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Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. III.

LONDON, ONT., FIFTH MONTH, 1888.

NO. 5

WAIT ON THE LORD.

"They who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

Young souls, so strong the race to run,
And win each height sublime,
Unweary still would you march on,
And still exulting climb?

Walk with the Lord. Along the road
Your strength he will renew.
Wait on the everlasting God,
And he will wait on you.

Burn with his love. Your fading fire
An endless flame will glow:
Life from the Well of Life require,
The stream will ever flow.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the Spirit strong:
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore;
Like eagles, ye shall sunward gaze;
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above;
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

—*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*

SERMON.

DELIVERED BY ISAAC WILSON AT FRIENDS'
MEETING-HOUSE ARKONA, ONT., ON
FIRST-DAY, FOURTH MO., 15, 1888,
FROM NOTES TAKEN BY E. M. Z.

As soon as we were set down in silence this morning the thought presented itself to my mind that we were gathered for worship—to worship our Heavenly Father; and the declaration

of the blessed master in relation to worship came, freighted with beautiful lessons of instruction. I see him conversing on this theme at the well with the woman of Samaria and saying to her "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." To worship the Father who is spirit, in spirit and in truth, means a great deal. It is needful that this that we call worship be *cultivated* in every heart, for it is not every heart that knows how to worship. As I behold so many youthful minds before me I feel that in them there is being repeated the queries and the reasonings that passed through my own in its youthful period. The query no doubt arises as it arose to me, "Can there any good thing come out of this *silence*?" "Can this be worship?"

The same language was used once formerly when Nathaniel queried if any good thing could come out of Nazareth. He being of a different nation or city was perhaps prejudiced. But the reply was simply, "come and see."

There has been no change in the operation of the spirit upon the mind of man. No mind ever knows until it come to see for itself. It must be an individual, experimental knowledge to be of any value.

There is no particular place for worship, "Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem," but there is a right condition of the heart. And Jesus through his spiritual insight—his discerning power, which in a measure is given to all, beheld Nathaniel and how that he divested himself of all prejudice and had acquiesced with Phillip's request to see for himself and he had so

far acknowledged the truth of Phillip's declaration that the master was inspired to declare that he was not very far from the Kingdom of Heaven. And now friends when the query arises whether any good thing can come out of this quiet—this silent waiting, to the mind, I invite you to come and see—to come into this condition of worship, this worship in the spirit and the truth, for He seeketh such to worship Him. In those that gather in the quiet of all flesh the spirit quickeneth. And what is it to gather in the quiet of the flesh." It is the hush of all human powers and passions. A respite from the activities of the flesh, and the thoughts of the intellect. This body is only a means for carrying the soul, it is merely instrumental in mingling one with another—"in union there is strength,"—"as iron sharpeneth iron, so man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," but the true and acceptable worship of the Father is that done through the spirit, and that can be done, has been done, and is done without a vocal sound being uttered or a word spoken. Words may tickle the ear, and please the senses and are often instrumentalities that the Father uses through an inspired and rightly ordained heart, but until it meets the witness of truth in the soul, and the soul acquiesces with its requirements it is not worship—is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Our Heavenly Father sees the condition of every soul and is sometimes pleased to make use of some mind and inspire it to speak the very truth that another mind may stand in need of. May each mind be willing to ask only that our thoughts be directed heavenward—ask to be made subservient to His will. The veriest boy or girl that thus sits down in the quiet will be solemnized with sweet feelings, until, even though they may not testify publicly to it, they will know in their secret soul the good that can come out of silence and will feel that it is well for them to be there.

A few months ago a little boy that

had seldom attended a Friend's meeting accompanied his aunt to one. And though not a vocal word was spoken in it, he repeatedly exclaimed during the afternoon. "O auntie, didn't we have such a good meeting.' As this principle is lived in it will grow in us and enable us to contend with, and to overcome all the temptations and trials incident in this life. It will grow from a childlike stature into the full grown man in Christ. There must be a living reality in us. Everything that adds to the soul to make this growth must be experimental. And if our lives are right we will be walking examples of this living experience within us. Your Heavenly Father has given you a work to do and has vested each one of you with the powers of mind and the qualifications to win glory and honor as your reward in performing it. You may rest assured He has not erred in adjusting your capabilities to His requirements. He has made no mistake. He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. We may be born with some strong inherited propensity. But that does not excuse us from controlling it. For ever and against that propensity God has endowed us with divine power sufficient to keep it under due restraint. Not only so but to make it the most useful and glorious in our whole nature. That we thought to reject will become the cornerstone of our character. All the propensities with which we are endowed are for a purpose, and are all good in their proper places, which are a fulfilling of this purpose—this purpose divine. The handiwork of God is in all. These propensities may be represented by the trees in the garden—Man was to dress them and keep them clean. These propensities are clean and good when created in each soul as they were pronounced to be in Adam for they are emanations from the same divine source. It is man's duty to never allow any to become unduly developed by indulgence so that it will gain control over the little, vital principle that is designed to grow and to assume the

government of the whole being under its divine direction. They that look into our lives so enlightened and illuminated must glorify our Father which is in heaven, and must believe that good can come out of Nazareth.

This condition may come to us at any season, at any place. Not only within these walls, or in our assembling together. We may come and go as idle as the door upon its hinges. But upon some special occasion here or elsewhere we may feel more than usually God's presence. The Samaritan woman had frequently drawn water at the well before. But once only did she find the Master there. It was enough He became the Messiah of her life, and she hastened to tell her friends how that she had found the Christ and invited them to come and see for themselves.

Nothing more miraculous transpired in the days of Jesus than is transpiring in the lives, and minds, and souls of men to-day. Jesus did love to carry out the whole law, and fulfil every requirement of his Heavenly Father, and it is for us to do the same, and we are acceptable in the eyes of our Heavenly Father in so far as we do it. We must let the Christ spirit that dwelt so abundantly in Jesus, dwell also in us, permeating our souls, and as it fills the soul it will drive out everything impure and will produce good lives, deed and words, as it did in the case of Jesus Christ. We must come away from the mere letter, for the letter killeth. Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, will worship be performed, but in the heart, spiritually.

Be faithful to this that inspires your minds to do good—this eternal Goodness that secretly draws them towards itself. Be not ashamed before your associates but thankful. You will realize no doubt trials and persecutions, buffetings and scorn, but remember and be comforted in that Jesus Christ has said, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." "Rejoice, and be exceeding

glad; for great is your reward in heaven." It sometimes may come very closely home, even to the separation from my friends, but we must leave all, husband and wife, kindred and loved ones, everything that would come between the divine power and the soul. We should fear neither God nor man. It was in the commencement that the fear was. In that fear was the commencement of knowledge, and as the love comes to be perfected it casts out all fear. Each one stands on the narrow ground of individualism. Let him stand faithful and firm and entertain no fear, and all along through life he will hear the "well done" the little "well done's," and the final summing up is the "well done good and faithful servant." Let us first *do well* and the inevitable sequence is the "*well done.*"

Not only in our meetings but all times we should be ready to worship the Father in spirit and in truth. Thus being daily and hourly wedded in the holy bonds of matrimony, what can divorce, or separate us from the Father. Nor should we be selfish. But let the inviting word sound in the ear and heart of others, "Come brother let us go up to the house of God." For indeed "His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace." "It would be a well of water springing up into everlasting life," and he shall never thirst again. There is nothing theoretical or educational about it, yet these things may be instrumental in supplying that that the soul stands in need of.

But there is ever the inspiring power on the part of the Father, waiting for earnestness of desire on our part, for a right prayerfulness of the soul, and when that comes I am not alarmed about it. It will become livingly engaged about its Father's business. There will be at times a shrinking of the flesh and human will. I have felt it, my youthful frame quaked but I am thankful to-day that I was induced to comply with his wish and enter into a

covenant with him promising to be mouth-piece if he would be wisdom and utterance. He has never failed; I have often failed. He is just as able to inspire youthful minds to-day as he ever was.

If you or I will take our stand upon this, it will not detract one single pleasure from our lives, but will increase them ten-fold and we will be enabled to look through nature up to nature's God. The more you think upon these things and consider them the more your soul will be filled with thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts. He is willing to direct your footsteps and the mind that is in him will be kept in perfect peace. I want that we all shall be co-fellows in this work; and the crown of righteousness that was designed for the ransomed from the foundation of the world will be yours and mine to wear.

MODERN PHRASEOLOGY.

It may seem ungrateful to refuse to own the apology made for me by the editor of the *YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW* in 2nd mo., but as it at once illustrates and destroys the whole point which I intended to make I must disclaim its benefits. I said "we have no right to express belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ." The editor explains that I do not deny the "divinity of Christ" and goes on to say that if that expression be understood to mean what in modern English it does not mean, we do believe in it; that our rejection of that form of words will cause us to be branded as infidels and that people will thereby be repelled from investigating our beliefs. The editor's misconception of my meaning brings out just the disadvantage to which I referred. "Christ" means to Christendom of to-day the man of Galilee. "Christ" to us as a society represented

by our most intelligent members, means the God given knowledge of right and wrong in each soul. "Christ" to the mass of our members means a hazy commingling of these ideas. This I know by considerable interested inquiry on the subject. This confusion of ideas is worse than clear cut error. The latter may be caught and killed; the former, changing color at need cannot be found—it is anything to any man.

As nearly as I can determine those who make up the bulk of Christendom ought to call us infidels and unbelievers, and it is only by marching behind a shield that shows us one color and them another that we escape epithet and denunciation. It is so easy to arrange in phraseology so as not to alarm the timid.

As to repelling people I have never heard, nor do I think, that the sincere seeker for truth will be alarmed by having the truth expressed unequivocally. The idea seems to be that the truth is a disagreeable medicine which must be administered in a wafer looking and tasting as much as possible like the world's daily bread. When it is remembered that we really believe the world's daily bread to be unwholesome this theory appears weak in the extreme. But on the other hand I believe that our danger is in another direction entirely. Why should anyone wish to examine into our beliefs if they have the same external appearance as all others? A sheep in wolf's clothing does not stand the best chance with those who have had experience with wolves. Those to whom we should look for accession of strength are they who have seen that the modern church, in spite of all the good men and good deeds to be set down in its favor, is nevertheless given over to idolatry—worshipping a great reformer instead of the God of the Universe. Because we believe that God was with the great teacher is no reason why we should give any support to the substitution of the one for the other. And I say again that we ourselves are not guiltless if we

cling to forms of words, when the life is gone out of them. I used the theological formula "divinity of Christ" as a representative of a class of expressions, not as an isolated case. Our ministers speak of "the prepared body" of the "great atonement" of the blood shed for our sins." All these expressions have their true meanings as metaphors and were so used, some of them, by the apostles, and by Jesus himself; but since the church has warped them and given them technical meanings they are not for the lips of those who profess plain language. To affect peculiarity of dress when the world's dress is more sensible and comfortable is bad. To use words with the meanings of a time gone by, that are understood in the widely different meaning of to-day, is worse. Persistence in this on the part of our ministers is a great cause of loss in our membership. Not one time in a hundred are our beliefs distinctly spoken; and so it is no wonder that many of our young people never find out what they are. If we have a truth it cannot be too plainly and pointedly uttered. If we have not; if our distinctions from other denominations are too hazy and indefinite to be put in words the sooner we emerge into them the better. If we stand boldly, we few, with our truth, against the world, I shall not fear for the result. It is only because I feel very earnestly that we have a great truth in our keeping and because I am confident that our truth will be victorious if we only give it a chance, that I speak with such emphasis. We have masked our strongest battery long enough. We should stop speaking so much for truth and let truth speak for itself. From our care to guard it one would think it a weakling instead of a giant. In fact it needs only to be heard to have influence. Many Friends are weary of explaining that their religion does not consist solely in using "thee" for "you" and dressing in a peculiar way. If they could only have unequivocal words of present life and feeling

to show them what it really is, their loyalty would revive and their usefulness increase. JESSE H. HOLMES.

Washington, D. C.

[The following poem, and its companion piece on "Water" which shall appear next month, are by an English lady-Friend and poetess. They have been kindly sent us by an acquaintance of the author in this country. We think they bear the stamp of a truly poetic genius, and feel our little REVIEW is highly honored in being the first paper to publish them in America. ED.]

WINE

"Is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and who-soever is deceived thereby is not wise."

The Tempter poured forth a rich goblet of wine,

Exulting—"How bright is its sparkle and shine; It is red as a ruby, and clear as a bell!"

And he bade me "now drink," for he loveth it well;

Then I cried unto Truth, "Hold this goblet on high,

And interpret to me 'neath the light of thine eye."

"Ah! look not upon it," Truth earnestly said,
"But hate it as poison, and shun it with dread;
For the adder of death and the serpent of sin
Lie coiled at the bottom and hidden within."

Have you seen the fair lily with petals of snow,
Its stamens like gold of the sunniest glow,
How it rears its bright head with a beauty and grace

Which might hallow the highest or lowliest place?

Have you seen on the morrow when, torn by the blast,

Thro' all its white petals the lightning has passed,

When the stem that upheld 'neath your footfall lies low,

And ruined and blackened its bosom of snow,
When tarnished the gold that was lying within,
And its grace and its beauty all vanished and dim?

Then think of the maiden, so pure and so sweet
In whose bosom the virtues and graces do meet,
With tenderness nursed and by culture refined,
With a heart prone to all that is lovely and kind,

But who bent 'neath the storm of a passion
within,

Who tasted the wine cup, thus yielding to sin;
Whose countenance once little less than divine,
Is marred, and disfigured, and foolish with wine,
For the adder of death and the serpent of sin
She found at the bottom, coiled hidden within.

Have you seen the proudeagle careering on high,
With his eye to the sun and his breast to the sky?

He delights to the bounds of creation to roam,
But his heart is still true to the loved one at home.

His home on the brow of the mountain's high
crest,

Far, high o'er the billows he maketh his nest;
He is brave and aspiring and true to his trust,
Fit emblem for men who are noble and just,
Who rise o'er the lures and pollutions of sin,
Sustained by the spirit that dwelleth within.

How cruel the spoiler! lo! stretched on the
plain,

The arrow hath entered! the glorious is slain!
The cold mists of death are spread over his eye,
As he rolls in the dust in his anguish to die;
How callous the breast now to pity unmoved,
Unworthy the guerdon of being beloved,
Who rebukes not the spoiler, who weeps not
to see

The ruin of that which was beautiful and free!
As that heart must be hard who can tamper
with sin,

Or can mock whilst destruction is raging within!

I have seen the bright brow of intelligent youth,
Gently trained in the paths of religion and
truth;

It spake of a soul that aspired to the right,
And whose spirit was willing to follow the light,
Loving that which was temperate, holy and
pure,

Who would not a vicious companion endure;
But too soon the seducer, the spirit of wine,
Allured him, and vanquished, and marred the
divine,

For the adder of death and the serpent of sin
Was coiled in the wine cup and hidden within.

Dear youth and loved maiden, this warning
for you

Despise not; the message is simple and true;
Temptations will meet and surround on your
road,

And the gate to destruction lies open and
broad.

Put on the whole armour of God that you may
Resist the seducer, and speed on your way;
In life public or social, howe'er he may smile,
Be assured it is only your hearts to beguile;
The first taste of the wine cup is tampering
with sin,

For the poison is fatal that lieth within.

MARGARET FELLOWS.

RETAINING THE YOUNGER MEMBERS.

Unless a church is founded that shall embrace the excellencies of all Protestant sects the Society of Friends will continue to have an important mission to perform. If the projectors of such a church are guided by the spirit of truth I have the firm belief that its doctrines and organization will resemble the Friends more than any other church.

The F. D. School has rightly had considerable stress laid upon it as a means of retaining the younger members. Systematic study of the scriptures and of the doctrines of Friends should be presented in the F. D. School Lesson Leaves. A systematic presentation of a subject is productive of far better results than a fragmentary presentation of the same.

The works of Friends and of many others like F. W. Farrar should be read at home. Let the young men and women who are interested in our future do all in their power to instruct their younger brothers and sisters in the principles of Quakerism.

There has been much questioning among some members about the usefulness of Swarthmore. Everybody should have been convinced that if we are to retain those who crave a liberal education we must liberally support a college. Such, at least, has been the experience of all other denominations that are not mere names in the catalogue of the sects. Look at the Catholics. They have four large boarding schools besides a number of parochial day schools in close proximity to Philadelphia not to mention the innumerable institutions in the city itself. Since Friends do not contribute as much for religious purposes as members of other denominations they should be more generous towards their schools.

The standard of education among Friends should be high since their ministers come right from the ranks. While I do not believe in a book-made minister, the spirit can certainly use a bright weapon to more advantage than a dull one. It is hard not to notice peculiarities of pronunciation and logic.

Many object to Friends because of their opposition to music and to their use of a peculiar form of speech. Music is, however, found in many homes whose members are considered consistent Friends. Music is elevating, or at least refreshing to the tired mind. But it takes a long time to become proficient, and if one's time for self-improvement is limited there are other fields, as literature and science, which will bring more lasting pleasure and profit.

As to the form of speech that is in my opinion one of the least essentials of Quakerism. The historical need of such a testimony is now a thing of the past. By the use of the pronoun you, we now pay no more respect to one person than to another.

Norristown, Pa. R. HAINES.

Count not in vain the steps God sets for thee,
Behind the Alpine summits of great pain,
Leth thine Italy.

RETAINING OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHAT ARE FRIENDS' SCHOOLS DOING TOWARDS IT?

A very important factor in the retention of our young people in the Society should certainly be our denominational schools. When we take into consideration the whole expenditure of the church, that devoted to such schools is comparatively large. What is the Society getting in return for this expenditure?

The Free School system is one of the very best in the world, and, apart from a moral training, I know of no other source by which our children can better procure a thorough education than from our common schools, High Schools and Universities. This will apply also to a number of the States. What inducements then do Friends' Schools hold out to our young people to compensate for the extra expenditure necessary to educate them in such school? What are Friends' Schools doing towards retaining our young people and fitting them for useful members of the church? Or what are the graduates of Swarthmore College doing for the society?

I hope Pres. Magill and other prominent educators in our schools will answer these questions through the REVIEW. They are important and we want our Society to know what benefit, it is receiving from its schools.

S. P. Z.

Let one do the work that lies nearest,
no matter how humble or how small
the recompense. MISS MULOCH.

The only value of the past lies in its helping us to a better future. Whatever in the past makes us stronger, more loving, more humble, and tender and holy, that we will remember. The rest let us forget.

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

There is a passage in the writings of Charles Lamb that comes very natural to us in association with the half-for-saken column of "Thoughts." We somehow feel that this column could be, ought to be, and, in time, *will* be a very interesting and attractive feature. Let us see, readers of the REVIEW, who will help to make it an established thing. We think, in fact we know it to be a pleasant task, thus to clothe noble thoughts in rare habiliments and see them go forth on little missions of love to friends. Now from Charles Lamb:

"Many good thoughts, resolutions, and proper views of things, pass through the mind in the course of the day, but are lost for want of committing them to paper. Seize them (readers of the REVIEW) as they pass, these birds of Paradise, that show themselves, and are gone, and make a grateful present of the precious fugitives to your friends.

"To use a homely illustration, just rising in my fancy shall the good housewife take such pains in pickling and preserving her worthless fruits, her walnuts, her apricots, and quinces—and is there not much *spiritual housewifery* in treasuring up our minds' best fruit, our heart's meditations in its most favored moments?"

For thy own good, dear reader, I invite thee to this process of cultivating and developing thy own mind, regardless of the REVIEW, and the good each single achievement may do to others. The general result in a more developed, a more systematic and a more controllable mind, cannot but give greater power for good in other ways. Is not this indeed education (e-duce), a leading out, and a truer and better system than the cramming one too frequently employed in the schools. Let us give the scheme a fair trial in the REVIEW, and see what it will do for us, and what will come of it. How many will kindly favor us for next month? No one need say "I can't," except perhaps, the "simple-minded," and their inability lies not so much in brain-power as in will-power. Are we right? You see then, what the inference must be if the "Thoughts" column is not full next month.

The term for a number of the subscriptions to the REVIEW expires with this month. Such will be indicated by

a red slip accompanying their paper. We invite all those to remain with us and help us to continue what they have kindly helped us to establish. We say, frankly, that the REVIEW cannot afford to lose *one* from the present number of its subscribers; but, on the other hand, whenever there is any material increase in this respect, we shall be able and encouraged to advance its standing. But this is looking on to the future: the present has demands enough to engage us now. Two years ago next month the first REVIEW was issued. This is the last paper on the second full year of its existence. That is why some subscriptions run out at this time. If you could as conveniently renew to the end of 1889 it would make it better for us and our agents, and we would not trouble you any more at this busy season. Remember, all papers stop when their term runs out unless renewed. So attend to it at once, either directly or through some interested party. In considering the matter of renewing, look not alone to thy own self or thy own family; look also to the Society, in behalf of which the REVIEW was started. Thy single name may not be absolutely necessary to the REVIEW'S continuance, but thee knows how slight a cause may destroy the tender bud that might, under more favorable circumstances, have become a beautiful rose or a luscious fruit. So may the expiration of some names at this time be the means of increasing instead of lessening our list.

Readers of the REVIEW should look for the paper not on the first, but about the 11th or 12th of the month,

ACKNOWLEDGED. — At Norwich, Monthly Meeting, held in Lobo 4th month, 11th, the Ministry of Samuel P. Zavitz, William Cornell and James Zavitz was acknowledged.

DIED.—On the 12th of 4th month, at her home in Arkona, Ont., Elizabeth, wife of Michael McKay, aged 70 years. She was a consistent member of the Society, and during her long illness was remarkably patient and resigned.

THOUGHTS.

Permit us first to give a few hints to the young that may be of advantage in writing for this column. Notice this column is headed "Thoughts," not words. Words, of course, are used to convey the thoughts; they are symbols, but should not be tinkling cymbals. Neither should they be prison-bars to thoughts, but only the medium through which the spirit of the thought breathes. They should flow along with no display to draw the attention, without a ripple to indicate their presence. To accomplish this happy result words should be appropriate in meaning, common in use, and adapted to the thought. These few points may not embrace the whole rhetoric, but whosoever does not violate these will be considered exceptionally correct.

Man judges from acts, God from motives.

Let justice be tempered with mercy, but mercy be tempered with wisdom.

Will not that Power that makes the buds to burst, that unfolds the leaves and opens out the flowers, will He not also, in its own springtimes, revivify the soul?

We are treading all along nearer the verge than we think. May we be fully prepared that, when, soon or late, our feet step over the brink, all will be well.

Z.

Of what use is a grain of wheat? It cannot sustain life. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit

The death of the natural will alone can bring that growth of fruit which our Heavenly Father requires of us.

The grain of wheat so small of itself as to be considered worthless falls into the ground, given up to the forces of nature it begins to expand; a tiny threadlike root shoots downward into the soil, a bright green blade shoots upward, watered by the dews of heaven, bathed by its sunlight, it continues to increase in size, meantime the tiny root is spreading out, obtaining a firmer hold of mother earth, later if we examine closely we find a number of little plants starting out, bye and bye, each of these sends up a strong stalk which in time produces a number of golden grains, and the husbandman as he views the abundant harvest rejoices that he was led to yield that tiny seed to the soil.

Now, I would not wish any readers to think that when once put forth the tiny blade grew unceasingly, chill winds and cold rains fell upon it and impeded its growth for a season, but the sustenance drawn from the soil strengthened it, so that, when the clouds rolled by it was unable to again put forth its leaves with new vigor, which however, was so slow that the watchful husbandman was enabled to tell how or when it grew, he only knew by looking back to where it started from that it was gradually attaining perfection.

Behold the growth of the Christian life.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of week.—Long-fellow.

GOD'S BLESSING.

In a thronged and busy school-room,
On a clear, calm, summer day,
With their cards upon the table,
Sat some merry boys at play.

To those young, imperfect visions,
Life was opening bright and fair,
Here a mother's love was written,
Here a father's earnest prayer.

When the cards were all divided
And they joined another game,
Youthful passions, strong already
Were enkindled to a flame.
Now and then a peal of laughter
Made those aged walks resound,
Now and then, coarse, vulgar language
From their lips expression found.

With a word and smile of welcome
Each one met the hoary sage,
And the aged pilgrim kindly
Thanked them for "respect to age,"
"Uncle," cried the youthful gamblers,
As he laid aside his cane,
"Uncle, we are just commencing,
Join us in our merry game."

"Certainly," replied the stranger,
"But, permit me first to say,
From a deep regard to duty,
Ere I join your merry play,
Let us leave this dusty school-room,
And upon yon bright, green sod,
Let us, precious children, kneeling,
Ask a blessing from our God."

Blessing! burst in smothered accents
From that gay, unthinking throng;
Strange indeed, to ask a blessing
On a play we know is wrong.
We can kneel before our parents,
At the bedside humbly bow,
And entreat our God to bless us,
But we cannot do it now.

"Never! never!" said the good man,
And his pensive gaze returned,
"Have I aided in performing
What a gracious Father spurned;
If I could not, humbly kneeling,
Ask protection from my God,
Then I knew that it was evil
And I left that path untrod."

It has led me safely, children,
 Through the labyrinth of life,
 Nerved my hand and kept me faithful
 In the darkest of the strife.
 Take it children, for your motto,
 And in stern temptation's hour
 Follow out its precious teachings
 And you, too, shall feel its power.

Tears bedewed those youthful faces
 As they gathered round his knee,
 While he calmly, sweetly told them
 Of the "Man of Calvary."

"Will you, children," said he kindly,
 "At your homes in play or school,
 Youth's bright morn or manhood's promise,
 Take this for a golden rule."
 Need we tell that magic answer
 Childish voices well proclaim;
 Need we ever say, no longer
 Did they join that luring game.

Higher thoughts impelled them forward,
 Nobler motives drove them on,
 While above the world of childhood,
 Rose in brightness manhood's sun,
 And when through life's straits and sorrows,
 Demons lured them from the way.
 Angels taught again the lesson
 Of that bright, eventful day.

[Recited at Lobo First-day School by Mary
 E. Zavitz, 22, 4, '88.]

YONGE STREET NOTES.

On the 14th of third month, Isaac Wilson arrived here expecting to attend the Monthly Meeting held at King on the 15th, but third day previous being extremely stormy rendered the roads impossible as was proven by the fact of four rigs being compelled to turn back after wading through the snow some four miles of the road. This circumstance was a disappointment to Isaac Wilson as well as a goodly number of Friends and others not in membership, but whose sympathies run in that direction who had gone to meeting with the expectation of Isaac Wilson being present.

With the consolation that impossibilities are not required of him, he cheerfully turned his attention towards Yonge street, where he attended meeting on First-day at 11 o'clock, and had an appointed meeting at Whitechurch in the evening, also had an appointed meeting in the Christian Church, Newmarket on Second-day evening, all of which proved to be seasons of refreshment, unmistakably evidencing the Master's presence. A. M. H..

Newmarket.

"FRIENDS' SOCIAL," OF BROOK- LYN, N. Y.

This month has brought to a close for the season a series of social meetings, so pleasant that I thought a brief account of them might be interesting to the readers of this paper, which has so much at heart the interests of our society and its members.

About four years ago a desire was felt among the members of our Brooklyn meeting that a gathering might be organized so that all could more frequently meet socially together.

A meeting was called of a few Friends, ranging from the ages of 17 to 70 years, to consider the subject. It was decided to hold such a gathering, appointing for it a president, recording secretary and committee of arrangements, but otherwise to do away with form. This committee was to arrange for reading, recitation or other light entertainment that seemed most convenient, but always to keep in mind that the object of the gatherings was for social mingling. This committee was to care for four gatherings, when a new committee would be appointed by the social.

From the start the meetings were a success, over fifty being at the first regular meeting, and they continued to increase in popularity and size, until now on a fair evening we may count on 70 or 80 persons, though often we have

over 100, and near the close of this, our third season, we had our largest meeting, numbering 128 persons present.

We meet once in two weeks at the houses of the Friends, and the interest is so general that it has been seldom we have gone to the same house twice during the same season.

Our hour for meeting is 8 p. m., and usually the company commences to disperse about 10 p.m. We have no refreshments, and the duties of householder as host are simply those of welcoming and bidding adieu to the guests.

The beauty of the meetings is the happy mingling of old, young and all ages, and the apparent pleasure taken by all in the sociability the opportunity affords. The frequent meetings of the Arrangement Committee also bring into close contact a number, who possibly would seldom otherwise so meet, thus affording ample means for increased social mingling.

The good it does for the meeting as a whole, is marked. Beside the growth in the spirit of sociability our First-day morning meeting has constantly increased in attendance since these meetings have been held, and brought those who before had come irregularly, and some whose faces we had not seen with us on First-day mornings for years.

The good it has done personally to attend can hardly be fully realized. Causing them for a time to throw off the cares of business and home and enter the house of a Friend who has willingly offered it for the pleasure of all concerned, and mingle in this air of sociability. It gives an opportunity to inquire after the welfare of one another, and for the smile of interested pleasure or word of sympathy which are as helpful "to give as to receive," and without which life is a dreary existence. H.

SWARTHMORE LITERARY SOCIETY MEETING.

A large number of life and honorary members convened with the active members of the college on this interesting occasion, and each seemed to

evinced a spirit of friendliness seldom seen elsewhere. The morning session was largely occupied with the opening speech of the President, and the reading of the minutes of last year. In the afternoon two very interesting papers were read showing that the graduates of a former time had not lost their hold upon the ever advancing thought. Dr. Stackhouse first presented her clearly defined views on "physical culture," after which discussions were open to the Society. Many remarks were made apropos to the subject before us, and we could not but be impressed that much must be garnered from this rich field of thought. The next in order was the paper on "Social Duties," by Caroline E. Hall. In this paper the writer portrayed the highest order of our social duties as women; and I think she touched a key that should receive a response in every female heart. We are too prone to neglect these, as we term them, minor details, while in reality they help to form a well rounded life.

In the evening we enjoyed the various toasts offered by some of our members in a very pleasing style. The subject of one of the toasts was "The Two Phases of Poverty." This was so well presented, combined with the speaker's eloquence, that it still lingers quite distinctly on my memory. She first spoke of the extremely poor person, who was truly poor financially, and then as opposed to that, the extremely rich person, poor in sympathy and in mind. The speaker finally deemed the rich poor man the more deplorable case. Elizabeth Powell Bond presented a brief sketch of the life of Mary Somerville, for whom our Society is named. The above speaker related many wonderful incidents in relation to the work of this female scientist, thus perhaps, inciting us to greater energy.

This day of the 14th of 4th mo., spent at Swarthmore College in the society of our most cultured Friends, is one whose brightness seldom appears on the canvas of our lives. Let us appreciate all intellectual feasts set before us, and remember that all good matter di-

gested at these times ought to push our lives farther and farther in the mental world.

ELLA WEEKS.

A QUAKERS' MEETING.

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consoling faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite? Come with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

Dost thou love silence as deep as that "before the winds were made?" Go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears with little-faithed self-mistrusting Ulysses, retire with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

For a man to refrain from good words, and to hold his peace, is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert compared with this place? What the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the Goddess reigns and revels.—"Boreas, and Cecias, and Argestes loud," do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl, nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds, than their opposite (silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers and by sympathy. She, too, hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation herself has a positive more or less, and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth

by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' meeting. Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption or oral communication? Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? Away with this shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken:

Or underhanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains;

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt." The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions.

———Sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings,

But here is something, which throws antiquity herself into the foreground—*silence*—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

How reverend is the view of these hush'd heads

Looking tranquillity!

Nothing plotting, nought caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council and to consistory!—If my pen treat of you lightly—as

haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deep peace, which some outwelling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewesbury - I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you—for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and off-scouring of church and presbytery—I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remembered Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and “the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet.”

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church narratives, to read Sewel's History of the Quakers. It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox, and the Primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you distrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed (who perhaps hath been a by word in your mouths) James Naylor; what dreadful sufferings, with what patience he endured, even to the boring through of his tongue with red hot irons, without a murmur; and with what strength of mind when the delusion which he had fallen into, which they stigmatized for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error in a strain of the beautifullest humility, yet keep his first grounds and be a

Quaker still! So different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, *apostatize all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the judge of spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies, upon which the dove sate visibly brooding. Others again I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a black inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity and the absence of the fierce controversial workings. If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not in their preaching. It is seldom indeed, that you shall see one amongst them get up to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling female, generally *ancient*, voice is heard, you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds, with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which “she thought might suit the condition of some present,” a quaking diffidence which leaves no possibility of supposing that anything of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty. The men, from what I have observed, speak seldomer.

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old Foxianorgasm. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced “from head to foot equipped in iron mail.” His frame was of iron too. But *he* was malleable. I saw him shake all over with the spirit—I dare not say, of delusion. The strivings of the outer man were unutterable; he seemed not to speak, but to

be spoken from. I saw the strong man bowed down, and his knees to fail—his joints all seemed loosening—it was a figure to set off against Paul preaching—the words he uttered were few and sound—he was evidently resisting his will—keeping down his own word-wisdom with more mighty effort than the world's orators strain for theirs :

* * * * *

More frequently the meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon, not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius ; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the *Tongue*, that unruly member, has strangely been tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness. O when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense, noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers !

Their garb and stillness conjoined, present an uniformity, tranquil and herdlike—as in the pasture—“forty feeding like one.”

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil ; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily ; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the shining ones.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

The following graphic description of the new Empress of Germany is taken from the *New York World* : The consort of the new ruler of Germany is universally admitted to be one of the most talented and remarkable women of her age. The eldest daughter of the

Queen of England, she was born on Nov. 21, 1840, and after a courtship at Balmoral was married to the present Emperor (at that time Prince Frederick William of Prussia) on Jan. 25, 1858, at the Chapel Royal, St. James, London, proceeding immediately after the wedding to Potsdam, where she took up her residence with her husband. Although Frederick III. is a true Hohenzollern, both by inheritance and by tradition, his character has been largely influenced by the new Empress, to whom he is devotedly attached. The favorite daughter of the late Prince Consort of Great Britain, she has retained all her proclivities in favor of a liberal and constitutional form of Government, as opposed to the military despotism and autocracy favored by the late Emperor and by Prince Bismarck. These proclivities, which she imparted to her husband, naturally brought her into frequent conflict with the great Chancellor and with Prussian bureaucracy, who have never professed much sympathy for her whom they describe as “*Englanderin*.” The latter returns this dislike with interest, and it has become especially embittered since the partially successful attempt made to bring Prince William into unfilial opposition to his parents. So strong is the antagonism at Berlin against the new Empress that had her husband died at San Remo during the past few weeks it is doubtful whether it would have been prudent for her to return to the “*Athens on the Spree*.” Prompted by the jealousy of the German surgeons and physicians whose incompetent services in behalf of the new Emperor have been discarded in favor of the Scotch specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie, the latter and the Empress Victoria are held responsible by the Berlin public for the failure to check the malady of Frederick III.

It should be added that the new Empress is devoted to art, literature and science and that she has done much to encourage them in every direction in Germany. She is an accomplished musician, very clever with the pencil,

and brush, one of the best read women of the day, and a devoted wife, mother and daughter.

The Crown Prince's accession to the throne places his wife and children in a position which they could not have obtained had the late Kaiser lived longer than his son. As the widow of the Crown Prince, the Princess would have had the right of only some \$20,000 a year from the Prussian Government, which, added to the \$40,000 a year paid to her by the British Parliament as an English princess, would have constituted her entire income, while the Princesses would not have received more than \$100,000 apiece as their sole fortune. Now that the Crown Prince has become Emperor, his wife, in case of her husband's death, will inherit the dignity of Dowager Empress and her share of the vast fortunes of the Hohenzollern family, which will probably increase her yearly income of dollars to pounds.

We are pleased to announce that a large proportion of our subscribers whose time expired in the 5th month last year accepted our terms and renewed to the end of 1888. It was a great convenience to us to have them do so. In order to induce others, whose time expires with this issue, to subscribe to the end of 1889, we make the same offer, viz.: We will send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to any address in Canada or the United States to the end of 1889 on the receipt of 70 cents, beginning with 6th month number. Ten copies \$7.00, and a copy free to sender of club. Send subscriptions to S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream, Ont., Canada.

We earnestly solicit a renewal of their subscription by all whose time expires with this issue. Our list has gradually gained in numbers, and last winter we were enabled to make quite

an advance. Still, our receipts at present barely pay for printing. We are willing to devote what little talent we have and the necessary time for its publication for some time yet, but we wish to have enough subscribers to cover expenses and make improvements in the REVIEW. We therefore, again solicit renewals and new subscribers. A publication of this nature within the narrow limits of our field is necessarily, to a certain extent, a work of love in which no pecuniary advantage accrues. We ask our friends whose time now expires to continue with us in this work of love, by renewing and by sending us new names, new friends to strengthen our hands in the work.

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