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Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VI.

LONDON, ONT., ELEVENTH MONTH, 1891.

NO. 11

A HYMN.

F. L. HOSMER.

Thy kingdom come,—on bended knee
The passing ages pray ;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo ! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear ;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near :

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand appear ;
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed.

When knowledge hand in hand with peace
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God !

FROM TOLSTOI'S "SPIRIT OF CHRIST'S TEACHING."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

PERSONAL LIFE IS A DECEPTION OF THE
FLESH, AN EVIL. TRUE LIFE IS THE
LIFE WHICH IS COMMON TO ALL
MEN.

(But deliver us from the evil one.)

Jesus feeling himself ready for death, went forth to give himself up. Peter stopped him, and asked him whither he was going. Jesus answered, I am going whither thou canst not come. I am ready for death, and thou art not yet ready. Peter said, Not so ; I am now ready to lay down my life for thee. Jesus answered that a man can promise

nothing. He said to His disciples, I know that death awaits me, but I believe in the life of the Father, and therefore do not fear death. Be not troubled by my death, but believe in the true God, and in the Father of Life, and then my death will not seem terrible to you. If I am united with the Father of Life, I cannot lose life. It is true that I do not tell you the how and the where of life after death, but I show you the way into true life. My teaching does not speak of what life will do, but points out the only true way to life, by union with the Father. The Father is the beginning of life. My teaching is that life is in the will of the Father, and that the fulfillment of His will gives life and happiness to all men. Your guide, when I am no longer with you, will be your knowledge of the truth. While you fulfil my teaching, you will always feel that you are in the truth, that the Father is in you, and you are in the Father. And you, knowing the Father within you, will feel that peace which nothing can take from you. Therefore, if you know the truth and live in it, neither my death nor your own can alarm you.

Men imagine that each has a separate existence in his own individual will, but this is a deception. The only true life is that which acknowledges the source of life in the will of the Father. My teaching unfolds this unity of life, and represents life, not as consisting of separate branches, but as the one tree from which all branches grow. Only he who lives in the will of the Father, like the branch on a tree, really lives, and he who lives by his own will, perishes like the branch which drops off. The Father gave away my

life for the triumph of good, and I have taught you to live for this victory. If you fulfil my commandments, you will be blessed. The commandment in which my whole teaching is expressed is this only: That all men should love one another. Love consists in the laying down of our bodily life for others. There is no other explanation of love. When you fulfil my commandment of love, you will not be as slaves that without understanding obey their master's orders, but as free men, free as I myself am, for I have explained to you the meaning of life which follows on the knowledge of the Father of Life. You have accepted my teaching, not because you have chosen it by chance, but because it is the only true teaching, and alone can make men free.

The teaching of the world is to do evil to men; my teaching is to love one another, and therefore the world has hated you as it has hated me. The world does not understand my teaching, and therefore it will persecute you, and do you evil in the belief that by doing so it is serving God. Be not, then, astonished at this, and understand that this must be so. The world not understanding the true God, must persecute you, and you must uphold the truth.

Do not sorrow because they kill me, for they will do so because I uphold the truth. Therefore, my death is needed that truth may be upheld. My death, in which I do not renounce the truth, shall strengthen you, and you will understand what is false and what is true, and what follows from the knowledge of falsehood and of truth. You will understand that the error lies in this, that men believe in the life of the body, and do not believe in the life of the spirit; that the truth lies in union with the Father; and that from this follows the victory of the spirit over the flesh.

When my life in the body has ceased, my spirit will be with you. But you, like all other men, will not always feel in you the strength of the spirit. You will sometimes grow weak and lose its

strength; you will fall into temptation, and again at times awaken to the true life. You will be often subject to the enslaving enticements of the flesh, but that will be only for a time; you will have to suffer and to be born again in the spirit; as a woman suffers in the pains of childbirth, and then feels the joy of having brought a man into the world, so will you feel, when, after the enslavements of the flesh, the spirit within you is roused again to life. Then you will feel a happiness and a peace that leaves you nothing more to desire. Know, then, beforehand, that, notwithstanding persecution, internal struggles, and the weakening of the spirit, the spirit is alive in you, and that the only true God is the understanding of the will of the Father, which has been unfolded to you by me.

Then addressing himself to the Father—Spirit, Jesus said, I have done what Thou hast commanded me, I have revealed to men that Thou art the beginning of all. And they have understood me. I have taught them that they have all proceeded from one source of infinite life, and that therefore they are all one; that as the Father is in me, and I in the Father, so are they one with me, and with the Father. I have revealed to them that as Thou in love has sent them into the world, so they through love must live in the world.

OUR LITERATURE.

Upon one of the shelves in my library is a long row of Friends' books, which are very highly prized by me. Some of the works of George Fox and other early Friends, Lives of Fox, Penn and others, a few miscellanies and memoirs, and last but not least, the new books—"Quaker Strongholds," by Caroline E. Stephen, and "The Quakers," by Frederick Storrs Turner. These form a collection which, though small, must be considered valuable by any Friend. But of late there has

been a concern on my mind in regard to our literature of to-day. I cannot remember the time when I did not enjoy reading Friends' books. When a child I especially enjoyed the memoirs; but it is a truth not to be overlooked that many of our young Friends find little to interest them in those old standard works of the Society. While this may be partially accounted for by the fact that it is the few and not the many who prefer solid reading, yet I feel that we, as a Society, are not free from blame in this matter. Other religious societies have books written for young people—historical stories, showing the facts connected with the rise of the societies and illustrating their doctrines; and as far as anything has been done in this line as regards Friends, I believe it has been left to writers outside of our Society to do it. It is surely not from lack of material in our history that nothing has been written. In the early days of our Society when the Friends in certain places were nearly all in prison for their adherence to their principles, and the children assembled together and held their meetings while they knew, young as they were, that their parents were often imprisoned for the offence of meeting together. Then on down through the time when Friends came to be respected as *Friends*, and people who wished to get work of any kind done sought out Friends to do it for them, for, as they said, they could "trust a Quaker." Then there is the great moral effect which our testimonies have produced upon the world. In prison reform, on the slavery question and other kindred subjects, our people have been pioneers. Clear down to the present time there is no lack of material to form separate or continuous narratives, which, in story form, could be made to embody the grand truths and principles of our religion. *And such books would be read.*

I wish here to pay my tribute of gratitude to Jane Johnson, author of the six little books entitled "Treasury

of Facts." Since I first learned of their existence they have been in the possession of my children, and I cannot say too much in their praise, teaching as they do, the little ones the foundation doctrine of our Society as exemplified in the lives of children, and presented in attractive form. I would be glad to see the contents of this little treasury reprinted in the Review, if the editor thought best, for the benefit of the children who have not the books.

Hoping that some one who has the talent for such work will take an active interest in this matter, I would say to such, that I know such a work would be of permanent value: first, to the young readers of our Society, and after them to the world at large.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BORN 1819; DIED 1891.

Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the
choir

That alled our groves with music till the day
Lit the last hill-top with its reddening fire,
And evening listened for thy lingering lay.

But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar,
Where strains celestial blend their notes
with thine;

Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier star
Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we resign.

How nature mourns thee in the still retreat
Where passed in peace thy lone enchanted
hours!

Where shall she find an eye like thine to greet
Spring's earliest footprints on her opening
flowers?

Have the pale wayside weeds no fond regret
For him who read the secrets they enfold?
Shall the proud spangles of the field forget
The verse that lent new glory to their gold?

And ye whose carols woe'd his infant ear,
Whose chants with answering woodnotes he
repaid,

Have ye no song his spirit still may hear
From Elmwood's vaults of overarching
shade?

Friends of his studious hours who thronged to
teach

The deep-read scholar all your varied lore,
Shall he no longer seek your shelves to reach
The treasure missing from his world-wide
store?

This singer, whom we long have held so dear,
Was nature's darling, shapely, strong and
fair ;

Of keenest wit, of judgment crystal clear,
Easy of converse, courteous, debonaire.

Fit for the loftiest or the lowliest lot,
Self-poised, imperial, yet of simplest ways ;
At home alike in castle or in cot,
True to his aim, let others blame or praise.

Freedom he found an heirloom from his sires ;
Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years in
turn ;

All went to feed the nation's altar-fires,
Whose mourning children wreathe his fun-
eral urn.

He loved New England,—people, language,
soil,

Unweaned by exile from her arid breast,
Farewell awhile, white-handed son of toil,
Go with her brown-armed laborers to thy
rest.

Peace to thy slumber in the forest shade !
Poet and patriot, every gift was thine ;
Thy name shall live while summers bloom and
fade,

And grateful memory guard thy leafy shrine !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From Atlantic Monthly for 9th mo.

IN KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.

Edward Coale, of Illinois, who has been on a religious visit in the West for several weeks, writing from Ellis, Kansas, 10th mo. 5th, says :

"My wife and I find ourselves at this remote point in the prosecution of a concern that had been with us for a long time to again visit and encourage the scattered ones of our fold, and have thus far felt encouraged in the hope that the labors heretofore bestowed have not been in vain. Surely there is an earnestness of purpose in these people that commends itself to those who may feel willing to enter so broad a field. We left our home on the 29th of 9th mo. Arriving at Lawrence, Kansas, next day after noon, we met our relatives, Edwin Smith and wife, living 20 miles south-east, whose pleasant home we reached after a very pleasant drive of 3½ hours over a beautiful country, everywhere giving abundant evidence

of a bountiful harvest. He is the son of Isaac and Margaret Smith, formerly of Chester Co., Pa., and she (Lydia Hiatt), formerly of Milton, Indiana. They have been living there 34 years, and have not before been visited by travelling Friends. He was in business in Lawrence at the time of the raid by Quantrell's band of guerillas when about 150 citizens were murdered, he only escaping by hiding in a cellar and afterwards in the weeds. The love of the old Society is yet strong, although they find their work among other people. We arrived at this place (Ellis) on 6th day evening near ten, and can verify the statement that it can rain in torrents in western Kansas, as we rode out about a mile to our friend Daniel Griest's in it, but feel no bad results from it. Arriving at their home we were warmly welcomed by Daniel and Rose in their ever hospitable manner. We attended the congregational meeting at 11, and had an appointment at the Grand Army Hall at 3, and in the evening, by request, attended the congregational meeting, to occupy the time for speaking which I felt it right to do. Both meetings seemed covered by a solemnity that could only be produced by the Spirit's baptisms. We were glad to meet Mary Burgess, of Buck's Quarterly, Pa., who has some prospect of locating here. Crops are bountiful and the people seem happy. We go from here to Jewel Co., Kansas, then to Jefferson Co., Nebraska, afterwards to Bennett, Lincoln, Garrison and Genoa, in time for the half-year's meeting, and may stop a few days in Iowa on our return."

Writing again, 10th mo. 29th, from Rising, Butler Co., Neb., and still later from Garrison, Neb., Edward says : "I will not report the half-yearly meeting at Genoa, as other Friends have promised to do it." In reviewing his visit he adds : "We visited a man and his wife who had lived 10 or 15 years among United Brethren. They wanted a religious home, and mingled freely with their neighbors every way—went

to their meetings and took part in their religious exercises and thought for a time they might find a home with these excellent people—but as their religious convictions deepened, the Friend in them became stronger, and now is so strong they cannot leave their own Society, and seriously think of changing their location, to be in reach of a meeting. At Ellis a man accosted me on the street, stating that our meetings 18 months before deeply impressed him. He had been thinking much about the views presented, but they did not change the course of his life. He had attended all our meetings and now intended to apply the principles to his life, and leave his old companions in drunkenness and vice, and associate with the best—he would love to be with Friends. In Jefferson Co., at Fairbury, where we had three meetings, two families who had not been to any meeting since I was there 18 months ago, had the witness for truth met in their own hearts and were fully convinced, and with tears acknowledged the truth. At Bennett we attended six large meetings and we earnestly hope our membership was strengthened. We may say the same of our visit at Genoa. On last evening at this place (Rising) we had a good large meeting in the "Christian" church. I shrank from it, knowing that people were so far from us in their religious views. I was constrained to speak largely on the points of difference, especially the importance of the spirit which is higher than the latter. The result is we have to be here again tomorrow evening at the Methodist house. There seems to be great openness here for work in our line. I wish I could write to our eastern Friends in thunder tones, with thunder that would not quit until its work was accomplished. How much good *some* more eastern ministering Friends could do in the west by remaining a week or so in each place, and they are needed in this Gentile country. We want men and women fervent in spirit, true to our principles, knowing nothing of former forms.

Since commencing this we have come over to Garrison, to Jacob Shotwell's. Some of the Barmores are here and will attend our meeting to-night here. On Seventh-day we go to Lincoln, remaining two or three days, thence to Webster City, Iowa, remaining over First-day, and then for home."

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

In the Minister's morning sermon,
He told of the primal fall,
And how henceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to eternal torture,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never, by Faith's unreason,
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And after the painful service,
On that pleasant, bright first day,
He walked with his little daughter
Thro' the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadow
Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals
The blossoming orchard hung.

Around, on the wonderful glory,
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord, who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child.

"Behold in the bloom of apples,
And the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord."

Then upspoke the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink,
"Oh, father! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There had never been a fall,
And if never a tree had blossomed,
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
By His decree man fell:
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him ill,

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
 "And I try to love Him, 'oo;
 But I wish He were kind and gentle,
 Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,
 As the tremulous lips of pain,
 And wide, wet eyes uplifted,
 Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered
 The words of his little one.
 Had he erred in his life-long teachings,
 Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
 Had he lent the holiest name?
 Did his own heart, loving and human,
 The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
 From the tender skies above,
 And the face of his little daughter,
 Had he read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror,
 Of Sinai's mount of law,
 But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
 The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb
 Of old, was His presence known,
 The dread, ineffable glory
 Was infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
 In his prayers a tenderer strain,
 And never the message of hatred;
 Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
 And the blinded eyes found sight,
 And hearts, as flint aforetime,
 Grew soft in his warmth and light.

WHITTIER'S PLACE AS POET.

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ENGLAND
 MAGAZINE GIVES HIS ESTIMATE
 OF THE QUAKER POET.

Humility, said Edwin D. Mead in a lecture delivered recently, is the very substance of Whittier's mind. It was upon the common forms of nature that the poet looked, as did Wordsworth and Emerson. There was a difference between Whittier's poems of nature and Emerson's. The latter loved nature for its own sake, while with Whittier the human interest was always infused. One could not disassociate the birds and bees and squirrel, the flowers and

trees and the laughing brook from the barefoot boy himself, and one entered more into his fresh, irresponsible joy in them than into their own beauty. This absorption of nature in the human, this subjection of nature to the human, was very constant with Whittier. The little poem of "The Hill Top" and "Snow Bound" almost throughout illustrated this idea. Whittier could not be called an artist in that full sense in which Longfellow was an artist. There were few works of his in which the artist's motive, the love of beauty and structure for their own sake was the primary motive. It was quite true that most of Whittier's poems had been written for distinct moral ends and that the moral motive quite outranked the poetic motive as one read. Such poetry was mostly by its very nature stimulative, but of subordinate worth in the world of art, whatever was its virtue in the world of acting men, and whatever nobility of thought and character it voiced. Yet were old Tyrtaeus and the corn-law rhymer true poets, and Whittier would be a true poet if "Snow Bound" and the "Tent on the Beach" had never been written, but only the "Songs of Labor" and the "Voices of Freedom." In point of art the greatest of Whittier's poems were the first two mentioned. There was the "rounded art" in Whittier and there was also the seer like power. Most readers of this poet would say that they valued him, next after his service for freedom and a truer patriotism and citizenship, for the more inspiring religious insight he has helped them to and the broader and nobler view of the divine government and nature. Whittier was born into a time and place in which the merciless old theology was supreme, and the more he came to know it the more his Quaker soul recoiled and fought it. It was the Quaker in Whittier which formed the point of contact between him and Emerson and the Transcendentalists and which made him a regular, direct and efficient factor in the reform of religion in New England, of which Emer-

son was the leader. In disclaiming the high titles to the seer-like power as he did, Whittier's work showed at least an earnest sense of human right, a hate of tyranny, a hearty sympathy with all men's pains and sorrow, and a love of freedom as deep and strong as that of Marvel or of Milton. In putting these in the foreground Whittier put that which alone, perhaps, would give him any lasting or long remembrance in America. It was peculiarly fitting that the pre-eminent poet of the anti-slavery struggle should have been one who rose up directly from the ranks of the common people and spoke with no prestige of wealth, high pedigree or university, but with the simple power of a universal truth of humanity. He had not filled his mind with the images of foreign lands nor stimulated his imagination by association with them. To him a consolation for his lack of opportunity, especially in never having trod the Holy Land, was that the spirit which transfigured them could transfer what was most precious in their transfiguration to our own hills and dales and hearths and homes, making—

“Our common daily life divine
And every land a Palestine.”
—*Chicago Journal*.

AT YONGE STREET.

During my recent visit at Yonge St. and vicinity, in attendance at Canada Half-yearly Meeting, I was somewhat encouraged at certain signs of growth and newness of life which I saw amongst them. I think it was here at Yonge St., in the year 1870, the first First day school within the limits of Genesee Yearly Meeting was established. But it had been discontinued before the more recent wave of interest began to rise, which was about one decade later, say 1880. Since our late yearly meeting they have again organized a school which is likely to be successful. Yonge St. meeting house is very pleasantly situated on a rise of land which overlooks a beautiful and fruitful country,

and is about thirty miles north of the city of Toronto. This neighborhood has been settled about 90 years, and on either hand, from the meeting-house, two or three miles distant, are the thriving towns of Newmarket and Aurora, with a population of about 2,000 each, having electric lights and most excellent water-works. In the former place I had pointed out to me the house in which Sir John Franklin stopped over night, on one of his expeditions to the frozen north.

Five miles east of Yonge St. is situated Whitchurch Meeting, and 12 miles west is King; both small meetings. But at King, a few years ago, some 18 or 20 members were added to their meeting by conviction, and at Whitchurch, they now have one of the largest, if not the largest, First-day school in our Yearly Meeting, having an average this summer of 65 or 70. The school was established two or three years ago. As an outcome of it, the old meeting-house has had an overhauling. New windows have been put in, the outside of the house has been thoroughly painted, also one part of the inside. New seats with reversible backs, adapted for a school, have been got, and they, the few Friends there, have a just right to feel a certain amount of pride for the structure which is being builded upon the ruins of the Meeting at Whitchurch. This was Isaac Wilson's native place. His brother Charles still lives upon the old homestead, and is deeply interested in the work of building up here, which we hope may be permanent. Isaac, Charles and myself, went from the home made lonely by the death, but a few months before, of their sister, Abigail Mowder, and with a lighted lamp (it was after dark and our only opportunity) we strolled over the grounds and in and around their now pleasant meeting-house.

S. P. Z.

The person, man or dog, who has a conscience, is eternally condemned to some degree of humbug.—[Stevenson.

Young Friends' Review

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The publishers of YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW wish to acknowledge, and do it with a great deal of gratitude, the gift, a short time ago, of *five* volumes of the works of James Freeman Clark, from our large-hearted friend, Stephen R. Hicks, of Long Island. Such men as W. E. Channing, J. F. Clark, Phillips Brooks and Canon Farrar, have been and are exerting an immense influence in bringing the "Orthodox" churches back to the religion of truth as Jesus taught it. *We shall most willingly acknowledge all such kindly remembrances.*

Benjamin F. Nichols, of State Center, Iowa, informs us, writing 10th mo. 30th: "I have just returned from Nebraska, where I had been, in company with Joshua L. Mills, of Illinois, attending the Half-Year's Meeting at Geneva, which was pretty well represented from the various localities of that State, but few outside of the State were there."

Summer is past, the harvest is gathered, the longer evenings are with us, and with them come the time and opportunity for a little work for the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," is what we ask for. We want all our *old subscribers* to RENEW, and, in addition, *one thousand new subscribers.* This will be an easy matter to accomplish if *each one does a little.* "Many hands make easy work." Don't wait until the middle of next year to get up a club. Now is the time to begin. Let those who have been in the habit of sending us large clubs endeavor to make them still larger for 1892, and in neighborhoods where but one or two copies are taken it will be an easy matter to procure a good sized club. Remember the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW *is but 50 cents per copy a year.*

We give no special rates to subscribers for 1892. Our terms are 50 cents per copy a year; 25 cents for six months. To *club raisers* we make the following offers: For each club of twelve (12) names (yearly subscribers) we will accept \$5, the Agent keeping the \$1.

In addition to this offer to the sender of the largest club of yearly subscribers, with the money, which reaches us on or before 1st mo. or 2nd mo., 1892, we will give books to the value of \$5; for second largest club, books to the value of \$2; third largest club, books to the value of \$1; fourth largest club, books to the value of \$1; fifth largest club, books to the value of \$1.

Remember the bulk of our subscrip-

tions expires with 12th mo., and that old and new subscribers count alike.

The report of Baltimore Yearly Meeting reached us too late for this month's issue. We are thankful for it, but regret having to hold it over for another month.

ERRATA.—In the article "Bucks' Quarterly Meeting" the date should be the 27th and the place Fallsington.

OBITUARY.

WEBSTER.—At her home, Cornell, Ont., Canada, on 10th mo. 11th, Lydia C. Webster, wife of the late Hugh D. Webster, in the 87th year of her age, an elder of Norwich Monthly Meeting.

In her death, although at that advanced and ripe age, all that knew her can truly say they have lost a beloved mother. That sweetness that characterized her exemplary every-day life, along with that charity and love, which she ever extended towards those of different religious views, produced the appropriate expressions from some, and that visible feeling in that large gathering that assembled to take leave of one they so much loved was truly a mother in Israel.

She remarked to a friend a short time before her death, "My work is done." May we so live and follow her example that we can say our work is well done, as we believe her's was, and surely the end will be peace.

THE TONGUE.

For the "Young Friends' Review."

"Of thy words unspoken thou art master; thy spoken word is master of thee."

Of all the organs that compose the human machine, this little member is of such vast importance that it should not be overlooked by any people on the face of the earth, but hold a conspicuous place in our remembrance; for it is by the right use of this member that we are enabled to partake so largely of the

enjoyment of society when mingling together. When the ear listens with delight to the sound of language falling sweetly from the lips of those whom we appreciate, how doth it gladden the heart and make it feel that were it not for this organ of speech, silence would reign sadly around us, and life would not pass so joyously; because the sound of the human voice is so necessary to our happiness that were we deprived of it, how miserably would our lives pass away. The blind have said: "Is there a sight so beautiful as sound?" But what is more grateful than the voice of affection when it falls gently upon our ear, from those we love. It cheers us by the way when our hands are ready to hang down with care that often crosses our pathway, while it consoles the aged in life's great journey toward the haven of rest and peace.

Let us, then, make good use of this precious mouth-piece for the good of our fellow creatures. We know it can be made to utter words of love and tenderness, cheering the desponding heart that is sinking under trials and afflictions, as well as to arouse feelings of hatred by giving latitude to its power, and for this reason is often called an unruly member.

Many advantages may be derived from the proper use of this organ if we cultivate those finer feelings of the human soul for the benefit of mankind. It is said; "We are wonderfully and fearfully made," and if we examine carefully the different portions of this "frail tenement" we shall discover the truth of this remark. The eye and the ear are objects of great interest, contributing much to our earthly enjoyments—for the eye delights in seeing and the ear in hearing—but the tongue seems the most wonderful of all, because its influence is universally felt either for good or for evil.

ELIZA H. BELL.

Society is like a piece of frozen water; and skating well is the great art of social life.—[L. E. Landon.

HOW THE LEAVES COME DOWN

I'll tell you how the leaves came down,
The great Tree to his children said :
" You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red ;
It is quite time you went to bed."

" Ah !" begged each silly, pouting leaf ;
" Let us a little longer stay ;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day,
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way ;
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

" Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the big Tree did no such thing ;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

" Come, children, all to bed !" he cried ;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them ; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled,
" Good night, dear little leaves," he said ;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, " Good night !" and murmured,
" It is so nice to go to bed."

MAPPING THE HEAVENS.

It was coincident with, if not the result of, the invention of the telescope that the world learned that it was not the centre of the universe but dependent upon the sun, which itself was a most insignificant member of an infinite celestial world. In our own day two wonderful additions have been made to our means of knowledge of the universe outside our own little planet. The first was by means of the spectroscope which, when attached to the telescope, reveals the chemical composition of the sun and stars. It has been found that light from the incandescence of the various chemical elements produces

distinct effects upon the spectrum, and that thus the chemical composition of an incandescent body can be distinguished by the sort of rainbow which falls from its rays. This discovery, applied to the most distant heavenly bodies, furnishes us with the knowledge that they are made of the same chemical elements with which we are familiar in our own world, but differ individually in revealing different prominent elements. The other great stride which astronomy is making in our day is accomplished by the means of attaching the photographic sensitive plate to the telescope. As anyone who has ever looked through a telescope at the heavens knows the motion of the earth causes the heavenly bodies to move rapidly across the plane of vision. This has to be corrected by causing the axis of the telescope to be moved by clockwork at such a rate, and in such a direction as exactly to counteract this motion of the earth and to keep each heavenly body in exactly the same portion of the field from the beginning to the end of the observation. For photographic purposes this is done by having two parallel telescopes, one of which casts the image of a given star upon the crossing of two threads of spider's web where it can be seen by the observer and where any failure to retain its exact position can be noted and corrected at once. The other telescope is all the while photographing what it sees upon a photographic plate, and strange to say, the photographic plate can take down a great deal which the eye itself never sees. As the exposure continues, more and more vivid becomes its record, and stars before unseen are every few minutes added to those which were before seen. With the naked eye the ordinary observer has seen in the Pleiades a group of six stars. Some see seven ; to them the legend of the lost pleiad is meaningless. Some are said to see a dozen ; most people can if they are a little dazzled. A three-inch telescope will reveal three hundred. Studying the group with the eye by the

best telescope six or seven hundred stars were discovered; but what a weariness of the eye to distinguish these and to keep them apart, and to avoid regarding the mere illusions with which we are all familiar in attempting to scan the heavens. A sensitive plate exposed for an hour will show twice as many stars. In four hours the number revealed has been counted to be 2,326. Observations are sometimes taken lasting a whole night, and even during successive nights, though one finds it hard to believe in the accuracy of the clock-work and the manipulation which will enable this to be done with the requisite precision. The civilized countries have undertaken to map the whole heavens, and twenty telescopes in different parts of the world are constantly engaged upon the task. Stars can be now seen in diverse conditions of development, but to compare their conditions and relative positions at one time with those at another, can be only imperfectly done in one generation. Such changes take place in hundreds of years, thousands of years, cycles of, to us, infinite duration. From all this mapping we may learn something, but the hope faintly and fondly cherished is that generations to come may learn more.—*Montreal Witness.*

THE COLORED METHODISTS.

A REMARKABLE GATHERING AT THE
ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE,
WASHINGTON.

The colored Methodists of Washington have a Metropolitan church of their own. All the delegates were invited to a reception in that church on Friday evening. It was a surprise to most of us to find that the colored people had such a splendid and spacious church, larger than the edifice in which the sessions of the Conference are held. Of all the meetings held during our stay in Washington this was the most memorable, the most enjoyable, and the most enthusiastic. The simple

fact that the most distinguished preachers, authors and administrators in British and American Methodism were there as the guests of the colored people, where the latter were directing the exercises of the occasion, was an event that marked an era in the history of the upward march of the African in America. There was a large audience, and a good array of doctors and bishops, men of unmistakable force, whose ebony faces gave evidence that they were untainted with white blood. The effect produced on the delegates by the eloquence of some of these black orators and the rare music of the choir, accompanied by the grand organ, is utterly indescribable. The singing by a large colored choir was thrilling, exceeding in sweetness and softness anything I have ever heard. The speaking of the white guests was excellent; but that of the colored speakers took the audience by storm. Rev. L. Copping, of Philadelphia, gave the address of welcome. It was full of thought, forcible and witty. No mere gushing declamation, but marked by words of wisdom. I was particularly struck by one remark. He said the North American Indian had failed to appropriate the life and civilization of his environment; and was dying out; but that the negro race had appropriated the life of his times, and lived and progressed upward and onward. Dr. J. C. Price is also a prince among orators of African blood. He clothed noble thoughts in vivid and picturesque language, and illuminated the whole by flashes of wit and humor that were perfectly irresistible. I never saw an audience wrought up into fervid enthusiasm in the way the delegates and visitors of that audience were stirred by these addresses. It was the white part of the audience that displayed the most excitement.

And yet there was a deep undertone of serious feeling pervading the whole proceedings. Laughter and tears were blended. One colored singer sang a solo with wonderful effect. It was a powerful religious appeal. I have never

heard any voice of equal compass and power. It seemed like hearing some new kind of instrument that one had never heard before. Their was a thrilling weirdness in his tones that I have never heard equaled. He was encored, and sang "Jesus, my Saviour, from Heaven He Came" with thrilling effect. It was with difficulty the venerable black bishop, who was presiding, could keep to the programme, the audience was so carried away. The meeting seemed to me, as I looked at the scene from a seat on the platform with which I was honored, as a grand celebration of the emancipation and uplifting of a down-trodden and oppressed race. I could not look upon the scene presented and hear the noble Christian utterances of these men of the African race without feeling that it was a fulfillment of the prophetic hopes and expectations of the poets and reformers of former days. One could not attend such a meeting without feeling that "the world moves." In 1858, on visiting Mount Auburn cemetery in Boston, I was much impressed by the following lines on the tomb of the Rev. Charles Torrey, who died in prison in Maryland for aiding the escape of slaves :

"Where now beneath his burden
The toiling slave is driven,
Where now a tyrant's mockery
Is offered up to heaven.
There shall his praise be spoken
Redeemed from falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken
AND THE SLAVE SHALL BE A MAN."

This prophetic hope history has transmitted into a realized fact.—*Dr. Dewar in Christian Guardian.*

MENDON CENTRE, N. Y.
10th mo. 19, 1891.

EDITOR FRIEND'S REVIEW.—I notice in your last issue, in the account given of Bucks Quarterly Meeting, a quotation from the remarks of Margaret P. Howard, which reads "I will now give the last message of Jesus as recorded by John: To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my

throne even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in His throne."

It is a common error among our ministry to ascribe this quotation to Jesus—and I deem it prudent to now call the attention of your readers to it that it may be avoided by them in the future. The passage occurs in Rev. 3: 21, and is part of that which John was directed to write by the spirit to the church in Laodicea, while in the Isle of Patmos years after the death of Jesus. The whole directions given to the churches is in the beautiful imagery of the oriental language, and represents the Christ or spirit of God, and not the man Jesus as giving the directions. It would be well for M. P. H. and others of our ministry to carefully read the whole context, that a more true idea of its meaning might be obtained that in future it may be correctly quoted.

JOHN J. CORNELL.

OUR COZY CORNER.

WELCOME.

I rise to greet you, dear "Hopeful Band,"
All wide are the shutters, the sun is clear;
But whether from sea or from distant land,
Such a greeting I've had not for many a year!

Come in like the light through the open door,
Come in with your frolic and laughing fun;
All shadows must flee from the wealth of your store;
You remind me of Dickens when school was done.

But who are your numbers, O. Hopeful Band?
Are ye white-winged cherubs from realms above,
That come with some message at His command,
On the wings of our Heavenly Fathers' Love?

For how could you know, ye shining sprites,
How the light would fall through my latticed door,
Come streaming in from such lofty heights,
Above and around me, and over the floor?

There was once a time when I helpless lay,
Too ill to move either head or hand;
Too weak to weep and too faint to pray,
Yet some *living* angel my spirit fanned.

I slept, such a sweet, refreshing sleep,
I woke, and the room was full of light,
And the darkest shades of the midnight deep,
Had no power to put it out of sight.

So tender, and mellow, and full of charms,
It was just the halo you speak of now;
It encircled me 'round like invisible arms,
And touched upon pallid cheek and brow.

Then I thought I was like a poor maimed
bird,

That sits on the bough with a broken wing,
Yet my notes of joy should be ever heard,
Though I be but a tiny crippled thing;

For the world is so full of light and joy,
Thus sang my heart on that blessed day,
That there is no *time* for a girl or boy
To be wasting in sadness and grief away.

I had learned in the midst of that tender light,
There is one who will never forsake us
here;

'Twas our Fathers' arms that encircled me
quite,
And lifted me up to a world of cheer.

No pain could scatter the peaceful smile,
That visitors saw when they bent above,
'Twas a wonder that puzzled them many a
while,
For the light was the smile of our Father's
love.

—JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, Oct. 5th, 1891.

[NOTE.—Owing to an accident, I did not
get the letter from Hopeful Band until I had
sent the chestnut puzzle, hence the delayed
reply.

COUSIN JULIA.

Playhouse, 10th mo. 21, 1891.

DEAR COUSIN JULIA:—

Did thee realize the greatness of this
subject and my littleness? I am not
a Shakespeare to find "tongues in
trees," neither am I an interpreter of
hieroglyphics. I am but a little child,
I know not how to go out or come in,
except the Lord go before, and lead me.
Never in my life did I go chestnutting,
nor do I care very much for them to
eat. How, then, am I to write a
sermon thereon? Of the world's ways
I am too ignorant to answer thy ques-
tions. At first I thought I would leave
this sermon for those to write who like
chestnuts, and who do enjoy the pleas-
ures they afford. But when I saw the
pleading, upturned faces of the tiny

ones who could not write, I relented,
and promised our little band that if
they were good and attentive in listen-
ing to the reading of my sermon, I
would try and write, after asking God
to help me.

Now get the stool ready for me to
stand high enough to see every one of
the audience, because I feel that this is
a *real, earnest, solid* subject to talk
about, and I want to look into the eyes
of every boy and girl, so as to be sure
that they are keeping their promises. It
may be best for me to mark so that
each can read for themselves what the
Scriptures inform about *trees*.

SERMON.

"Then shall the trees of the wood sing
out at the presence of the Lord"—1
Chron. 16: 33. Shall we the most fav-
ored of God be found in praising to
take less delight? Let us every one
"Praise God from whom all blessings
flow," who made the earth to bring
forth trees—Gen. 1: 11; and gave them
to man for use—not abuse. One of the
earliest recollections of my babyhood is
of riding back and forth with my father
and elder brother to the fields in har-
vest time, wondering how everything
got their names, but I said nothing, and
one day when reading a Scripture
lesson I came upon a verse that told
me. I did not then understand that
God was "teaching me himself," nor
that I was providentially led to gain
the knowledge that my child heart
craved, but with my heart leaping for
joy, I read the verse over and over
again.

The verses taught me, that when
God had made all things, last of all
he made *man* to whom was given such
wisdom, that when God showed him
the things created, to see what he
would call them, he named them, and
*Whatever he called them that was the
name thereof*—Gen: 2, 19.

The chestnut is well named, for it is
enclosed in a burr chest that can only
be unlocked by the key which God
keeps until the right time comes, then he

sends messengers to bring the key called *frost*, which does for the burrs what sorrow does for the human heart, pinches it, benumbs it, and makes it ache with pain, until at last the prickly doors begin to unlock by degrees to let the ripe nuts out. Sometimes there are bad ones mixed with the good in the same burr, then we find them and learn the truth, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Burrs, too, there are that have not grown rightly, nor filled with any good fruit, these the *frost* does not open—they are left to their own way. Of course, these little *nut-houses* can be smashed open, but that is not the natural way of getting to the inside, and house-breakers generally come to grief.

The chestnut tree is a good likeness of the growth and progress of our lives and characters. It begins its yearly life in the spring and grows on step by step, until the middle of summer before it blossoms. Sometimes when out for a drive, seeing the trees look bright and green and full of leaf, but no blossoms, the query has involuntarily escaped my lips, "Are we to have no chestnuts this year?" and the answer has as often been, "Oh wait, it is not time yet for the bloom." Then my brain would moralize, how like to the growth of little people! By degrees we grow larger and learn more, and seem to promise much before we blossom, and then not all the blossoms mature into fruit. When the long finger-like blossoms are fully grown, reaching their several tips, outward revelling in the sunshine, they seem like so many little flags of hope waving in the breeze praising God, while they bear inscribed upon them, many promises to us of good gifts, to use without abusing, if we could only read them aright. After the tiny burrs appear, could we see as God sees within the little burr, we would see the germ nut. Just so within every baby is there the Divine germ of spirit, which will grow as the child advances, step by step. The Scriptures tell of the child Jesus, that as he grew in stature he grew in favor

with God and man. That is what *we* ought to do, and if we try to be good and really want to be good, God will help us and we too will grow in favor with God and man. Who does not love a good boy or girl?

Could we have a detailed account of the little boy Jesus, I think we would know of many obedient, kindly, thoughtful and wise acts, showing that he began to blossom before he was twelve years old. However, that is the age at which we find him appear in the temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions, and all were astonished at his understanding and answers. How many of us are that old, and what are we doing and thinking about? How many parents think their children at that age only fit to play with childish thing, or simply to be seen as wax dolls? I love to dwell on this story of Jesus going to the temple. It has been a tower of strength to my youthful heart, and perhaps, by bringing it to notice, others may be encouraged. These are things we do not say much about, but when the spirit prompts, let us act in obedience to the inward monitor.

Now we come to the time of the sear leaf, or the grey hair which is a crown of glory to him who hath it if he be found in the way of righteousness. The golden tints of the chestnut leaves invite to the fruit gathering, calling all, come see what my summer's work has been; gather freely, unselfishly, and use rightly. It is nice to have spending money all our own, to do as we please with. But let us remember by our use or disuse of it we exhibit our characters. The Scriptures counsel us to honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase, Prov. 3:9; and all the tithe or tenth part of the fruit of the tree is the Lord's. Lev. 27:30. The blessing is promised only to those who honor the Lord. Now let us examine ourselves and see whether what we mean to do with the money is simply to gain selfish pleasure; if so, it is all wrong. God is the great Searcher of hearts. We cannot deceive

him nor cheat him. He knows the very thoughts and intents of our hearts. What we need to learn to do is to follow my teacher's advice and begin to

Serve the Lord of love and truth
In the spring days of our youth;
Yield to Him the flower and prime
Of our vigorous summer time.

Let the fruits of grace and praise
Crown the autumn of our days;
Then our winter will pass away
Into changeless, heavenly day

HOPEFUL BAND.

LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN

My Father, I thank Thee
For sleep and for rest,
For waking to keep me
So safe and so blest.

For giving me all things,
Gifts lovely and good,
Kind father and mother,
Warm clothes and nice food.

I thank Thee for eyes
To see the bright sun,
And Thy stars in the skies
And beautiful moon.

For my own pretty flowers.
So gay and so sweet,
For fresh cooling showers
Falling down to my feet.

I thank Thee for ears
To hear the birds sing,
To hear the waves roll
And Sabbath bells ring

For strong useful hands
To work or to play,
That I may not be idle,
Or useless all day.

For my feet that may run
When mother shall call,
For life, and for breath,
I thank Thee for all.

For my sweet little sister,
Whom dearly I love,
I heartily thank Thee
Our Father above.

How can I repay Thee
For what Thou dost give;
I must love and obey Thee
As long as I live.

I will try to be gentle
And loving each day;
Never naughty or idle,
In school or in play.

I will try to be good,
That my father may see
I do love Him and thank Him
Who first loved me.

—M. FELLOWS, ENGLAND.

Perhaps the very little ones may commit one little verse at a time to memory, to remind them that, "Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

MARTES, THE PERSIAN BOY.

I.

A beautiful boy stands in the door of his father's house, gazing earnestly towards a temple in the distance, whose lofty pillars are gilded with the rays of the setting sun. His delicate features, broad, high forehead and large, earnest eyes, cause many to turn and look again as they pass him near his father's dwelling or on the mountain side, and one high in authority had once said that Zoroaster himself could not have been more lovely or had a holier look in his eyes. As the boy lingers in the doorway his mother approaches him; there is a great resemblance between the two, but upon the mother's face there is a shadow as she lays her hand upon the boy's dark curls and says in a tone of anxiety "Martes, thou hast taken no rest to-day and I fear for thee to-night." "Why dost thou fear, mother?" Is it not almost a year since father's illness, and have I not watched the sacred fire every night in yonder temple? And never once has my stern father found one word of fault with me." "Hush child! who could find fault with such faithfulness as thine? But thou hast always rested some through the day, and when I think how this day has been passed I tremble for fear thy strength will fail to-night." "Do not speak so, mother; what I have done to-day must be good in the sight of our God. I saved the lives of my little cousins and surely nothing can ever make me regret the act. I can hear

their voices now as the waves were closing over them, and after that, although I could not rest, I know that Ahuramazdai, who enabled me to do what I have done to day, will be with me to night." And kissing his mother affectionately he runs quickly down the path towards the temple.

In the Persian Temple at midnight Martes sits silently watching the sacred fire; he remembers how his father has told him that in times past, when the people amidst increasing idolatry knew not what to worship, the great God, Ahuramazdai, sent Zoroaster to teach them that he alone was the "Creator of the earthly and spiritual life, the Lord of the whole universe, at whose hands are all the creatures." "O Ahuramazdai," prays the boy, "make my heart obedient unto thee that thy Divine spirit may work in it and make it pure. Thou heareth the prayers of the good; help me to pray unto thee and serve thee as I ought, that my soul may live with thee forever."

The moon sends its rays between the lofty pillars of the temple, lighting up with a singular radiance the bowed head of the youth. Why does he pray so long, heedless of the slowly dying fire? At length Martes starts up quickly to find himself in darkness. The moon is gone but where is the sacred fire? The fire that has burned so many centuries? It has burned out! O child, what hast thou done! this fire first kindled with a coal from heaven! this fire, the emblem of Ahuramazdai's power and might! To breathe upon it were a crime to be punished with death, and *thou* to whom it was intrusted hast neglected thy duty thus! The poor boy overwhelmed by his feelings, falls fainting across the altar.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

(Concluded next month.)

We should all think of death as a less hideous object, if it simply untenanted our bodies of a spirit, without corrupting them.—[De Quincy.

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