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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VIII.

LONDON, ONT., THIRD MONTH, 1893.

NO. 3.

THE TRUTH.

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee,
yet be still,
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor
tongues for swords.

He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,
And that's not truth that hath the heart to still.
The whole world's thought shall not one
truth fulfil.

Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth
Nor shalt thou find it, therefore, friend, be
still.

Watch and be still, nor harken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule :
Wiseest is he who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day by day ;
To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

Ottawa, Canada.

SERMON.

DELIVERED BY ISAAC WILSON, OF
BLOOMFIELD, ONT., AT PELHAM
HALF-YEARLY MEETING, COLD-
STREAM, ON FIRST-DAY AFTER-
NOON, SECOND MONTH TWELFTH,
1893.

Partial report by E. M. Z.

"Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well sin lieth at the door." This is among the earliest recorded instances of the reasoning of God with men. He had previously given to the first man great privileges and along with them a commandment, forbidding to indulge in a certain thing, with the penalty plainly attached thereto if he transgressed—the penalty of death. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." That same God must be the spiritual God that we believe in to-day, because

we find it literally not true. He did not die physically. It was a loss of the primordial state of innocence. The death that followed the transgression was an alienation from the presence and favor with God—a natural consequence.

God can read the countenance, for that reflects the condition of the heart. He knows whether we have lost our spiritual life or have kept it. It is an old saying, but true, that actions speak louder than words. God judges from motives, and he traces the inner life on the outer. "Why is thy countenance fallen?" He is cognizant of our every thought and act and motive. He knows if our souls are at peace, or if we are weary of our own existence. If thou doest well (it is a personal matter) this is all there is about salvation. Well is equivalent to righteousness, goodness, and the reward is salvation, or preservation from sinning. If there is any mystery about religion men have placed it there. They lost the truth, and in endeavoring to search it out with their natural intellects they have more and more mystified it. Simplicity does not lessen its beauty but adorns it. God is love, and He designed that all should live in that love. It is no more Godlike, for one that is called, to preach the gospel than for another to lay aside his pipe and tobacco under a sense of duty. The difference is only in the fields of action. It is no more Godlike to preach the gospel than walk upright and honest in our business relations. If a man preach the gospel and does not practice honesty, his preaching is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. I often look upon my practice of preaching as a hedge that my God

through his infinite wisdom and kindness threw about my own life. I found that there came with it an increasing responsibility that my life should correspond to the words and sentiments I uttered. Religion is a practical reality and may reach down with saving power into all our relationships with the world.

But, says one, will you presume to take religion into politics? Good enough, I answer, but be careful in the mixture, don't take politics into religion. It should be present with its leavening and purifying influence in all our family relationships, it should extend out into our neighborhoods, out into all public and national affairs, rectifying all great mistakes of humanity and regulating all the affairs, political, national and international.

Blessed is he who feels he has something to do, and we all have something to do

"In making this an Eden like the heaven above
By little words of kindness and little deeds
of love."

all, without any exception, have this to do, "do well." Then we will be acceptable in the sight of the Lord, and receive the smile of His approval. There will be no distress, no fallen countenance, but a reflection of the love light of God's face. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father goes into all our relationships with men, and will keep us unspotted from the world. If we are what our heavenly father designed us to be, we will be perfectly satisfied with our life, and will have it more abundantly.

The inner life is the real life. These outward bodies are but tenements of clay. The life that is co-existent with the great source of all life, that is the Man of God, it is worthy and was designed to govern the whole man.

True religion is not at enmity with these animal natures that we find ourselves possessed with. It does not please God when we torture them and strive to annihilate them, for they also are God-given, and have a place in us

and a mission to perform. We must not seek to separate the divine from the human, but make the human subservient and obedient to the divine, dwelling harmoniously together. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the suckling child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." What glorious harmony will prevail in God's holy kingdom, and where shall we find that kingdom if we do not begin and cultivate it in this life. God has given us a rich heritage, he created us a little lower than the angels, and if we do well we will live in his acceptance and remain in his kingdom. He is a loving father and reasons with his children, and suits his requirements to their conditions and circumstance. Whenever they are obeyed according to the understanding they have been successful in the reward of being blessed. Trace humanity and you will find the facts verify this truth. Man always has been blessed who has obeyed the highest sense of right and truth. This is simply and substantially the religion of Jesus Christ. Come taste and see that a God of this character, of this boundless and endless love, is good, and find that his mercy continues forever. He that climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but this spiritual Christ, the word of the living God in the soul, the revelation of divine law in the heart, saying "This is the right way, walk thou in it, that is wrong, turn from it." This inbreathing knowledge is the Word of God. We have been told that the written scriptures is the Word of God. These same scriptures tell me that "In the *beginning* was the word, and the word was God." The

scriptures of truth may contain the words of God when the minds of men were inspired by the in-breathing, in-speaking spirit to write. But men must have found the truth by some other means than by the written letter. I honor the scriptures of truth, for they strengthen my convictions by their corroborating testimonies, and help to fan into a consuming fire my faith. Let us not slight them, but be careful about the higher word. Let us obey that whenever we hear it speaking in the soul. I recognize the Christ of God in the world and among mankind long before Jesus lived. "If thou doest well thou shall be accepted."

I am not sorry on account of the spirit of inquiry of this age. I feel like encouraging it. I feel that it has a right to be answered as far as it can be. But man can only stir up the mind by way of remembrance; he can only direct another to the first great source of divine power, life and light. What if the faith of others does not square exactly with our own, or that their work may be different. "What is that to thee, follow thou me." Enter into the garden of our own heart and till it and tend it. I do not fancy a man being placed in an outward garden where he had particular and special privileges over the rest of his kind, but that all are equal. God looked upon all he had created and pronounced it good, very good. So have all lives been good since, for all have been of God. But whence the fallen countenance or sin: Man cannot create something out of nothing. It comes from his free agency. He is endowed with the privilege of choice; he is left to follow the right or the wrong. God does not employ his authority and omnipotence to force men to be good, to drive them into heaven. But he desires that all may come in. "If there was not room in my Father's house I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." The grace of God that bringeth salvation is uni-

versal, and hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." But if we say we believe in God and in his son Jesus Christ, and in the scriptures and do not these other things we are none of his. I do not esteem that religion to be worth the lightest down that flutters in the breeze that cannot go out into the world of society, of business and of politics, that we cannot live out each day and each hour of our lives. I have tasted both kinds of pleasure, both sides of life, and I know a little of what I say. There is nothing in the pleasures of this world worth living for. They do not afford true happiness. When the mind's eye is raised above things uncongenial to the soul it will behold the fields of God's sowing already white unto harvest waiting for the laborers, and that field is found in thine own heart, and the labor that we are to perform is that we may have the spirit of love to rule in our hearts. We are all children in the school of Christ and God is our teacher. Let us study the lesson our Heavenly Father is pleased for us to learn, for it will be the best suited to our greatest needs. Let us find out our own selves. "The proper study of mankind is man." A great privilege is granted us that our lives may be preserved from a condition of murmuring and complaining, even though the severest trials may pass over us. If there should be a requirement made of us that seems like the parting with an only son let us still have faith in God's wisdom and love and he will not permit us to commit a wrong. I like to revert back to the case of Abraham and Isaac, as it affords a deep study of human nature. Abraham *thought* that he was commanded of God to offer up his son. I give Abraham credit for honesty, that he fully believed that God did require the sacrifice. But the result left no room for doubt. God does not demand any unreason-

able requirement, nor will he suffer those who are led by his spirit to do violence or cruelty. Yet Abraham manifested his faith just as much as if the requirement had been a divine command. For God delights to observe the quality of faith as it is the highest test of love.

Jonah, on the other hand, when commanded to preach to the Ninevites through want of faith brought suffering and danger to himself and also upon those around him.

"It is not all of life to live
Nor all of death to die."

By our disobedience, we bring danger and sorrow on those around us. If we have anything unsound in our doctrines, if we have anything at error in our practices—that is bringing sorrow into our lives—let us search for it and cast it overboard. Some slight evil permitted in our character may bring destruction and ruin to all the nobler qualities. Let us awaken to a sense of our situation and cry to God, the alone redeeming and saving power. Salvation *is* of the Lord. Mark the present tense of the verb, it is present and practical. It will truly save from sin, from transgression of the law of God in the soul.

Zaccheus feeling a sense of remorse, the pricks of conscience, acted according to the best opportunities of the occasion. Being small of stature and desiring to see and be seen by the Master, perched himself up in a sycamore tree. The Master, with the discerning spirit, saw his condition, called to him, went home with him and dined. Christ was cognizant of the motive in his heart: He saw it was going through the baptismal regeneration that resulted in a complete change that made him feel willing to rectify as far as he could, his past errors. "If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." And behold the answer, "This day is salvation come to this house." This is the result of an honest confession. The outflowing of Christ's love will to-

day mee:—and surround the contrite heart. Salvation has not been purchased, but we have to labor for it, and yet it is a free gift of God. It is a legal inheritance from our Heavenly Father, depending only upon our acceptance, and we may become not only a child of God, but also heir of the kingdom and joint heir with Jesus Christ. If we permit ourselves to be led by the spirit of God we will become the heirs of God. Let us not give way to remorse or weariness, but bear the vexations of life and the persecutions of enemies manfully and heroically, doubting nothing. If we will but trust to the spirit we will find it to be all sufficient and ever ready. God never commands us to do anything but what he grants along with it the required ability. The mistakes are all on the part of man. The little self-denials are the ways by which souls are brought into reconciliation with our Maker. It is by laying down our lives, our wills, that we show our greatest love to God. There are various doctrines, but only one way—obedience to the law of God in the soul.

I feel required to present my views on baptism. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Baptism is the inflowing of the life and presence of God's spirit in the human soul. If we experience and practice this inner baptism I am not afraid of a non-performance of the outward form. It is simply an ordinance and not saving.

Some look upon the resurrection as some great and final change that is to happen to these bodies. Jesus did not teach it. He said, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." This is not said of the man dead physically, but to the man dead in trespasses and sins, dead spiritually. If we practice what we honestly believe, we will be redeemed from a condition of death, we will be resurrected from a condition of spiritual death in this present world.

I have no anxiety about the world to come, but if we are saved from sinning in this present world we may safely trust that all will be well in the hereafter. "Not my will," let us repeat, "but thine, O God, be done." If we close our every petition in that spirit and live in it, we will be sustained—saved. This saving principle, which is the Christ, the Son of God, is the same to-day as in any previous age. It will enable us to withstand temptations, trials and persecutions. Let us put our trust in it and cease to question and criticize, and begin to learn and to know it, till we can come to say, I know now that my Redeemer liveth, and not because he died, but because he lives, I shall live also.

OUR GALLERY SEATS.

They're passing from us one by one—
The Friends whose counsel sweet
Flows to us oft, in gentle tones,
Forth from the gallery seat ;
They've passed, are passing fast away,
To the eternal shore ;
Yet, 'membrance of their hallow'd lives
Shall bless us evermore.

A few tried veterans yet remain—
Dear Mary Lippincott,
And she—our earnest faithful one—
Beloved Lucretia Mott ;
While silent lights on Zion's walls,
Our pathway cheer to-day ;
But who their stations here shall fill,
When they have passed away ?

We who the middle walks of life
Now tread with trembling trust,
And sadly mark those thinning ranks,
As dust returns to dust ;
While knowing we can all things do
Through Christ—our living head,
Call down the years, dear Friends, to you,
Who younger walks now tread.

We'd bid you shun the winding paths,
Which some of us have known,
And choose the safer route, direct
Unto our Father's throne.
Our fields are unto harvest white,
Our laborers are few,
And whence shall re-inforcements come
Save, dear young Friends, from you ?

We need your willing hearts and hands,
Your voices, too, we need ;
The strength your silent presence gives
Fosters the precious seed ;

That seed which by the Saviour's hand
In ev'ry heart is sown,
By whate'er sect or name 'tis called,
By whate'er race 'tis known.

The talent that we each have shared,
Let each of use improve ;
And cherish e'er the sacred bond
Of universal love ;
Thus shall we be, by God's own hand,
For God's own use made meet
And raise an earnest faithful band,
To fill each gallery seat.

—Lydia W. Hilles.

Norristown, Pa., 3rd mo. 18th, 1879.

OBITUARY.

SUNDERLAND P. GARDNER, DIED 2ND
MO. 13TH., 1893.

He was born 7th mo. 4th, 1802, and would therefore have been ninety-one years old had he lived until next "Fourth of July." Just seventeen years before the day of his death (2nd mo. 13, 1876) the writer of this heard him preach at Friends' Meeting House in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Wife and I were on our wedding trip, had been visiting relatives in New Jersey, N. Y. City, Brooklyn and up the Hudson, and had reached Poughkeepsie on our way home. On 7th day evening we were told that Sunderland would be at their meeting the next day. We were delighted. It was always a treat to both old and young to hear Sunderland. He was accompanied by Guerdon T. Smith. Next day we took the same car as far as Albany. While passing up the river deeply interested in conversation, for he was a remarkably interesting talker, he pointed across the river, westward, and said to me, "there just beyond those hills, a few miles back, was my native home." In early life, though, he removed with his parents to western N. Y., and to the farm in Farmington, on which he has since lived and where he recently died.

His parents were Friends, and from early life Sunderland has taken a deep interest in the Society. For several years he was Clerk of Genesee Yearly Meeting, and perhaps for sixty years he

has been a prominent minister. He had a remarkable constitution, and his physical health until recently had not shown scarcely any loss of vitality. His mind remained clear, and his memory excellent. One year ago, he had an attack of la grippe which, it was thought for a time, would prove fatal, but at Yearly Meeting time, in 6th mo. last, he had improved somewhat, and though not able to attend the meetings he could sit up, and was desirous of having his friends come to see him. His intellect was bright, his conversational powers good. To many of us it was an unusual opportunity made doubly important now, because we shall hear his voice no more. He continued to improve, and during the autumn he attended meeting, and at least one funeral, at which he spoke at length. Shortly before his death he had an attack of pneumonia, which proved fatal.

From a private letter we get the following particulars of his funeral :

"Yes, the well rounded life of Sunderland P. Gardner is closed on earth, and he has been called to higher joys beyond. I left our junction for Farmington depot Sixth-day morning—2nd mo. 17th—and walked to the house—one and-a half miles. It was about nine when I got there. Isaac Wilson, Berton Durfee, and a few others were there. The family and relations consisting of nephews and neices gathered at 10. His brother Elisha, from Canandaigua, the only one now living, was not there. Isaac made some very appropriate remarks. The Meeting House was well filled on both sides below. Isaac spoke from the words "Mark the just man, behold the upright—the end of that man is peace." He spoke at some length—well-fitting to the time and occasion—making a few allusions to the deceased, which none present, I think, thought amiss. His text was made practical to all, and I think well taken. At the close he spoke a word of advice to the boys, of the footsteps

left them of worthy example, etc., and comfort to the wife. He told of his last visit with their father and the parting words he gave him, which he had often thought of on his western visit finding strength, and comfort therefrom. Sunderland told him, "Farewell—go on in the cause—I have never regretted the course I have taken,"—etc. Then Isaac made a prayer, when after a few moments the last opportunity of viewing the remains was given. He looked to be in the sleep of quietude and contentment I thought as I passed the corpse. It was his request to have no undertaker nor hearse, which was carried out. He said "his neighbors would attend to that," and I believe there was no lack of care by them. Isaac made a few remarks at the grave, speaking of how frequently the deceased had been called upon to pay the last respects to his fellow companions. It was, indeed, a solemn gathering, and consisted of all classes—"friends and neighbors."

He leaves a wife and three sons, the boys just in the early years of manhood. He had been married three times and had by his first wife two children, both of whom are dead, one of them leaving a daughter who is still living, I believe, and married.

Sunderland was a man of medium height and weight, had a goodly covering of fine brown hair which had turned but moderately grey. His forehead, while not unusually high or prominent, denoted intelligence, his eyes were grey, his mouth large, his lips indicated firmness, and his chin was prominent. His chest seemed fully developed. His manner was unassuming and child-like—Christlike. Except when he was speaking, he would not be taken in an assembly as a very prominent person. But there was a something about his speaking which discovered remarkable power, and from the first sentence to the end he would interest and delight any audience, while portraying deep religious truths. Always pleasing by his oratory even when he did not convince,

for he was a natural orator, and he spoke as one having authority

In his religious views he was in harmony with the most advanced thought of true Quakerism. I once heard him say "I am growing old but my heart is young." These words mirrored truthfully his still developing soul-life. He was no conservative in religious thought. I place him as the greatest preacher our Society has lost since the days of Elias Hicks.

He was called to and attended nearly 3000 funerals. He also travelled extensively on the ministry. S. P. Z.

OBITUARY.

WALTER S. WAY, DIED 1ST MO. 28TH.,
1893.

The death of this young man demands from us more than a mere notice. Readers of YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW will remember him as an occasional writer for its pages of exceptionally thoughtful and helpful articles. Though a stranger to us, personally, we had learned to love him, and heard of his death with regret. Perhaps no number of the REVIEW has had such a call for extra numbers as the one for 5th mo., 1891, containing his article—"The Faith of the Society of Friends." His contribution, "The Greatest Boon that Quakerism has Given to the World," in 4th mo., 1892, was placed first by the judges in the competition for prizes last year. The announcement of which was made in last month's issue, the copy having been placed in the printers hands just before the news of his death reached us.

In answer to inquiries, Anna K. Way says of him: "On the 27th of 1st mo., he attended the meeting of the Young Temperance Workers at Girard Avenue Meeting House, and, as we have since learned, responded to his name at roll call, with an appropriate piece of poetry. On his return home, he lit the gas, and, on retiring, the supposition is, as the key was hard to

turn, he did not turn it tight; the poisonous nature of the water-gas now being furnished and the low state of his vitality, made him a ready victim. When discovered in the morning efforts were made to rouse him, the nearest physician sent for, but nothing could be done—the spark of life had returned to its Maker.

"He was the son of Wm. M. and Mary E. Way, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. He had suffered all his life from a hemorrhagic condition of the system, which retarded his physical development, but his mind was of excellent quality.

"Strictly moral, modest, religious, he took an active interest (so far as his health would permit) in temperance work, being at the time of his death Treasurer of the Prohibition League, to which he belonged.

"He was a member of our family for ten years, and, during all those years, I have no recollection of his ever losing his temper. Kind and indulgent to our children, he is sadly missed."

He has lived recently in Philadelphia, was a member of Little Britain Monthly Meeting, Pa., and was 34 years of age. S. P. Z.

FOR THE REVIEW.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO,

Friends' meeting in Chicago is held at present on First-days, at 10 45 a. m., in the Athenaeum Building, 18 26 Van Buren St. Though not large, the meeting is one of interest. Visitors to the city are always welcome at these meetings.

John J. Cornell has some prospect of remaining in Chicago three or four months this summer during Fair time, and will probably be a regular attender at Friends' meeting.

Jonathan W. and Hannah A. Plummer, are now in California for the health of the former. They expect to return in 4th month.

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.

ONE SPECIALTY FOR 1893.

We have found it advantageous to direct, somewhat, the line of thought of many writers for the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW by suggesting subjects, now and then, for discussion or consideration. To what more profitable subject can our writers and readers turn their attention this year than to the proper maintenance of our home meetings. We ask for articles, suggestions, etc., upon this subject: *How best can we maintain and strengthen our Home Meetings?* Parallel with these it might be profitable to publish *Items of Interest* from each particular meeting in our Society. Each meeting has its peculiarity and

points of strength and interest. Let us know what they are. Be brief and to the point. Give facts, not opinions.

FROM AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Friends' Intelligencer and Journal comes out this year somewhat enlarged, and in new and larger type—on the whole quite improved. Its make up as a religious and literary weekly is exceptionally good, and does credit to our Society.

The Ladies' Home Journal for this month puts on a very "Friendly" appearance. Its artistic cover, which is drab, has for its central figure a young woman in the typical quaker dress. A very readable Quaker love story is also given the place of honor. It promises larger print from new type next month. The *Journal* is a marvel of enterprise and good taste.

It would be difficult to find a neater or more ably conducted journal published in the interests of women than *Wives and Daughters*, London, Ont. It is abreast with the most advanced thought in its domain. This year it appears in new form, new type, and greatly improved. Its rates are fifty cents a year, five cents a number.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

MEETING AT BENJAMINVILLE.

It is with me to give a little account of our Meeting at Benjaminville, Ill., which was established as a Meeting for worship, and a preparative in 1862, thirty-one years ago; growing from that into a Monthly Meeting in 1867. It is a branch of Blue River Quarterly Meeting, which is held here twice in the year, in the second and ninth months, the last being just a week in advance of Illinois Yearly Meeting, to which we belong.

A few weeks ago we held a memorial or anniversary meeting, to commemorate the inception, rise and progress of

our meeting from the little voluntary gathering, up through its different stages of indulged, preparative and monthly meetings, a history of this was read and many personal reminiscences given, rendering it an interesting occasion. The history was directed to be recorded for the use or reference of future generations, believing that such accounts might be profitable, pointing out the difference in conditions of the Meeting at different times, and also showing to those coming after, some of the difficulties the pioneers in the work of establishing a Meeting had to undergo, in exemplifying the workings of the principle that is the underlying one, the foundation stone of our Society; the inner light, the inspeaking word of God in the soul.

Our Meeting has passed through many changes, small at first, growing steadily and not very slowly, till it reached quite a large size, owing to so many Friends moving to this then new country, attracted by its fertility and many advantages; then the fever of emigration to more distant localities, where land was cheaper, set in, and from time to time our numbers were depleted by removals, as well as by deaths, till sometimes we almost wondered, would there be any Meeting left? But there has seemed no lack as yet; the ranks are being filled by recruits, not only by our own coming forward to fill vacancies, but by reception of new members, who, we hope, will prove a help to the Meeting, as well as to themselves.

Two months ago a young man, whose wife had always been a member, requested for himself and young son to be admitted into membership, and last month similar requests were received for three women, two of them, wives of birth right members.

Last Fifth-day, the 16th inst., our friend Robert Hatton paid us a flying visit, and had an appointed meeting, which was much enjoyed by all present. Last fall our friends Isaac Wilson, and Joshua Washburn and their

wives, and Levi Benson, visited us and their religious services, and social mingling were highly prized by our people. Such visits tend to strengthen the bonds of fellowship and love that should exist among all bearing the name of Friends. We gladly welcome all such to visit us

On the 24th 25th and 26th will be held our Quarterly Meeting. The evening of the 24th will be the First-day School Quarterly Conference, the programme for which consists of discussion on the following topics, and an essay on "Impure Literature and Social Purity."

1st question—Why do we continue our First-day Schools throughout the entire year? (Formerly we closed them during winter.)

2nd—Why do I attend First-day School?

3rd—What are the best methods for conducting a First-day school?

We anticipate an interesting and profitable session, expecting many of our younger people to take part.

Holder, Ill. E. H. COALE.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

A LETTER FROM ISAAC WILSON.

I do not feel that I have much of interest to offer for your columns, but feel willing to report briefly of my movements since leaving home over three weeks ago, attending the first week some of our Canadian Meetings, and although the weather was quite unfavorable the meetings were owned and blessed in the Master's sight.

Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting, at Coldstream, was a season of much enjoyment, and I presume others may report it to your columns, and I will leave it for better hands.

Going from there to Easton, N. Y., I attended the Quarterly Meeting there, and although not large, it was felt to be a good meeting; and while there the call came to attend the funeral of our esteemed Friend Sunderland P. Gard-

ner, and we willingly responded to the call if only in the capacity of a friend and mourner; but we realized that that was not the only before us, and felt to enquire how can we best do justice to the occasion and the cause for which he, for whom we now mourn, has so earnestly and fearlessly labored? We could but feel that it was a profitable occasion, the very large number gathered (considering the intense cold) testified strongly the respect borne for the deceased, and doubtless it would be hard to find one who had attended more funerals than he, and it seems meet that they of all persuasions with whom he had so largely associated under similar circumstances should pay this tribute of respect.

We were forcibly reminded of our recent visit with him, (in 6th mo last), when he expressed the thought that his labor was nearly closed, and felt nothing to regret in the testimonies he had borne, and offered much encouragement in the then prospective field of religious service in the west. To me it is ever a source of strength to look up to advanced lines as strong incentives to still greater faithfulness, that I too may grow in the knowledge that alone can perfect in our respective measures, that life that I believe belongs to man.

Returning again to Albany after the funeral we attended Duanesbury Quarterly Meeting, and, First day being fine, the meeting was well attended by an attentive and appreciative audience, to whom the spoken word was divided through different hands, that we were glad to welcome there as co-laborers.

In the evening an interesting meeting was held, first as a meeting for worship, after which our Friend Martha Schofield interested the audience very much with an account of the Schofield School at Aikin, South Carolina, and the very modest and interesting manner it was presented seemed to enlist the sympathy of even those not in membership with us, and considerable assistance was rendered, and all seemed interested. We always find in Al-

bany a feeling of friendship from many outside of the Society that feel at home among us, but as in many other places feel the need of the spoken word.

After this meeting we proceeded to Wrightstown, Pa., and on Fourth day attended the Select Meeting, but owing to inclement weather and drifted roads, but few got out, and the Quarterly Meeting on Fifth-day was not near as large as usual for the same reason; but it was thought to be an excellent meeting, lasting from 10 a. m. until 3 p. m. None seemed to be weary, and we trust it will not be forgotten. This letter leaves us here with a number of appointments ahead, but with our congenial and helpful companion, Joshua Washburn, we trust ability will be afforded for all requirements.

ISAAC WILSON.

2nd mo. 23rd.

ARE WE BURYING OUR TALENTS?

In all reforms the work at first falls on the few. The masses are either opposed to them or indifferent or are careless about using the powers they have because they cannot do more. They think it useless to be the little snowflake because they cannot be the drift, or to be the little drop of water because they cannot be the mighty torrent or the beautiful waterfall. They seem to forget that the least one amongst us is a part of God's great plan. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Many of us "bury our talents in the earth" instead of using them to the glory of God. We forget that, like the five barley loaves and two small fishes, they may, by God's blessing, be made to go around and the five thousand be fed from our little store, and fragments to the amount of twelve baskets taken up. The widow's cruise of oil never seemed to diminish after she began to divide with Elijah. "Your light is none the less by lighting your neighbor," "so do not put it under a bushel

or under a bed." Many a lonely heart has been cheered by a very little lamp. Our light may be to some tempest tossed soul what the north star is to one lost in the desert or in the forest, it may guide some weary wanderer to a haven of rest.

Our little duty, small though it be, may be the little leaven in the little lump of some one else, or the mustard seed that, if properly nourished, will grow to be a large plant.

Are we willing to be responsible for the withholding of the talent God has given us? and to return it to him unused? If we do, will it not be taken from us and given to one more faithful?

Our manna may be furnished each day as was the manna of old. If so, it must be used when given, or on the morrow it may be of no account. An opportunity once gone is gone forever, and unless our work is given to another, there is a link missing which can never be replaced. Who can estimate the loss to the world of one little duty left undone?

Do we say, "Send some one else, O Lord, but not me?" and thus rebel against God's command. Do we feel incompetent? Then we are doubting God's judgment or the strength of his sustaining arm.

Perhaps our powers have been weakened by inactivity, or by being used in a way that God does not approve. As the physical strength is increased by judicious exercise, so is the spiritual. The unused muscle is almost powerless, or our supposed inability may be caused by lack of effort. We do not wish to be outstripped by others in domestic or intellectual pursuits, but seem to think it a great virtue to plead littleness and uselessness in society work of any kind. We lead ourselves and sometimes others to think that we really cannot do anything, when by arousing ourselves to action, we and those around us, are often astonished to see what can be done by a very little exertion.

But you say "What is my duty?" In

what line does God wish me to work? I will answer in the language of the Bible: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive." "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." We must not stand idly by. We must ask and seek and knock for ourselves, or we may receive nothing.

And again, "Even so, faith, if it hath not works, is dead being alone." Although we ask in faith and receive, we must work. We must carry out the impressions we have received in answer to our prayers. We must also be careful that we have not given the answer ourselves that we desired instead of waiting for divine directions. Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss.

But we say, "I cannot carry out the desire of my heart, I know what should be done but I cannot do it." "Wait upon the Lord and he will renew thy strength." "God is our refuge and our strength." If we do our part, we will have strength for every duty required of us.

Now, with God for our teacher, our refuge and our strength, what more can we ask? Just this, "Lord, heal me of mine infirmity," and he will heal us.

If we have strength and faith and a desire to work, the next step is action.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day,
And care not what hand shall reap it,
Or if we shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfield
Shall have gladdened the summer day."

Let us not be discouraged if we do not see the fruits of our labor at once. Remember, "Paul may plant and Apollis water but God shall give the increase," and he will do so in his own good time if we are faithful to our trust.

K.

A recent invention is a cradle which rocks by clockwork mechanism and at the same time plays baby tunes.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM S. P.
GARDNER'S SERMONS.

Whatever is to be known of God is to be known in and through the soul, and obedience to His will therein made known is the only avenue that will lead to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Heaven is a condition of the soul, not merely a location to which we pass when the curtain of this life is drawn aside. It is a condition that is to be witnessed in our own hearts. When all our actions are brought down under the direction of the Divine will there is heaven—a heaven that can be witnessed by us all, for this law is manifest to every individual according to his state and condition.

Jesus forbade war, but how is the state of Christendom to-day. As the result of being founded on historical systems is it not going hand in hand with the spirit of the world? Do we not witness our fellow man slain on the field of battle all sanctioned by the authority of Christian nations? Is this a religion of love? Love is the true and native element of living man, and the soul that dwells in God must dwell in love.

How often do we hear it said, and say it ourselves: "O, if I knew the will of God concerning me how gladly would I run to perform it." To find this we need not inquire of men or books, however good. But turn within our own hearts, we will there find the will of God. It is a great mistake to ignore our own wills, thinking thereby to please God. Our will is one of the Almighty's greatest gifts to us. It is the organ that executes purpose in conjunction with the will of our Heavenly Father. It is the executive power in man. It is only second in all the blessings given to man next to reason itself. It is within the realm of reason that the light of the Divine Father shines and meets and quickens the understanding. When the understanding is thus enlightened it is the province of the will to join in and work

out our salvation. God will not work it out for us. He will do His part. He will furnish the power, light, wisdom, but we must put our hand to the work also.

I am aware of other minds here waiting to be unburdened. I felt anxious not to trespass upon their time. But I also felt that woe is me if I do not speak to this people, and I have declared as far as I understood the truth, as far as I knew it by experience. I want you to think for yourselves, to go to the Divine Counsellor deep in your own heart. If you may not bear testimony openly of the things you have experienced—inviting men to the firm foundation on which you stand safe in the beating storms of life—you can by the example of a pure life call and beck to your fellow-men. And there will be a crown for every cross you take up, and where there is no cross there will be no crown. And we need not be looking afar off for the crown till we have passed out of this life. We need not wait for it till the great day of judgment comes, and look for some angel form that serves in a place called heaven to raise it to our brows. No; at each step as we take up the cross the crown will follow, and that crown is the peace of the soul. And now, as my occasion with this people closes, perhaps forever, I bid you an affectionate farewell with a love that extends to all, not only to the saint, but to the sinner as well; it matters not whether you belong to the Society of Friends or not. It is no partial love. And this, I feel, is the nature of the Father's love.

May the youth, O Friends, early in life, before habits of wrong have been formed, be taught and instructed in divine truth. Give them as much as possible the results of your riper experience, and induce them into the habit of meditating on things divine, that they may attend to the tender admonitions and grow in the knowledge of our Heavenly Father.

Our God is a God of mercy, a God

of love. He never can be angry, as some represent Him, even with the sinner. This quality is given by men in rant of His true nature. This feeling was found in the sinner's mind and was attributed to God. It mostly obtained with the Old Testament writers, but Jesus Christ, the revealer of a higher law, by word and act testified against the error and represented Him as a God of unchanging love, and this love ever goes out to saint and to sinner. It is His ingathering power drawing His children unto Him that they may hold sweet intercourse and communion together, for He speaks a language adapted to every condition. And he will lead them along, becoming more and more to them as their desire increases, until they may come into the Kingdom of Heaven even here and now. But this one thing remember, in the day of our visitations lay restraint upon everything that rises in the heart counter to the divine will. This restraint that is required is not designed to be cruel, but is required through love as a necessity for our soul's welfare. Then let us seek for the manifestation of His love either in its calling forth, or restraint, for it is the moving of God's spirit in our souls. It is to this love, the love with which God loves all men, the love which Jesus manifested alike to His friends and to his persecutors, the love which will induce us to do good even to our enemies, that I feel, O Friends, to commend you all to.

You, my young friends, you must form your own character; I entreat you to form it rightly. Be one of the innumerable multitude which John saw, gathered of all the nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues, which stood before the throne, and before the Lamb clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the "blood of the Lamb." These are they who have succeeded in keeping their characters pure, which is

your privilege and mine, and is accomplished by means that God has placed within our reach. But we can reject it. We have the freedom of choice. Let us not trifle with errors lest, ere we know it, they will bind us down in darkness with adamant chains. Let us rather take up the cross. It will not be a hard task nor take away from you one pleasure, but will crown you with the blessings of God. Taking the cross is but to lay a proper restraint on your passions that might otherwise become abused and perverted, and thus lead to wrong acts. You will find this to be to your advantage and you will become a pillar of truth for God. This is the spring time of your lives, and you know if there are no blossoms in the spring there can be no fruit in the autumn. I know the temptations that may beset you, for I travelled the same path, but be faithful to your Divine Master, then you will pass between venomous serpents and they shall not harm you, through the fire and it shall not kindle upon you, and through the waters and they shall not overflow you.

BLACK BRIGADE.

THE STORY OF ITS FORMATION.

The last number of the *Sunday at Home* tells the story of the founding of the London Shoe-black Brigade by John Macgregor, better known as "Rob Roy," the *nom de plume* under which the philanthropist recorded his canoe adventures in the Jordan and elsewhere. Forty years ago there were no school boards, no industrial homes, and no Salvation Army. But there were voices raised to plead for the poor in "the dim rich city." Dickens had startled the world by his revelations in "Oliver Twist;" his genius had thrown a lurid glare on the terrible education which alone was possible for many a poor boy in London. Kingsley was thundering at the doors of the rich, in his struggle to awaken them to a sense to their callous indifference and selfish-

ness. But perhaps the most persevering and successful efforts were those made by Lord Ashley (afterwards the Earl of Shaftesbury) and his devoted band of workers, who went down to seek the lost, following the steps of the Good Shepherd. The life and soul of that band was "Rob Roy," as he was now commonly called. Many doors were now open to him for success in his profession; the road to wealth lay before him, but he had no time to enrich himself—he worked for others. His lectures were crowded, his books of travel so popular that one went through thirteen editions; but while living simply on his own modest income, he freely poured out all his gains for the good of others. By his lectures alone, Rob Roy realized ten thousand pounds in the course of years, all of which were devoted to religious or philanthropic objects. His was no capricious philanthropy skimming the surface of the evil, or patronizing the poor. Many a day was spent by him in the Ragged School, and many a night found him in the Field Lane Refuge for the homeless. Even in his holiday excursions he was pondering the problems forced on him there. Thus he writes in the "Voyage in the 'Rob Roy' Yawl" :—

"When the 'Rob Roy' sailed away from England we had left much that is good and great but we had also left behind us some terrible sights for an Englishman to see in his country, her crowded squalid hovels, her ignorant sottish poor."

He speaks of "the question racking our heartstrings. What can I do to better all this?" Again :—

"Every man of us is bound by humanity, patriotism and Christianity to do something, not that only, but much, to help the poor wretched English 'Arab' child. The duty is for each of us, and one day—not so far off either—we must separately answer for it. 'We live in a crowd but we die alone.'"

Some of the measures planned and

carried out by Lord Shaftesbury and his band of workers affected the well-being of thousands, though the attention of the world was never drawn to them. Such an Act of Parliament passed by their exertions for the Inspection and Regulation of Common Lodging-houses. Those houses were a disgrace to our civilization, human beings were crowded like cattle, and their sanitary condition was loathsome beyond belief. Lord Shaftesbury and Rob Roy never rested till that state of matters was improved. Those regulations may not now be always fully enforced, but there is no lack of power to deal with the evil.

But their most hopeful and successful efforts were for the young, in establishing the Ragged Schools, Training Ships, Industrial Homes, and in encouraging emigration. Lord Shaftesbury always acknowledged that it was to John Macgregor's practical sagacity that the suggestion of the "Shoe-black Brigade" was due—a scheme which has opened a door of hope and help for honest but destitute lads all over Europe and America.

The question that now faced them in the Ragged Schools was one full of difficulty. Numberless lads came on their hands to be provided for, and for those there seemed to be no place in the great city. Without characters they could not be trusted as message boys. There were already too many "timber merchants," as the little match-sellers called themselves, and the gains of crossing-sweepers were too uncertain to be trusted. But the command came as of old, "Give ye them to eat," and with the command came power.

It was in 1851 that John Macgregor first thought out this plan for meeting the difficulty, and he proposed it to his two friends, Mr. Snape and Mr. Fowler, young barristers who were, like himself, Ragged School teachers. The three friends each agreed to give ten shillings to the experiment, and a short appeal was at once made to the pub-

lic in the "Ragged School Union Magazine." But the idea did not commend itself to others, and, to Rob Roy's disappointment, "not one solitary word came hack of cheer or encouragement." Lord Shaftesbury, however, heard of the scheme, and encouraged them to persevere. The rest of the story is best given in Rob Roy's own words:—

"Five boys were ready, and on March 31, 1851, in their red jersey uniforms they began their work. I watched one, and was very anxious to see whether anybody would employ him; and glad indeed was I to observe a good honest Englishman approach the little fellow and place his great boot on the top of his box. The boy touched his cap and set to work . . . soon the other boot was finished, the man paid his penny. Another and another, came, paid and went, and our red jackets that day obtained a footing in London.

"Their numbers rapidly increased, and their gains during the Exhibition of 1851 amounted to £500. They assembled every morning in the Society's rooms, near Charing Cross, for prayers before going to their work. It was arranged that the earnings of the boys were to be brought in and divided, so that a portion should be devoted to their daily necessities and a part put into the savings bank to start them in some trade, or help them in the Colonies. In this way many thousand lads were started in life without coming on the charity of the public. The great majority of them have done well and many of them have risen to important posts and positions of trust. And now what has the work grown to? The Shoe black Brigade has become a national institution. No less than six thousand two hundred boys have been trained and started in honest callings, and their earnings as shoeblacks in the course of years have amounted to the amazing sum of seventy-five thousand eight hundred pounds. The present income of shoeblacks in London is

stated at £1,000 a month. We venture to ask, has any Socialist orator or Agnostic friend of humanity been able to bring to the poor of London so splendid a benefit? Has any one of them thought of a plan for transferring £75,000 from the pockets of the rich and thus providing for the wants of the poor without in the slightest degree diminishing their self-respect? Yet this was done by those three young lawyers going forth on the old evangelical lines, for, says Rob Roy, "From the first the project began with prayer." —*Montreal Witness.*

EPISTOLARY SCISSORINGS.

If Friends were more zealous—if they would put away their pride and the fear of being accounted singular, and would meet together in the simplicity and solemnity of hearts and minds desiring to know of the dear Father what he would have them do, I believe they would not only find their own spiritual strength renewed and growing vigorous, but many an honest enquirer would be added to their number.

Because the principles and testimonies for which the forefathers of the Society suffered so much persecution are fast being acknowledged by those who were once their enemies, is no reason why we should grow lukewarm and feel that our mission is about accomplished. But we should be united, and earnestly stand together in the liberty and freedom which the truth gives, letting the light—by which we profess to walk—shine, to the enlightenment and comfort of all over whom we may wield an influence.

Our semi-annual meetings are to the church here, what half-yearly meetings are to you. All go to have a feast, and to claim the promise that "Where two or three are gathered together in His name," Christ is there, living and working in their hearts, just the same as in

our Friends' meeting we used to have in the old brick meeting-house. No one then realized the precious seed that was sown on the force of precept and example, yet it is the same the world over. We see the effect of the seed, perhaps sown in a different manner and acted out in various ways, but all struggling for the same goal.

THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

"Why Arctic expeditions fail is because they don't take the right men."

"Whom would you take?"

"Telegraph linemen, of course."

"And why them?"

"Because they can get from pole to pole in a jiffy."

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