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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. X.

LONDON, ONT., TENTH MONTH 15TH, 1895.

NO. 20

SETTLING DOWN.

Across the shadows of the woods
Quivers the first faint gold,
Above the distant meadows broods
A glory manifold.
From breezy sunsets on the heights,
From clear dawns by the shore,
From summer's magical delights
We turn us back once more

Oh, for airy, wilful ways
Of winds and wings and flowers !
Oh, for the unending holidays,
Pure, restful, careless hours !
How shall we take again the cares
Of stifling mart and town ?
Fate frets' us, even in our prayers,
Tis hard to "settle down."

Yet duty has an angel's eyes,
However stern its mien,
And laws almighty wear the guise
Of every-day routine ;
And faith fares best on common needs,
And prayer on daily trust,
And Charity's transcendent deeds
Have birth in toil and dust.

O mountains answering to the skies !
O vast, yet tide bound sea !
Within your grand obedience lies
Revealed, our destiny.
One with creation, shall we chafe
Beneath its noblest crown ?
Thank God ! the world is strong and safe
Because we "settle down."

—*The Congregationalist.*

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

ESTHER AND LEONA, OR TWO FRIENDS OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

It was past the hour of sunset in the city of Capernaum. On the top of a spacious house in one of the principal streets two girls lingered long in conversation; their surroundings betokened wealth and refinement; costly divans and rugs were arranged with a view to the comfort of those who had plenty of leisure.

The girls reclined on two of the

divans drawn near each other, and their hands were clasped as they conversed in low tones. The lustrous black eyes, raven hair, and smooth olive skin of one maiden proclaimed her to be a Jewess, while the fairer face and sparkling eyes of her companion belonged to a Greek by birth. The two formed a striking contrast, but both were beautiful. The Jewish maiden was of a quiet, reserved disposition, and capable of the most intense feeling, while the Greek girl was lively, impulsive, quick to become attached to a person, and willing to make any sacrifice for a friend. The two were near of an age, not quite eighteen years, and had not met each other for many months. After a short silence, the young Greek raised her head, and, supporting it on her hand as she gazed into the eyes of her friend, said: "Now, Esther, tell me all about yourself." Without speaking, Esther raised her large, dark eyes and gazed intently at the young girl by her side; as the look was returned, the eyes of the Greek dropped, and a slight blush colored her fair cheek for an instant. "Ah, Leona," answered Esther, "it is even as I thought, you have not told me all; you have, indeed, told me of your home life until I seem to see your father and mother and brother, and you the angel of that home. Do you know, Leona, I have almost envied you that home of yours sometimes; to be sure I have a good home, and deserve to be punished if I complain, as my father says I am all he has, and I believe there is nothing in the whole world he would deny me if it were in his power to bestow it. Aunt Sarah looks after everything and relieves me of all care, but she is not like a mother, and if I had a sister or even a brother, life

would be less dreary If only you were with me all the time, dear Leona; but I am going to test even your friendship—will you not tell me what you have kept from me thus far? Ah, you cannot deceive me; that frank, open countenance of yours is incapable of covering a deception. We have never had a secret from each other, but you have one now.”

As Esther finished speaking, she arose as did her companion, but Leona met her gaze unflinchingly now, and Esther saw something in the eyes of her friend which awed her into silence. After embracing Esther, Leona drew her to a seat beside herself, and after what seemed to be a struggle with her feelings, she spoke :

“Yes, my dear Esther, I have a secret from you, and perhaps I ought to have written you about it ere I came, but it was not easy to express the feelings of my heart in writing, and I hoped, yes, and I prayed that you might have the same secret and be waiting to tell me, Esther,—I am a Christian.”

Had a voice been heard speaking from heaven no more surprise could have been shown by Esther as, springing to her feet and clasping her hands she gazed with parted lips upon her friend. The latter gazed lovingly upon her and, reaching out her arms, she said : “Dear Esther, is it so terrible to you?”

Without answering, Esther turned and walked to the opposite railing, and clinching her hands tightly, looked off into the night. How long she stood she knew not, but long, indeed, it seemed to Leona. At length, turning, she slowly retraced her steps and stood in silence by the side of her friend. It was the turn of Leona to look surprised. Esther's face was not only deathly pale, but haggard in its expression. But Leona spoke not; she felt she had said enough until she should receive an answer. Esther spoke slowly, and with a tone Leona had never heard from her before.

“The Christians are lower than the brute beasts; they worship a dead malefactor, they have deserted the true worship and the God of their fathers——” “Nay, stop!” cried Leona, “you know not what you say. Jesus Christ was no malefactor but the Son of the one living God, whom I learned to worship with you when we were almost infants together, but, I confess it now, I never truly loved Him until I learned what a loving Father He was as manifested to the world through His Son, and, indeed Esther, the Jewish prophets all foretold Him. He is your Messiah and—” “Hold!” said Esther, in a low, stern voice, “our prophets, indeed, foretold the Messiah, but when he comes, think you, he will be crucified; nay, he will restore our nation to more than its former glory; he will put the Romans under his feet; we shall no longer be ruled by barbarians. Oh, may he come quickly!” Very handsome looked Esther in her earnestness, and Leona looked at her with love, and yearning as she answered. “Oh, Esther, He came unto His own and His own received Him not. The prophecies were fulfilled in Him as they could never have been in an earthly king. I have with me a precious manuscript, an account of His life, death and resurrection; it is my most precious treasure, and I brought it with me for you, that you might compare it with the words of the prophets and know the truth” As she spoke she drew from her bosom a scroll, but with a gesture of disdain Esther said to her, “Keep your precious story, I want it not; think you I shall desert the true God for an impostor.” “Oh, Esther,” He was the Son of the true God.” “Hush! I will hear no more; I fear we have been overheard already, and my father has been lately appointed to hunt up this cursed sect and punish them as they deserve.” “Oh,” cried Leona, “I will not wait for morning for my brother to call for me; I will seek him

now ; not for the world would I cause you trouble, Esther." With an imperious jesture Esther made answer, "to leave the house would be the worst thing you could do for us both ; you are my guest until your brother comes for you." No more sweet intercourse could the friends enjoy, and both felt it deeply, although pride kept Esther from showing her feelings.

Morning came, and with it the brother of Leona. The tall, handsome Greek was somewhat surprised at the constrained manner of the girls, and especially at the haughty carriage of Esther, although he was prepared for something of the kind, as he knew and shared his sister's secret. The farewells were spoken coldly by Esther, sadly by Leona, who, with her brothers, leave Capernaum, and in due time arrive at their home in Rome.

Six months pass quickly. Creon and Aspasia, the parents of Leona, open their doors to the Christians of all nationalities, and Leona has found another friend upon whom to lavish the love of her warm heart—Valeria, a noble Roman girl—who comes to the secret meetings with her mother, Racilia, and Aunt Clelia; the latter are earnest Christians, but Valeria has not yet fully decided for herself. She had studied much more than the women of her time were wont to do, and after seeking the inmost truths of all known religions and turning away dissatisfied from all, she was now reading and hearing all she could about the Christian religion. Will she find in it what satisfies the heart? If so a brave and fearless soul will be added to the Church.

Leona never ceased to grieve for her Jewish friend, and she was truly surprised one day, when a servant brought her a letter from Capernaum. Hastily breaking the seal, she is soon lost in the contents. Let us look over her shoulder as she reads :

"My dearest, truest friend,—I could not blame you if you refused to read this letter after my treatment of you,

but I know you better than to think so of you. I found the little scroll you left so secretly in my room, and I did read and compare, and—*I, too, am a Christian.* The proofs of the Messiahship are beyond dispute. Oh, I long to talk with you, but I must hasten. Indeed, I write to beg a kindness at your hands. My father disowns me if I persist in what he calls the new false religion. I have nowhere to go. May I come to you. ESTHER."

Need we say that swift messengers soon reunited the friends? yea, in a stronger union than they had ever known before.

Six weeks Esther stays in the home of her friend, learning daily more of the religion of Christ, seeing how it has transformed her friend and her people, looking with wonder at Leona's brother, Phillip, a man of hasty passionate temper, who would never take a word from another. Now it seemed as if he had truly given control of himself to an unseen Friend, who enabled him to do all things through the power of His presence.

* * * *

It is the hour of evening meeting. The people are reverently listening to a venerable minister who has "been with Jesus," and whose words are as the water of life to thirsty souls. But the meeting is rudely broken up by the entrance of Roman soldiers. Part make a hasty escape, but many are arrested and lodged in prison, Esther and Leona among the number.

* * * *

Midnight in the city of Rome. In a loathsome prison sit two young girls clasped in each other's arms. "Esther, do you fear the morrow?" "Nay, my more than sister. I know of a truth now that Jesus is the Christ. I have known more real happiness during this, my last night on earth, than I ever experienced before. Did He not say, 'I will be with you even unto the end,' and His Word is truth. Oh, what joy can be felt in a prison cell!" "Yes,"

answered Leona, "I can truly say 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and He is with us now and will be even unto the end."

* * * *

It is daybreak in the city. Already crowds of men and women are making their way to the Colosseum. At length the hour arrives; impatiently the people wait for the chariot races and animal fights to be over. At last the space is cleared, a door opens, and hand in hand, two girls enter the arena. A murmur of admiration runs through the crowd, which is cut short by the entrance from another door of two large lions. A breathless silence—then, with fierce growls, the animals spring upon their helpless prey. Let us not dwell upon that from which the imagination revolts. The two friends, united in death, are gone to receive the reward of those "who suffer for righteousness sake." Just as the sufferings of the girl-martyrs are over, a woman, closely veiled, rushes toward the Colosseum; hearing the cries of "all is over," and stopping as a man beckons to her, she looks at him a moment, but a low spoken word assures her, and drawing nearer she hears him say, "the Christian girls are dead." He disappears, and, with a low moan, she turns and walks hastily away. An hour later she is threading the intricate windings of the catacombs; reaching a room with seats around three sides, she stops before a rude painting of Jesus; kneeling with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she prays—"Oh, Saviour of men, Thou who hast revealed to us God the Father, Thou who hast conquered death, I give myself to Thee; accept my life, and enable me ever to honor Thy name by doing Thy will." She arose, her heart filled with the "peace of God which passeth all understanding." And centuries later the descendants of Valeria, the noble Roman maiden, were pillars in the church and an honor to the Christian name.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

—
VI.

Leaving France we find a rough passage across the Channel from Calais to Dover, a seventy-minute sail, then a short distance by rail, and we are again in busy London. We have attended Westminster Meeting, a Monthly Meeting at Halloway comprising six Preparative Meetings, and to a Fourth day Meeting at Stoke Newington, one First day being detained at home by a heavy rain.

Soon we are en route to Edinburgh, Scotland, a break in the journey occurring at York, about 300 miles away, whose ancient mullioned walls—where from the bow the arrow might speed and the archer be protected—are still in good preservation, and enclose the greater part of the city, the gates, being built with watch towers upon them, are called Bars. Many of the streets are narrow and winding, and there are not a few old houses with overhanging upper stories, on one of these being carved the date 1517. The cathedral called Yorkminster is one of the largest and grandest in England, 525 feet long and 100 feet high. It was begun in 1220 and was 250 years in building, its walls enclosing two and a-half acres. We were interested in the handsome structure, with its ancient stained glass windows, one of which is 75 feet high and 30 broad. We were led through the crypt of a part erected in the seventh century, and were shown many curious relics, among which is a chair belonging to that period in which three Kings were crowned. There is much beautiful carving and the aisles of the minster are filled with statuary and tablets in commemoration of the departed. Its bells chime out the hours as they swiftly pass, and the religious services twice a day find congregated many persons from different lands. The deep toned organ notes swell through the lofty naves and transepts die away in softening cadence, and a white-robed

minister reads from Proverbs, "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." While here we once more realize that God can only be truly praised by those who do His will, and whatever form our outward worship may assume we must each one of us experience a communion with Him through the help of His spirit—who makes the humble heart His temple, and the ministry of holy living and lovely doing the true confession of our faith.

First-day morning we gather to the Friends' Meeting, a fine large brick building containing several large rooms and a library. There are two Friends' schools in the city, and the presence of the scholars helps to swell the meeting. At present these are absent on their vacation. However, this is the largest Meeting we have found as yet. In the morning quite impressive; the ministry, though differing somewhat in its modes of expression, seemed to be freshly anointed, and we may trust "it will accomplish that whereunto it is sent." After meeting the Friends were social, some of them regretting our stay could not be prolonged, and one of them kindly conducted us a short distance further on, to the graveyard where John Woolman was buried. It is entered through the house of the caretaker, and has long been filled. Close to an ancient brick wall, and under the shadow of a wide-spreading tree, stands the plain, time-stained slab, bearing the loved one's name, the influence of whose holy living and earnest laboring still remains.

In the evening a Bible reading preceded the meeting for worship, the chapter chosen being in accord with the spoken word of the morning, adding fresh inspiration for service by several of their members, one young man alluding to the wisdom of self-examination, that we may know what manner of spirit we are of; and the pleasant day closes with a feeling of thankfulness for this "brook by the way."

Arrived at Edinburgh, we find Scot-

land's capital is finely situated, ascending gradually from the shore of the Firth-of-Forth until it terminates in the stupendous rock of the Castle, 430 feet above the level of the sea, sloping gradually on the east, but descending almost perpendicularly on the other three sides—the ancient seat of the Scottish kings. We enter by a drawbridge crossing the old moat, and passing under a portcullis are loudly greeted by the one p. m. cannon fired above our heads, and looking about in bewilderment, meet the smile of the sentry who was expecting the noise.

There are several objects of interest, one of them being St Margaret's Chapel, built in 1100, the oldest and smallest building in this city, where every step is historical and where the difference between the old and the new is most marked; the former being strikingly picturesque in its broken masses and the disorder of its architecture, the latter symmetrical in its wide streets and extensive squares. "On the one hand we have almost unchanged in aspect the Edinburgh of the middle ages, her massive houses of stone, time-worn and weather beaten, teeming with recollections of many generations of men, many painful and pitiful memories of woe and wanton cruelty, and of loyal and noble hearts that were wasted and often broken in their allegiance to religion and a royal race that is now no more. On the other hand—beyond the deep ravine filled with flower gardens and overlooked by Princess Street, that most beautiful of European terraces, and by the noble Scott monument—we have the modern Edinburgh of peace and prosperity, adorned by the statues of those great men who lately trod its streets. And so the past and present stand face to face by the valley where of old the waters of the North Loch lay."

We make an excursion by train to Melrose Abbey, the finest ruin in Scotland, founded in the twelfth century by David I., and destroyed at the time of the Reformation; "the principal part

of the present remains being the choir, a fine example of the late Gothic, with slender shafts, richly carved capitols, elaborate vaultings and large and exquisitely traced windows. The heart of Robert Bruce was brought from Spain and buried near the site of the high altar." High up on the stone wall in one of the niches made for tombs, we notice an inscription: "We are strangers and pilgrims here as all our fathers were." The rooks are flying about the carved gallery where monks used to walk, and loudly cawing, while tufts of grass and bunches of blue harebells grow high upon the walls.

On the right bank of the Tweed lies Abbotsford, the picturesque home of Sir Walter Scott. It is a large and irregularly built mansion of gray stone, which he occupied until his death in 1832. There are many interesting mementoes of the great poet, and family portraits, the main entrance hall containing several suits of armor, on the cornice around the room being inscribed, "These be the coat armors of ye clans and men of name, wha keepit the Scottish marches in ye days of auld." There are lovely gardens with flower beds aglow with color, and the river flows silently along c'ose by. Another short drive, and by a long footbridge hung on wires we cross this winding river, and by a path shaded by fine old beeches we find Dryburgh Abbey, an old ruin 190 feet long, in one of the sculptured aisles of which the poet is buried.

This day was perfect in its enjoyment. The drive was delightful—through a romantic country of hill and dale, by hedgerows of hawthorn and privet, with clusters of the blue harebell and Canterbury bell in profusion, Eilton Hills standing out boldly against the horizon, and brooding over all the quiet loveliness were light and dark grey clouds.

Another day we find Roslyn Chapel, founded in 1446, remarkable for its profuse decoration in the way of handsomely carved stone believed to be

Spanish. A monument in the yard in memory of the Earl of Roslyn has this inscription:

Not brass or stone. These will decay and
 some day die,
 But love alone laughs at decay and soars on
 high
 To fragrant immortality. Not stone or brass.
 These perish with the flight of time and
 quickly pass.
 But love endures in every clime,
 Eternal as the poet's rhyme.

We also visit St. Giles, the oldest parish church in the city, the inside of which is of great interest. Erected in the twelfth century, destroyed by fire, and re-erected in 1385. John Knox often preached here, and to the south of the building, in Parliament Square, is a stone set in the pavement inscribed J. K., 1572, where it is supposed he was buried. Parliament House, now the seat of the Supreme Law Courts, has a great hall with a fine oaken roof, containing statues and paintings of celebrated statesmen and jurists. The large and handsome stained glass windows represent the foundation of the College of Justice by James V., in 1537. Holyrood Palace is the former residence of the Scottish kings, and dates from 1670. It contains the rooms of Mary, Queen of Scots, and some relics of that ill-fated princess.

A few miles away is Portobello, on the coast. On the beach are covered, two-wheeled wagons with horse attached, to convey bathers to the water's edge, the wish to return being indicated by a white flag hung out of a little window at the back. Here, too, we find glass works and watch the forming of red hot melted glass into desired shape as it cools; and "as clay in the hands of the potter" is brought to mind by the plastic clay and the skillful workmen in a large pottery close by. Were the attitude of our minds and affections thus favorable under the moulding of the divine spirit, what beautiful results might be achieved.

Over in the old town we find a Friends' meeting-house, situated in a secluded court, with neatly kept grave-

yard and trees in front. Fourth day the meeting was small, on First-day larger, several visitors being present and more of their own members. The next Seventh day a two months' meeting. On First-day the house was filled, and Second-day was a general meeting for the Friends in Scotland. Minutes for Isaac Sharp, a minister from London, 90 years old and very capable. He has long been a missionary and was soon to go to Syria. Dr. and Anna Thomas, from Baltimore, M. M., and Luke Wooderd and wife, from Indianna. The women retired to another room for their business. It was conducted with sweet dignity. Much concern was expressed for the welfare of society, and the dedication of some spirits was apparent.

The epistle from London Yearly Meeting was read, also one from India, one from Australasia, and one from China.

SERENA A. MINARD.

A TRIP.

In the early September days we left the fair shores of Oneida for the somewhat ancient city of Albany and its contiguous towns. We went by the West Shore route, and had for companions on the way the Mohawk River and Erie Canal. This last not much used this season, owing to want of repairs, while the waters of the river are, we believe, too shallow for the purposes of navigation. The scenery is very unlike that of the Western States. Instead of level prairies, the eye is perpetually meeting with mountains, hills and valleys, with their running streams, while on nearly every farm are stretches of native forest. These are not so dense, nor the trees of so giant a mould as in former times, being a second growth, yet very useful, we presume, in keeping up the winter fires. These were our native hills, but long residence in the West has made them very unfamiliar. The Catskills and the Helderberg we recognized, but not the

farm houses nor villages. Especially was this the case with the old Friends' Meeting-house, now used as a dwelling. From our earliest recollection, for the space of about twenty years, this building was usually filled on First-days with a "still and quiet company" of Friends and others, while the ministers often heard were, Samuel Cary, John Mott, Stephen Treadwell, and Ruth Spencer, all of whom, we believe, adorned their doctrines by their lives. We do not remember their sermons, but have a distinct recollection of the quiet demeanor and gentle spirits of the individuals themselves, and still cherish for them an affectionate remembrance. We were in hopes of being treated to a grand panorama of nature on our return, by the changing hues of the forest leaves, but were too early. Only the flame on the sumach leaves told of the approaching change. We returned by the New York Central, which had throngs of human beings on board—men and women of the period—capable and bent on making their way in the world, if not of carving their names in the niches of fame.

The thought arose, do we really believe in the immortality of the soul? "If the soul immortal be," what a pity that we should not prepare and take with us such possessions as we can use in that "land of pure delight." But we wander from our trip. We were favored to return safely, and found dear ones at the station waiting. And now the leaf, indeed, begins to change, and the autumn winds to sigh around our dwelling.

"All seasons and their change, all please alike,
The varied year is full of Thee."

E. AVERILL.

The two great religions of India—Hinduism and Mohammedanism—prohibit the use of alcoholic drink in every shape and form.

Young Friends' Review.

A SEMI-MONTHLY.

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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TERMS—Per Year, 75c. Single Numbers, 4c.

Matter for publication should be addressed to Edgar M. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ont. Business letters to the Treasurer, Coldstream, Ont. The name of an author must accompany the article sent for publication, as a guarantee of good faith.

We prefer that remittances be made by post-office order or express order, drawn payable at London, Ont. If bank drafts are sent from the United States they should be made payable at New York or Chicago. Postage stamps (American or Canadian) are accepted for change. Money sent by mail will be at risk of sender, unless registered.

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I was never so strongly impressed of how Quakerly the world is growing as recently when attending our county First-day School Association. I felt that they were friends all; friends if not with a capital "F," at least with a small "f," and I feel that the small "f," although contrary to rule, is here more important than the capital "F." Better friendly in spirit than merely in name.

There was very little said or done that did not seem to have been prompted by a belief in the living, loving, ever-present Father. There were things uttered tending towards

Liberalism that scarcely dare be uttered in a modern Friends' gathering. In such expressions as the following I can clearly see the influence of Quakerism and of the "Parliament of Religions" upon the world. The president in his address said: "In all Bible study we should study the character of Jesus Christ and try to acquire that character, asking ourselves repeatedly: 'What would Jesus Christ do if he were in my place,' even until it may be said of us, 'There goes Jesus Christ if he is living to day on earth.'"

Another speaker said on "Teaching": "Go to your class with the reflex of Christ's spirit shining from your face, that the pupils will feel that you have been in the very presence of God."

Truly the leaven of Liberalism, though, perhaps, for the most part silently and unconsciously, is working certainly and powerfully for the obliteration of all formalism, idolatry and superstition that still lingers in Christianity. Let us not be jealous, but rejoice that other denominations, those, even, that bitterly persecuted the early fathers of Quakerism, are to-day transforming their religions to ours, are more and more looking for an inner instead of an outer Christ, are acknowledging, as all Societies must, finally, the Divine Immanence, or, as we designate it, the "Inner Light."

We are in receipt of a neat, well bound and finely illustrated book of poems entitled, "Lyrics of Quakerism," from the author, Ellwood Roberts, Norristown, Pa. The poets of our Society are so few that access to all of them should be provided either in the family or in the library. The teaching and tendency of the true Friend is always for the better and the purer. The time has not permitted us to give it a general review, which we hope to ere long, inserting occasionally a piece in the REVIEW.

MARRIED.

POULSON-VESTY—At the home of the bride's parents, Chicago, Illinois, 9th mo. 26, 1895, under the care of Chicago Executive Meeting of Friends, Mary E. Poulson to Percy Vesty.

ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.

The warm hand-clasp of friendship and the pleasant, kindly smile greeted members of Benjaminville and Richland meetings, as on the 13th of 9th mo., they stepped from the cars onto the platform of the depot at Losti, at which place a few minutes later their number was increased by a large delegation from Iowa and Nebraska, which received the same kindly welcome accorded to the first arrivals. The many vehicles in waiting were soon filled and we on our way to the neighborhood where our annual gathering is always held, on reaching which we were assigned to our respective homes for the ensuing week. The weather was warm and rather sultry, but Sixth-day night a slight shower, layed what dust there was, and cooled the air, making a little fire necessary for the comfort of ministers and elders, as they gathered in their meeting the next day at ten o'clock, having the company of Lydia H. Price, of Birmingham Monthly Meeting, Penna., and Edwin L. Pierce, of Green Street Monthly Meeting, whose company and presence alone would have been inspiring, even without the encouraging and advisory words they uttered in our midst. Some of our members had been removed from among us since last we met. One, an aged mother in Israel indeed; one in the prime of life, an active and useful member; but we were reminded that while changes belong necessarily to this material world, yet, thanks to the inward principle of goodness, there is no discouragement because of our few numbers, as religion does not consist in *real* loss unless we *will* to have it so. We were advised not to give way to dis-

number, but is an individual thing. To make these meetings redound to our good, we must remember that it is sweet for brothers to dwell in unity, and that where the spirit of God is there is liberty, and that in God's holy mountain nothing can hurt or destroy, and that we should draw nigh to our Heavenly Father, remembering his precious promises, "Draw nigh unto God and he will draw nigh unto you," also, that "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," and the closer we draw to Him the more we are lifted to a condition to worship in solemnity. In the afternoon the First-day School Annual Conference met in its first session with quite a large attendance, routine work, reading the reports from the Quarterly Associations, epistles from other yearly conferences, appointing committees, &c., occupying the time principally. Its second session was held on Third-day evening, at which time delegates to the General Conference, to be held next year, were appointed, etc. First-day morning a large company assembled and were addressed by our visiting Friends very acceptably. Testimony was borne to the universality and efficacy of God's love in the human heart, with desires that we might come into his full life and liberty, being as children, willing to be instructed, and turn away from darkness into light, as we cannot turn to both and receive eternal life. Christian religion was shown to be progressive, and the more we journey in religious life the stronger we grow. A concern was expressed "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters be as cornerstones, polished after the similitude of a palace." We will have to give up tradition, which may be a hard thing to do, but we *must* do it if we become earnest living Christians. The evidence of true, vital religion is not in profession, but in holiness of life. There was never a clearer exemplification of practical religion than Jesus taught. We

want a religion that will guide and control us in every act of life, and the pure vital religion of Christ will do this. "Cease to do evil and learn to do well," applies as well to-day as when uttered so many years ago. The beauty and preciousness of gathering for worship as we do, was feelingly alluded to. Morality was said to be a thing not to be scoffed at, for moral lives were pure, industrial lives, and it is hard to tell where the moral life ends and the spiritual begins. We should leave the dead past with all its errors, behind us, only so far as the looking back brings repentance for wrong doing. It is not the years we live in this earthly life, but the comprehension of the things of God make life. In the afternoon a vast crowd assembled, far beyond the seating capacity of the house, and the unavoidable disorder accompanying made it a question with some whether we should provide a place outside for the accommodation of those, and have a speaker for them. Again were words of Gospel love handed forth by many. Second-day was clear and warm, a condition which prevailed throughout the entire time of the Meeting. Such great and continued heat had never before been experienced during our existence as a Yearly Meeting, and it was very noticeable. At the opening of the Meeting attention was called to the fact that this was our twenty-first annual gathering, and it depends on ourselves whether we continue to grow or not, and a desire expressed that all proceedings be characterized by love and harmony, as they surely will while we live close to the spirit of God. Some reminiscences of the first Yearly Meeting were brought up. Our honored friend, Samuel M. Janney, read the minute, which opened Illinois Yearly Meeting. This might almost be called a new Yearly Meeting, so many of those who were at the first are gone, yet as they pass away others step into the ranks and fill their places. So many representatives, notably from Nebraska and Southern Indiana, were absent. A

feeling of sympathy for the causes that led to their absence, induced the Meeting to express that feeling in a communication to them. The reading of the Epistles from other Meetings was a source of great satisfaction, showing that our distant brothers and sisters are engaged like ourselves in the peaceful battle of right against wrong, one in particular speaking of the necessity of mothers (I would like to say parents) teaching their children self control, as the foundation of character; also holding to the thought of equal suffrage and prohibition as a means to cure the evil of intoxication, and of the importance of good literature, and of appealing to editors and teachers to use their influence against military training in public schools and in favor of peace principles. When we reached our sixth query the answers to it brought out many remarks about our testimony against war, the thought being expressed that there must be a lapse in the progress of peace, in our literature at least, since so many of our magazines lately accord so much honor to military men, and the question was asked, where was the consistency of advocating international arbitration, and military training in public schools at the same time. It was thought, too, that parents could begin very early in the life of their children to teach them to live in peace and not for war, by never buying them any toys that would suggest war. On the query pertaining to financial matters, it was said that if we lived up to our requirements, we would be enabled to live in justice to ourselves and others, and going higher than the mere letter, live in simplicity and loving thought for the welfare of others. The question was asked if our Society has reached its limit. Is there a limit to goodness? If our Society has stopped growing, is it from want of life, or is it only stunted? We must become more a working and less a professing people. Fourth day, quite a large attendance at the public exercises. Early in the meeting a desire was expressed that we might wait

at the foot of the ladder, and as way opens, tread the rounds of Faith, Hope and Love, becoming true followers of the Lord, believing that as we seek we shall find. An earnest prayer was offered that the baptizing influence of Divine love might spread over the meeting, cementing us into oneness of feeling, making us willing to perform any duty laid upon us. We were invited to a closer walk with our Heavenly Father, so we would become partakers of the joys bestowed on the faithful. When we come under the influence of His spirit, we can continually bear testimony to His love. There is nothing hard to understand in the Christian religion. Jesus taught *life*, not theory. The law of right is always stronger than that of wrong. We must know in our *hearts* that Saviour, who can save in all conditions and under all circumstances from the *commission* of sin. It was expressed that a blessing had descended on us, for which we should give thanks. No good deed, no good word ever dies. The afternoon was devoted mainly to the reports of the Visiting, First-day school, and Philanthropic Committees, etc., etc. Fifth-day, much miscellaneous business came up for consideration and action, the essay or epistle for other Meetings, some committee reports, etc. The "Woman's Meeting," which seems now to be an established fact, creating more interest each year, was held Fourth-day noon, and so much was to be considered and done that a meeting was held the following noon to complete its work. A desire having been expressed by some of our brothers to meet with us, it was suggested to them that while that would be hardly as we would wish, they might with great propriety hold a Father's Meeting. They prepared a short address, in the form of an appeal to the fathers and husbands of our country, which they requested to have read in the general meeting. It was granted, and the clerk directed to sign it, and the Women's Meeting ordered 500 copies to be printed for distribution

among our different Meetings. Near five o'clock, after many and tender expressions of love and thankfulness, and a short time of precious silence, Illinois Yearly Meeting closed its 21st annual session, and next year will see it entering on its majority. As years increase may strength and wisdom proportionately increase. A large and enthusiastic children's meeting was held Second-day evening, addressed by several speakers in terms suited to their capacities. ELIZABETH H. COALE, Holder, Ill.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

The Young People's Association of Prairie Grove, Iowa, met in regular meeting First day afternoon, 9th mo. 29th, 1895.

This being the time to elect a Secretary, Jesse Russell was chosen to fill that position for three months.

The topic, "Self-Reliance," was opened with a paper by Lawrence Russell, which was listened to with much interest. It treated the subject in an able manner. Mary B. Van Syoe followed with a talk on the topic. The other leader was not present. The subject was then opened for general discussion, the remarks being filled with good counsel and much interest. Readings and declamations followed. The meeting was well attended, and a very interesting one. The subject chosen for next meeting, 10th mo. 27, 1895, "Lucretia Mott, her life, sayings and doings." Jas. D. Steer was appointed leader.

J. D. S.

Winfield, Iowa, 10th mo. 8, 1895.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Trenton, 9th mo. 26, 1895.

After a vacation of three months the meeting of Trenton Friends' Association was held at Friends' meeting-house, 9th mo. 23rd. Meeting was called to order by the President, Daniel Willets. After calling the roll, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

A paper, entitled, "What Were,

What Are, and What Will be Friends' Views of Music in Meeting?" by Lillie S. Decou, was read. The writer states she thinks most Friends are fond of music, yet comparatively few of them, either now or in the generation to come, would care to have singing in meeting. This may seem strange until we realize that "The temple of our purest thoughts is silence." The general sentiment of the meeting seemed to be in full unison with the writer. Rebecca Hendrickson read a selection by Louis C. Janes, on "A Rational Meaning of Inspiration." A paper was presented by Daniel Willets, "On the Influence and Good Accomplished by Commissioner Rosevelt, of New York." In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, the feeling seemed to be that Mr. Rosevelt was deserving of the highest praise for the stand he had taken in the cause of right, and that every true citizen should be proud of the noble work he has accomplished in one year.

The meeting adjourned to meet 10th mo. 28, 1895.

M. W. F. MOON, Secretary.

CANADA HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

Our Half-Yearly Meeting commenced at Yonge street, the 28th of 9th mo.

The meeting for ministers and elders was held in the afternoon at 3 o'clock.

In the evening the Committee on Philanthropic Labor held a very satisfactory meeting. The time was principally taken up with suitable readings and recitations on the subject of temperance, and two good papers on impure literature were read.

First day morning the weather was cool—heavy wraps and fire not uncomfortable, a decided change—and quite an agreeable one to many—from the first-day previous, when the thermometer stood in the nineties. The meeting for worship was well attended,

attentive and appreciative throughout. Isaac Wilson arose with the words: "And God blessed them and God said unto them, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,'" speaking with power and wisdom, and with earnest, forcible language he showed how salvation could be obtained by perfect obedience to the Divine will. The audience was held in close attention for about an hour and a-half. The meeting closed in fervent prayer by the same speaker.

In the afternoon the First-day School Association was held. An excellent essay was read, written by Charlotte Talcott, of Bloomfield, evidencing a deep and living concern for the welfare of our Society and its younger members.

Second-day morning, in the meeting for worship, Isaac Wilson gave a very earnest and practical address, clothed in language beautiful and yet so simple that religion thus taught is robbed of all its mystery.

Lunch was provided in the other part of the meeting-house, which was largely partaken of and enjoyed, after which the Meeting settled quietly into the usual routine of business.

After a beautiful prayer from Isaac Wilson, our Meeting closed with thankfulness for the many blessings enjoyed, and trust we may practice daily in our lives the living truths that have been spoken unto us. A. W.

"Keys denote the power of opening and shutting; this power was not given to Peter as a man but to the *living faith*. Peter there represented *For* Peter was a type sometimes of a *living faith* and sometimes of a *faith perverted and destroyed* as in same chapter," etc.—*From Intellectual Repository*

"The serpent, in all its varieties, is a true type of the sensual principle of the human mind under its various phases."—*Edward Madelay*.

ILL-TIMED MILITARY DISPLAY.

The opening exercises of the exposition at Atlanta, as those of the Columbian exposition at Chicago, were marred by a military display. Both expositions signalized advance in civilization. Each was a triumph of peace, which hath its victories far more intelligent, useful and God fearing, if less renowned, than war.

War is barbarous. It is horrible in its cruelty. The murder wholesale of human creatures, their maiming for life, the agony of fearful wounds, the constant flow of human blood, the torture of camp contracted diseases, suffering, privation, misery, death, are the inevitable attendants of armed conflicts. The horror of warfare does not end with the agony of the immediate participants. Homes are scattered by its bursting shells. Man's cruelty to man carries woe and desolation, poverty and distress into innocent households. The horrid din of battle is echoed by the lamentation of the widow and the despairing cry of the orphan.

War is a curse. It is wasteful as well as inhuman. It is destructive of property as well as of life. War-lit flames consume the granary and the roofter. Thrift is shriveled in the ashes of its desolation. Industry is paralyzed in time of war, save those activities of the forge, the foundry and the mill that arm the hand of murder with its deadliest weapon. In the midst of arms all that makes for human progress is checked, all that tends to human ferocity is aroused to preternatural activity. Conscience is blunted. Moral cowers at the feet of physical forces. Religion is impotent. Christianity is scattered to the winds. The commands of the Prince of Peace are unheard in the shock of arms. Men claiming to hold God's commission urge on the fearful strife and priests of rival camps insult the throne of mercy by frantic or confident appeals that in the contest of killing and maiming God's

creatures to them shall be awarded victory.

In the moral lesion of a war period greed is deepened into extraordinary and scandalous activity. The moneyed class take advantage of the distress of nations and furnish sinews only at ruinous discounts. There is widespread haste to be rich. The common exchequer is bled by shamelessly corrupt contractors. A shoddy aristocracy flaunts the proceeds of its plunder in the face of a suffering people. In the tempest of baleful passions the sentiment of patriotism is lost. The mercenary takes the place of the volunteer. Government commences conscription and Riches hires Poverty as his substitute for the butchery at the front. The bounty jumper becomes as insolent as the bondholder. If Dives bleeds only in the purse Lazarus discovers no reason why he should bleed in the body. The reign of even-handed justice is superseded by the might that makes right. Drunk with blood, the nation, as Byron said, vomits crime. The period of recovery is a long travail. The scars remain forever.

Justified necessary wars are few. Even when a people make the supreme struggle for liberty against wanton or greedy oppression they have lost much even in their triumph. They have tasted blood and are in danger of themselves becoming oppressors. They have conquered in a defensive war. Why not try their victorious guns in a war of aggression?

The republic of the United States, signally favored among the nations, won its independence in a long war, from which it slowly recovered. Its place in the world is well assured. Its civilization is not Mohammedan or Buddhist. It is Christian, and no peoples on the earth are so happily situated in geographical position, in numbers and in resources, to uphold in practice the Christian doctrine of peace as this republic of the North American continent. It has no colonies to defend, unfortunately it has no commerce in dis-

tant seas, its military prowess has been demonstrated, no nation of the earth would unprovoked assail it, and if it but practice justice its shores may lie naked to the world. The high seas may, without peril to the republic remain unplowed by a keel of a single cruiser bearing the stars and stripes.

When war is recognized barbarism and industry is a sweet and useful triumph of peace, why foster the military sentiment? The emblems of war have no proper place in a peace pageant. A government of the people ought not to be symbolized by a hussar. Leave guns to savages. The trumpet's is a note of carnage. There is better music in the hum of industry. The safety of the republic does not lie in its military arm. Its victories are to be those of peace, and the obtrusion of the idea of force incarnate in uniformed soldiers, intensified in rumbling batteries, is harmful and impertinent. America ought to abhor the militarism which, with iron heel, now crushes Europe. It ought not to give the slightest encouragement to the idea of militarism.

A parade of force in an industrial exhibition is out of place; proposition to use the public school establishment for the training of youth in the art of murder is abhorrent.

There ought not to be, there will not be if common sense rules, any effort in Chicago to turn its public schools into military academies.—*Editorial from the Chicago Chronicle.*

OLD LOWER MERION FRIENDS CELEBRATE.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Narberth, Pa, Oct. 5.—It was a great celebration which drew together to-day more than two thousand Friends or their descendants, some of whom had "married out of Meeting," but always love to keep up the early associations of their childhood. The occasion was the bi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of the old Lower Merion Meeting House. A great tent

had been erected in front of the meeting-house, with seats for about a thousand people, but this only accommodated about one half the number of those who were present during the day. They came early; they came from near and far; they drove, they came by train; they walked, they rode on bicycles, until Montgomery avenue, or the old Lancaster pike, and the fields around, where the teams were tied, back of the old General Wayne Tavern, looked like a big day at a country fair.

Many prominent members of the Society of Friends were present, among them John L. Griffen and William A. Zell, of New York; John Wildman, president of the Langhorne Bank; James V. Watson, president of the Consolidation Bank of Philadelphia; Allen Flitcraft, of Chester; Samuel S. Ash, Isaac H. Hilburn, Samuel Jones, Philip P. Sharpless, of West Chester; Isaac H. Clothier, Joel J. Bailly, John B. Garrett and many others.

The Reception Committee welcomed the visitors and showed the old relics in the meeting-house, such as the original deed of ground in 1695, an old marriage certificate bearing the date of 1783, the peg where William Penn used to hang his hat when he came to meeting, the old school desks in the attic, the graveyard where many of the old residents of Lower Merion township are now peacefully resting, among them representatives of the Zell family, buried together in that portion known as "Zell Row," the graves of the George family, the last one bearing date of 1887, when was buried John M. George, at the age of 85, who left \$600,000 for the founding of the Friends' Institute at Newtown, Bucks county, and the grave of Jesse George, buried in 1873, at the age of 88. He deeded to the city of Philadelphia and Fairmount Park the ground on which the Centennial buildings stood and George's Hill.

The meeting in the afternoon in the

tent was presided over by Robert M. Janney, of Philadelphia. The first paper was read by Mary J. Walker, of Chester Valley. It was devoted to the early history of the meeting, which for two centuries has gathered in this meeting-house.

A poem was read by Dr. James B. Walker, of Philadelphia, followed by a paper by Dr. Allen G. Thomas, of Haverford College, on "What the Friend Has Done."

Isaac H. Clothier followed with a paper on "The Influence of the Society of Friends to-day." Among other things he said: "If we are to maintain our position and increase our influence in the world, we must continue to show our faith by our works. Friends in the past have in their quiet way led in Christian labor among mankind. The great anti-slavery movement was ante-dated nearly a hundred years by the quiet John Wollman and Anthony Benezet. In the cause of the Indian, of temperance, of prison reform, of the equal rights of woman, Friends have been the leaders. To maintain and increase our vitality we must at least have our full share in the Christian movements of the age.

"I believe the work of the Society is not ended. On the contrary, though I anticipate no great accession to its numbers, I believe there is still a destined work for it in the world. This work cannot be delegated to others. It is the peculiar service of the Society of Friends. It is their mission in the world. Add to the fundamental doctrine of the Inner Light their singular testimonies to silent worship, to a free gospel ministry, and to simplicity of life, surely the Society has still a wonderful call to continuous service in the vineyard of the Lord. And appreciating the great heritage earned for us by the fathers and mothers of our faith, first through persecution and martyrdom, then through two hundred years of the highest Christian example to mankind, shall we not hold it ever dear and say to our children and our chil-

dren's children: "This Society was founded on a rock and it endures."

This address was followed by a poem by Dr. Francis Gummere, of Haverford College, which was read by Rufus M. Jones.

The church in Lower Merion was the first erected in this vicinity and the name given to both the church and the township was derived from Merionethshire, in Wales, whence members had come to this new Wales. It is not exactly certain at what time this Lower Merion meeting-house was built, but on the minutes kept by the Women Friends, are found such entries as "8 shillings paid for cleaning Merion Meeting House, 12th of Twelfth month, 1695," and for several successive years there are similar entries. This refers, doubtless, to the log church which was first erected and which was replaced by the present stone building in 1713.

"Religion teaches that Divine truth, as light from the sun of righteousness, comes directly from its source in God and enters the mind of man. . . . The presence of this intellectual light is instantly recognized by the formation of conscience and in the power of distinguishing right from wrong."—*Thomas Goyder.*

"The Jews fell into the fatal delusion that their sacrifices were peculiar, and this great error has been interwoven into the Christian religion, and the sacrifice of the Lord or the glorification of His humanity has been mistakenly regarded as a vicarious sacrifice for the transgressions of the human race and represented as offered by the second person in the Trinity to the first person, etc., and that His suffering and death being a vicarious substitute for the punishment of sinners, the infinite merits of His spotless righteousness are imputed to all that believe in Him. How full of mystery and inconsistency

is this fatal notion. It substitutes the innocent for the guilty, although guilt and innocence cannot be transferred without the violation of all justice. How broadly does this system contrast with the simple, glorious and obvious doctrines of the New Testament! The atonement or at-one-ment is there described as a work of reconciliation, —as effecting an important and essential spiritual change in man, his motives, thoughts, words and works thence proceeding, but without implying any change whatever in the inimitable God-head."—*E. Madeley.*

"The Father, Son and Holy Spirit are the three essentials of one God which makes one, as the soul, the body and operation in man."—*E. Swedenborg.*

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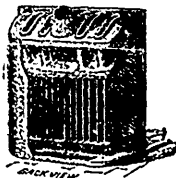
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