern vine;
And the bird and the wind all season long
knew naught of our old-world cry
Of "Yonder the home of a stranger folk"
and "Yonder an alien sky;"
For over it bent the one blue dome,
and journeyed the one good sun,
And the riotous lakes joined laughing
hands,
and the world of the west was one.

But we, with our old-world legends,
and the taint of our old world ills,
We came with the curse in our heart-core,
and cleaving the plains and hills,
We laid the Line of our homeland there,
as the Line of our hatred and love;
Then kneeled to our God, and unto him
taught
the infinite good thereof,
And prayed, since north of the Line were
brothers,
and south of the Line were foes,
That His blight should ever fall
where the wind of the Alien blows.

So ye, who dwelt in the Southland,
spoke up to the self same note:
"My heart shall I harden against ye,
my hand shall I hold at your throat,
And your Home—shall I hate to the finish,
and mine—shall I love to the end;

And since you are south of the Border,
I claim you as kindred and friend.
But for ye who have gone to the Outlands,
and over the mystical Line,
My hate shall endure till the end of my
days,
or unto the end of thine ;
And though we have spoken the selfsame
tongue,
and eaten the selfsame bread.
The line of our hatred and love ordains
that I loathe ye, living or dead.

God knows in our old-world legends
lurked many an old-world blot—
Old gods that were best forgotten,
and days that we scarce would name,
And many a deed we sorrowed for,
and many a thing of shame.
We had mourned them of old too long,
and we, to remember not,
Went forth from the homes of our fathers,
and old in our sorrows, came
To the uttermost ends of the earth,
the old-time wrongs we wrought,
And the curse of our foolish hatred,
some day might be forgot.

And have we so well forgotten,
and made us our peace with God,
That again we should write in our blood
what brought us of old abroad ?
And the things it were sorrow to utter,
be spoken with laughter again ?
God's sunlight is gold on our highlands,
your lowlands are sweet with His rain,
Where your hillsides grow heavy with har-
vests,
our norlands are golden with grain.
And as though we were suckled of she-
wolves,
with neither a dug nor a bone,
We each of us snarl at the other in hate,
who are given so much of our own;
And housed by the selfsame seas as we are,
and roofed by the one blue dome,
Like children we babble of hatred—and lo!
we sleep in the selfsame home ;
Where prisoned by ancient passions,
we vaunt of our freedom in vain,
And e'en in our boasting,
bruse our limbs on the old ironical
chain.

Let them who are far from our doorway
make war, as it was of old,
And the life of the one be hatred,
and the heart of the one be cold.
Let them, if they will, be wolves,
and their house from the wolf withhold,
And since by the sword they conquered,
be conquered themselves by the sword.
But we, my brothers, who loitered and ate
so long at the selfsame board,
Shall sound the curse of our ancient hate
from our re-united home,

And eat of each other's harvest again,
 and reap of each other's loam.
 And the life we live be a larger life,
 and our love know never a line,
 From the lonely dunes of the polar snows,
 and the plains of the norland pine,
 Right down to the shore of the sultry Gulf,
 and the vale of the southern vine.
 So we of the North, to ye of the South,
 stretch over an open hand,
 And ye— ye have had your sorrows,
 and ye will understand!

THE LEGEND OF SANTA CLAUS.

For a child who has been told there is no
 Santa Claus.

AS TOLD BY CORA HAVILAND AT THE
 BROOKLYN BIBLE SECTION MEETING.

Long ago in the country where the Christ child was born, there lived a man whose name was Nicholas. Everyone loved him, and why do you suppose that this was so? I will tell you. It was because he loved everyone so dearly that no one could help loving him in return. He had no children of his own, but he played father to all the children in the village where he lived, and they called him "Father Nicholas."

"Father Nicholas" must have heard of the Christ-child, I think. At any rate he wanted, more than anything else in the world, to make people happy. He used to walk down the street and stop to talk with the mothers at work in the doorways, and to lift the babies to his shoulders and dance them in the air. He carried candies and toys for the older children, and sometimes he slipped them quietly into the pockets of good little boys and girls when they were not looking. Then he would hurry away before they had time to thank him. You may be sure that the children liked to see Father Nicholas' brown cloak coming toward them, and loved to run up to him to hold fast to his kind hand. He lived in this same village, they say, for years and years; and the babies who crowded in Father Nicholas' arms, grew old enough to toddle by his side, then to run to meet him, then to walk beside him and learn the lessons he

taught. Finally, they were grown men and women who had other little children growing up about them, and Father Nicholas' hair grew grayer and grayer until it was as white as snow, and he walked more slowly, for he was growing very old. Still his heart was young, and he loved more than ever to make people happy,—to surprise children with presents, to play with the babies and to help everyone who needed help in the kindest way. After a time the people in the village called him St. Nicholas, because he was so good.

One Xmas night, when he was walking slowly down the street, he heard a sound like some one crying. This made him feel sad, and he stopped to listen. The sound came through the window of a small wooden house, a little way back from the street. St. Nicholas gathered up his long brown cloak and waded through the snow to the window. He heard the same sound again and peeped through the shutter. Two children were sitting on the floor of a big empty room, crying. One said, "Father has no money to buy dinner, and he is very unhappy. What shall we do?" The other answered, "Let's pray to the dear Christ-child to help us." While they were praying, St. Nicholas softly opened the shutter and threw a handful of money through the broken pane. When the children ran to the window, no one was there, but they nodded their heads and said, "We know the Christ child has been telling good Nicholas to help us."

Years and years ago the dear old man died, but the village people remembered him always, and told people of other countries of his goodness. They used to fancy that he was still with them on Christmas day, and the German children called him "Santa Claus," which is a shorter name for St. Nicholas. Even now we remember him at Christmas time, and try to be like him by giving presents and making people happy, just as he did for the love of the Christ-child so long ago.

For Young Friends' Review.

THOUGHTS GLEANED FROM Y. F. ENDEAVOR, AT HIGH- LAND, INDIANA.

BY E. E. HEACOCK, SALEM, IND.

Who buildeth the temple as God desires,
Some hew, some mason, some frame,
All work for the Master and work with a
will,
His goodness and glory proclaim.

If all built alike, what a building 't would be,
Imperfect, for each knows but part
Of the work that the Master wants done,
Then labor to do thy part.

Nor ask of the Father what others may
build,
For thou hast a work of thine own,
If thy work is lowly, foundations must lie,
Where riseth the palace of stone.

In building the temple for future homes.
In the life beyond the skies
Each thought, an atom; each word, loss or
gain;
Perfection is paradise.

PEACE.

Paper read by Edgar M Zavitz at the Philanthropic
Session on "Peace and Arbitration" at Coldstream,
12th mo. 26, 1897.

How appropriate, on this bright
Christmas morning, to write an essay
on "Peace." The vegetable kingdom
is at rest, safe and warm, under its
quilt of snow, softer and whiter than
the eiderdown. The animal kingdom,
taught by instinct and aided by the
kindness of man, has retired into cozy
nooks, contented with peeping out
occasionally at the glorious sunshine,
to hear it in cheery whispers repeat its
promise, "Lie low, my little one, till
the storms be past, and I will unlock
thy gloomy prison, and lead thee
bounding over the green sward." But
even more appropriate on account of
its being the birth morn of one who
was the embodiment of love, and was
called the Prince of Peace—Jesus of
Nazareth. O what a balm of peace
the very mention of the name Jesus
imparts to the mind! What the

blessed Buddha did for Asia, *that*, I
believe, will Jesus do for the world.
Buddha has made all Asia mild.
Jesus will become the acknowledged
Prince of Peace o'er all the world.

While we are, in the case of our
spiritual brethren, the Dookhoborts,
away in Russia, and in the cause of
temperance in our own vicinity, *unitedly*
endeavoring to devise means practi-
cally to benefit humanity, yet there is
ever and always an individual work to
be done. And this individual work,
perhaps, is the secret lever that must
move the world. Communities, na-
tions are the aggregate of the indi-
viduals, and we can elevate a commu-
nity or a nation only as we purify the
individual.

Therefore, I feel constrained to in-
vite you to a close examination of
yourselves. When we pass the compli-
ments of the season and wish a
"Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year
to all the world," do we say it from the
heart? Does the whole being labor
from love to beget the wish, or is it
just the tongue and lips that move
mechanically? "A Merry Xmas and
a Happy New Year to all," may mean
more, vastly more, than we have ever
put into it. It may be easy enough
to feel it tingle our being on a bright
Christmas morn, when everybody gets
a present and makes an extra effort to
be happy. But Christmas morn should
last the whole year round. Especially
should we make that extra effort to
live in the bright sunshine of love and
good will, when the gloomy days and
the cruel misfortunes overtake us,
when the lying tongue slanders us and
our modest rights are trampled under
the feet of the haughty. Do we main-
tain unbroken the feeling of good will
and love when these trials come to try
us? Do we not often, oh, how often,
forget ourselves? Are we not repeat-
edly found wanting, even in the little
trials and vexations of life? Are we
not often in friction with our nearest
friends? O, these are searching ques-

tions, if we are honest to them. And, as we love our souls, let us be frank and sincere. Let the refining fire of God's spirit, as it falls upon our heart altars, perform its purifying work.

If ever we give way to anger let us acknowledge our failure. It is wrong, and we must suffer for it. The penalty—farther alienation from heaven is the unavoidable result. There is no other way of escaping the penalty than by avoiding the cause.

Closely allied to anger is the besetting sin of jealousy. It often leads to anger, and through anger to deeds of violence. Jealousy seems to be a sort of perverted love. It is the sweets of love turned into vinegar. The same heart will pour out honey to its adored; to its rival, vinegar. This shows how suddenly the mind can change from good to evil if not watched. O, how foolish, when one thinks of it, to let the spirit of jealousy, merely for some trifling and imaginary grievance, take possession of our minds, sour our natures, and keep us eternally miserable, when we might be eternally happy.

If ever we give way to a feeling of resentment, a similar alienation follows. There is no compromise between love and hate. There is even no twilight. The line is clear cut as between good and evil. "The spirit of the Lord is sharper than any two-edged sword." Do not trust yourselves in the twilight of a "righteous indignation." You will there "see men as trees walking."

It is a delusion and a misnomer. Its true name is *un*righteous indignation. Come out into the full glory of divine love.

Nothing short of full compliance with the command to "love our enemies" and to "resist not evil," will satisfy Him with whom we have to deal. But we cannot judge altogether from actions aside from motives. We may be carrying out the law of "non-resistance to evil" in our motive when

we seem to another, misjudging from our actions, to be violating the command. I may be led, by love in the heart, to act in such a manner that will frustrate the robber's or the murderer's evil design, thereby preserving mine or another's life. Omnipotent, divine love would no doubt suggest some peaceful and efficient means for self-preservation. Jesus did not forbid such a course, but on several occasions practiced it. "Then took they up stones to cast at him; but Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by."

God judges the motive. Although man cannot see his brother's motive, each man can see and know, if he choose to examine, his own motive. It is in the motive that Christ said "Resist not evil." It is to the soul that He said "Love your enemies." They are synonymous terms. We cannot reject one without rejecting the other. We cannot reject either without the whole religious temple that Jesus erected tumble to the earth. They are the keystone. If we have not love we are not God's.

"He that overcometh" Overcometh what? Not some far off Herculean task. The fire-breathing Dragon and the hundred-headed Hydra, that thou must overcome, are found in thine own breast "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." The names of some of the most dangerous of these are hate, envy, jealousy, resentment. Until thou track them to their secret lair, which thou wilt find in some gloomy corner of thy soul, and there slay them, thou mayest not hear the welcome, "Well done, thou hast overcome, and mayest sit with me in my Father's Kingdom."

A great authority on fish says that every square mile of the sea is inhabited by 120,000,000 finny creatures.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

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Please make all remittances by Post Office Order, or Express Order, drawn payable at London, Ont.; or by mail, which comes at our risk *if registered*. Postage stamps (American or Canadian) are accepted for change.

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

The Young Friends' Association of Greater New York has secured space in the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW for reports, &c., during this year. They have appointed an able committee to edit the department, and have full charge. We can guarantee the space thus used will be of general interest in our Society, as it will cover the doings of the Association, the Society, the Philanthropic Com., &c., &c. The editors are among the brightest minds in our Society.

As previously announced, we begin this month a short series of articles on the "Gospels," by Wm. M. Jackson, of New York City. They are a literary study of this most important part of the Scriptures, and give in a clear and

plain way what the Gospels say of themselves. The intelligent study of the Bible is a great help to us in our search after the Truth, and we hope that is what we are all earnestly and sincerely striving to know, and to follow. The writer of these articles is the pioneer along this line in our Society, and stands at the head to-day as our leader in this movement, in which many in our Society, as well as outside, are now becoming deeply interested. W. M. J.'s articles in the REVIEW on the "The Hebrew Conception of God," some three years ago, opened the door for such study, and the interest in it has been steadily increasing since. God still reveals His purposes to His children as in ancient times, and an *intelligent* study of the Bible will only confirm us in this belief, and that our conception of His purposes have wonderfully developed. We commend an honest study of these articles.

Subscriptions are coming in for the REVIEW, and with them often come kindly and encouraging words. We give a few out of many such expressions which we receive during the year:

From Rochester N. Y.: "We should feel quite lonely without the little paper."

From Pendleton, Ind: "I prize it (Y. F. REVIEW) very highly, and especially Wm. M. Jackson's articles. I anxiously await the 1st mo. number, hoping to find in it his first of a series of articles on Bible study, as promised. William is my old school teacher, and a nicer family never lived than his."

In sending a large club from Eastern New York, the sender says: I have all the members' families of our Monthly Meeting in this list now, and several who are not members."

We are most happy to publish this as a good example for all other Monthly Meetings to follow. No such Meeting but can afford to. In fact, we can hardly see how any can afford *not* to.

We wish to urge again our desire to this year materially enlarge our list of subscriptions, by the efforts on the part of our readers and club raisers to have the REVIEW go into such Friends' and Friendly homes as at present take no Friends' paper. We know by experience that an interest in our principles and Society is created and increased in many instances by the monthly visits of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. We shall gladly furnish sample copies upon request, and send them to any address. Parents, if you have sons and daughters away from home, whom you wish to keep interested in the principles and Society of Friends, just see to it that they are furnished with this paper each month, or if your children are at home you cannot afford to be without the REVIEW. Its cost is small.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW:

BERNHARDS BAY,
12 mo. 18, 1897.

Being confined to my room on account of ill health I thought I would write a little history of my coming up through time. I was born in the town of New Baltimore, Greene Co., N. Y., on the 30th day of 11th mo., 1819; my grand-parents, of the same place on my mother's side, was John and Phoebe Powell. They belonged to the Society of Friends. He took a great interest in carrying ministering Friends at that time from place to place to attend appointed meetings. Their children and grandchildren were many. Their grandchildren, that are now living, are scattered in different parts of the west. Thinking that some of them might be taking the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW, and might wish to hear of my whereabouts, I send this little notice. I would just say here that my mother married Henry Winn. In the winter of '29 and '30, when I was 10 years old, my parents left New Baltimore and moved to the town of Constantia, Oswego Co., N. Y.; settled on one hundred

acres of heavy timbered land, about two miles north of Oneida Lake. It was a wilderness country at that time. In the 23rd year of my age I left home. The next year I bought a wild lot near my old home. At 26 I married Rhoda A. Plumb, and the same year I built a small house, right in the woods, and moved into it. Went to clearing land again for a home of my own, and here we are yet in a part of the same house we moved into over 52 years ago. I, Cornelius D. Winn, am 78 years; my wife, Rhoda A. Winn, is 71 years. Three girls were our children—Mary E., born 4th mo. 25, 1847; Jerusha A., born 5th mo 6, 1853; Olive J., born 9th mo. 5, 1858. Olive, the only one that has children, has three boys and one girl living, one girl dying in infancy.

CORNELIUS D. WINN.

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY,
ASSOCIATION.

The regular Monthly Meeting of the Young Friends' Association was held last evening, with an interesting programme.

The delegates appointed to attend the general conference recently held at Newtown, Penn., reported that all had been able to attend, and a written report, prepared by Clarence B. Vail, furnished those members who were unable to be present with a satisfactory account of the proceedings.

As examples of the value which other denominations were beginning to place upon some of the vital testimonies of Friends, two articles were read—the first from the editorial department of the Outlook, called "Retreats of the Spirit"; the other, a fair-minded tribute to George Fox and his testimony against a "hireling ministry," from The Church at Home and Abroad, the official organ of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches.

It was decided to defer the consid-

eration of the Separation of Friends in 1827-28 until a future meeting, but extracts from the account of the George Keith movement in 1692, taken from Janney's History of Friends, were read, as an appropriate introduction to the subject.

The roll call was responded to with selections from Whittier.

C. A. G.

ARKONA YOUNG FRIENDS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Our association meets each alternate First-day afternoon at 3 o'clock. That seems to be the most favorable time for it, as our members are so scattered. We organized a little over six months ago and divided the members into three sections, viz., Discipline, Literature and Current Topics. Only a few rounds of meetings under this regulation were conducted owing to the fact that our small membership divided into three parts made the sections so small it was difficult to get sufficient attendance at the section meetings to keep good interest.

The idea of sections was abandoned and we now, as a committee of the whole, take up the three branches regularly in order as before, appointing a committee to specially prepare the programme for each meeting. This committee meets on the first Fourth-day evening, succeeding the regular meeting, at some Friend's home, together with any or all other members of the association that can make it convenient to attend.

The subject for that particular time is taken up and discussed after the reading and consideration of a chapter from the Scriptures. A chapter is also chosen for the next meeting which will as nearly as possible correspond with the subject in hand.

These special meetings are maintained with a good degree of interest, which I think is increasing.

The election of our officers took

place a few weeks ago, with the following results: President, Albert E. Cutler; Vice President, Jas. Herrington; Secretary-Treasurer, Ethel M. Cutler; Cor. Secretary, S. P. Brown.
S. P. BROWN,
Birnam, 11 mo., 25th. Cor. Sec.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

VIII.

Salt Lake is quite a beautiful city, of more than 60,000 inhabitants, situated near but not on the lake of the same name, which is a large body of salt water, about 70 miles long, by 30 wide, from which a manufactory is busily engaged in preparing salt for commercial purposes, large heaps of the crude mineral being piled up on the land, exposed to the weather—a sufficient testimony to the dryness of the country. The streets of the city are lined on both sides with trees, the luxuriant growth of which adds much to the appearance of the city, and which is maintained by the mountain streams running through the gutters, adding fertility to the gardens and at the same time carrying off all refuse matter which might otherwise accumulate to the detriment and annoyance of the inhabitants.

The telegraph and telephone companies are compelled by the trees to place their poles in the center of the streets, a practice which I have noticed in other of the principal cities, and which enables the electric railways to use the same poles for their trolleys—an undoubted convenience. Manhattan Beach and Soltaire, two of the principal public resorts, and distant from the city about fourteen miles, in different directions, with the first being more to my taste. The bathing houses are situated on the beach, from which the bathers can walk into the water, and this place, I am told, is more frequented by parties with their families, while Soltaire is built on piers leading out into the lake, and

the bathers descend by steps into the water. This is the favorite resort of the young people, and they seem to enjoy the recreation, but further than looking, I did not venture to participate.

Fort Douglas is situated on a high plateau, at the base of the mountains, and overlooking the city, and is a beautiful place and is quite popular as a resort. It was no doubt selected by the Government in troublous times for its strategic importance as controlling the city, but apart from the measured tread of the sentinel, pacing his beat, and the soldiers lounging in groups on the porch of their barracks, there is nothing to remind one that this is a military post, occupied at present by four companies of colored infantry. The lawn, which forms part of the parade ground, is planted with thrifty, growing shade trees, and is flanked on three sides by the residence of the officers and the barracks of the men, giving it more the character of a city villa than a Government institution, being kept with the greatest neatness. On our way we passed the grave of Brigham Young, situated in one end of a retired cemetery, without any ostentatious display connected with its belongings, but as one of the commemorative incidents connected with the 50th anniversary of the settlement of this State, the citizens have just placed in the main street of the city, in close proximity to the temple, a granite pedestal, surrounded by a bronze statue of this noted leader and governor. Most of our company attended services in the tabernacle, a building capable of seating 7,000 comfortably, and will hold 12 000. The performance of the choir, consisting of 600 young men and women, assisted by the great organ, probably the largest in the country, was pronounced as simply grand. The acoustic properties of this building are said to be so nearly perfect as to require but little exertion to be heard in any part of it. The

temple, the Mormon holy of holies, which was 40 years in construction, and in which no Gentile is allowed to place his foot, nor any one else except the officers of the church, so I am told, is built in the enclosure adjoining the tabernacle, and is surrounded by a stone wall, over twelve feet high, with massive gates of entrance. It is considered a very fine building, but I must confess I was disappointed in it as a model of architectural beauty. The church keeps itself before the public by prefixing the word "Zion" to all pursuits, financial, mercantile, and which are largely conducted on the co-operative system, and from my observation this requires the cementing influence of the religious element to make them successful. The 24th of July is the anniversary of the Mormon arrival in Utah, and it is universally kept by them, answering as a national festival to our 4th of July, and this being the 50th anniversary or jubilee, the whole of the week preceding has been given up to recreation and congratulation, the old pioneers, of whom there are still several hundred scattered over this and the adjoining states, have been coming in with every train to mingle with their brethren in the enjoyment of the reminiscences of this, to them, at least, a land of promise. A grand procession took place on the day of our visit, and was embellished by floats emblematical of the progress of the state, from a wilderness until the present time. The first house in the territory, with its owner, were represented, then the immigrant with his push cart, and his wife seated within, the single ox team, then the long team of catt'le, then the freighting team, then the mail coach with guards thoroughly armed, and finally the locomotive with the train brought up the rear.

The silk industry was appropriately represented, as also the sugar industry; then came a tribute to the tradition of the gulls, which has it that the first

crops planted by the Mormons were about to be destroyed by an army of worms when flocks of gulls came upon the scene and destroyed them, thus saving the crops, and the people, looking upon this as an interposition of Providence in their favor, the destruction of these birds has since been prohibited. The Indians were fully represented by one of the neighboring tribes, men, women and children in their accustomed costumes, also the inveterate cowboy with his lassoos, his ammunition belt and pistols, and the rear was brought up by mercantile vans of various kinds.

Considering the great body of people brought together on this occasion, it was the quietest and most orderly gathering of the kind it has ever been my lot to witness, and I did not see a single drunken man in the crowd, but this was not owing to any lack of saloons, as there appeared to be quite as many as such cities generally have.

I now turned my face homeward, but before leaving Salt Lake, I must say that the Mormons, as far as I have come in contact with them, are a quiet, orderly class of citizens—probably the result of according to them all the rights which good citizens should have, and though polygamy may still exist to a very limited extent as the last fibres of a cancerous growth, education and science will yet root out ignorance and superstition and make a homogenous people of the inhabitants of this valley.

I can truly say that the green and fruitful fields of Nebraska never looked so beautiful as upon my return to them, and however much we may enjoy the varied scene of nature as we pass from one to the other, yet for substantial enjoyment there is nothing that can be compared to the quiet retirement of a rural home.

GEO. S. TRUMAN.

We are always hoping to do more than we ever accomplish.—*Goethe.*

GEORGE CLARK DEAD.

—
 WAS THE "GEORGE HARRIS" OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

—
 Lexington, Ky., Dec. 18—Lewis George Clark, the original George Harris of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," died here Thursday afternoon.

Clark could never determine the exact year of his birth. He said, when asked about his age: 'You see we depended on the old folks keeping it in their heads, and they are dead and gone. Of course, the master kept a record, but they are gone like the rest. As near as I can learn I was born somewhere between 1815 18.'

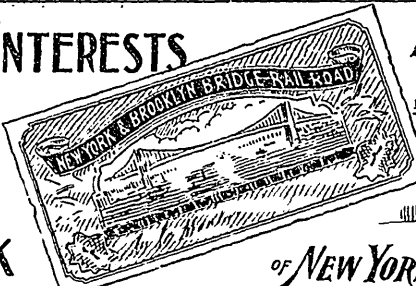
Clark was a short, spare man, of restive habits, and was a genial and racy talker. He was born a slave, but was as white as the fairest Caucasian. He had also a Scottish shrewdness, inherited from his father. Being on a large estate all went well, as well as in slavery. His owner was rich. But when his son inherited his fortune things began to go to the dogs.

One day it was rumored that all the slaves were to be sold. Clark, who had long had the unenviable distinction of being a "spirit nigger," mounted a pony and made a dash for liberty. He rode away over the hills to Ohio and to Canada. Then he ventured to Cambridge, Mass., where he lived for seven years with A. H. Safford, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

It was here that Mrs. Stowe heard from his lips the story of slavery. Clark became autobiographical, and Mrs. Stowe noted what he said. The result was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which made a continent tremble.

Clark remained in the north for many years after the war, and became an educated and cultured man. About seventeen years ago he returned to his old home to teach the negroes.

FRIENDLY INTERESTS IN GREATER NEW YORK



Reported By
**PUBLICATION
COMMITTEE
YOUNG FRIENDS
ASSOCIATION**
OF *NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.*

FIRST MONTH—1898.



CORDIAL INVITATION....

IS EXTENDED TO ALL WHO MAY BE INTERESTED TO ATTEND ANY OF THE MEETINGS NOTICED IN THESE COLUMNS.

Matter for this department should be addressed to the Chairman of the Publication Committee, EDWARD B. RAWSON, 226 E. 16th Street, New York.

MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP.

NEW YORK—East 15th St., cor. Rutherford Place. First-days, at 11 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; Fourth-days, at 10.30 a. m.

BROOKLYN—Schermerhom St., bet. Boerum Place and Smith St. First-days, 11 a. m.; Fifth-days, 11 a. m.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

NEW YORK—First-days, 10 a. m. and (Mission School) 2.30 p. m.

BROOKLYN—First-days, 10 a. m.

CALENDAR.

First Month:

2. New York Preparative Meeting—At close of morning meeting.
2. Brooklyn Preparative Meeting—At close of morning meeting.
2. Friends' Temperance Union—Library Room, 226 E. 16th Street, at 8 p. m.
7. Friends' Social at residence of Harriet Merritt, 25 Grace Court, Brooklyn, at 8 p. m.
8. New York Monthly Meeting, 2 p. m.—Supper at meeting house, 6 p. m.; Philanthropic Meeting in Library Room, 8 p. m.
9. Friendly Hand—Brooklyn Meeting House, at close of morning meeting.
9. Young Friends' Aid Association—New York Meeting House, at close of morning meeting.
16. Bible Section—(Brooklyn Division) of Young Friends' Association, at 243 Dean Street, Brooklyn. Subject, "Boyhood of Christ.
29. Westbury Quarterly Meeting—New York Meeting House, 10.30 a. m.; Lunch at Meeting House; Philanthropic Meeting, 3 p. m. Subject, "Social Purity." Paper by Anna Rice Powell, of Plainfield.
30. New York Preparative Meeting—At close of morning meeting.
30. Brooklyn Preparative Meeting—At close of morning meeting.

It has been the aim of the Young Friends' Association to bring as many of its members as possible into active participation in its work. The measure of success at a meeting is the number of persons who take part in the discussion. The theory is that it does one more good to say a thing himself than to hear another say it; and this is true when none of the members are much abler than the rest. But it is also true that it may sometimes be better to restrict the discussion to two or three speakers of ability and experience, as at the Philanthropic Meeting on the evening of last Monthly Meeting day, when Daniel Gibbons' paper on "Demoralizing Publications" was the subject of an interesting discussion by Dr. Magill, of Swarthmore, Aaron M. Powell and Henry Wilbur. Meetings of the first kind develop the power of expressing thought; those of the second kind may furnish us with more thoughts to express. Both are needed.

The ignorant monks of the middle ages, who, when parchment became scarce, erased what seemed to them unimportant and uninteresting records to make space for entertaining but preposterous tales of miracles told in the interest of the church, never dreamed that they were destroying what would soon have become valuable historical material, and substituting for it purile nonsense. Very few people realize the value of mere records to the historian. No one can foresee just what will be most

useful to the scholars of the future ; but it is safe to say that nothing that can be preserved will be entirely useless. Even the pious fairy tales of the palimpsest-making monks have a certain value now, but it is slight in comparison with that of the dry records they displaced. The makers of our Discipline were wise in providing for the making of records, and the Yearly Meeting did well last spring in appointing a committee to catalogue the books of record in possession of its subordinate meetings, to rebind those that might be in danger of falling to pieces, and to place as many as possible in the fire-proof safe at the New York Meeting House. Our own Monthly Meeting has recently expended a considerable sum for copying and binding the records of the Society made before the separation, and now in the possession of the Friends of 20th Street, and approaching the last stages of delapidation.

As the presence of a little child suggested to the Galilean Preacher a sermon on purity and faith, so did the somewhat unusual episode of a baby at a recent Monthly Meeting call forth similar reminders that childlike trust and innocence are conditions of entrance to heaven. The relation of child to parent was emphasised and made typical of man's relation to God. That the peculiar virtues of adulthood should be correspondingly appreciated is a thought less frequently presented.

To a body of men and women met to transact the business of the Society the sense of responsibility should be paralleled with consciousness of privilege, appreciation of opportunity, and reverent rejoicing in power to will and execute. There is no hint of irreverence in the thought that,

"Not God himself can make men's best
Without best men to help him.

Not alone the child's unquestioning, uncomprehending faith but the equally trustful confidence of maturer judg-

ment, keener insight and larger knowledge should characterize man's attitude toward God. "Of him to whom much is given, much shall be required." The child accepts in loving gratitude the father's gifts. While it is his providence simply to grow, responsibility and privilege rest lightly, but with manhood's consciousness of power should come consecration of manhood's will and ability.

Every enthusiastic and successful worker is prone to think his own method is the only right one, and that every one else is "taking hold of the wrong end." This is particularly true in temperance work, and the mistake is by no means confined to the successful. The Friends' Temperance Union hears from all classes of workers, but seldom from a more pleasing and at the same time distressing speaker than Anna Stabler, who addressed the last regular meeting (12th mo. 5th). In spite of the knowledge of the fact that most of us would fail miserably were we to attempt the kind of work in which she is so successful, and that other kinds of work are quite as necessary and quite as effective, it was difficult to escape a conviction of shortcoming in ourselves as we listened to her accounts of 'brotherhood suppers' and other devices for getting close in sympathy with the uncomfortable classes. It is always distressing to be made aware of our shortcomings—even when we know they are entirely imaginary.

At the Brooklyn Meeting not long ago a speaker expressed the idea that "Evil is powerful, but good is omnipotent." It has seemed to us that the realization of this thought is especially needed just here and now. Are we not too much inclined to magnify the power of evil, while we have very little faith in the omnipotence of good? When we hear of crime countenanced, of justice defeated, of wrong undressed, we cry that the forces of evil

are dominant and the forces of good dormant. When a corrupt politician obtains office, we declare that the city will be ruined. It is not so. If we believe that God is good, and that He is also omnipotent, then we must believe that good is omnipotent, and what is omnipotent will, in the end, prevail. This is a testimony that we, as Friends, should uphold. In times of public despondency, as well as in seasons of private sorrow, let us persistently and unflatteringly proclaim the omnipotence of good.

The Brooklyn First-day School Christmas Tree brought together all the children of the Meeting from far and near, and there was a Meeting House full of them. St. Nicholas climbed through the window, the chimney being too small for him. After a cheerful greeting and some words of advice, he hurried off for his other visits. His spirited reindeer and jangling bells could hardly wait for his return and it required a great many "Whoas" to keep them quiet while he staid. Eugene Field's "Just Before Christmas" was very well recited by Willie Mayer. Games of all kinds, from "Drop the Handkerchief," to "London Bridge" engaged the children, while the older folk enjoyed a rare social occasion. Ice cream and cake were served, and it was found that Santa Claus had left something for every scholar. Stephen was not forgotten, and his popularity was indicated by the applause that greeted his name.

One frequently hears college students assert that the intercourse with other students and the members of the faculty during the years at college is even more beneficial than the courses of study pursued. Whether this is true or not the Friends mode at college has a peculiar hold upon one's affections and reunions of students are always delightful occasions. Such was the meeting held in New York, 12th

mo. 4th, to which all who had ever been students at Swarthmore College were invited. The occasion was rendered more pleasant than it otherwise would have been by the presence of Dr Edward H. Magill, who was so long president of the college, and who is now Professor of French language there. In the address which formed the principal part of the programme, he told of his life before he became connected with the college, and of many interesting features of the college work while he was president. An organization was formed, called the New York Swarthmore College Association, and similar meetings will be held at least once a year.

In the discussion of "Ethical and Spiritual Culture" at Brooklyn Young Friends' Association, the point was made that there was too much negative doctrine; that "No, No," was almost the first thing that a child learned to say, and it said, "No, No" to everything; that we should get our minds in a more receptive form and get over this "No, No" habit, for we are in danger of denying a great many truths that would be helpful to us.

On the evenings of Twelfth month twenty ninth and thirtieth, some of the young people of the Brooklyn Meeting gave an amateur dramatic performance. The piece selected was a comedy called "Mr Bob," and the proceeds were devoted to the cause of the Mission Kindergarten. There was a full attendance both nights, the performance was a very creditable one, and the Mission Kindergarten Fund was considerably increased.

Handsome new carpets in gold and brown have been laid in the lobby, on the stairs and in the aisles of the Brooklyn Meeting House, giving a cherry welcoming appearance. Comfortable oak chairs and an oak pamphlet table have also been put in the entrance hall.

AT THE REGULAR MEETING IN BROOKLYN, 12TH MONTH 12TH, 1897.

The Conference Committee reported that two of its members had attended the meeting for worship at Flushing.

The Literature Section presented a brief notice (printed in full below) of the "Life of Abby Hopper Gibbons," by her daughter, Sarah Hopper Emerson.

The report of the Current Topics' Section called attention to the President's message, and his conservative policy regarding Cuba. Reference made to the liberal spirit pervading the Baptist Conference, recently held in Chicago, in considering the subjects of immersion, communion, creeds, etc.; to the decision of the Court of Appeals that it is not in the power of corporations to grant permanent franchises, as a great victory for the people; to the recent six days' bicycle race in New York, as degrading in its influence.

The New York Bible Section reported having met and continued its studies; and for the Brooklyn Section, Edwin S. Cox gave an interesting report of its meeting, at which extracts from Gibbons' chapter on Christianity were read and discussed with profit. Daniel Gibbons then read a paper entitled "Spiritual and Ethical Culture," beginning with a review of some of the writings of ancient skeptics, unbelievers and heretics, so called, and quoting from the "Sale of Philosophers" of Lucien, whose premise is that "Every affirmation is true and every denial is false." The writer termed Ethical Culture "the new unbelief," and said that followers of this school of thought have substituted morality for faith, and refused to accept anything that cannot be absolutely proven. Again, he likened Ethical Culture to 'religion with the spirit left out,' or thought based upon the human side of religion, limiting man's existence within the narrow compass of the intellect, with no reference to his spiritual life. The aphorism, "Truth is greater than any relig-

ion,' would be truer if it read, "Religion is greater than any truth."

The paper was freely discussed, and it was thought that the word religion is often misused. If by religion we mean the Divine revelation to the human soul, the revised aphorism is true. The difference between religion and morality was discussed at some length, and the feeling seemed to be that the two cannot be separated; that Ethical Culture is vastly useful as leading to the higher state of Spiritual Culture, which is as important as intellectual development. Our belief is important, as it influences our actions; a belief in God, even, is not essential to the living of a good life—that is, God may not be realized by some who follow their highest light. Morality, however, bears the relation to religion, of the lesser to the greater principle, and while the former is limited, the latter is the ever progressing revelations of God in the human soul.

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"LIFE OF ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS, TOLD CHIEFLY THROUGH HER CORRESPONDENCE."—Edited by her daughter, Sarah Hopper Emerson, in two volumes, (P. Putnam's Sons), is a work that no doubt many Friends will be interested in, especially those whose good fortune it was to know personally this worthy daughter of a noted father. The name of Isaac T. Hopper is known and honored in many other homes than those of the people bearing the name of Friend, and his daughter was his efficient co-worker through many years of his long and eventful life. Her interest in the cause of anti-slavery was no less than his, and many were there of the unhappy dark skinned race to whom she extended the helping hand which led to their freedom. Her journal kept during her hospital service and the letters written at that time are full of interest. She went about her work, whatever it chanced to be, with a strength of purpose and a directness that insured success and led her

friends to look upon her as a tower of strength. To know such a woman is indeed a privilege and to those of us, who only know of her, her name takes its place with those of Lucretia Mott, Lydia Maria Child, Elizabeth Fry and Dorothea Dix.

The book itself, composed chiefly of letters written by or to Mrs. Gibbons, might be criticized in one or two points.

In the first place, the editor has made the mistake of publishing too many letters. One feels that a single volume could have held all of interest to the public. In the second place, she has published a few that one is surprised her delicacy of feeling did not prompt her to suppress: letters from private correspondence and those requested by the writer to be burned. Many biographers in the past have made this latter mistake, to a much greater extent than Mrs. Emerson, but it is always a cause for regret. Prying into private affairs has become the habit of the press, and biographers have often committed grave faults in putting before the public matter which should be sacred to the families of the men and women of whom they write. Too much cannot be said against this form of pernicious literature; pernicious because it feeds an unwholesome desire in people's minds for a knowledge of matters which should not concern them.

It is said of Tennyson that before his death he burned a great many of his letters, and his son in compiling his memoirs burned a great many more, with the result that the book contains only such matter as the public will be benefitted by knowing, and such as in no way invades the sanctity of his family life. Fineness of feeling will instinctively prompt a biographer to such action. A well-written biography of a worthy subject is always a source of inspiration to its readers. One gains strength in knowing of lives well spent.

Passing over the defects of the book, we cannot fail to feel the inspiration of Mrs. Gibbons's life as depicted in this

compilation of letters; a life that was "pure in its purpose and strong in its strife," making all life "purer and stronger thereby." M. S. R.

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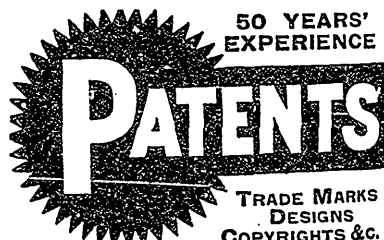
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