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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VIII.

LONDON, ONT., NINTH MONTH, 1893.

NO. 9

GOD'S WELLS.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of Salvation."

With joy I draw from out God's Well,
Rich blessings day by day;
Well of sweet water springing up,
I find beside the way;
Well deep and clear, whose living flow
Makes fruitful life abound.
A watered garden is the soul
Where this deep well is found,
God's Well of Love.

Onward with work for toiling hand
And willing hearts to do,
Oft weary 'neath the burden's weight,
Where laborers are but few,
I pause to gather strength beside
A well that springeth up,
From flowing fount with fulness rich,
I fill my empty cup,
God's Well of Grace.

Yet on—and in a desert path
Where all the springs are dry,
When left alone with loved ones gone,
Unto the Lord I cry—
When lo! upon my fainting sight,
As toiling still I go,
Fair Elim, with its waving palms
And wells of crystal flow!
God's Well of Power.

A voice like many waters sounds,
A wondrous Well I see;
Unfathomed are its liquid depths,
Transparent purity.
A voice from out the hidden spring,
God speaks as from the Mount
The revelation of His will,
From sure perennial fount,
God's Well of Truth.

Still onward where the pathway leads,
Through shadows, toil and strife,
I reach the loveliest, quiet vale,
A sheltered spot in life.
So sweet, so grateful—jarring notes
Of earth, their discord cease.
I gather heartsease in this vale,
Beside the Well of Peace,
God's Well of Peace,
Sweet Peace.

Footsore and spent with toiling long
Over the desert sand,
I find the shadow of the Rock
In this sweet, res ful land;
In the cool shade I sit me down,
Drink from the crystal spring,
The while my cup so full o'er flows,
The Lord's sweet goodness sing,
Beside the Well of Peace,
God's Peace.
—Phæbe A. Holder.

SERMON

BY SERENA A. MINARD AT PELHAM HALF-
YEARLY MEETING, COLDESTREAM,
5TH MO. 20TH, 1893.

Religion does not consist in our systems of faith, in complying with any outward requisitions, or in the observance of any outward forms. It requires something more than all this for "pure religion, and undefiled is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep thyself unspotted from the world." This was the religion of our Blessed Example, who was no respecter of persons. His mission of Gospel love was to all, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your soul." What is comprehended in the term, "Take my yoke upon you?" Is it not a daily obedience to the "law of the spirit of life in Christ, which the Apostle Paul declared had set him free from the law of sin and death?"

There is no mystery in this doctrine, for there is as certainly a manifestation of the Divine will to mankind now as there ever has been since the first period of human existence. And this will is manifested to us in the

same manner as it has ever been revealed to man, through a spiritual medium. The same voice that addressed to Adam the language, "Where art thou," discovered to him his state and condition, pointed out the cause and consequences of his alienation from God, and that the only hope of his return lay in his obedience to the quickening operation of the Holy Spirit, which is represented as "the flaming sword turning every way to guard the tree of life." When we read of the "voice of the Lord being heard in the garden in the cool of the day," of Moses speaking to the Almighty face to face, we must look beyond the figurative language of Scripture, to the operation of the Divine power upon the minds of men. It is the especial glory of the Christian revelation that it shows God as not afar off, but always present in the hearts of His children. We are not left alone to any record of past revelation; we are not shut up to receive the truth at second-hand through church or council. A higher freedom, a closer intercourse may be ours.

From distressing doubt and forlorn uncertainty, the refuge is close at hand; we may look straight up to God himself and grasp His hand to lead us into the light. This communion with the Spirit of Truth is the one thing needful to bring us strength, guidance, and eternal peace. The religion to which I would invite others, stands not in the opinions or speculative theories of men; is not the observance of outward form and ceremony, but it consists in having our conduct regulated by the great principle of love to God and love to man. It is not confined in its exercise to days and times, or to our devotion in the meeting-house, but it is an every-day work, producing the fruits of benevolence, justice, truth and love. Such religion must, from its influence upon human character as well as from its own nature, bless and make us happier while journeying here, as well as prepare us to enjoy a blessed

immortality. We will feel a reward in being good and doing good, which is a foretaste of heaven. It would enable us to attend strictly to the impressions of truth upon our own minds, which point out the way of duty, and show us how we may improve the opportunities, gifts and talents, committed to our care. Long ago the complaint was made that men worship God with their lips while their hearts were far from Him; and Jesus disclaimed all fellowship with those who cry, Lord, Lord, and fail to show by their daily lives that their religion is anything more than mere profession. The Apostle Paul calls us to come boldly to the Throne of Grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. The appeal to a higher power that brings help in time of need, is an earnest outpouring of soul because of the need. It is the hunger that craves spiritual food. It is the consciousness of spiritual poverty, that can only be rich when it possesses the Kingdom of Heaven. There is nothing to prevent our coming to the Throne of Grace except our want of consecration. It is so easy to doubt the appearance of Christ in our hearts: we are so apt to overlook its simple revealings, though obedience to them should bring us into that high and holy communion which the children of the Highest know, even in this state of being.

But if we would be blessed beyond compare we must not be dependent upon outward circumstances for the peace enjoyed. It must come to us through the harmony that exists between the divine life, a measure of which is given to each one of us to profit withal, and our thoughts and affections. There must be this unity, and in proportion as we endeavor to establish a closer union will be the growth maintained. "Except a man is born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Except the soul lays hold of and appropriates the gift of the divine indwelling, it cannot grow into the

nature of Christian perfection. And this principle of divine life is the Christian's strength, for through a diligent attention and obedience thereto, a qualification is furnished for every good word and work. And all who will abide in the patience and keep the faith will know the spirit to help their infirmities, and enable them to be more than conquerors through Him, who is the never-failing helper of the sincere and upright in heart.

To those, therefore, especially to the young, who, amid the confusion of voices crying, "Lo, here is Christ," or "Lo, He is there," are asking who is the Lord, that we may believe on Him. The reply is as to one formerly, "Thou hast both seen him, and He it is that talketh with thee." That which has made thee weary of self-seeking, has enabled thee to aspire after the higher life, is that which will also, as thou patiently inquires of it, lead thee every step of the way. I crave for others as well as myself, that when we are sensible of the light of the Lord shining in our hearts, giving us a knowledge of what he would have us to do, in order that we may enjoy communion with Him, we may be the willing recipients of the heavenly visitant, who will qualify and prepare us to sow the good seeds of truth and virtue that will spring up to everlasting comfort and joy, ever remembering that the basis upon which true peace of mind rests is the faithful performance of duties made known, a cheerful compliance with, and prompt submission to the requirements of truth. And all things beautiful will grow up in the mind thus trained; joy and gladness will be found therein, and sorrow and sighing on our own account will forever flee away. We cannot save ourselves from a single sin or lust, only as we turn to the principle of light and life in the soul, and rely upon it, avoiding what we know to be wrong and doing what we know to be right.

Here our spiritual perfections will

improve, the light will become clearer to our vision, and we shall be lead in a path the more natural creature cannot know, a path of purity and self-denial. By this purifying process, through the operation of divine grace, we shall be enabled to love all mankind, even our enemies, and it will be the chief desire and effort of the redeemed soul to promote the glory of God and the good of all men. What is from God leads to the highest good for ourselves, and for all those over whom we may have an influence. We may be called to a service that is hard to accept, but it will never be one that causes needless pain or sorrow to any, and if we are faithful we shall be used as instruments in the divine hand, and in unnumbered ways be made agents for the accomplishment of His divine purposes.

Are we only professors of the Christian name, or are we possessors of the Christ? Are we satisfied to receive our spiritual food through the instrument of a medium as fallible as ourselves, or do we desire to receive it from that source and fountain which Jesus taught his disciples is ever open to the truly needy?

The Scriptures are, indeed, a great blessing, a source of comfort and consolation, often confirming our feeble faith by the recorded expressions of those who were faithful to the work of their day, and the testimony of our fellow-travellers is very precious; but most to be desired, and most to be cherished, are the revelations of the divine will in each human soul, and in earnest confidence that this is the power that will lift us to the highest levels of heavenly peace. All who have entered into life by this door, realize the fullness of its riches. Here will be found strength in weakness, a present helper in every worldly difficulty, comfort in affliction, and the "treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal," and the beauty which the soul receives by walking in this hidden

pathway will be revealed in the one which is seen of men.

Then let us not despise this voice of God in our own souls, but love, cherish and reverence it; hearken to its pleadings, yield to its requiremings, and obey its teachings. It is God's messenger for good to thy immortal soul. Its call is a kindly invitation to thee from the Throne of Grace. Hear it and it will lead thee, obey it and it will save thee. It will save thee from the power of sin, and lead thee to an incorruptible inheritance in the mansions of rest, to an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. To what house does this language allude but to that which is in the course of erection as we yield obedience to the divine requiremings. This only can withstand the dissolving hand of time, and reach into that eternity to which we are all so fast hastening.

The eternal world is not only a world beyond time; it embraces time. It is ready to realize itself under all forms of temporal things. It is ready to suffuse with its radiance the common life of man, for not in crowns and palms and snowy robes, not in golden streets and thrones does the truest heaven of the Christian consist, but in the knowledge of God, and in the possession by the human spirit of those living qualities that distinguish our blessed and perfect example, Jesus Christ.

This is a high standard, dear people, but one to which, if we would strive to attain as the days of our lives are swiftly passing, how we should be growing in a life which will endure, and our experience would be like the grateful psalmist who could utter this glad thanksgiving, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

And though in our heavenward journey we may be called to pass through many a valley of shadow, yet of death we will fear no evil, because we shall be built up and established to a life over which the natural death hath no power, and the grave no victory.

My feelings are greatly tendered and interested, and I greatly desire that each one of us may hold fast what we know of good, and earnestly press forward after more, and that none of us may be satisfied until we know a full submission to the indwelling word, which, like the "refiner's fire," or as "fuller's soap," is able to purify us, and bring even the whole manhood into its own likeness.

And, dear young people, may you take heed, for the love of the Lord visits us in our early years, making strong impressions upon the minds of youth and childhood, and if the young heart will permit itself to be filled with this heavenly spirit, it will control and bring into their proper places all your gifts and talents, and make you to know that all the workmanship of God's holy hand is good, and if permitted it will remain so. Your lives will produce fruit, and it is for you to decide what its character shall be, and whether it shall be borne in the conscious sense of the divine presence, or in the heat and dust of a road that is planted with thorns and weeds, which afford no food, no shelter, no help, but only hinder the weary pilgrim, who thus reaps what he has sown in earlier life. May you, with a high aim and with a steadfast purpose, be true to your convictions, and become the followers of the dear Master.

Listen to the voice that whispers, "Come unto me." Come to the life and spirit of Christ in your own souls, and through the narrow path of obedience in which Jesus walked, may ye also follow, and find green pastures and flowing streams, and dwell with Him forever in the mansions of eternal blessedness.

Dear parents with little children about you, looking to you in earnest trust and confidence, or children of a larger growth, who are marking the weak places in your characters and are quick to discern them, be willing to spend a portion of your time in seeking the right direction for your arduous task. Can you set a right example before those dear ones unless you yourself are walking in a right pathway? Can you endure the benumbing cares of life without carrying them separately to the Mighty Counsellor, who has promised to be an ever present helper in every time of need?

Dear fathers, are you concerned to set an example of holiness before these dear ones committed to your care in the wilderness of the world, and for whose virtuous walking therein you are in a great measure responsible, and although the greatest conflict in which you can be engaged is the effort to yield your natural propensities to the government of divine grace, yet if you will persevere you will be strengthened to overcome, and some day be enabled to exclaim, "Here am I, Lord, and the children thou gavest me."

Dear mothers, caring for the welfare of your children next to your own soul's salvation, burdened and often sorrowing by the way, the path is often steep and difficult, but your Helper is nigh at hand; you may have a staff to lean upon, and if you go often to the Throne of Grace and bear your children with you there, the light of Heaven will be reflected in your faces. The God of all comfort will smooth the way to your feet, and the bread you cast upon the waters will return, though it be not until after many days.

"Oh, mother, at the golden gate,
Where youth impatient still doth wait
Your loving words, your earnest speech,
Around the world may sweetly reach,
May hold a life in after time
To faith and virtue all sublime,
May yield you a more full return
Than any doing else could earn,
For mother lips are never dead,
They ever say what once they said."

Let us all remember that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, but however small we may feel, each one of us is exerting an influence for good or evil by our every word or deed. It is even as the downy seed, wafted by the wind, we know not where, but will find a lodgment, and reproduce according to its kind.

Our opportunities of receiving and giving, if we only knew them when they are present with us, and did not so often have to say, "Alas, I knew not that that hour, that occasion, that meeting with, or missing a friend, was a gift of God, and so I let it pass, and lost the living water that it offered." The circumstances in which we at any given time are placed, constitute our opportunities of improvement or happiness. Life is the opportunity of the soul, and a divine whisper says, "If thou knowest the gift of God, thou wouldst ask of it, and receive living water. And if this is true of life as a whole, it is true of every part of it, every circumstance about us, every communion with nature or persons is a gift of God, replete with the spirit. The happenings and doings of every day have somewhat to give us if we recognize their divinity and accept their gift, and this gift is spiritual life, what Jesus calls 'living water.' How grand, then, is this every-day life of ours. David expressed his sense of it when he spoke of his 'down-setting and his up-rising' as being encompassed by God."

It is only as we make the best of what we have, and become the best we can be, that any of us can win the great "well done," and none should be satisfied with anything short of it, remembering that patience, perseverance and good endeavor, through storm and shine, the up-lifted heart, the pure life, the firm faith in the all-sufficiency of divine love and grace to be our guide, guard and director; these will bring into our lives an ever-refining perfection. When the strong, self-will is yielded through the strength our Father gives, and the animal propensities are brought

under the government of divine grace, then, if the watch is still maintained, we shall be clothed upon with a meek and quiet spirit, patiently looking and quietly waiting for the crown of "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the glory of thy Lord, and into thy Master's rest."

"Awake, then, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light." Trust the infinite tenderness, receive the boundless compassion, be comforted, pardoned and at peace with God. Come unto Me, come to the life and spirit of Christ in your own souls. Be born into that life by a determination to do God's will, grow up in that life by daily obedience, daily trust, and daily prayer, and so come into the possession of pleasures and treasures that far exceed the perishing pleasures and treasures of earth. Then, "though our outward man is perishing, the inner man will be renewed day by day, while we look not on the things that are seen, but on the things that are not seen, for the things that are seen are for a time, but the things that are not seen are everlasting."

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

BY MARY SIDNEY.

I have been deliberating a long while on what I had better say next to the readers of my column. I have grown to love my readers dearly, and to be more and more desirous to be of service to them. I frequently receive letters from different sections of the country filled with cheering words, and it warms my heart, and inspires my pen to renewed efforts to be of use to these kind friends, though their faces I have never seen. These letters have seldom been answered, no answer seeming to be required; but on the principle that Benjamin Franklin desired grace to be said over the whole barrel of meat to save the time that would be required to say it slice by slice as it came to the table, I now re-

turn thanks to all who have thus sent me lines of sympathy and approval. I sometimes wish they would tell me what matters and things they would like to hear my views upon, for it is often more difficult to choose a subject than to do the writing.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and just now I am so filled with the "least of fat things" I have recently been enjoying, that I find it almost impossible to think or write of anything else. I am wondering that there are so many people in the world who seem to forget there is a Power above the earth guiding and controlling, and from whose degrees they cannot escape if they would. I wonder they do not try to keep on the right side of this celestial ruler that they may gain the reward held in store for those who do. They are zealous enough in temporal affairs, and make great scrambling to curry favor with those clothed with a little brief earthly authority, that a chance for preferment and place may be obtained; while the infinitely higher and more important concerns are met by apathy and neglect. I wonder parents do not give more assiduous attention to their children in their early years, training them in those devotional services, and dependence upon the Creator, that will strengthen with their growth, and come to be the crown and preservation of riper age.

I have no sympathy, however, with those ironclad restrictions that destroy the natural cheerfulness and vivacity of childhood. This is not true religion. When the mind is at rest and full of confidence in the unseen Master, it cannot be other than serene and blithesome; and the gloomy cheerlessness that many professing Christians display is a stumbling block in the way of childhood. They want nothing that will make them so solemn and so dead to all life and mirth and social exhilaration, and flee away from such stern restraint into forbidden ways and places, where they may have untram-

meled indulgence in youth's natural joyousness. This is why very pious good parents often have such very poor luck in bringing up children. They work too hard at it; discipline them too much; as the good woman who told her servant to go out into the yard and "see what Harry was at, and tell him to stop it immediately." Right or wrong they must be setting up paternal authority, when in many instances they had better unbend from their dignity and enter into childish enjoyments more freely. Jesus called a little child to represent who should be the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. No long faced elder of the church was brought, nor smileless member of the monastery, but a prattling child in all its innocence and mirth; and unless we are converted from our austere ways, and become in habits and tastes like unto the child, it is declared the door shall be barred against us.

Infancy and innocency are synonymous. The tiny child does not speak in vulgar or profane language, does not drink rum or use tobacco, does not cheat or wrong its companions,—it only grows into these evils as it learns them of its elders; and the teacher is not unfrequently some member of the household, maybe a religious professor with his mouth stained with narcotics and his breath tainted with alcohol, his words unchaste, his habits tricky and uncertain. What a happy world this would be if the innocency of childhood's tender years could be carried through age. So while we are training them in the way they should walk, let us be watchful of our own footsteps, and not cut off their harmless mirth to suit our tastes that have grown sombre with age and care. Let us not mistake gloom for piety, or a broken spirit for gentle submission to lawful authority.

There are many parents who disregard all religious observances themselves, and yet show considerable anxiety that their offspring shall be

provided for in this particular. They send them to Sabbath schools, and churches, and show a willingness to do ev-rything needful for them except to set an example in attendance at these places, and in living within the precepts taught therein. Example is far above precept in the care of children. "Come," is the word to use to them, not "go." "I don't see why our children cannot behave as well as other people's," said an anxious mother whose family had grown up and taken to unstable ways. She had attended to their wants during their young years faithfully; had devoted the entire strength of her womanhood to slavish labor for them; had washed and mended, and cooked and sewed and denied herself every gratification in affairs outside of the four walls of home, and then mourned that the result was so poor. Can we ask our Heavenly Father to bless us, and lead our lambs along the paths of pleasantness and peace, if we have forgotten the gratitude we owe to him, and failed to set apart a portion of our time to his service?

These gospel expositions by a gifted mind, in which I have recently found so much satisfaction, and which for a time has even driven the nonsense out of the Head of the Sidneys and improved his style, has led me to wonder what there is for elderly people to enjoy who are destitute of the spirit of devotion? And why are there so many who hoard their gold with miserly care, giving no aid to any church or Sabbath School, either by attendance or means, who yet when the great harvester enters their fold, send for some minister to come and rake in the ashes of the past for concealed virtues to bring to light over the coffin of the dead. If it is so easy to live without religion, why so hard to do without it when death and grief stand at the door?—*From Farm Journal.*

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Canada Half-Yearly Meeting meets at Yonge St., near Newmarket. Select Meeting on 30th of this month; Public Meeting on First day, the 1st of 10th mo., and Business Meeting on the 2nd.

Felham Half-Yearly Meeting was a very satisfactory occasion. Serena A. Minard, Wm. Cornell, James Zavitz and Samuel P. Zavitz spoke at the different sessions. A verbatim report of Serena's discourse at the afternoon meeting on First day will be found in this issue. Other sermons will be printed as space permits. For these reports we are greatly indebted to the Birchard sisters, Ruth and Emma, whose willing services and unflagging zeal are not only commendable in them, but may be, if enlisted, of future benefit to the Society of their birth, and the present spiritual home of their

choice. The meetings on First-day were very large, every available seat being occupied, and the close attention paid was noteworthy. All felt that it was indeed a spiritual feast, the baptism into which souls were led during the outflow of the discourse reported in this paper was something rarely felt but long to be remembered and repeated.

Much interest has for many months centered in the Behring Sea controversy between England and Canada on the one side and the United States upon the other. Every lover of peace will rejoice in the successful and peaceful termination of this dispute, lately ended by the decision of the Arbitrators. The method adopted for settlement is a decisive victory for peace and arbitration, and the decision is likely to be quite satisfactory to the countries concerned.

The picnic held on the grounds around Friends' Meeting-House, in Lobo, on 8th mo. 31st, composed of the various Sabbath Schools of the township, of different denominations, was in every way very successful. The day was exceptionally favorable, and the gathering, some 1,000 or 1,200 people, was the largest ever known here. The harmony existing between the different religious organizations in these parts has much of the Christ spirit in it, and these occasions for intermingling strengthen the good feeling.

The *Religious Congresses*, to be held this month in connection with the World's Fair are likely to be the most important of the many Congresses being held this summer by the World's Fair Auxiliary. In fact it will probably be the most important religious gathering, in many respects, ever convened. Representatives of nearly every creed and religion in the world have accepted invitations to deliver addresses at the meetings. The date set for opening is the 11th inst., and it will continue two or three weeks. The day set apart for Friends is the 19 h.

The First-day meeting at Chicago on the 17th, and probably on the 24th, will be held in Willard Hall (Women's Temple), corner of Monroe and La Salle, 10.45.

The George School picnic, which was held on 8th mo. 18th, was very successful, fully 2,000 people being in attendance on the grounds of the new school at Newtown, Bucks County, Pa.

One of the most important of the Auxiliary Congresses in connection with the World's Fair is the one recently held on *Arbitration and Peace*. A Court of International Arbitration was endorsed, and some steps taken towards its accomplishment. The time of its meeting was most opportune, for in the midst of its deliberations came the decision in the Behring Sea case, just tried by International Arbitration. The following *message* of congratulation was sent to the Queen of Great Britain and President Cleveland:

To Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and to Grover Cleveland, President of the United States: The World's Peace Congress at Chicago sends equal congratulations to Great Britain and America on the triumph of Arbitration as a substitute for war, exemplified in the recent Behring Sea decision, cementing the friendship of both nations, and full of happiest augury for mankind.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE,

W. EVANS DARBY

ALFRED H. LOVE,

Aug. 17, 1893.

Committee.

DIED.

HAIGHT—On 8th mo. 21st, at their home, near Sparta, Ont., Canada, Phoebe Haight, wife of Samuel Haight, in the 76th year of her age. She was for many years an elder belonging to Norwich Monthly Meeting of Friends.

She was a regular attender of meetings, and hundreds will be able to testify to the hospitality of their home. For 54 years they had travelled life's

road together, and had been mutual helpmates in their toil from poverty to affluence. Always thoughtful of the poor, she died, leaving many friends. Repeated attacks of paralysis during the past seven years, in the end proved fatal. The funeral was held in Friends' Meeting-House, near Sparta, and was largely attended. Serena Minard spoke impressively on the occasion, and the closed stores and school of the village indicated the respect in which the deceased was held in the vicinity of her home. S.

OBITUARY.

Edward N. Harned, an occasional contributor of poetry to the REVIEW, and the founder and for four years the Principal and proprietor of Harned Academy, in Plainfield, N. J., lost his life in a sudden storm on the 20th of last month at Atlantic Highlands. On First-day he was reading his paper when a gale came up and he sought refuge in a bathing pavilion which collapsed before the terrific wind. When the debris was removed his body was found among the fallen timbers. His place of residence was discovered by a return ticket found on his person, and his wife received a telegram with the sudden and sad information.

He leaves a widow and four children. The school, which he started in Plainfield about four years ago, has recently been enlarged and he had just completed his arrangements for the coming year. He had intended to retire from the actual school work of teaching, and had intrusted the management to Prof. Harris, whom he had appointed head master. The school will continue as usual.

From the Constitutionalist

Funeral ceremonies over the remains of the late Edward N. Harned were held Four-day at 11, at the Friends' meeting-house on Watchung avenue.

Aaron M. Powell spoke as follows:

"We are assembled here to-day to pay a last token of respect to our friend,

who has so suddenly been taken away. Those that knew him all learned to love him. He was a man who impressed all by his uprightness and sterling qualities. He was a teacher, and that means a good deal. One who has the training of young minds has an important position to fill. Our numbers are small, and we shall miss our friend. This place was his spiritual home, and it was his custom each First-day to bring his students to this house of worship, thus teaching them to regard and revere things spiritual. I believe that when the summons came to our friend he was ready and fully prepared to go.

"It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where formerly there was one, is a benefactor. Such is the case of our friend and teacher. He was prepared to meet that greater harmony with God, which he enjoyed to a large extent here upon earth, and we can all have that same harmony if we are living as we should.

"To-day we are here, but we cannot tell of the morrow."

At the conclusion of Mr. Powell's impressive talk, Friend Elizabeth Thistlethwaite, a beloved member of the Society who has passed her ninetieth year of a noble life, made a homily, which was exceedingly appropriate and full of excellent truth, giving special emphasis to the good of submitting ourselves to God and letting Him direct our paths and shape our destinies.

An opportunity was given for those present to review the remains, and burial was made in the cemetery back of the meeting-house.

COURT OF ARBITRATION.

Interior: No more wars between Anglo-Saxons. That is what is meant by the late action of the Parliament of Great Britain resolving to take the first steps for the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration between itself and the American Republic. This result, which was accomplished by a

practically unanimous vote, has long been sought and often rejected, even with derision. Now it is accepted as natural and inevitable. It is true, as Dr. Storrs says, that "something has changed the face of war even upon the Danube." But better than that, something is banishing war entirely between nations deeply affected by the spirit of the Gospel: It is the beginning of that conversion of sword to plowshare, so long ago prophesied and apparently so hopelessly awaited.

THE WORLD'S FIRST CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

As already understood, we presume, by our members generally, it is the purposes of these Congresses to bring representatives of all religions and denominations, non-Christians as well as Christians, into personal contact and acquaintance, for kindly expression of their faiths under conditions that, it is hoped, will tend to produce a sense of brotherhood under the divine Fatherhood, that has not heretofore existed. This can be in the belief that whatever is true in the faith of any, or all, will meet the witness for truth in the hearer's heart, and enable the purer, higher truths, to find general acceptance with increasing speed and force. We hope that out of this fellowship will grow not only a kindlier feeling between sects and religions, but also willingness to co-operate wherever it may be beneficial in the efforts to remove evils from among men. Our part in this great movement may be small in proportion to others, for our numbers are small; but our faith, in its distinctive feature, so fully meets the needs of all of every faith, who are striving to know and do the right, that we should be diligent in spreading its light and power in the belief that "one with God" is invincible." We urge attendance by as many of our members from each Yearly Meeting as may be rightly possible, that we may the more widely feel the influence of the

occasion, learn from brethren of other faiths much that will broaden our wisdom, extend our sympathies and deepen our faith, and send us, we trust, into our homes again with greater consecration to the higher welfare of our race, through the power of the spiritual Christ operating daily in our individual souls.

JONATHAN W. PLUMMER, Chair'n.
BENJAMIN SMITH, Sec'y.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES

IN THE GENERAL PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

To give expression for Friends "of the grounds of sympathy and fraternal relations among the religious bodies of the world," Aaron M. Powell, New York.

SPECIAL SESSION FOR FRIENDS IN THE GENERAL PARLIAMENT.

Ninth month 19th, at 2.30 p. m.

Opening address, Jonathan W. Plummer, Chicago.

A Statement of the Faith of Friends, Howard M. Jenkins, Philadelphia.

Our Mission Work in behalf of Arbitration; Indian Development, Negro Development, and Against Slavery, Intemperance, etc., Joseph J. Janney, Baltimore, Md.

The Position of Woman in the Society of Friends, Elizabeth Powell Bond, Swarthmore, Pa.

Our Institutions of Learning, Schools, Colleges, Edward H. Magill, L.L.D., Swarthmore, Pa.

Our Thought as to Co-operation of Distinct Faiths in labor against jointly recognized evils, Robert S. Haviland, Chappaqua, N. Y.

DENOMINATIONAL CONGRESS.

New Church Temple, 17 Van Buren Street. Opening, Ninth Month 19, 9.30 a. m.

Opening address, Jonathan W. Plummer.

Paper: "The State of the Society: The Spread of its Principles. How can we increase their Growth and In-

fluence?" Mercy G. Hammond, Sterling, Kansas.

Response to the paper, Lavinia P. Yeatman, Norway, Chester County, Penn.

Discussion of the subject of the paper.

Ninth Month 20, 9.30 a. m.

Paper: "Our Young Members. The duty of the Society in guiding them to a conception of their responsibilities in maturer years. Their social needs and opportunities as members. Would a national organization be an aid in promoting their interests?" Edgar M. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ont., Canada.

Response to the paper, Isaac Roberts, Conshohocken, Pennsylvania.

Discussion of the subject of the paper.

Intermission for social mingling.

An open meeting for inquiry and explanation of essential points of our belief, the grounds which led us to differ from other denominations regarding ordinances which they deem essential.

Ninth Month 21, 9.30 a. m.

Paper: "The Relation of Spiritual Culture and Devotion to Moral Progress." Anna M. Starr, Richmond, Ind.

Response to the paper, William M. Jackson New York.

Discussion of the subject of the paper.

Intermission for social mingling.

A meeting of spiritual seeking and consecration, in which we hope many hearts can feel the inflow of the divine wisdom and power; and an outflow of divine love towards the brotherhood of man.

ESSAY.

Read by Edgar M. Zavitz at the "Union Picnic" of all the First-day Schools in the Township of Lobo, held in the grove at Friends' Meeting House, Coldstream, 8th mo. 31st, 1893.

We have met to hold a "union picnic."

Have you thought what "union" means, dear people?

Is't that Baptists, Methodists, Friends and Presbyterians,

Hold their several picnics at one time and
Place, each sect their private ends pursuing,
Heedless of each others' rights and comforts,
Looking envious at each others' doings,
Speaking envious at each others' sayings,
Thinking envious of each others' motives,
Praising ours, and hissing what's not ours ;
Showing our likes and dislikes, and preferring
One to another, and self before all else ?
God forbid ! Let love that's pure, unselfish,
Be in all the prompting, guiding spirit ;
Love, that Drummond calls the "Summun
Bonum" ;

Supreme gift ; of all that's here, the greatest ;
Love, that shone the purest of all virtues
In the sinless character of Jesus,
Prompting him to deeds of lowly service,
Arming him for miracles of wonder.

Cynics sneer and ask, "Can any virtue
Come to Christian lives by going to picnics ?"
Answer them, if any ask you, this wise :—
Let your light so shine before the world that
Seeing your good works they may condescend
to

Praise and glorify your Father in Heaven.
Here are opportunities unnumbered
Of pursuing the precepts of our Master
In that glorious sermon on the mountain ;
Blessed are the poor in spirit, always ;
Blessed are the humble and the lowly ;
Blessed are the pure in heart, even here ;
Blessed are the meek and merciful ;
Blessed are the peacemakers, God's children ;
Blessed are ye when men persecute you,
And shall say all manner of evil of you,
Falsely, for my sake, the sake of duty ;
Lust not, swear not, speak ye never falsely
Even in jest, and love not those alone that
Love you, publicans and sinners do that.

That means, when applied to union picnics,
Be not cold, and clannish, and sectarian.
This's the test of true discipleship to
"Love your enemies," love all, even your
enemies.

Do you do that ? Ask your hearts the ques-
tion.

Do I hear "This is no place for preaching ?"
Do you say "The Sabbath for religion ?"
O, dear friends, but God is omnipresent
Nothing can evade His eye all-seeing.
One or just and selfish deed in private
Will undo a year of public worship.
For 'tis my belief that a religion
Unadapted for our daily living
Cannot bear us safely into heaven.

No, I would not narrow your enjoyments,
But increase them to their fullest measure.
And I'll give you some few hints to help you,
Cease from evil, learn the joy of goodness :
Cease from hate, and learn the sweets of loving ;
Wake from death, and know the bliss of liv-
ing.

To the soul attuned to God's commandments,

Everything is flooded with new glory
That the baser soul will lose forever.
Come and sup the nectar of God's goodness ;
Eat ambrosia that sustains the angels ;
Eat the meat that nourished Christ in secret ;
'Tis our privilege and God desires it.
Enter *now* upon the life eternal,
Enter, and enjoy the bliss of Heaven.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

II.

The Agricultural Building claimed a
little of our time, though we felt more
anxious to see foreign things. The
decorations were very pretty, and ap-
propriately displayed our wealth of
food and forage plants. Ontario had a
very fine display here, well arranged
and well planned to show her resour-
ces. Corn was everywhere, and the
smaller grains did their share to make
many pretty pictures. Especially fine
was one on the wall of the Illinois
State Building, representing a curtain
looped back to show a farm with build-
ings, orchards and fences, all
formed with grasses and grains. A
curiosity in agricultural implements
were plows now used in Java, Japan
and China. One about ten feet from
end of beam to handles was hewed out
of a crotched tree, and had no iron
about it. Another was roughly pointed,
and there was a drag from China with
earth still clinging to it. It had one
row of teeth, somewhat resembling a
comb. All were a contrast to our per-
fect tools.

The Fisheries Building is very inter-
esting. There were delicate sea
lettuce, sea weeds and corals, sea
anemones, which belong to the animal
kingdom, but resemble flowers in form
and color. Some were salmon and
others green. There were flat fish
with a comical way of winking at spec-
tators, and hermit crabs inhabiting the
cast-off shells of snails or other species.
Fidler crabs, that seem to walk side-
ways, and a green turtle with parasites
on its shell. These with many others,
both curious and beautiful, made an
object lesson not soon to be forgotten.

The Government Building was another place to linger. Here were armor, dress and implements of Indians and Esquimo, stuffed animals and fishes, some beautiful corals; also thousands of baby oysters fixed to old boots, lanterns, or anything firm, which had been accidentally dropped into their beds. A corner up-stairs was filled with a collection from Alaska. A war boat, a kyak, or light canoe, covered with skins top and bottom, except a round place for the oarsman to sit. It looked very frail, but they venture on the open ocean with them. There were stone lamps and axes, feast spoons of horn, inlaid with mother of pearl, musical instruments, grotesque and horrible; one looked as if made of a skull. They also had fine furs, pretty baskets made of spruce roots and grass. There were ores and amethysts, feast dresses of seal skin and feathers, one of cloth and pearl buttons of native make; and there was a large case with sixteen or twenty solid bricks of gold, and a piece of rich quartz with a vein of native metal; also totem poles of carved wood, showing the tribe and prowess of the builders.

E. S. SMITH, Michigan.

ROBERT BROWNING'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Browning had already obtained recognition as a poet by a limited but influential circle when he became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the most gifted poetess of her time. She was then a confirmed invalid.

There is no cause for surprise in the passionate admiration with which Miss Barrett so instantly inspired him. To begin with, he was heartwhole. It would be too much to affirm that, in the course of his thirty-two years he had never met with a woman whom he could entirely love; but if he had, it was not under circumstances which favored the growth of such a feeling. She whom he now saw for the first

time had long been to him one of the greatest of living poets; she was learned, as women seldom were in those days. It must have been apparent, on the most fugitive contact, that her moral nature was as exquisite as her mind was exceptional. She looked much younger than her age, which he only recently knew to have been six years beyond his own; and her face was filled with beauty by the large, expressive eyes. The imprisoned love within her must have unconsciously leapt to meet his own. It would have been only natural that he should grow into the determination to devote his life to hers, or be swept into an offer of marriage by a sudden impulse which his after-judgment would condemn. Neither of these things occurred. The offer was, indeed, made under a sudden and over-mastering impulse. But it was persistently repeated till it had obtained a conditional assent.

No sane man in Mr. Browning's position could have been ignorant of the responsibilities he was incurring. He had, it is true, no experience of illness. Of its nature, its treatment, its symptoms, direct and indirect, he remained pathetically ignorant to his dying day. He did not know what disqualifications for active existence might reside in the fragile recumbent form, who in the long years lived without change of air or scene beyond the passage, not always even allowed, from bed-room to sitting-room, from sofa to bed again. But he did know that Miss Barrett received him lying down, and that his very ignorance of her condition left him without security for her ever being able to stand. A strong sense of sympathy and pity could alone entirely justify or explain his act—a strong desire to bring sunshine into that darkened life. We might be sure that these motives had been present with him if we had no direct authority for believing it, and we have this authority in his own comparatively recent words: "She had so much need of care and protection! There was so

much pity in what I felt for her." The pity was, it need hardly be said, at no time a substitute for love, though the love in its full force only developed itself later; but it supplied an additional incentive.

Miss Barrett had made her acceptance of Mr. Browning's proposal contingent to her improving in health. The outlook was therefore vague. But under the influence of this great new happiness she did gain some degree of strength. They saw each other three times a week, they exchanged letters constantly, and a very deep and perfect understanding established itself between them. Mr. Browning never mentioned his visits except to his own family, because it was naturally feared that if Miss Barrett were known to receive one person, other friends, or even acquaintances, would claim admittance to her; and Mr. Kenyon, who was greatly pleased by the result of his introduction, kept silence for the same reason.

In this way the months slipped by till the summer of 1846 was drawing to its close, and Miss Barrett's doctor then announced that her only chance of even comparative recovery lay in spending the coming winter in the South. There was no rational obstacle in her acting on this advice, since more than one of her brothers was willing to escort her; but Mr. Barrett, while surrounding his daughter with every possible comfort, had resigned himself to her invalid condition, and expected her also to acquiesce in it. He probably did not believe that she would benefit by the proposed change. At any rate, he refused his consent to it. There remained to her only one alternative—to break with the old home and travel southwards as Mr. Browning's wife.

When she had finally assented to this move, she took a preparatory step which, as soon as it was known, must itself have been sufficiently startling to those about her; she drove to Regent Park, and when there stepped out of

her carriage and on to the grass. I do not know how long she stood—probably only for a moment, but I well remember hearing that when, after so long an interval, she felt earth under her feet and air about her, the sensation was almost bewildering strange. They were married with strict privacy on September 12th, 1846, at St. Pancras Church.—[From "Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland-Orr.]—*Montreal Witness.*

LITTLE HOMER'S SLATE.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied

What repaid our childish quest:
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart,
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art.
But what meant this legend, pray,
"Homer drew this yesterday?"

Mother recollected then
What the years would fain to hide—
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
Forty years, so my mother said,
Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through these years
Grandma kept from all apart,
Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart;
While each year that sped away
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lieth in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.

—*Eugene Field.*

In the year 1569 the remains of three Roman soldiers were found in a peat bog in Ireland. They looked surprisingly fresh and lifelike although they must have lain where found not less than sixteen centuries.

The rudder of the monster British iron-clad Vulcan alone weighs twenty-two tons, about six tons heavier than the one formerly used on the Great Eastern.

At the bottom of the ocean the temperature remains unchanged throughout the year.

DOING GOOD.

Every human being has a mission to fulfil, an influence to be felt, either for good or for evil, and none are so lost, so degraded, but that some spark of morality is burning within their bosom, and that little spark, though faint and feeble, may kindle a bright and glowing flame.

Let us not, then, say it is too insignificant, too trifling, to accomplish any useful purpose—whatever is good is worthy of preservation and worthy of cultivation. Do we not often, when walking through the crowded streets of our populous city, behold objects that call forth a joyous word to the poor and barefooted little beggar, who daily travels its thoroughfares, as he receives the small pittance from the passerby; how his countenance beams with joy when a kind word, or even look, is given. The little germ of truth we throw by the wayside will not be lost; it shall not perish; it will be guarded and nourished by angels, and flourish forever. We should not, then, fail to speak one kind word at least, to cheer the wounded spirit, cast down by the trials and sorrows of this life.

Think not, when some wanderer from the "father's house" crosses our pathway, that a word of warning will be of no avail, though the erring one may scorn your counsel; that friendly word will come to him again, even in the silence of the night, and lead the spirit that hath gone astray back to the path of virtue. Words of counsel spoken in love will never be forgotten; faithful memory will treasure them up, and the fitting time will come for them to do their good work. Think not, then, a look of kindness, an act of love, however trifling, may seem the word of admonition and counsel; think them not thrown away or cast as "pearls before swine." Whenever the opportunity to speak or to act is seen, then, do your duty, for your good deed is recorded in heaven, and you will

find even here on earth a full and satisfactory reward, for life is short at the longest period. Therefore, it behooves us to improve it, and prepare for those latter days, when, it is said, even "the grasshopper shall be a burden" to that mind who feels that its mission while here on earth has not been accomplished with satisfaction.

"Behold, alas! our days we spend,
How vain they be, how soon they end.
Behold how short a span, was long
Enough of old to measure out the
Life of man, in these well-tempered
Days, his time was then surveyed;
Cast up, and found but three score years and
ten."

ELIZA H. BELL, Bayside.

SINGLE TEMPTATION.

We take the following from Professor Drummond's new booklet, "Baxter's Second Innings":—

"Well, each boy has his own temptation—different in different cases, but always some one thing which keeps coming back and back—back and back day after day till he is tired and sick. What though he score off all the other balls if this one takes him? It's not new sins that destroy a man; it's the drip, drip, drip of an old one.

"Have you ever heard of the castle that was taken with a single gun? It stood on the Rhine, and its walls were yards thick, and the old knight who lived in it laughed when he saw the enemy come with only a single cannon. But they planted the cannon on a little hill, and all day long they loaded and fired, and loaded and fired, without ever moving the muzzle an inch. Every shot struck exactly the same spot on the wall, but the first day passed and they had scarcely scratched the stone. So the old knight drank up his wine cup, and went to his bed in peace. Day after day the cannonade went on, and the more they fired the louder the knight laughed, and the more wine he drank, and the sounder he slept. At the end of a week one stone was in splinters; in one month the one behind

it was battered to powder; in ten months a breach was made wide enough for the enemy to enter and capture the castle. That is how a boy's heart is most often taken. If I had any advice to offer anybody I should say, beware of the slow sins—the old recurring temptation which is powerful not so much in which it is or in what it does *once*, but in the awful patience of its continuance. It is by the ceaseless battery of a commonplace temptation that the moral nature is undermined and the citadel of great souls won."

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On behalf of the Committee.

BENJAMIN SMITH, Sec.

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