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Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL XIII. LONDON, ONT., CANADA, TWELFTH MONTH, 1897. No. 12

CHRISTMAS.

This is the day of the year, and the morn,
When Jesus, the pure and the sinless was
born;

Whom we call Christ, for in Him abode,
In exceptional fullness, the spirit of God;
Whom we call Brother, for in us alike,
Is found, in a measure, the same divine
light,

Which light, if the soul's outer veil be un-
furled,
Will help to enlighten the dark, human
world;

Whom we call Saviour, for did He not
show,
By his pure life, how we, too, should live
here below,

And remain free from all the pollution of sin
By obeying the voice of the Father within?
Whom we call Master, and whom we call
Lord,

Because He drank deeper the Logos or
Word.

Then let us rejoice in God's message to
earth,

And the life more abundant revealed in the
birth

Of this Blessed One in Bethlehem a long
while ago,

Whence so many blessings and benefits
flow.

E. M. Z.

CHRISTIANITY AS FRIENDS SEE IT.

I.—DOCTRINAL.

"We ask thee nothing about thy belief," said the old Friend, a preacher, to the young applicant for membership in the Society of Friends, who wished it distinctly understood that he could not accept some of the doctrines held by that preacher and by other members of the meeting. This was intended, and was understood to mean that in Christianity, as Friends see it, the important thing is conduct, not doctrine. Even the fundamental doctrine of Quakerism, that of the Inner

Light, is understood variously by Friends who differ intellectually and emotionally. To those inclined to anthropomorphism, the Inner Light is the voice of a loving father speaking to each of his children. To those who think of God as an infinite, beneficent, but impersonal power, the Inner Light is that innate sense of right which makes man a moral being. We may differ in our definitions, but we agree in recognizing the fact of an indwelling witness to truth and right in the mind of every man.

We may say that if we heed the admonitions of this voice of God, it will become clearer and we shall have an un-failing guide in all the affairs of life, and if we refuse to listen its accents will grow fainter; or we may say that the sense of right may be developed by use or atrophied by neglect.

Whichever way we put it, what we mean is that the more we strive to understand our relation to the Infinite, and to work with rather than against the "power that makes for righteousness," the more easily we shall be able, in any given case, to determine upon the right course of action, and to follow the course we see to be best.

The relation of God to matter is determined by what we call the Laws of Nature. The relation of God to man is just as much the subject of law, but as each man differs from every other, the laws of his spiritual nature are not as general. And so far as each man differs from every other man in his relation to God, each man must work out his own salvation. He may be helped by the experience, the exhortation, the example of others in matters common to him and them; but nothing can save him but faithful-

ness in following the light as he himself sees it.

The recognition of the peculiarity of one's relation to the Infinite, and the possibility of making it out for oneself, is an acceptance of the doctrine of the Inner Light:

The Friend may read the Bible as literature and get from it what he can that is helpful, or he may believe in its plenary inspiration; but he must assume, and permit others to assume, the right of individual interpretation. He may look upon Jesus as a man, divine as all men are divine in greater or less degree, and derive from his example some of the help needed in making his own life good; or he may believe in a Lord and Saviour, second person of the Trinity, and miraculous son of God; but he must admit that all his Saviour can do toward saving him is to lead him into the Light and help him to walk uprightly.

The Friend may hold what theory he will of the future life, but he must recognize the prime importance of this life and the necessity for making it the best he can.

Such great diversity upon doctrinal matters may, and does, exist in the Society of Friends. A belief in the Inner Light is the one thing that all profess, and even that, as I have intimated, is capable of various formulations. A belief in individual responsibility to a higher power, and the presence in each one of us of something that enables him to meet his responsibility — this, perhaps, is the *sine qua non* of Quakerism.

When George Fox began preaching, some two hundred and fifty years ago, he had no thought of creating a new sect; his purpose was to call Christians back to the simplicity of the religion that Jesus taught, from which they had wandered very far. He found them depending upon priests instead of upon the voice of God in their own hearts; he found them attaching more importance to the revelations made to or

claimed for the writers of the Scriptures than to the revelations made to themselves; he found them repudiating the brotherhood of man; he found them given over to frivolities, excesses, immoralities, and he called them back to the simplicity, the seriousness, the righteousness of the founder of their religion. But George Fox, in spite of his originality and his refusal to accept doctrine from the priests, could no more escape the influence of the religious and intellectual atmosphere of the seventeenth century, than we can that of the nineteenth. And faithfulness to the principles of Quakerism as taught by Fox does not mean a clinging to his seventeenth century theology in the light of our nineteenth century knowledge.

Doctrinal Christianity, as Friends see it, is a different thing at different times, as well as many different things at the same time. If I were to describe it I should not tell what George Fox believed two hundred and fifty years ago, nor what Elias Hicks believed seventy years ago, nor what I believed the day before yesterday. I should tell, as a part of it, what I believe now, and refer to other Friends who believe something else for the rest of it.

The Christianity of Friends is sometimes questioned because they do not, as a body, teach the doctrines of the immaculate conception, vicarious atonement, or bodily resurrection, although all these are accepted by some as individuals. But we do teach that the Christ spirit that was in Jesus is in everyone; and we call ourselves Christians because the rules of life that Jesus gave, and himself followed, agree *in general* with those that seem to us to be good.

[The above is part of the paper read by Edward B. Rawson, at the Greenacre Conference. It has been revised by the author and re-arranged especially for the YOUNG FRIEND'S REVIEW, and will appear in three issues, concluding in 2nd mo., 1898.]

THE VOICE.

BY DR JAMES M. DE GARMO.

Author of "The Hicksite Quakers and their Doctrines."

"And I heard a Voice from heaven."

Canst thou not hear, Oh, doubting soul,
As fierce, wild billows o'er thee roll
From life's rough sea,
The Voice that pleads within thy heart,
And fain would peace and love impart,
God's peace for thee?

A still, small Voice, whose accents clear
Only the listening soul can hear,
In reverence bent;
A spirit Voice, that hath no sound,
Yet moves the human heart profound,
With love intent.

It comes not in the tempest's roar,
That sweeps with desolation o'er
Thy troubled path;
But softer voice than mother mild
E'er whispered to her darling child,
Our Father hath.

When hushed in holiest reverence, thou
Dost low in adoration bow,
And wait His time;
Then in thy silence shall His word
Sweep o'er the heart's responsive chord,
In strains sublime.

And thou shalt know the Voice that gives
Peace to the soul of him that lives
By its behest;
Thou knowest not whence it came nor
where
It vanished on the throbbing air,
But *thou* art blest.

A peace serene shall dwell with thee,
And often as on bended knee
Thou prayest alone,
The Spirit of the living God
Shall make thy heart His own abode,
His glorious throne.

And thou, with heavenly Presence blest,
Upon the Eternal Heart shall rest,
And rest for aye;
That peace shall be thy spirit's dower,
Thy life's consummate, holy flower,
Its radiant day.

From this communion shalt thou rise
To cleave the splendor of the skies,
And there behold
The Beatific Vision, won
By spirits that have freely gone
Where God's Voice called.

We carry our worst enemies with us.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF GOD
STAND SURE.

MARY MENDENHALL HOBBS:

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." I should like to go on and repeat the whole of this wonderful psalm, which is true not alone because it is in the Bible but because it is the universal experience of those who have tasted and seen that the Lord is good. It is not a theory or hypothesis, but a fact, and in the "maddening maze of things" we need often retire into that "inner oratory" and feast on the eternal verities. It is very hard to give up cherished beliefs, it is hard to accept new doctrines, and we often find ourselves in the trying position of Atlas, with the world on our shoulders. It has always been so. Those who have borne the heat and burden of the day can not always say with John the Baptist, "He must increase, I must decrease."

Still we do greatly err when we conclude that the eternal truth is in danger because some of the ancient scaffolding gives way—

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Anything which turns young minds or old ones either from the great central facts of the Bible—God, His everlasting love and righteousness, our Lord Jesus Christ and His Gospel—is to be deplored. It is just this which leads many of us to desire earnestly that our ministers may preach Christ, whom they know, and whom the world is still searching after, and not so often enter upon matters which they do not know, and indeed which no one knows, and which in no way relate to salvation.

Scientists are the last men who will claim that a theory, an hypothesis, is a fact. Pseudo scientists may do so,

but true scholarship is modest and stands with Agassiz with bowed head to learn the truth. Even when we can not agree with such men, when we are not ready to accept their conclusions as our own, we should be very careful of our expressions concerning them. The habit which has become so common with Friends and others of denouncing as "unsound" any one with whom we do not agree or whom we do not understand, is criminal in its cruelty, and savors more of the spirit of those who would call down fire than of the Master. It will not do to pronounce men infidels or unbelievers because they no longer hold beliefs which are dear to us. Humility is admirable both in scientific investigators and religious teachers. Of those who are making the Bible a study and are searching the world over for manuscripts which may throw light upon the sacred pages, the great majority, to say the least, are earnest, devoted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who would lay down their lives rather than falsify a word of Bible truth. Let us neither condemn Galileo nor burn Wycliff. We would surely not wish scientific research to cease lest the truth be found different from our preconceived ideas. Neither would we wish the earnest, devoted Christian study of the texts and the times or Scripture authorship to be stayed lest some time-honored passage be found other than we have been taught.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and heart, according well
May make one music as before."

It is not the profound scholar who is irreverent. It is the flippant, to whom a little learning has proved a dangerous thing. It would seem that such teaching were best controverted by preaching the Gospel. It seems strange for Friends, of all people, to be uneasy over modern investigations. We may as well make up our mind that investigation will go on in every

branch of human knowledge and that some of the old beliefs will be assailed. Under the circumstances, is it not wiser to lay hold of the eternal and teach those things which are of universal importance for time and for eternity? Will not our youth be better fortified to meet without fear the unfoldings of research, be they what they may, by being taught that these things do not reach within the Holy of Holies of the human soul, by being grounded in the love of God as shown in Christ? Is not this being "founded upon the rock?" It were a great wrong, it seems to me, to teach a young person that unless Jonah lived three days and three nights in the interior of a fish and the Ninevites did in fact repent at his preaching, the Son of God was a false witness. Jesus used an illustration to teach a truth, an illustration with which his hearers were perfectly familiar. He could have used it (I do not say he did, because I do not know) as we might take some of Christian's experiences to explain our own condition, and while this possibility exists, and while the whole thing is being so twisted about, it seems to me perilous to make a matter of such paramount importance as a perfect faith, an entire trust in Christ, hinge upon such an expression. Jesus himself said: "Ye search the Scriptures, because in them ye think ye have eternal life, and will not come to me that ye may have life."

— *From The American Friend.*

A QUAKER SERVICE AT KESWICK, ENG.

I was spending my holiday at Keswick during the Convention week, hoping to combine pleasure with spiritual stimulus. But when Sunday arrived, the excitement of meetings had given place to a yearning for quiet rest. I was homesick for a Scottish sabbath; so I stole out of my lodgings in the early morning, and wandered through the sleeping town,

delighting in the peacefulness of the morning. After my walk, just as I was passing a hall near the Convention tent, my eye was attracted by a notice-board announcing an open meeting of the Society of Friends. The Quakers! I had never been at a Quakers' meeting. The novelty struck me, and I determined to worship there. When I arrived it was almost eleven, and a little crowd of worshippers was entering. Joining them, I was making my way up the stair, when I heard a very pleasant voice just behind me saying, "How sweet the light is this morning. Art thou well?" and a deep baritone answered something I cannot remember. The sweetness of the voice and words made me slacken my pace, for I wanted to see the person who spoke like that. An old lady and a middle-aged gentleman passed. She was a Quakeress; anyone could see that. The old fashioned black bonnet tied with ribbons under the chin, the curious plain black dress, declared it openly, even if I had not heard her speak. But it was the face that filed my eyes. It was not handsome, for that is hardly the correct word for the face of a lady probably sixty years of age, but it was beautiful, full of prayer and sympathy. That face still is before me, and I hope long may be. It helped me to worship God that morning. When we reached the hall there were about twenty present. I sat down just behind the old lady whose face attracted me. A few more arrived, and when the door closed we might number thirty five. I wondered what form the service would take, and kept my eye on the platform, expecting the leader to enter and announce a psalm or hymn. No one came. It was now ten minutes past eleven, I saw, furtively looking at my watch. The silence became oppressive. I began to think there was some hitch in the proceedings. "The leader hasn't come. I wonder what they'll do," I thought. Another five minutes

passed. I looked around and every head was bent reverently. Nobody seemed anxious, save myself, at the absence of the leader. Then it stole in upon me that there would be no leader; the worship had commenced. The words, "Where two or three are gathered together, there I am in the midst," flashed through my mind. The Leader was here. I bowed my head and for a time was a Quaker. The perfect stillness reigned for perhaps another five minutes. I could almost hear my heart beat. It became terrifying, this motionless waiting on the Unseen. Presently the room seemed to widen. I lost consciousness of all my fellow-worshippers, and a strange expansion of soul made me feel as if I were on a mountain-top with nothing but the wide reach of heaven around, and God very near. Out of this reverie I was aroused by a rustle of dresses and a general movement throughout the room. Several of the worshippers had fallen forward on their knees. The same sweet voice that had attracted me on the stair began to pray. I cannot remember the petitions, but the impression of yearning after God and love to all mankind forced itself upon the mind with subtle penetrating power, and brought a breath of heaven to the heart. After this the spell which the long waiting had thrown over me seemed broken, and it was perfectly in keeping with my mood when a tall, middle-aged lady, sitting across the hall to my left, rose, and recited, "Arise, shine for thy light is come, and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," following with a few vigorous words on the duty of practical service for Christ. Then a gentleman, without text or preface, gave a short Gospel address. A very long silence followed this, and the feeling of slight distraction caused by the speaking was beginning to give way to one of quiet meditation again, when another lady sitting just at my

side slipped quietly upon her knees, and in a soft mellow voice prayed for the bereaved, the widow, the orphan, that they might be helped and comforted. Her words themselves were winged with healing for anyone in trouble, as was evident from what immediately happened. A lady, dressed in deep mourning, accompanied by two children, was sitting, with head bent forward, two seats before me, apart a little from the rest. Without knowing why, I looked at her when the prayer for the troubled ceased. Then she rose, and, lifting up her face, brokenly said, "The cup that my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?"—nothing more. She sat down, but the words thrilled. They were a protest against the heart's rebellion and an appeal to the Father for help. There was no more speaking or praying after this. For full ten minutes we sat worshipping, and then a gentleman's voice said, "Friends, the time has arrived and we must depart. We shall meet again, God willing, next First-day morning here." So we all rose, and I went home understanding better than ever before what it is to worship God in spirit and in truth.—*Exchange.*

ON GOOD WORKS.

So much of the religion, which has passed as the religion of Jesus Christ in the Christian world of the past few hundred years, has consisted of faith and belief, that character and good works have been largely undervalued, and even sometimes ignored. This it seems to me was not the religion which Jesus taught. It is not the religion taught by the Friends from the beginning, and if we gauge aright the development of religious thought in the world to-day it is not to be the religion of the near future. There are many passages in the New Testament which make clear the relationship of the two—Faith and Practice, Belief

and Character. It has been said to Friends by these mere "believers," "You cannot get to heaven by your good works," ignoring the fact that good works are but the result or fruits of a *living* faith, and that a faith that does not produce good works is not as one has said, "a living faith." James, in his general epistle, 2d chapter, makes this very plain—"What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works. Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe and tremble. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?"

The teaching of Jesus also is positive on this point—that a faith to be of value must produce good works: "Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. And further, "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Also, "Not every one that says unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

Are we then to be judged by the deeds done in the body? If we are not justified by good works, then by the same reasoning we are not condemned by our evil deeds. By what then are we to be judged? By our faith? By our belief? Not so, but by our works! What say the Scriptures? In Matt. 16:27, Jesus says: "He shall reward every man according to his works." Paul says: Rom.

2:6, "God will render to every man according to his deeds;" 2:3, "For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified;" and Peter, 1:17, "And, if ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons, judgeth according to every man's work;" Rev. 2:23, "I will give unto every one of you according to your works;" 22:12, "My reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be."

Faith and good works then must go hand in hand in order to *save*. A living faith is an incentive to good works, and the *doing* increases such faith. This is the faith which worketh by love. "Faith *without* work is dead." S. P. Z.

PEN PICTURES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN WOOLMAN.

Paper read by Edgar M. Zavitz, at Coldstream Young Friends' Association, 11 mo. 22nd.

The first picture we will look at is one of his youth, in his early school days. It reveals the character of his after life. "As I went from school one Seventh-day," he says, "I remember while my companions went to play by the way, I went forward out of sight, and, sitting down I read the 22nd chapter of Revelation. 'He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.' The place where I sat and the sweetness that attended my mind," he says, "in after years, remain fresh to this day."

His first attempt at public ministry furnished him a lesson of warning to which he was remarkably attentive in his future discourses.

One day, being under a strong exercise of spirit, he stood up and said some words in a meeting, but not keeping close to the divine opening, he said more than was required, and being soon sensible of his error, he was afflicted in mind for some weeks.

One of the most pleasing incidents in one's life happened to John Woolman in his 29th year, when he said, in public, to Sarah Ellis—"a well inclined damsel"—that he would be unto her a "faithful and loving husband until separated by death." No further scenes in his domestic life are we favored with in his journal. But his religious pilgrimages among Friends, and in behalf of the Negroes and of the Indians very frequently separated the loving pair before the final one of death. We will see him engaged on some of these journeys. We will take for instance his visit to the Indians at Wehaloosing village, about 200 miles north of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Susquehanna river. To reach it he required to travel through the dense primeval forest and across bridgeless rivers, at a time too when the war whoop resounded, the tomahawk was raised in rage and the scalping knife knew bloody work. It would have been as perilous and as certain of doom for Woolman and his companions venturing on this long journey through the savage forests and the more savage natives, than it was for the 600 English who stormed Sebastopol had he been possessed with the same spirit. But the love of the meek Quaker always had the effect of disarming of every warlike weapon, and of changing the spirit of hostility into that of friendliness. At a time Woolman, hearing a man outside the tent, stepped out and found himself confronted by a fierce looking Indian with tomahawk lifted ready to strike him down. But his defenceless condition and calm bearing with a few words spoken with kindness, and the rage of the red man was dispersed, friendly conversation followed and the Indian was soon inside the tent smoking his pipe.

Again, on the same journey, we find him with his weak constitution, after having travelled in the rain, lying at

night wrapped scantily in his blanket, under him a bed of wet branches strewn on the soaking ground and over him the thin tent, the patter of rain ceaselessly dripping, and over all the black starless pall of night. Surely he felt as did Schiller's "Diver" in the watery Charybdis.

"Alone, with my Maker so lonely
—alone."

Now we see him at Wehaloosing preaching to the Indians. Very modest are his comments in estimating his own work, but we feel assured that there with the natives of the American wilderness transpired scenes of Pentecostal nature.

We can imagine how tender and affectionate was his greeting home after this perilous journey.

But one of the most striking pictures that Woolman presents in his more advanced years was due to his conscientious scruples about his clothing. Not more strange was George Fox's appearance going about England in his "leathern breeches" than was John Woolman preaching in his undyed garments. Both acted from a motive of utility. Woolman said that "dyes were invented partly to please the eye and partly to hide dirt," that they were injurious to the cloth and helped to overtask the laborer, especially the downtrodden negro whom Woolman used every opportunity to befriend. He thus became, though unconsciously, a pioneer in the great anti-slavery movement.

Let us visit him on a bed of sickness, in which condition we hear of him quite often during life. The particular time we will narrate presents what might be called a miraculous healing, a case the Christian Scientists of today would claim as verifying their method. Nevertheless, it was the most natural and the most reasonable of all curative processes. I will let Woolman draw the picture with his own pen:

"On the 31st day of the Fifth month,

1761, I was taken ill of a fever, and, after having it near a week, I was in great distress of body, and one day there was a cry raised in me that I might understand the cause why I was afflicted, and improve under it and my conformity to some customs, which I believed were not right, were brought to my remembrance, and, in the continuation of the exercise, I felt all the powers in me yield themselves up into the hands of Him who gave me being, and was made thankful that he had taken hold of me by his chastisements. Feeling the necessity of further purifying, there was now no desire in me for health until the design of my correction was answered; and thus I lay in abasement and brokenness of spirit, and, as I felt a sinking down into a calm resignation, so I felt, as in an instant, an inward healing in my nature, and from that time forward I grew better."

At another time, being sick with the pleurisy, he says: "I was brought so near the gates of death, that I forgot my name; being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull gloomy color, between the south and the east, and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be, and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before. I believed it was the voice of an angel who spoke to the other angels; the words were: '*John Woolman is dead.*' I soon remembered that I once was John Woolman, and, being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. I believed, beyond doubting, that it was the voice of an holy angel; but, as yet, it was a mystery to me. I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor op-

pressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians; and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for his name to me was precious. Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ; and they said amongst themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant. All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery; and, in the morning, my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them if they knew who I was, and they, telling me I was John Woolman though I was light headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to anyone, but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery. My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and, as I lay still for a time, at length I felt Divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said: 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet, not I, but Christ that liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh, is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.' Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that that language—'*John Woolman is dead*'—meant no more than the death of my own will. Soon after this I coughed and raised much bloody matter, which I had not done during this vision; and now my natural understanding returned as before:—Here I saw that people getting silver vessels to set off their tables at entertainments, was often stained with worldly glory, and that, in the present state of things, I should take heed how I fed myself from out of silver vessels. Soon after my recovery, I, going to our Monthly Meeting, dined at a Friend's house where drink was brought in silver vessels, and

not in any other, and I, wanting some drink, told him my case with weeping, and he ordered some drink for me in another vessel. The like I afterwards went through in several Friend's houses in America, and have also in England, since I came here, and have cause, with humble reverence, to acknowledge the loving kindness of my Heavenly Father who hath preserved me in such a tender frame of mind that none, I believe, have ever been offended at what I have said on that account."

Refusing to eat or drink from silver vessels; refusing also to wear dyed clothing; to take cabin passage because he found there some costly carved work; to use the postal service because occasionally the post horses were overdriven; to go to the West Indies in a vessel used in transporting the product of slave labor, indicate John Woolman's faithfulness to his conscientious scruples.

The last scene—the finale of life—which comes to all, overtook him while on a religious visit to England, at the city of York 1772, in the 52nd year of his age. His disorder was the small pox. He would have no doctor, trusting alone on Him who gave him life, and whose power he had witnessed to raise and heal him in sickness before. His prayer was, "Thy will, O Father, be done. If it be to raise up this body again, I am content, and if to die, I am resigned." But the malady prevailed, and thus passed away John Woolman, the apostle of meekness.

Man's life is but a working day
Whose tasks are set aright;
A time to work, a time to pray,
And then a quiet night.
And then, please God, a quiet night,
Where palms are green and robes are
white,
A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow—
And all things lovely on the morrow.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Corrupted free men are the worst of slaves.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

*Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends*

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

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Besides holding our present subscribers and making a liberal increase in the paper's circulation generally, we are at present making a vigorous effort to introduce the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW into every Friend's home where no Friends' paper goes. May we not ask, with confidence, every reader of the REVIEW to assist us in this effort. Renewed interest in our principles has been created and even members have been gained to the Society, by the simple method of introducing the REVIEW into such homes. This is right in line with a very important work of the Young Friends' Associations, and we shall hope for some considerable aid right here from them. We purpose giving more space next year to reports of and papers read

at Young Friends' Associations. One of the strongest and most active of these has already asked for considerable space in which to report its doings during the year. We are receiving encouragement from many in our efforts, as well as words of approval, in regard to the tone and quality of the contents of the REVIEW. We shall continue to make the paper a sturdy advocate of liberal Quakerism, and shall endeavor to present our principles with no uncertain sound.

Of all the causes in the world that enlist the sympathy of Friends none, it seems to us, are more worthy or more demanding of it than the cruelly persecuted religious sect of "Spirit Wrestlers" of southern Russia. If Friends are to exist as a religious organization it depends upon their power for good in the world. And if they are imbued with this power it cannot but be practically exerted towards our spiritual brethren in need in whatever part of the world they may be found. Here is a sect in a so-called Christian land being brutally persecuted, even unto death, for the very same principle of non-resistance and of religious liberty for which our forefathers suffered in the rise of our Society. If we can do no more we certainly cannot conscientiously do less than purchase the little volume portraying the punishments and sufferings of this deeply wronged people, the proceeds, over the expenses of publishing, the editor promises to forward to their aid. Notice of the book is given elsewhere in this issue.

We would also call attention to the new book by Horatio W. Dresser "To those who have read 'The Power of Silence,' or 'The Perfect Whole,'" no further comment is needed. Each one of the trio will advertise the others. From the perusal of them one gains a common sense view of life, a help for its ills and to its blessings.

THE CARPENTER.

That evening, when the carpenter swept
out

The fragrant shavings from the work-
shop floor,

And placed the tools in order and shut to
And barred, for the last time, the humble
door,

And going on his way to save the world,
Turned from the laborer's lot forever-
more,

I wonder—was he glad?

That morning, when the carpenter walked
forth

From Joseph's doorway, in the glimmering
light,

And bade his holy mother long farewell,
And, through the rose-shot skies with
dawning bright,

Saw glooming the dark shadow of the
cross,

Yet, seeing, set his feet toward Cal-
vary's height,

I wonder—was he sad?

Ah! when the carpenter went on his way,

He thought not for himself of good or ill,

One was his path, through shop or through
ing men

Craving his help e'en to the cross-
crowned hill,

In toiling, healing, teaching, suffering—all

His joy, his life, to do his Father's will,

And earth and heaven are glad!

ALICE RANLETT.

NEBRASKA.

Nebraska Half-Yearly Meeting of
ministers and elders met near Genoa,
at the usual time on Seventh-day
afternoon, 10th mo. 23rd, 1897.

There were no strangers from other
meetings with us. The regular business
was transacted. The meeting for wor-
ship on First day, though not as large
as sometimes, was well attended.

We were exhorted to do our work
now, to-day, that the present only is
ours, not to think that we can nurse
an unpleasant feeling toward a friend
or neighbor to-day, and to-morrow we
will have an understanding and forgive
them. Remember when the period we
now call to-morrow comes it will only
be to-day, and those with whom we

are intending to have an understanding
may be beyond our reach, being care-
ful to heed the query, "Who art thou
that judgest another man's servant?"
To his own master he standeth or
falleth, remembering the case of the
thief upon the cross, "Lord, remember
me, when thou comest into thy king-
dom," and the answer, "This day shalt
thou be with me in Paradise."

Lunch was served in the meeting-
house to all. As is our custom, most
of those at the morning meeting re-
mained for the First day School As-
sociation which met at two o'clock.
The clerks both being absent, Hamp-
tonetta Burgess and Hetty K. Truman
were appointed for the day.

The names of the representatives
being called—from Garrison, all were
present but one; from Genoa, all but
two; from Lincoln, no representatives
were appointed as their school is not
now in session, but, there being two
present from Lincoln, it was suggested
that they be considered as representa-
tives; from the school held near
Bennett, none were appointed, owing
to a mistake, and their report was not
received until Second-day morning.
Garrison and Genoa reported that
their schools have been in session for
the past six months. Lincoln school was
in session about a month and a half.

A friend spoke encouragingly of our
schools and said that we did not want
to make proselytes of those who
gathered with us, but to do them and
ourselves all the good we can.

A letter of cordial greeting was re-
ceived from Catharine Anna Burgess,
she being prevented by an accident
from mingling with us.

An interesting literary programme
was then rendered.

The following question was given
from Garrison school: What are the
best lessons, the most striking that we
can draw from the writings of Paul, as
given in our First-day School lesson
leaves?

His love for his fellow-men was

thought to be one great lesson, also his obedience and firm dependence upon his Father.

A poem, "Seeds," was read in concert by the association.

The hope was expressed that, by thus mingling in this association this beautiful afternoon, each one of us may have gathered some good thought to take home with him, and we trust that the Father's love may keep us until we are permitted to meet again.

The business meeting on Second-day, though small, showed that those present were thoughtfully interested in the business before us.

It has been our custom to correspond with Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, receiving an epistle from them in the spring and sending them one in the fall. An expression in the epistle, submitted for the meeting's consideration at this time, drew forth considerable discussion as to whether it was right to say we are a peculiar people—the expression in substance was that, as we mingle with those outside our society, and realize that they look upon us as a peculiar people, how important it is especially in this western country where there is scarcely anyone *at all* familiar with our customs, that we hold fast to the Friendly principles we should hold so dear.

The four queries, with the answers, were considered, and the following minute from Genoa was also read: "In answering the queries in regard to the spiritual condition of society, it is to be regretted that a large part of Genoa Monthly Meeting live at so great a distance from the Meeting as to be unable to attend only at long intervals, in fact some of our birthright members seldom or never attend Friends' Meetings."

We were favored to transact the business coming before us in much harmony, and, while we missed the outward presence of some who are wont to meet with us in our semi-annual gatherings, we could not doubt they thought of us.

Could those of the more favored East realize the help and encouragement given by their presence, even though they may have no vocal labors amongst us, there would be, perhaps, a greater effort made by some to come and help hold up our hands.

On behalf of the committee,

HETTY K. TRUMAN.

ONE VIEW.

Just now, much is being said relative to "individual faithfulness." Let us set our minds to thinking how difficult a thing it is to be faithful. It is not always easy to find one's "sphere," and, when found, it is by no means an easy task to demonstrate one's fitness for it.

The spirit or disposition to be "faithful" lives with many within our fold. There is a desire to labor for the advancement of our cause, and yet a reluctance on the part of those well-qualified for active service. Why this hesitancy? This is not a new query; indeed it is one which we have heard many times.

If the duties that devolve upon our members are burdensome inflictions, always performed under stress of human feelings, how natural that they should evade them, and think "this work it not mine."

Fear of what people will say is a great obstacle to active work. I am persuaded that much of the inertia that enfeebles our meetings is directly due to fear of criticism. The fact that people are prone to criticize (not always kindly) the motive that impels the ambitious worker, and also his fitness for responsible positions, always has been and always will be a hindrance to the growth of our society.

All men and women are not endowed with the same degree of capability, though all have equal rights. It is the *right* of every individual to judge as to his or her fitness for this or that line of service. There is no fault more common among us than the *under-*

estimation rather than the *over* estimation of another's worthiness

Of course, we think that our opinions are correct; we forget that a great many persons think just the opposite. Because a person's manner or style does not please us is no reason for the inference that that person is not pleasing and congenial to other people. We will observe that it requires great strength of mind and heart to struggle against adverse criticism. We sometimes forget that men and women differ by nature, and that, by the unavoidable circumstances of human life, they present every possible variety. The individual who is *willing* to do, and to be, needs all the help that he or she can get, in the way of encouragement. In many instances people who have put forth efforts at not a little sacrifice, have been hampered by an unwise critical spirit. It never seems to occur to some minds that life is a school, wherein, if the individual be active, receptive and faithful, he cannot help "growing." "By their fruits ye shall know them" No one can work *successfully* if his motives be wrong therefore we have no right to question a person's motives when his actions "bringeth forth good fruit." Let us bear in mind that a perfect life is not attained in a day. "Life is growth;" no organization emphasizes this fact with greater stress than the Society of Friends. Let us, therefore, exercise our thoughts in drawing forth what is good from every earnest and well appearing effort, remembering that "faithfulness, the fruit of good motives, means something else beside doing what is easy and pleasant. There are *doubtful* moments when we do not know what we can do or what we ought to do. Well, no one else can decide for us. It remains for each individual to interpret his or her capabilities and seek his or her "field of service"

CHARLOTTE C. TALCOTT.
Bloomfield, 11 mo. 1st, 1897.

PAUL OR CHRIST?

"I suffer not that any woman teach,
Or bear the message of the Lord's good
will;

Let her keep silence—she hath no call
to preach—

'Tis hers to learn and modestly sit still."

Thus the apostle. Yet the risen Lord,
Waiting beside the newly-broken tomb
For messenger to send with His first
word

Unto the church within that upper room,
Chose but a woman with a loving heart,
(Oh! fair her feet with those glad tidings
shod):

"I am arisen, and I now depart
And go unto our Father and our God."

Did Christ make some mistake, that
first by her

The truth and light of resurrection shone?

He, Mary chose to be His messenger;
Would Paul have sent St. Peter or St.
John?

—LILLIE E. BARR.

THE INNATE BASIS.

God so loved the world that he made every provision requisite for the comfort of every creature, in and on the earth; and his omni-presence is the intrinsic prescription for the maladies of the soul; the only genuine remedy for man's salvation. And the divinely inspired portions of the Bible connecting us with omnipresent help, guides mankind homeward, and is the only portion of the Book that has intrinsic, vital value and substance.

Come up to the mount of spiritual attainment and God will teach us essential ways in the field of man's comprehension, where our efforts are rewarded in submissiveness to his loving administrations; which we do not enjoy in the low lands of our nature.

Evangelization is not all accomplished in the pulpit. Men in their daily vocation, transacting business as they'd be done by; lead by the best in them, and ruled by the scale and measure of justice—obtain physical and spiritual equity, in oneness with the Regulator, whose regenerating influence is felt by all in contact with this

mode of life. For the apostles of God are they who enjoy the proceeds of spiritual attainment; becoming proficient in good works by living upon the gospel of God, that brother Jesus declared would be found in the closet; approving or reproving our acts for merit or demerit.

Come unto Me and I will lighten your loads and clothe you with the robes of righteousness as reward for obedience to Me. The apostles of God are they who are faithful to him in doing his will. Learn, comprehend, and follow the Voice; uplifting—making free that which was enslaved by non compliance with duty, reclaiming our inheritance, by returning and accepting wisdom's way, leading to peace. The unwritten book is at every man's disposal. We may study her beneficent pages if we will. But the God consciousness inspires men of to-day, as in by-gone times, and is the ever unfolding source of life to God's household.

“Over and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson we have to learn.

In listening to and heeding what the pure Spirit saith unto her individual church, we lose sight of creeds and liturgical boundary lines in the intelligent study of the unwritten Gospel in the Christian student, which is God in manifestation, where the Kingdom of Heaven is practically maintained and positively known in Christian experience. For flesh and blood is no part of the essential “ego,”—not a veritable heir of immortality. For intuitional service brings men in touch with the Father, helping his family to build essential character of immortal inheritance. For the intrinsic word of God remains unexpressed in formulated systems of men. Of what utility or intrinsic value has the phraseology, “by and through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,” as employed in worship, when God is in and over all. He is the bread of Christianity, and has

been, without exception, through all time. In worship, our beloved brother, Jesus, used God's name before all other names, from the beginning of his ministration to its close as—“The Father who dwelleth in me” I serve, and “Into Thy hands I commend my spirit,” the nucleus of Christianity in whom all spirit life centres, and to whom all are responsible as Jesus was, is a fact hidden from none.

The Intelligencer and Journal has the following: “A Baptist paper approves the Calvinistic hymns, because they are ‘addressed to God.’ Yet in a little collection of twenty-five hymns used in one of the largest Baptist churches the name of God occurs but twice. The name of Jesus seems to have made his Father and our's almost forgotten. A visitor at an Episcopal church expressed wonder that ‘they always bowed at the mention of Jesus, never at mention of God.—Christian Register.”

Prescribed rules, forms and ceremonies of the organizations seem to carry the masses more to the outward than to the grasping deific principles. Diligently working for the external observances, in place of the innate heir of God. Yet the Divine Spirit largely controls Christian life; making righteousness for all who follow His leading in the kingdom of heaven, where nod of the head or attitude of the body is not recognized by our Father as part of worship.

Systems have their uses, but they are barriers to many a devout soul, because of their political make-up, that has nothing to do in the office of the Spirit,—who says, “come unto and learn of Me, my son, follow the innate call, for besides Me there is no Saviour.”

The truths that Isaiah taught and the truths that Jesus taught with reference to the Old Testament writings, and the truths that Paul taught, all have their place in the hearts of the people, and our translation of God's word marks the era in which

we live. Thus the Word of God is being unceasingly translated from the original tongue by men whose ability none may question, is the verdict of the sons of God, who are delving in the earth for the truth; let the political element say what they will. The Creator works in the created, and the sons and daughters of men become conscious of the real, intuitive Saviour. In secret and silence they learn of God, the truth as it was in brother Jesus, which books never disclosed. Books are simply the index of where self-sustained knowledge of Unseen Reality (authoritative gospel) may be found. Where each one may practically know, "whether I speak of God, or whether I speak of myself," for the Witness is always in attendance, whispering (so to speak) in our conscious ear, "this is the way," my son; nor can we stray without knowing the first wrong step taken, for divine expression is positively known among the children of men everywhere, in the different degrees of attainment, from "the basement to the upper chamber of our individual being." Then let us be diligent in following intrinsic Law and reap the reward of its practical results in Christianity; for spiritual aspiration unlocks our physical being—recognizing the heir of God ruling the Son of Man, and clothing him (so to speak) with the best robes that love alone furnishes. For God is ever present in man, who is the only supreme authority over his people. Hence our responsibility to "the Father who dwelleth in Me," in all His children, the world over. And that divinely inspired portion of biblical testimony; locating the Kingdom of Heaven in man, and agreeable to our concept, is commended by all who are taught by the Spirit.

When we sit in state (so to speak) with our lower nature subservient to our higher being, through the promptings of the Unseen; then it is we recognize that we are legitimate

sons and heirs of God, in personal intercourse, we are furnished with the keys of his kingdom, being equally as capable of understanding, and making history, as the patriarchs or Apostles. For God so ordered "that all shall know Me," and comprehend the only intrinsic and universal Bible among the children of men, in practical use throughout Christendom, that is not contradictory and absolutely beyond question. Even the Indian Chief, in reply to a Quaker or Friend, when the Friend spoke to him about God, and where to find him. "Yes, yes," said the dark brother, "me, too, know where to find him, here," placing his hand on his breast. God over all.

Sing Sing, N Y.

H. G. M.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

VII.

Before leaving Payette I must refer to the farmer's canal, the system by which this section is watered; it is a stock company owned and built by the farmers from the Payette river and no one is allowed to have water unless he owns at least, one share of stock, the present price of which is \$100, although there is none except in first hands and as it pays no dividend is not likely to fall into the hands of any but those needing it. One share will furnish the owner with sufficient water for 100 acres. The maintenance is kept up by ascertaining the cost at the end of the year and assessing the cost pro rata on the owners. This appears to be the cheapest water privilege we have found as there are no salaries to pay except the water master, and every one gets as near to the lowest cost price as it is possible to get it. This is the only canal company that allows its members to raise water from the canal by the current wheel, to irrigate portions too high for ordinary flowing, and they have not hesitated to avail themselves of the privileges. Some of these wheels are as much as thirty feet high and raise the

water twenty five feet depositing it in sluices raised on tressels and nearly one mile long, and when farmers go to such an expense and labor, it is a sufficient evidence that it pays to do so.

This closed our visit to Idaho, and we took the afternoon train for Salt Lake City, arriving there next morning, notes on which will be referred to hereafter. We again took the train for Clear Lake, distant 200 miles, arriving there in the night. Our route took us through the Salt Lake valley and here let me say the country owes much to the industry and perseverance of the Mormons, who by the judicious use of the mountain springs and the subdivision of labor through small farms have made this valley, otherwise barren and unfruitful, to blossom as a garden for more than 150 miles, thus showing an object lesson of what may be done with the balance. At Lehi is situated the Mormon beet sugar factory which, due to the foresight and energy of Brigham Young, was the first plant in the west and now I am told makes all or most of the sugar used in that section. The company has a capital of \$700,000 on which it pays a dividend of ten per cent. per annum. They pay \$3.75 per ton for beets, which will probably be increased to \$4, but at this rate I am told farmers can make \$50 per acre on their crop, though our home farmers claim that it does not pay at \$5.00.

We noticed numerous patches of the beets on our route, which appeared thrifty and in good condition. Alfalfa is most generally grown for grass and hay and contrary to clover the first crop is generally saved for seed, the sale of which the past season produced \$35 per acre alone at Clear Lake. By the assistance and attention of C. W. Aldrach we were enabled by the use of teams to take a view of this country and its capabilities. The Central Utah Land & Irrigation Co. own a dam twenty miles in length forming a reservoir for the storage of the water of the

Sevier river, which thus covers 7672 acres of land, and storage capacity is about 60,000 acre feet, a quantity sufficient for a four months supply in case of accident. This company (largely under the control of Philadelphia capitalists) own, in addition to their canal, 10,000 acres of irrigable land and there are 50,090 acres of government land open to entry under this system, though some of it may be too high to be reached by the present standard of water. The company holds this land at \$35 per acre, including a perpetual water right, will sell at one-tenth cash with balance in nine annual payments at seven per cent. interest on deferred payments. To settlers on the government lands \$10 per acre is charged for the same water right. The maintenance is at actual cost to be assessed on the respective users in the spring. The supply of water is sufficient to draw on to the depth of seven feet without interfering with it, which, as heretofore stated, will last four months.

The Clear Lake Land & Irrigation Co. also operate a plant in this section fed from subterranean springs, more than 200 in number, which supply several lakes with water which are enclosed by levees and the water raised five feet above its natural level and covering a surface of 1400 acres, a supply sufficient for the irrigation of 15,000 acres, 10,000 of which is government and subject to entry, and 2000 of good natural hay meadow equal to any in the state. This company represents a capital of \$300,000 at a par value of \$100 per share, and for every share of stock purchased a warrantee deed is given for four acres with perpetual water right, but this is limited to the extent of 2000 acres. The maintenance is kept up by assessments for actual expenses. We regret to say that the crops under neither of these plants have been sufficiently developed owing to the financial stringency of the times, for us to express an intelligent opinion in regard to them, but reasoning from analogy, we see

no reason why a plentiful supply of water might not produce the beneficial results which have been observed elsewhere

Before leaving the place we scrambled up to the top of the mountain which stands just back of the village, and had a fine view of the surrounding country for some miles. It is very evident from the manner in which the rocks are piled and twisted that they are the result of some great upheaval of nature, no doubt volcanic, and it is probable that the fertility of the land under irrigation is due to some substances in the soil which properly dissolved are taken into plants and stimulate their growth, and I am more confirmed in this opinion from the difference in appearance and color of the soil in its dry state from any we have been accustomed to. We now returned to Salt Lake City, and as it was in the height of the jubilee at the expiration of fifty years from the foundation of the city, I shall defer comments thereon until my next.

GEO. S. TRUMAN.

REV. DR. ROBERT COLLYER
MAKES AN ADDRESS AT
UNIVERSITY.

Earnest and cheerful was the greeting Rev Robert Collyer gave the students of the University of Chicago to-day. Looking back over his youth and his early associations in Chicago and the guiding forces of his own life, he spoke to the students of the graduate school as an old man giving the wealth of his own experience to the young generation. He has always taken a vital interest in higher education and has addressed the students of all prominent colleges. Dr. Harper therefore invited the former pastor of Unity Church to give a talk before the graduate assembly. Preceded by Drs Judson and Henderson and Judge Shorey and accompanied by

President Harper, the venerable preacher entered the chapel at the usual chapel hour.

In introducing Dr. Collyer the president said: "I announced last week that we should have a number of addresses on practical subjects connected with your life and the administration of the university. I am glad to say that we will now make a most auspicious beginning of this plan. We are here to-day to receive a message from one who gave twenty of the best years of his life to the upbuilding of Chicago. He is brought nearer to us as we look about the campus and see many public buildings here given to the cause of education by those who were under his ministrations in the past. We shall hear a practical address by Dr Robert Collyer."

"I feel very much in the condition of the newspaper man who came to see me the other night when I had retired," began Dr. Collyer. "He saw my daughter, and after asking her a few questions said: 'Can't you suggest something for me to say? I must have an interview.' I feel like that man; I am at the end of my tether. I am outside the pale of your attainments and your grand and beautiful university. When I was 8 years old I went to the factory and at 14 I went to the forge. And there in the blacksmith shop I remained until I came to Chicago. So all these advantages that are open to you were denied to me in my early years. But it may be that I can say a few simple things that will bind us together as having something common in the great business of life.

"Someone said to John Bright, when he asked about a certain well-known family: 'Why, don't you know they came over with the conqueror?' 'Well,' said John Bright, 'what else have they done?' and there was nothing to answer. I should not like to make the answer of silence about any of you. As you go forth in life may it be said of you that you are a graduate of the

University of Chicago, but let there be no silence in answer to the question 'What else?' I hope you may live as long a life as I have lived, for this is a happy life. Let the answer be as noble and beautiful as life can make it.

"You have the promise here of the grandest of all the world's institutions. Here are the foundations of the wider, loftier, deeper life, as far as they can be given by any university. How shall you turn this to the best advantage, and what should be the main purposes in your hearts this morning? I doubt not that they are noble purposes to make the best of youth's perfect powers, of life at its finest and best. I hope you all have a noble dream of your life that is to come. May I tell you something like a secret, of which I seldom speak? You know travelers tell of a spring in Florida that runs clear, but if you talk into it it becomes muddy. I don't want to have any such result come from my talk. I went to a Quaker meeting in Philadelphia and was called to the front row and told that they would like to hear from Brother Collyer. I always was ready to talk—in fact, my wife used to say I had plenty of words and needed only a choice of words, I spoke then of the inward light which is spread over life, and that was the first time that thought came to me. You know in New England they say that I am only a foot high. It may be so, but I feel that the inward light is and has been strong within me. It was that which guided me to Philadelphia and made possible my future growth. I have tried to realize this, and let me impress upon you that the inward light will shine if the heart is open.

I had many outs with my employer, the blacksmith, and once he said: "You have given me more sass than any other man I ever had in the shop." I replied: "Well, haven't I made you more hammers, too?" I worked with a will at that work, as I would have at any other. Let it be a principle in your life to do your best at whatever

you are doing. I went back not long ago to the old church where the Fairfaxes and many old colonial families went to meeting, and there I saw the massive gates that I made half a century ago. They were ugly, but through the storms of fifty years not a rivet had started. Put the rivets in, boys, so that the centuries shall not turn them."

Dr. Collyer then spoke of his call to Chicago and his early efforts in this city, telling of the fire and the destruction of church, home and parish. He said it was his wife who kept him from leaving the city at that time, and told of the little gathering after the fire. He also told of his early love for books, and how it haunted him like a craving for liquor.

"I remember," he said, "I once looked through a shop window and saw a lot of candy, and a bright-covered book. I loved candy, but I bought the book, and no one can ever tell me that Whittington and his cats is not a true book. When I was in Chicago and a half dollar looked as big as a cartwheel, I saw a set of 'Little's Living Age' and had to buy and smuggle it home, so that my wife shouldn't see it, I hid it in a cupboard, and when my wife found it I said: 'Oh, yes; I have had that for some time.' It is well to have books, but don't ever let them run you into debt, as they readily will. Be sure that when you have one good thing you do not give it up until you have a firm grasp upon another.

"I will tell you a little story about my early preaching. I talked for about ten years for 75 cents a year, and, by the way, my first money came from Baptists. I was a Methodist in those days, and afterward became a Unitarian. When in England I was asked to speak in Leeds, where my good mother lived. As we came home she said to me: "My lad, I did not quite understand all you said, and I don't know that I should have believed it if I had, but I believe you.' Let that be something to be attained by us. Let us be clear in action and so sure of noble

use to the world that the world shall believe in us if it does not believe all of our words.

"Finally, let me appeal to you as the supporters of the fire-sides of the future. My mother once said to me, 'Robert, never marry for money; marry for love; but if you see a good girl who has money try to love her.' Let your lives be bright with the spirit of noble and beautiful equality. I never ask a woman to obey a man when I am performing the marriage ceremony, because the best woman I ever knew promised to obey me and never did. Let me give you an old man's benediction to go with you into your bright and beautiful lives here in the university and into the broader life of the world. Remember the inward light that will guide you; remember to do your best in what you have to do. Put the rivets in to stay."

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Your ragged beauty charms my eye,
Chrysanthemum;
You hold your tousled head so high,
Chrysanthemum;
Have you been racing with the wind,
And left your hair-pins all behind,
Or do you mean to be unkind,
Chrysanthemum?

Shake back those locks and show you face,
Chrysanthemum;
I long its beauteous lines to trace;
Chrysanthemum;
Thou expert of the coquette's art,
Thy glorious rays have reached my heart
And pierced it as with Cupid's dart,
Chrysanthemum.

I thought that summer's bloom had passed;
Chrysanthemum,
But like good wine, she kept you last;
Chrysanthemum,
And when November's storm clouds low-
ered;
The sun this wreath of beauty showered
And laughed as he the earth embowered
Chrysanthemum.

But yet you shake your saucy head,
Chrysanthemum;
You, who on sunbeams bright are fed,
Chrysanthemum,

Thou glorious link 'twixt summer skies,
And winter's white robed beauty lies,
To us a glimpse of Paradise.
Chrysanthemum.

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