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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IX.

LONDON, ONT., THIRD MONTH 1st, 1844.

NO. 5

## KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King,

Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## THE LIGHT UNIVERSAL.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

If Quakerism demands no creed other than the one article of belief, that God's will is revealed in the soul of man as fully now as at any former time, then it follows that its application must be as universal as mankind itself. No decree of human authority can limit its sway; no intervention of priest or prelate may determine who shall receive it: no authority of the Church may deny it to whomsoever will receive it. Bond or free, male or female, learned or illiterate, to all alike Quakerism comes as a free gift of God. The call has gone forth to the uttermost

ends of the earth, and not in recent years alone, but from the beginning of human existence, the Light of Christ, the revealed will of God, has been acting in the soul; a heaven of righteousness that has been assimilating the human to the Divine.

What the law of evolution is in the physical world the law of righteousness, the "Light" is to the spiritual nature of man. Seen or unseen, it broods over all, influencing the whole human race to rise above the base and low, and aspire to the noble and good. It puts discontent in the heart that contemplates a sinful purpose. It cheers the soul that stands forth in its integrity for the defence of the right and true. It *will* be heard. It is a stern, impartial judge, unmoved by sympathy or proffered excuses, in the sentence of condemnation that falls upon the soul of the disobedient.

George Fox may have aided the world in apprehending the divine impulse that has ever been pressing mankind towards the higher spiritual life, when he called attention to the "Light within;" but, as he well declared, what he called attention to was the "Lord's everlasting truth," not indeed, new, but the power of which had been, to a great extent, lost to the world in the mysticisms of Church rituals and confessions of faith. The "Followers of the Light" contemplated and believed in a religion that would include all humanity in its fold.

Edward Burroughs (see works of,— pages 118-119, edition of 1672) makes this plain. He says, "Therefore all people upon earth, consider your condition and state, and hearken to the power that made you, a measure of which moveth in the hearts of all mankind upon the face of the earth; and

it moveth against the evil and against the defiled and transgressing part in every man's heart that is come into the world. And the power by which all men were made, and which they have transgressed against, a measure of it from the Father is made manifest to all mankind upon the face of the earth, and convinceth of the evil of murder and adultery and such like; and condemneth the works which are evil in every particular man, whether heathens or Christians, so called."

If this be true doctrine, as the progress of the human race indicates, then there is, and has always been, but one true religion among mankind—a religion that has always been potent in the human soul, though the efficacy of its work has been sadly marred by the vagaries of mistaken zealots who have failed to interpret the Divine message in their own hearts

If this be true doctrine, then there must follow that there is an essential element *common* to all the great religions of the world, some bond of faith that may be recognized as a woof or structure, upon which all the varied religions of mankind are built.

The recent great Parliament of Religions at Chicago, offered an opportunity to test this matter. To any one who was present at the meetings of the selected representatives of the great religious faiths of the world, it was very evident that most of the prominent creeds and statements of faith of these religions were no part of this element of sympathy. The mysticism of the Buddhist, the symbolism of the Parsee alike with the doctrinalism of the Christian, found no general acceptance in the hearts of the assembly. But when every sect of every form of religion, through its chosen representatives from the various nations and tongues, proclaimed its unswerving faith in the two great corner stones of doctrine—the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, and all that these implied—the air was vocal with acknowledgments of sympathy and accord.

Almost as unanimous was the assembly in their acknowledgment of the leadership of Jesus Christ, though here there were some evidences of dissent, not, however, to the character of his work and teaching among mankind, but to the Christian theories regarding his nature and office in the redemption of men. The dissent was from what the Church *claims* for Jesus, what it teaches as his doctrine, what it declares are verities concerning his peculiar relationship to God. The objection was to the Christian creed about Jesus, and not to the Christian faith in him as a leader and teacher. For when his character was held up to view by leading exponents of Buddhism and other oriental religions, as representing their idea of what is pre-eminently valuable in Christianity, it was the intimate union, not identity of Jesus, with the Infinite Spirit, that was portrayed. Let who would quarrel about the nature of Jesus Christ, they failed not to acknowledge him as eminently trustful in Divine guidance and eminently faithful as a teacher of Divine Truth."

And so the point of agreement was that on which the universal impress of the Spirit of God led the different sects to acknowledge *one God, the father of all, and all mankind as brethren*. The Divine message, the Light within, brought harmony of sentiment, the metaphysics of the schoolmen provided the only ground for discord.

WM. M. JACKSON,  
New York.

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### THE SUPREMACY OF CONSCIENCE.

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The moral element has a place in nearly all our acts. Due recognition is seldom given to this fact. If, however, one takes the trouble to examine even his apparently trivial doings, his judgment will rarely fail to qualify them as right or wrong. Each deed adds one more link to the imperishable chain of human character, which is no

more and no less than a complete record of human thoughts embodied in human acts.

With the moral nature comes responsibility. Man, with his separate personality, is, in one sense, a spontaneous being, and yet with full power to do as he chooses. He is in contact on all sides with beings of a like nature; and since he is either justifiable or blamable for choosing as he does, there is or ought to be some standard test which, when applied to the act, determines its bearing as right or wrong—some supreme moral law for the knowledge and interpretation of which no legal fees are required. Everyone must have before him a basis for procedure, and until he knows by what moral law he is judged, he is without moral footing and lacks ground for confidence not only in himself, but in those about him.

What, then, is this criterion? Man knows that he possesses a conscience. But is it valid? Can it be relied upon? Let us investigate its history: A multitude of agencies have a hand in the growth of each one's moral sense. Among Christians the prevailing and highest instructor of this sense is the Bible. The Mohammedan cherishes the Koran, while more than one-third of the human race place their hopes in the Bible of Buddhism. Therefore, one's way of thinking is much a matter of education and of circumstances which are not under his control. In fact any impression of the understanding has its weight in shaping one's belief, and consequently his conscience; so that the moral faculty is largely a deduction of the understanding from the aggregate past experiences of the individual, resulting in the formation of a rule of right. Just as the experiences differ in different persons, so will the moral perception differ. The conscience thus fixes itself in the constitution of each person, and there stands as law to be subsequently repealed or amended as the understanding enlarges, but while it remains as the

statute he must either obey it or pay the penalty of remorse.

A recognition of the value of the intellect acquaints one with the high authority of conscience. The supremacy of mind—the worth of the individual soul itself—is enough to establish the supremacy of conscience. Look where you will and behold the mind of man triumphant, rising over all, save the Author of All. The theist, in his own way, looks toward a God, and in him alone feels that inexpressible peace which sets all else at naught, and which none but the truly devout person can know. He bows before the Divine only, as revealed to him in all nature. The unquenchable spirit rising above every earthly thing longs to know no bounds. But in all its soarings it carries with it a conscientious conviction in all that it thus far sees. The image-worshipping Hindoo founds a belief and moral code upon the bequeathed knowledge of his ancestors with what he may gain by instruction or through his own spontaneous progression. Who is here that would worship the gods that even the Classic Greek or Roman worshipped? What power could force you to do it? It is inconceivable how God, the Omnipotent Being, in whom we all trust, could change in his attributes and nature. Yet the world's conception of Him has steadily changed throughout its history. Perhaps no two persons have, or can have, absolutely the same idea of him, for He reveals Himself as His children are able to understand—and so on up through the graded planes of progress the one truth confronts us that just as far as the rational eye can see it believes and has convictions, from which fact there is no other conclusion than, that knowledge and belief are properly co-extensive, advancing side by side. A man can no more run away from his convictions, whatever they may be, than from his knowledge, for they are a part of himself, of his own personality, begotten in his own understanding, and he is therefore morally bound to

act out the imperatives of the only oracle that speaks in a language he can understand.

It is eminently in the possession of a free individual conscience that the tranquility and harmony of the race as a whole can be maintained. The world was a long time reaching this truth, and still there are many who believe that they have consciences, and that all the rest of the world have none. It is not extravagant to say that in religion, more than in any other institution in society, has hot-headed passion played the tyrant. The history of religion is a history of wars. But the question is settled, and settled forever, that if man is ever to know himself he must exclude superstition and headstrong prejudice from the temple of reason while the spirit within communes with its God. That creed which does not uphold the supremacy of the individual conscience should not be classed with Christian faiths.

And a conscientious rational act of a person should always be respected no matter how wrong it may seem to others. But the act must be conscientious and must be rational. Then, logically, he does no wrong, for he violates no law of his understanding. Let the public denounce him never so bitterly, before God he is justified; else you must accept the absurd alternative that he is censurable for doing what he believes to be right. Many assign little or no value to conscience because there is no uniformity about its decisions. What one does another would undo. Which one is right? It seems strange that these natural and necessary differences of opinion, which everywhere prevail, should be classed in the categories of right and wrong; for it is a happy thing that men do differ. Just as soon as all people come to the same opinion progress will come to a dead halt. The clock of mental energy will then be run down. The history of four thousand years shows little tendency toward a universal agreement of humanity in its opinions.

Homogeneity is the very symbol of inertness, while differences promote activity. The chemist well knows that there can be no activity between the same or similar substances—no new or higher compound formed. Nature is a mixture of actions and reactions centering round and affecting the spontaneous man. The minority or so-called wrong opinions in the world are necessary to the existence, the limitation and the furtherance of the majority or so-called right opinions. Such truths as we now rest in as too insipid for discussion have made their way from small centers of development around which persecution once raged rampart. The inertia of the world's understanding is overcome at an awful price. These settled truths are but part of that whole truth which makes the invisible architecture of civilization as yet half finished and unappreciated and uncomprehended by man.

Right and wrong opinions, so called, together make up the checks and balances of our social and political structure. As new generations come into being and branch out in different manners, degrees and directions, these political relations and social inconveniences must be constantly readjusted and repaired in counteraction of this spontaneous differing, and thus the machinery of human development goes on. And it is only as each individual follows the true dictates of a rational conscience as the Divine Author intended that a proper difference of opinion will exist.

What is a hero? What has he that others have not? The unflinching courage and calmness that reigned over the soul of that martyr simply indicates that on his side was conscience, which in reality had itself made the stand, had sustained him in a halo of serenity against the rage of infuriated mobs. Now, when the martyr has paid for the satisfaction of believing as he thought right by giving up his head, men cheer and laud him to the skies for his marvellous deeds and for the persecution

he has borne, when in fact he had all along been basking in the sunshine of his own conscience whereto the man entire was turned.

But who will open his heart to the real sufferer, who, his baser propensities rebelling against his conscience, must endure the unremitting stings and arrows of remorse, struggling in vain to resist the increasing current that bears him on in misery?

Though the conscience, weakened by failure, grows dull and indeterminate, the spark is still there and in the acting of a dreadful thing—as the murderous stroke would fall, the smoldering essence suddenly looms up, quick as the lightning's flash and for the moment stays the hand, while the actor, thus warned, is given time to bethink himself and, if he will, shake off the passion that blinds him.

Seeing, then, that no rational individual is without the power of arriving at and discerning the right, cherish the liberty of that conscience, which lies at the basis of all true freedom. It is well, however, before one acts in any thing to be sure that what he thinks is right be not a mere fancy, a dogmatic prejudice. It is the imperial reason that lights the path of ethical truth awakening the nobler sensibilities which in turn beckon the pilgrim to follow. The most of man's mission resolves itself into the simple gist of knowing and doing; to search the truth, to stand by it; to cherish the heavenly sentiments which adorn it; to be an actor in the world's drama of progress, and in the acting to give ear to the decisions of the inward tribunal; to be loyal to the sceptre of conscience. Let these conditions be, and life, a struggle though it be, will be a life of harmony.

W. P. F.

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### HUMANITY.

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Observe its magnitude. How great it is! Where does it extend, and what is its length and breadth? Is not its length equal to that of the equatorial

line which makes a circuit of the whole world, and does not its breadth extend from pole to pole? Is not its magnitude equal to the whole world itself? Then why is it not an important subject for meditation?

The word has two meanings:—

First, the nature of man.

Second, a kind disposition.

Now there are a great many kinds of men. It is said that no two pebbles upon the seashore are exactly alike. I believe the same saying will apply to men, and still all owe their existence to the same Creator. All have likes and dislikes, all have talents greater or less, all have strong points and weak ones, and all have a duty to perform and a place to fill, like the beautiful pebbles upon our lake beach. How grand it is to look upon those glistening pebbles as the light waves wash over them and then recede and leave them for a time to be admired by the looker-on! How smooth the surface appears. Some large, some small, even down to the finest sand, with many different colors and shapes, all smooth and shining, each filling its allotted place without a murmur, each being worn smooth by coming in contact one with another. How similarly is the innumerable host of humanity wrought upon by the *sea of time*. Are *we* not jostled about, continually coming in contact one with another? And by this *All-wise* process, should *we* not have our rough edges worn off that all might be peace (*within and without*)? And were it that we had *used* our "talents" and put them to the *best* use within our reach, this might be accomplished. But as humanity is, or seems to be, we are too liable to murmur and think others have *greater* talents, and therefore we have nothing to do.

*Remember the pebbles:* They all fill their allotted place. Then where is our place, and what is our duty to perform? "Know Thyself."

Let us go down into our heart and see what is there. How shall we know what to do with what we find there?

There is a Book, the oldest in the whole world, which tells us how we may find out. There is a *character* portrayed there which we are directed to follow. The finger of prophecy has pointed to this character from the beginning of the world. Since that character became flesh and dwelt among men, the *Humans of Humanity* have been pointing to it as a source, and the *only* source, of salvation to all humanity.

Then let us look at this wonderful character. By what name is it designated? "Jesus, which is the Christ." The Messiah which was to come to establish the Kingdom. "The Son of God." "The only begotten of the Father." He who *was* before the worlds were, who *is now* and *ever shall be*. He it is to whom we must look. He it was who became flesh and dwelt among men, who had like passions unto us. He it was who tasted sorrow and death that we might profit thereby. It was He who comforted the sorrowing and pitied the bereaved. He it was who served at manual labor and was tempted in all ways like unto us, *but without sin*. This latter is *not* like unto us, for we have yielded unto temptation, and *have* sinned.

Then, how can we follow him and his example if we have sinned?

"Go thou and sin no more."

"Cease to do evil, learn to do good."

"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you."

But how can I do that?

"Ye must be born again. Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

Some may say as Nicodemus did: "How can a man be born when he is old, etc." Do we not believe there is a God, the Creator of all things. Do we not believe that Christ came to show us the right way—the highway for the righteous?

Look unto the oldest of all books and study it carefully and prayerfully, and see if we don't believe these things. Study the character of Jesus, his pre-

cepts and example, then ask our unbiased judgment if these things be not true. Then ask ourselves if a man can fill his place in Humanity without continually striving to follow these precepts and example.

If not, then let us follow.

[Here the writer supposes *man* to have been truly converted.]

What a calm! What peace! What joy! What happiness! What comfort! Is not this heaven indeed! What a change! He (Christ) told me old things should be done away, and all things become new, but I could not see it. Why? "I was blind, but now I see." "I was lost, but now I am found." Now I see beauty in all things, even in the pebbly beach; in the rugged mountain; in the wild dense forest. There is beauty everywhere. How my power of comprehension has been extended! Oh! how thankful I am that I have been led to see the *light*. How *could* I *ever* have filled my place in Humanity without this light. Wonderful knowledge! It passeth understanding beyond the power of words to explain.

A SILENT FRIEND.

#### FOREKNOWLEDGE AND FREE AGENCY.

To the question "Does not the foreknowledge of God strike directly at man's moral free agency?" addressed by the writer to George F. White, the following reply was received:

Answer. "It does beyond all question. There can be no inconsistency with *Diety*. He cannot be just and unjust; he cannot be merciful and unmerciful; *he cannot give and retain the gift*. If he give to man the power to disobey him, he relinquishes foreknowledge until man wills, because as *thou properly infer*, if he should retain foreknowledge of man's act of volition, he must necessarily retain control of the influences which were to decide the act of volition. This would make man a mere machine, and would divest him of all moral account-

ability to his Creator, as well as to his fellow-man.

There are two reasons why people do not understand this subject. One is, that they attach sin against God, to overt acts only, as if Diety, like finite man, judged the tree by its fruits. Whereas, the difference is, say in a case of murder, that God condemns before the act is perpetrated, man condemns after it is perpetrated. Diety permit the intent to be carried out or not—man knowing nothing of the intent until it be manifested by some over-act—can judge only by such act or acts. Whatsoever man may design, intend or attempt, he can go no farther in carrying out his design than is consistent with the will of Diety. 'Man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.' 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? Yet, not one of these falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father's knowledge.' God never relinquished, nor ever ceased to exercise his prerogative to govern. If withdrawing or giving up the control of all extraneous influences, when good and evil are placed before his creature until the act of volition be performed, that man may be a free agent, be derogatory to Him. I am unable to perceive it. Although he relinquishes foreknowledge of man's *will*, he relinquishes not foreknowledge of *its* effects; for, if man *will* to pursue good, he is immediately plac'd under the divine government, in which love becomes manifest to him, in other words, the attribute of love predominates in his view. He is then engaged in carrying out the purpose of Diety in his creation, and consequently he has God and the host of heaven with him. If, on the other hand, he *will* to choose evil, he immediately falls under that government, still divine, in which power predominates and is often manifested to his disappointment, mortification, and sometimes great disgrace."

What is eternal life? It is the Christ life.

## THE HOUSE OF GOD.

It stood within the wild wood, a quiet rustic place,  
Where many prayerful hearts had known,  
Christ's free and loving grace,  
No costly cornice decked its front, nor proudly  
panelled door,  
With lowly roof, rough plastered walls, and  
time discolored floor.

No blinds were at the windows to cast a  
darkened shade,  
Save the rustling leafy branches which in the  
breezes played,  
Oftimes the sunlight streamed in beauty o'er  
the whole,  
Again in fitful gleams it seemed like a pure  
passing sou';

Which glories in the brightness of life's depart-  
ing day,  
And by its heavenly sweetness lights others on  
the way;  
The doorstep too is worn with the tread of  
passing feet,  
For many years it ushered the *Loved* with God  
to greet.

Upon the sloping green sward before the open  
door,  
Full many a footfall there has been that there  
will be no more;  
Beside it is the churchyard where the loved in  
God repose,  
While o'er them wave the cedar, the blue bell  
and the rose.

Their spirits have ascended unto the heavenly  
gate,  
Where patient at the entrance their Father's  
summons wait;  
Oh! who can know the glory presented to  
their view?  
May all the human family share it at last with  
you.

Oh! sacred is the structure tho' crumbling to  
decay,  
The precinct there enshrined, will cheer us on  
life's way;  
Then gently touch the mouldering wall, o'er  
the threshold lightly tread,  
While the living fondly linger in the Garden  
of the D'ad. H.

Prejudice may be considerad as a continual false medium of viewing things, for prejudiced persons not only never speak well, but also never think well of those whom they dislike, and the whole character and conduct is considered with an eye to that particular thing which offends. — *Bishop Butler.*



# Young Friends' Review

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Published in the interest of the Society  
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

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Our attention has been called to a sentence or two in the article "Let There be Light," in the issue of 2nd mo. 1st. Our correspondent takes exception to this statement: "We find that profane, vulgar and obscene language is the habitual form used by many in railroad depots, eating houses, and hotels of our cities, towns and villages." We think with our critic, that the statement is hardly in accordance with facts. Such language seems at present pretty well confined to bar-rooms and saloons. One could not but admire the general good behaviour and lack of "profane, vulgar or obscene" language in the great crowds in attend-

ance at the World's Fair. The writer, in the ten days spent there, scarcely heard even an *unkind* word, and did not see a drunken man either on the grounds or in the city. Surely the days of vulgarity are fast passing away.

To the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

The Young Friends' Association of Lincoln, Nebraska, met 12th month 31st, at the usual time, twelve o'clock, in the meeting room. The meeting was opened by responsive reading of the second chapter of 1 Peter. The subject for the day being "Oaths" texts were given by the members touching upon that subject. A review of the last lesson—Quarterly—was given by Thos. Harcum. The paper showed thought and study. The person that had been appointed to act as reporter of the meetings being absent, as substitute I was chosen to fill the vacancy. A paper on "Oaths" was read by Anna Burgess, showing what the Friends have done by their faithful testimonies and immediate influences toward abolishing the custom of taking oaths. The person being absent who was to have given a review of the twelfth chapter of Janney's History of Friends, the subject was carried over until the next meeting. What the discipline has to say in regard to Oaths was read by one of the older members. The programme for next month was then read, followed by the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. The Association then adjourned to meet at the usual hour on the last First-day of First month.

N. E. I.

"Salvation is from above. You cannot save men by getting down into the mire with them, because in trying to lift them up, the mire gives with your weight; but we save them by standing firmly on the rock above, and stooping down, we lift them up. Oh, no, we are no. to conform to this world, but we are to make this world conform to Christ."—*B. Fay Mills.*

## BORN.

HAIGHT—To Edgar and Amella S. Haigh, at Sparta, Ont., 2nd mo. 5th, 1894, a son, who has been named Samuel Herbert.

## CHICAGO.

The Young Friends' social, held 2nd mo. 2nd, was one of special interest. After select readings by Emma Gilbert and Mary Cadwallader, H. T. Paiste gave a very entertaining lecture on the A B C's of electricity. He being a thorough electrician, his subject was clearly demonstrated.

Several Friends were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Andrew W. Cadwallader.

Central Executive Meeting was held on the 11th. Benjamin F. Nichols, of State Center, Iowa, delivered a very acceptable discourse. Although no general notice of his coming had been given the room was filled.

M. H. I.

TO THE PHILANTHROPIC  
LABOR COMMITTEE OF  
GENESEE YEARLY  
MEETING.

The appointment of this Committee for Philanthropic Labor, at Sparta, was made 6th mo. 14, 1893.

This appointment is to aid, strengthen and increase, if may be, the interest in this work, and to enable Genesee Yearly Meeting to unite, through this Committee, with the seven Yearly Meetings in the prosecution of the proposed work, that the influence of the whole Society may be used as a unit in correcting evil.

It is hoped that the members of this Committee will be active and zealous in such work as they may find to do in their respective localities, encouraging the organization of associations and appointment of committees in all of our Meetings, where such associations and committees can be of practical benefit in helping any cause for which we may labor—also let indi-

vidual work and influence be encouraged and promoted, as such efforts may accomplish much good, not only in our own Society, but among our friends and neighbors. Always remembering, "First set mine own house in order." Then be diligent in season.

New York Yearly Meeting has appointed superintendents of departments as follows:

Peace and Arbitration; Temperance; Purity; Education of Colored People; Tobacco and other Narcotics; Demoralizing Publications; Prison Reform; Lotteries, Gambling, Kindred Vice; Capital Punishment; Mission Work among Women and Children; Indian Affairs.

Genesee may not, at present, need so elaborate an organization, and owing to the fact that our numbers are few, and that we are widely separated, must necessarily depend more upon individual effort.

At the present time circumstances are such in Ontario (Canada) that the cause of temperance never was in greater need of wise and zealous support. May your courage be the child of wisdom in this work.

I append a list of the names of this Committee for Philanthropic Labor appointed for three years, and wish also to say that frequent reports of any philanthropic work done by Friends either in meetings, associations, or by individuals, will greatly facilitate the making of reports by the chairman of the committee to our own Yearly Meeting, and also to the "Friend's Union," and I urge all members of the Committee, and others, to make and forward such reports to Chester J. Hampton, Chairman Committee.

JUNIUS.  
Seneca Co., N. Y., 1st mo. 25, 1894.

[For names of Committee see Genesee Yearly Meeting extracts for 1893.—Eds.]

A nettled temper inflicts its own sting.

GLIMMERINGS FROM THE  
WHITE CITY.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

"There is nothing new under the sun" is an old saying, and, in the main, a true one; and it should take away all egotism to know that our brightest and most cherished ideas may have been unconsciously borrowed, and have no doubt been many times expressed. But when we pass to the material world we find much that was apparently unknown until within the last half century; or, if known ages ago, all traces of that knowledge have passed away. I refer especially to electricity, and to the various uses made of that wonderful force in nature, often so destructive to life and property, and yet when properly handled made to become the servant of man. While electricity itself is as old as time, or even older for aught we know, yet the usefulness of this great natural force, and the knowledge to control it, has come to be understood within a comparatively short space of time, and we know not the extent to which its usefulness may be carried. If Benjamin Franklin could have fallen asleep, as the famous Rip Van Winkle is said to have done, and then had awakened in the Electricity Building at the World's Fair, to see the illuminations and the great variety of uses made of the mystery which he endeavored to draw from the clouds, the nature of which was at that time so little understood, how great would have been his wonder and admiration.

Lightning was and is still held in superstitious dread by many. Coming, as it sometimes does, so suddenly and unexpectedly, and with such fatal results, it has been regarded as the especial judgment of God, and therefore not to be lightly spoken of or tampered with. We who have never made a study of this science realize but faintly the extent to which this natural agent enters into our daily lives and

being. We see the result of its silent workings in the beautiful light produced, which turns darkness into day, and we realize something of the vastness of its power, when we see machinery set in motion by it with a force far exceeding that of steam.

The Electricity Building at the Fair furnished one of the most interesting features, and gave great opportunity for study, and the various uses made of electricity went far toward making the Fair a success. Indeed, we wonder if it could have been a success without it. The beautiful illuminations and the fountains were sights never to be forgotten. The search lights so useful in the light houses, to throw their far reaching rays over the stormy sea, when thrown upon the statuary on the high buildings, made them appear as though suspended in the air, and on dark or murky nights made a broad path of light, reminding one of the picture of the New Jerusalem, where the light that shown from heaven to earth made a path by which angels might ascend and descend. I know I am liable to be censured for expressing such thoughts, and I will only say, in self-defence, that I love to think in this way, and it can do me no harm if I make the spiritual application, and it affords me a pleasure that cannot be attained by those who never enter into this beautiful world of imagination. But to return to my theme. When we think of the White City on the shore of the lovely lake, it seems so like a dream, and we wish it could have remained just as it was for another year, that we might see it all again. It was too grandly beautiful to pass away so soon. I was reminded of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, for there seemed to be nothing under the sun or in the mind of man to invent that was not there reproduced. One had but to wish to see anything and lo! it was before you.

While we were made to realize the greatness of man's intellect we were taught the transitory nature of all the

work of his hands. The fire sweeps over it, and it is a blackened ruin. The work of months is destroyed in a few moments. The cyclone may come and all is laid waste. But the beautiful lake, the work of the infinite mind, still remains. We cannot tell how long it has been there, or how long it may remain, but we know that the ingenuity of man cannot produce it, neither can he destroy it. The intellect of man is grand, indeed, as is also his physical nature, but both pass from earth as time moves on. The brightest mind becomes dimmed, the most stalwart frame is laid low. Yet God lives and Christ lives, and he has said: "Because I live ye shall live also; but the finite mind, always accustomed to thinking of time and place, asks when and where? Let me answer these questions with the words of the poet Whittier:

I know not where his islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

FANNIE C. LOWNES.

Lincoln, Neb., 2nd mo. 2nd, 1894.

### CLEAR CREEK MONTHLY MEETING.

Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, held 1st month 5th, was unusually large and seemed much favored. I. P. Wierman being feelingly impressed offered words of counsel, earnestly desiring a Christian life for himself and us.

Several topics claimed our attention in the business part of the meeting.

A Nominating Committee had been appointed in 12th month last to present to this meeting names of Friends to serve the meeting in all the necessary annual appointments, which was thought would cause less irregularity in having appointments to run over time.

The needs of isolated Friends was brought before us by receiving a request from an isolated sister to be released from society, as she felt it to be a religious duty to unite with an organ-

ization where she could attend their meetings and mingle with them.

The report of the Library Committee occasioned considerable discussion. The question why so few books were taken out and read was answered at some length. Some thought the books too old and should be replaced by more modern ones. Others thought the books very valuable for reference, and contained much history of the life and travels of the founders of our Society not found in modern publications. One Friend thought the home libraries were more extensive than formerly, hence the call on the meeting's library less frequent.

A sister expressed a feeling of pleasure that there was such a full attendance the first Monthly Meeting of the year. A brother echoed her feelings and thought it encouraging to have the young members in attendance, and in persevering would not only help themselves but the older ones too, and would also exert an influence over their young friends, and thereby might be the means of drawing more of them to our business meetings.

Before closing Abel Mills exhorted us to greater faithfulness by reminding us of our own personal responsibility.

L. E. WILSON.

### BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT BARCLAY.

Prepared and read before the Wrightstown F. D. School by Matilda Blaker.

Robert Barclay, one of the most eminent writers belonging to the Society of Friends, was born at Edinburgh in the year 1648. He was the son of David Barclay, descended from the ancient and famous family of Barclays, and of Catherine Gordon, from the house of the Dukes of Gordon.

He was sent to finish his education in Paris. During his stay in France he not only became master of the French, but also of the Latin tongue. Here, also, it appears he was at one time inclined to accept the Roman Catholic faith.

During his absence his father embraced the faith of Friends, and showed by his pious behavior that he had not acted inconsiderately.

Robert, at the age of nineteen years, became a member of Friends, and grew so zealous and valiant in the doctrine he professed that he became a public minister. He often engaged in disputes with the scholars of the day, not only verbally, but also by writing, and was ever able to encounter the learned with their own weapons.

His principal literary work was his Apology, which takes up different subjects of religion, and discusses them from Friends' point of view.

Of worship he says, "The great advantage of this true worship of God, which we profess and practice, is that it consisteth not in man's wisdom, arts or industry; ne ther needeth the glory, pomp, riches, nor splendor of this world to beautify it, as being of a spiritual and heavenly nature, and therefore too simple and contemptible to the natural mind and will of man, that hath no delight to abide in it, because he finds no room there for his imaginations and inventions, and hath not the opportunity to gratify his outward and carnal senses."

Of baptism he speaks thus: "The professing of faith in Christ, and a holy life answering thereunto is a far better badge of Christianity than any outward washing."

Caroline Fox, in her journal, says: "There is a shelf in the Oxford Library which is the receptacle of all works opposed to the Church of England, which are placed there to be answered as way may open. Barclay's Apology and Barclay's Apology alone, remains unanswered and unanswerable, though many a time has it been taken from the shelf controversial, yet has always quietly slunk back to its old abode."

Robert Barclay died in the year 1690 "A man of sound judgment, but strong in argument and cheerful in sufferings. Besides, he was friendly

and pleasant, yet grave in conversation, and well fitted for settling differences. He really lived up to what he professed, being of an unblamable deportment, truly pious, and loved by all with whom he became acquainted."

He was but forty-two when overtaken by the short illness from which he died at his home in Ury, Scotland.

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### KINDNESS.

Ferguson says "Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with Heaven, for all it touches it turns into gold—the true gold—where-with we purchase contentment, peace and love." He also says, "Kindness is the music of goodwill to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play Heaven's sweetest tones on earth."

Is there any better way in which we can make friends, than by doing kind acts and saying kind words? What sunshine they bring, and how their influence is felt on all around. To do a kindness it is not necessary to give large sums of money, or fine clothes, but a gentle word to the one who is distressed, or a warm clasp of the hand.

It is found that kindness is the most powerful instrument in the world to move men's hearts, a word of kindness will often do more towards gaining an end than any amount of angry arguing.

True kindness cherishes and promotes ways for doing good in its own time, and in the future we see the same spirit working for others happiness. It is the kindly disposed men who are the active and wide awake men of the world, and the selfish generally the idle men. In the social world little acts of kindness do more towards winning and preserving affection than anything else, and he who neglects these rarely has many friends. How much pleasure we can give elderly people by affectionate looks and kind acts of attention.

Little kindnesses like these are really great after all, for they drive away sad-

ness, cheer up the soul, and thus make time pass more pleasantly. But do not let us feel discouraged if our kind acts and words are not acknowledged, they have their influence still, and we are made happier by having done them. What inward peace we feel when we think we have made some one happy.

It is far better never to receive a kindness than never to bestow one. What better way have we to take revenge upon our enemy than to do him a kindness. The sting of reproach will be felt deeply, and how much more effect, than had we returned evil for evil. Do not keep your kind words and acts, they are gifts that will gladden the heart and cheer the life of all who hear or receive them—they cost nothing and are worth so much. Some one has said, "That kind words are like the breath of dew upon the tender plant, falling gently upon the drooping hearts, refreshing the withered tendrils and soothing its woes.

It is almost impossible to think of a really great man, and not think of one filled with the spirit of kindness.

If we unfurl the career of Napoleon Bonaparte and Florence Nightingale, though one filled Europe with the honor of his name, yet in the scale of moral greatness, the name of the latter far outweighs that of the former.

Speak kindly in the morning, it lightens all the cares of the day, and makes the household and all other affairs move more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before dawn some beloved one may have finished his or her life, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Speak kindly at all times; it encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing, and often awakes the erring to earnest resolve to do better. Always leave home with kind words, for they may be your last.

"A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere."

Hamilton, Va. A YOUNG FRIEND

## A CHILDREN'S MEETING IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Written for THE YOUNG FRIENDS REVIEW.

It is Sabbath morning in the city of Bristol. As the cathedral bells are calling people to worship let us follow one of the narrow streets which leads beyond the business part of the city. As we proceed we notice that the houses are closed and silent. Surely something more than the calm of a Sabbath day broods over this place. A little farther on is a large, square house, whose door stands invitingly open. We enter and may well be surprised at the sight which meets us. Chairs and benches line the walls, and seated upon them are children whose ages vary from the little one of only a few summers to the manly boy of sixteen. Here is truly a meeting for worship, but where are the parents and older ones? In prison, and for what? For claiming the right to worship God according to the dictates of His voice in their souls. For proclaiming to the world that "all the children of the Lord are led by the Lord," and "as many as are led by the spirit of God are the sons of God." For teaching the people the simple but eternal truth which Jesus came to proclaim that God has put a law in our hearts above all that man can ordain. For these things the most honest, industrious, God-fearing people of England languish in prison; and such prisons! standing knee deep in water and filth; unable to sit or lie down, whipped and abused by brutal jailers. Noble men and women were they whose faithfulness and sufferings prepared the way for the liberty we now enjoy. But let us return to the children's meeting. The calm of a holy silence fills the air, broken at last by the voice of a young girl who, kneeling by her chair, thanks her Heavenly Father for His presence in their silent waiting, and implores His guidance each hour of their lives, that they may not wander from the path in which He would have them walk. She

is followed in prayer by a boy of fifteen years, who earnestly prays that "He who holdeth the King's heart in His hand to turn it whithersoever He will," may touch with pity the hearts of the rulers, that their parents may no longer be unjustly detained in prison. At length another boy rises and earnestly exhorts his companions that the meetings which have been established in the power of God may not be allowed to go down, even though the fathers and mothers are imprisoned, but that the children may continue to gather in the strength of Him who said "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

A few moments of reverent silence follow, rudely broken by the entrance of three men. One, the informer, a short man with low forehead, high cheek bones, and a massive jaw, steps forward, and says :

"May it please your honors, for three weeks I have watched this place, and every Sabbath these," with a wave of his hand toward the children, "meet here and preach and pray." The man to whom the others look for orders is tall and slim ; his black hair falls over a narrow brow, under which and near together are small, steel gray eyes ; his dress proclaims him a minister of the Established Church. He glances sternly at the children, but only a few of the youngest show any fear, then with a scornful gesture he bids the other man, who is an officer to "take them." It is an easy task ; those children have been well taught, and from their infancy have imbibed the principles of peace. The officer marches them before him rapidly down the street. With motherly care the older girls look after and comfort the little ones, but the flashing eyes and indignant bearing of some of the older boys show a spirit which is only kept down by strong self-control. But their march is not to be unmolested ; a rabble of rude men and boys soon gather about them with profane words and coarse jests, but they are not satisfied with mere insults, and soon begin to pelt them with mud and

stones. The fair and modest Ellen Evens, who offered prayer in the children's meeting, is roughly seized by a young miscreant, and in his endeavors to escape her scarf is torn from her shoulders and her bonnet knocked off. Wm. Caton now places himself between them, and receives the blow designed for the young girl. A small boy is knocked down and kicked before he can rise. The clergyman, by his silence, encourages the mob, which grows more daring, and it is a relief when the house of correction is reached, and the children hurried within its walls.

(To be continued.)

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## LANGUAGE.

Read at the Young Friends' Association of Purchase, N. Y.

There is so much hurry and bustle in this fast age, and men communicate with one another in abbreviation to such an extent that it is a matter of thoughtful consideration what the influence of all this will be upon language. People who think and act with railroad speed must have words to correspond. The tendency to abridge speech, to coin one word which shall express the whole thought—or cover the whole act, whether it be a business transaction or a social enjoyment, is greatly encouraged by the modes of expression. In the general diffusion of knowledge there is less training of the mind to habits of correct thought and beauty of expression than formerly. Education must be practical, and few have the firmness and singleness of purpose to pursue a course of mental culture such as half a century ago was required of every man who aspired to scholarly distinction. The cant phrases and words more expressive than elegant, which disfigure much of the conversation of mixed social gatherings, doubtless have their origin in the sensational literature with which our land is flooded, and in places of amusement, where each performer strives to outdo the other in ridiculous and absurd sayings, and the audience take

home and engraft upon their own speech the base coinage. Not only is there need of being guarded against falling into the use of words that pass current among men, but have no rightful place in the vocabulary, but we should try to watch over ourselves in familiar conversation. It is only by the strictest care that correct speaking can be preserved. A man is known by the language he uses, as well as "by the company he keeps." It is always to be regretted when young or old allow themselves to fall into the habit of using slang words, yet we find very many who wish to be considered intelligent, and who have had fair opportunities for education, constantly making use of words of this character, and carelessly infringing the simplest rules of grammar. In a state of society, where class distinctions are absolute, the standard of correct speaking is maintained, but in a condition of social life, where the chances of fortune rather than culture and good breeding open the way for respectability and position, it is more difficult to guard against the infection. If we reflect upon the greatness of the gift of language, and what an inestimable blessing it is to be able to communicate our thoughts and ideas to one another, we shall hold it to be our bounden duty to maintain the intercourse of speech in its highest and best expression. Our speech ought to be the index of that from which it springs. If we would be regarded as possessing a fair amount of education the words of our lips should give the token. The breeding is stamped by what the speech betrayeth, and it is of the utmost importance that language shall be preserved in its true and legitimate use. We must have scholars to weed and prune the rude speech of the masses, that it may be handed down clear, concise and simple, conveying the thought uttered in chaste and expressive words, and carrying the mind along the pure and perfect way that allows no form of expression unworthy a true and noble life. I

cannot do better than close with the words of another on this subject: "A man should love and venerate his native language as the first of benefactors, as the awakener and stirrer of all his thoughts the frame and mould and rule of his spiritual being, as the great bond and medium of intercourse with his fellows, as the mirror in which he sees his own nature, and without which he could not even commune with himself, as the image in which the wisdom of God has chosen to reveal itself to him. Now, how is language to be guarded and cultivated? By the thoughtful and conscientious use of it by every one who speaks it. It is not by authors alone, but by each man and woman to whom it is the mother tongue, that language is to be preserved in its purity and power, by each one in his sphere and according to his opportunities. This is a duty, and the fulfillment of it is of deeper moment than most people are aware of. It is not enough considered that accuracy of speech is near akin to veracity and truthful habits of mind, and to sincerity and earnestness of character."

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### MARCH.

Shall Thor with his hammer beat on the mountains,  
As on an anvil, a shackle and fetter?  
Shall the lame Vulcan shout as he swingeth  
God-like his hammer, and forge thee a fetter?  
Shall Jove, the thunderer, twine his swift  
lightnings  
With his loud thunders, and forge thee a  
shackle?  
"No," shouts the Titar, the young lion-  
throated;  
"Thor, Vulcan, nor Jove, cannot shackle and  
bind me."  
Tell what will bind thee, thou young world-  
shaker,  
Up vault our oceans, down fall our forests.  
Shipmasts and pillars stagger and tremble,  
Like reeds by the margins of swift running  
waters.  
Men's hearts at thy roaring quiver like hare-  
bells  
Smitten by hailstones, smitten and shaken,  
"O sages and wise men! O bird-hearted  
tremblers!  
Come, I will show ye a shackle to bind me.



I, the lion-throated, the shaker of mountains!  
I, the invincible, lasher of oceans!

Past the horizon, its ring of pale azure,  
Past the horizon, where scurry the white  
clouds.

There ar buds and small flowers—flowers  
like snowflakes,  
Blossoms like rain-drops, so small and tremu-  
lous.

These in a fetter shall shackle and bind me,  
Shall weigh down my shouting with their  
delicate perfume.

But who this frail fetter shall forge on an anvil,  
With hammer of feather and anvil of velvet?

"Past the horizon in the palm of a valley,  
Her feet in the grasses, there is a maiden.

She smiles on the flowers, they widen and  
redden,  
She weeps on the flowers, they grow up and  
kiss her.

She breathes in their bosoms, they breathe  
back in odors;  
Inarticulate homage, dumb adoration.

She shall wreath them in shackles, shall  
weave them in fetters;  
In chains shall she braid them and me shall she  
fetter.

I, the invincible; March, the earth-shaker;  
March, the sea-lifter, March, the sky-render;  
March, the lion-throated, April, the weaver  
Of delicate blossoms, and moulder of red bud-  
Shall, at the horizon, its ring of pale azure,  
Its scurry of white clouds, meet in the sun-  
light."

ISABELLA V. CRAWFORD, Toronto, Ont.

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