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Young * Friends' * Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., NINTH MONTH, 1890.

NO. 9

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadow's hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe,
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life
long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.
—From Ladies' Home Journal.

SERMON.

DELIVERED BY ISAAC WILSON AT HALF-YEAR'S MEETING, IN LOBO, EIGHTH MONTH 24TH, 1890.

"Dress the garden and keep it clean." When these few words were presented to the view of my mind during the gathering of this interesting company, I said in my heart "What are these among so many?" But I believe in the same marvellous power that is able to magnify, multiply, and supply the wants of His people now as He ever was. And I now see before me many honest hearts seeking after truth—honestly seeking instruction in regard to religious life—and however incom-

petent we may feel ourselves we must trust and move to the directing of His holy will. And I feel thankful that He has inspired my mind with this thought: That He took me back beyond theory and theology to the very first commandment given to man. It seemed to beautify in an especial manner that promise that He will be an all-sufficient helper in every time of need. There are a great many systems and theories taught among men concerning godliness, and many ideas in regard to faith and doctrines, and yet with them all there is none more plain, simple and practical than is contained in this particular one, "Dress the garden and keep it clean." It meets the arguments that are entertained and put forth in this our age relative to the true relationship between God and His children, in which argument there is somewhat of discredit and censure thrown in the face of our Lord. As a Christian people, which we all profess to be, we are almost accusing our Creator of having brought into existence a sinful life, a depraved condition of humanity. We find by this first commandment that the man was to keep his own life as He, the Creator, had made it. It was the same God, who is universal and testifies himself to be unchangeable, which I endorse, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Not only are His purpose and design the same, but His laws and the effects of His laws are the same. If this be true, whence cometh all this evil in the world? Let us see where it originated. I am curious to get at the reason why—to go back to the cause that produced this effect. While the command was given to Adam to keep the garden clean, it was through transgression that it was not kept clean.

I use the term garden not outwardly, but figuratively. The garden of the Lord is the heart of man. I have no anxiety about the outward place, as I believe it refers specially to that part of man that is co-existent with its Maker. He tells me, if I believe the inspired writers, that "all nature dies," that "all flesh is as grass."

I do not feel myself in duty bound to believe in all the assertions of mankind. They have had their opinions based somewhat upon circumstances and surroundings. I trust I shall not be characterized with selfishness. It is with all due charity I dissent from the views and opinions of others when I must, but I must, nevertheless, be honest to the convictions of my own heart. I believe that God is the same in His commandments to us to-day, that we are to dress the garden of the heart and keep it clean. But as the result of our own actions the heart may become unclean, and God may see the necessity of using other means. But it is not so in the beginning of life. In Adam our text implies that the garden, which, as I understand it, means his heart, was created clean. For God pronounced all his creation good, very good. And as God is unchangeable, is not everything that is created by his laws good, very good. Take it home, and if the light of divine truth dawning upon our minds to-day confirms it, may we be willing to accept it. If through that light there dawns a new channel of thought are we afraid of it? Cannot He inspire now as well as in earlier days? Scripture is: "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." The Word of God is spoken to every soul. Some call the Scriptures the Word of God, but they are at the best only corroborative to the Word, which was before the Scriptures were. In the beginning was the Word, the Christ of God which was before the man Jesus came.

The religious world has been teaching me that all men are sinners, because one man sinned. But He leaves us all

free agents; He did not say thou *shalt* not eat of it; He does not compel us to do right, but leaves us blessed with free agency. Some go so far as to say that God knew when he gave the command that Adam would eat of the fruit. But I do not know it. God knew well the temptation and the liability in man's nature to err, and that he was not able to regulate his actions alone, and He consequently gave him a law to be governed by. But Adam disobeyed the law, and hence the sin originated in him. I am a firm believer in original sin, and I believe there has been no change in the origin of sin from that day to this. It is the result of our individual actions. The results of our acts recoil upon our own shoulders. Our Heavenly Father is too kind to taint us with sin in consequence of the transgression of another, but He rejoices that we can and do mourn over the shortcomings of our fellow-man. It is only when man knowingly disobeys the law that he is accountable for the fault and will feel the evil results.

When Cain had slain his brother, God saw it in his very countenance, and asked: "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well shalt not thou be accepted? and if thou doest not well sin lieth at the door." So God sees in the countenance whether there is sin there or not.

The effects that follow sin may not fall alone upon the person who has committed it, as is found in the case of Jonah. I do not ask you to speculate about the literal; come to the inner man. The letter killeth. Jonah was alone in the sin, but he endangered those around him. I want us to watch that we may not by example, or influence, or effect, bring, not sin, but trouble and sorrow upon those around us.

I and you are held responsible for the sin in our own hearts—I was about to say in our own natures, but I exonerate God from that charge, for He

never placed anything wrong in our natures I am not a believer in inherited sin. Mark the difference. As sin originated in Adam, so it originates in all. "Original sin" is an appropriate term, but is misunderstood and misapplied in the religious world. I dare not reflect censure upon our Heavenly Father for a condition of sin for which we are not responsible.

I believe in a natural religion. It is only unnatural for man to be bad. God is the author of all nature, but not of all human desires. I did not say that it was perfectly human for man to be good, but natural. If men and women lived up to the laws of their own nature they would be the children of God not only by nature but also by adoption, and He would look into the soul and see His own image (for man was created in the image of God)—His own image, which is purity, goodness and innocence.

We never saw God, and yet we have heard about Him—have only heard about Him too much. We must come to know Him in our own hearts. If we know Him here we know Him everywhere, and our wills will co-operate with His will. I know mankind says we cannot live in harmony with God's will. Would any human father or mother be so unkind as to require obedience to a law that could not be fulfilled? Is our Heavenly Parent less reasonable than our earthly parents? Does he require obedience where he has not given the ability to obey? We are all children of one common Father. It is our individual duty to subscribe to the rules and regulations of His household and fulfil all its requirements. If we would do this it would be keeping the garden of the Lord clean. He would point out our duty plainly, but would leave us, as He did Adam, to our own choice; He uses no masterly authority. If anything went wrong we might hear the footsteps of the Lord in the cool of the day as plainly as Adam did, coming, not to censure or condemn, but to

reason with us. God is not impartial. Man feels the approval of God's spirit for right action, and the disapproval for wrong to-day if he ever did, and our fig-leaf excuses are all ineffectual.

I fancy sometimes if Adam had walked out and openly confessed his error, he would have received pardon. I know, at least, when I transgress a known law of God's (I say a known law, for a sin of ignorance is winked at), I bring upon myself a sense of anguish, and when I frankly acknowledge it I can realize the smile of God, I can feel a forgiveness and reconciliation. I am fully persuaded that all the sin my Heavenly Father ever holds me accountable for originates in my own heart, and I am responsible for the influence I shed abroad. If my heart is pure there radiates from it purity. If it is filled with the love of God, love will overflow and bless all around me.

Man makes himself a sinner, but the very day, aye, moment, he is willing to yield implicit obedience to the will and power of God, that very moment he is freed from the burden of his sin; all anguish and remorse will be taken away.

The plan of redemption and salvation, as the world says it, but to me of salvation and restoration, was given to man long before Jesus came into the world. "Before Abraham was I am," said Christ. We find this power manifested before Jesus was. All the glorious testimonies and miraculous works done by Jesus were not done by Him as a man. Take His own words: "I of myself can do nothing;" "The words that I speak are not mine; it is the Father that speaketh in me." It brings mankind to-day up into entire acceptance in the sight of God if obedient to His laws. How much we depend upon what others do instead of putting our own shoulder to the wheel, and our own hands to the plow. There must be efforts of our own to co-operate with the power of God. Our excuses will not satisfy Him. No fig-leaf covering will hide our imperfections.

In the command to "Go wash yourselves" we discover a work to be done by man; the Lord does not do it all. In the outward He furnishes the soil, the air and the light, but man must plow and sow, and if he fails to do this he fails to reap the harvest of enjoyment. He made the first man a living soul, and asked him to assist in the naming and ordering of the things in the natural world. He has given us a divine spark, and asks us to assist in ordering the various things in our natural part. Give Me thy heart, He says; let My spirit in love control thy life, thy will, let it have dominion over all the animal powers and propensities in thy nature.

Man is only an instrument in the hands of God. He can do no more; angels can do no more. We may place our hands in His, figuratively speaking, and let Him lead us gently along, and His virtues will be reflected in our individual lives.

If our hearts have become darkened, our spiritual eyes are blinded, and our ears so dull that we cannot hear, there are means provided for restoration. God sent His Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that He so loved the world that none should perish, but that all should have everlasting life. He brings into existence a human life with all the frailties, propensities and passions, and surrounded with all the difficulties and temptations that we are, sin only excepted, and why? Because He lived up fully to the requirements of His spiritual nature instead of indulging His animal desires; He is said to have been perfected through suffering. I dare not say He was able to do all the miracles when He was twelve years old that He did afterwards. But He developed as the Lord moved on before and pointed the way. What a holiness there is in this pattern, showing the possibility and gloriousness in humanity!

Jesus was enabled to heal all that came with that true faith, and even some that sent only a request by mes-

sengers. It will be so to-day; He will perform works as miraculous now as then. If our spiritual eyes are blind and our ears stopped that we can no longer hear the voice of God, He is able to open them—I do not mean physically but spiritually. We may have had an issue of blood for twelve years by our own transgressions, and if, when we feel there is a healing power, a Christ power, just in advance of us, and have faith to press through the human doubts that come up to bar the way, if we may but touch with faith the hem of His garment, we will be made whole. She made her faith saving because it was practical, and she carried it out. No half way will do with God. I ask us to sell all we have in our hearts.

Jesus is here no longer in manhood, but in spirit. The Christ never was and never can be crucified; it was before Jesus the man, and still remains. "I will not leave you comfortless;" the Father "will send you the spirit of truth, that will abide with you for ever and shall teach you all things." It will lead and guide into all truth, and consequently out of all error.

The same tidings of joy will come to us as in days of old: Unto you a child is born, a son is given—not 1800 years ago, but this day, meaning the time when the light of truth dawns upon the soul. "And the government shall be upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Councillor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end." You and I are shepherds to-day watching over the flocks of our hearts against their foes, and the greatest of these are those of our own household.

If there comes a thought, an idea, a something that is new to us, let us not spurn it without a hearing; let us leave our flocks for a time, and come and see if the value immortal be not born. Let us retire into the closet of our own hearts, and close the door against

everything but Divine Truth. Let us think for ourselves. Let us reason there with the Lord—and how reasonable He is. He won't require anything that is impossible or inconsistent. He bids us "Go wash yourselves, make yourselves clean." "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Dear people, shall we accept these beautiful emblems, shall we worship such a loving Father, shall we put into practice these glorious thoughts, and realize experimentally these blessed attainments? He will instil into our characters His own Divine virtues, so that men may say now, as formerly, surely this is God in the form of man. God designed that man should reflect his own goodness and holiness.

Let us go back in our own experience. Have we felt a loving Father, that, perchance, we do not now; if so, let us see how it was with that boy in the far country. He was willing to feed upon the husks that the swine did eat, but still longing for something better, until he made the choice and resolution to arise and go home. Dear friends, is there a soul here to-day in this far country; if so, I can take that soul by the hand and help to lift it up, encourage it to make that wise and well-grounded resolution of the Prodigal. And more, for that resolution to arise did not bring salvation until it was carried out, and then the loving father ran to meet it. So he comes out to meet us by the sense of approval, felt in our own hearts when we have begun to think right and to live up to it.

The sacrifice that is to avail for us is that made by subjecting our wills to the Divine Will until it becomes a pleasure to do the Will of our Heavenly Father, rather than our own. In this way we are to wash our robes and make them white, and our Heavenly Father will furnish us other robes from His Heavenly wardrobe, and His robes are the

Christian graces, peace, love, justice, humility, &c.

There is no tree in the garden, no passion in the human heart, but was planted there for a good purpose. Let us train them up to that end. Let us pray to our Heavenly Father to help us keep them in their proper places, and, when the final hour comes, there will be no wonderful change, only loving invitations to come up higher. Oh, my friends, the higher we go in this life, the greater will be our appreciation of the heaven beyond. Then, let it be the song of our hearts from day to day, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

GROWTH VERSUS INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIALOGUE WITH A BAPTIST STUDENT.

You were speaking of a change of heart: It is the trial by fire that brings out the heart's finest qualities, yet I hold that it is, nevertheless, a gradual growth, the elements of which are implanted in our being from the first. With different persons it manifests itself at different ages, and under different circumstances, and with some it never manifests itself at all, and if it sometimes seems to be a sudden change, yet it is really a gradual growth that brings the mind into that condition in which it can commune with the spirit of Infinite Goodness, and drink in His Truth, and Love, and Joy, as the little flower drinks in light, and joy, and beauty from the glorious sun, whose life-giving rays pervade the material atmosphere. All things in nature are governed by the laws of growth and development. Infinite Wisdom, when the plant was the tiniest germ, implanted in its being the elements which, under proper circumstances, would produce the beautiful flower, and, all other things in nature moving in harmony with His Divine Will, the germ, being placed in the proper surroundings, drawing life

and strength from the earth, the air, the renovating showers, and the warm rays of the sun, kept continually expanding and unfolding until it came into that condition which caused it to burst into bloom, sending forth fragrance and beaming in the sunlight a visible song of joy. Different plants require different conditions. I have read that when a cactus will not blossom, if boiling water be poured upon it it will blossom very soon. The elements of the blossom are there, and the boiling water only serves to bring them out. If you should pour boiling water upon a cabbage plant for a whole year it would not burst forth into a cactus blossom. There are some plants that never blossom until they have grown and flourished through one hundred years. Thus it is with the elements of religion; implanted in the nature of every human being, yet requiring different conditions to bring forth its development. The savage Indian, in his own rude way, worships the Great Spirit with as much sincerity as does the most cultivated mind. We should make the best use we can of all our faculties, drawing in all we can of the light, and joy, and wisdom that pervades the universe, that our capacity for receiving and enjoying them be increased, and we daily find some new truth revealed, new cause to exclaim in the fulness of joy, Great and good are all Thy works, oh! Father! Now, do you not agree with me that what is called an instantaneous heart, is, in reality a gradual growth?

JULIA M. DUTTON,

Waterloo, N. Y. June 19th 1874.

: Note: In looking over this earlier expression of my Faith, it occurred to me that if Friends would throw around the little ones the proper atmosphere of warmth and loving appreciation, they would not shoot off in divers directions, but would blossom more to their liking. If all Friends were like some Friends I know, their children would not join the other churches. So

much has appeared that is good in your paper of late, on this subject, that I feel like saying more than just "Amen."
J. M. D.

THE VALUE OF GOOD READING.

The plaster or clay in the potter's hands is not more pliable than the human mind under the influence of good literature. Leigh Hunt once said that the very back of a book was the inspiration of wisdom, and permit me to add that the matter between the covers may be sufficient to mold a human life into the finest cast. I would as gladly force the evil literature from the face of the earth as Cicero would have forced Cataline from the gates of Rome. Bad reading ruins the mental digestion as bad food does the physical. Thus it behoves us to choose the healthiest and most invigorating books, books that will give the mental system a delightful tone. Choose your books as you would choose your friends: always take the best. It has been my experience that life is too short and good literature too plentiful to ever select that which would fail to meet my subtlest feelings.

Refinement follows in the train of good books as surely as the sunshine follows the rain, and it is undoubtedly true that no man or woman ever sees the subtlety of refinement without a knowledge of polite thought in the minds of great men. Our strongest characters in history or in romance have been those who knew how to refrain from vulgarisms. Gentleness of speech has always brought with it a large percentage of peace. It costs no more to study a certain delicacy of expression than to permit ourselves to indulge in phrases which are stained with any sort of coarseness. Books pure in tone will help us to raise our standard upon the elevation of true refinement. We may breathe if we will the untainted atmosphere of noblest thought by spending

hours with such men as Ruskin, Carlyle and Macauley. The demand for more culture is constantly growing, and we, endeavoring to keep pace with progress, must exert ourselves to grasp some new thought each day of our lives, and if the thought prove of value we should not shrink from holding it up before the world as it may become a beacon light for some poor benighted traveller.

Books of the right stamp are those which make us *think* and force us to realize that life itself is one sublime problem. Careful reading broadens the thoughts and expands the intellect to meet independently the great necessities of the age. Nothing could be more touching, or prove to a greater degree the independence of intellect than the case of Milton. Although his outward vision was forever gone, he saw with a keen mental eye the hidden mysteries of the inner world. Books formed the corner stone on which the blind poet reared his tabernacle of everlasting greatness. He listened to the refined expression of the literati of all ages and quietly worked out his own theories of Religion and of life.

When I am weary with the cares that infest the day, I find nothing is so restful as a healthy book for company. It seems then as though life presented me with something more than mere existence, as though a veil were lifted and I were transported into regions of unknown beauty. I love good books far more than I have the power of expressing to you at this time, and I do feel a longing to lead you into the same delightful fields of thought which I have trodden, that you may smell the fragrance of the same sweet flowers and exclaim with me, "Out of books comes life's grand epic!"

In order that our reading should be a success, we must bring a spirit equal to the situation. No half heartedness will suffice, if we would reap any benefit from the matter before us.

The successful novelist is he who makes us feel the stamp of his character's vivid personalities. We often

lay down these chronicles of society long passed away with a feeling that we have parted from old friends. One of the most striking examples of this type of authors is Sir Walter Scott. I have been favored to read the voluminous pile which he bequeathed to the world, and I regret not one hour spent in his company. For the benefit of the younger class of readers, I would say read Scott by all means. But, perhaps I am a little astray in giving this advice before those whose experience in reading may be much broader than my own, but I will leave it with you and you may sift at your pleasure.

The growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every step, its spontaneity is only engendered by aid of the world's best and greatest literature. Out of chaos the mind which reads carefully comes forth into the marvellous light of to-day. We do not determine just what we will think, but we open our minds to new developments and receive only such as suits our individual need or capacity. It does not, therefore, follow that because I may read Emerson I become wholly Emersonian, God enters by a private door into every individual.

No need of *greater* thankfulness than this,
That man may read the minds of other men,
I would not change for the grandeur of the
world
One mighty thought from our Shakespearian
pen.

It must please God that man has so
successfully mirrored life in thought: .

The song of birds; the rippling brook,
The flowers that bloom for poet's use
All live between the pages of our books.

MARY ELLA W. CLARK.
Ellenville, N. Y.

The greatness of the poet depends on his being true to nature, without insisting that nature shall theorize with him, without making her more just, more philosophical, more moral than reality, and in difficult matters, leaving much to reflection which cannot be explained.—[James Anthony Froude.

Young Friends' Review

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PELHAM HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

EIGHTH MO. 23, 1890.

It is the general impression that this Half-Yearly Meeting was the most successful (if we may use that term) of any ever held in Lobo. Beside the usual meetings on Seventh and First days at eleven o'clock, there was a public meeting on First-day at four in the p. m., and a young people's parlor meeting in the evening. We had a number of Friends from a distance, viz: —Daniel Underhill and wife from Jericho, Long Island, N. Y.; Isaac Willis and wife from Battle Creek, Mich.; Isaac Wilson, wife, and daughter from Bloomfield, Ont.; Aaron Griffith and mother from Thorndale, Ont., the latter lately from Ohio. Their

presence, and their public and private spiritual travail were precious and encouraging to us. On First-day to both meetings the neighboring people came in and filled the house to its utmost capacity. Fortunately the weather and temperature were very favorable.

At the public meeting on Seventh-day, Serena Minard spoke from the text, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." We must show in our daily life and conversation the fruits of the new creature, walking, not after the flesh, but after the spirit. If we live a life in obedience to the light of God shed abroad in the soul we will grow rich in the highest sense, poor only in worthless things. The whole cross is more easily borne than the half. Whoever tries to serve two masters will lose the reward of both. Let us strive to live near to God to gain truth, and near to man for the utterance of that truth to his needs. We must know of being saved from sin now, we must experience heaven here before we can have a full assurance of enjoying them in the world beyond; for where is the capacity for heaven to come from if it is not developed in this life?

Isaac Wilson followed, quoting the passage, "I saw in the way a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, shining around about me." He held that although Paul was suddenly converted, miraculously as it seemed to be, it is not always profitable for us to look, to wait, for some wonderful outward manifestation of God's power, some interposition of the laws of nature. But there are points in Paul's conversion that correspond in all conversions. A measure of the same light that shone in and around Paul must shine in every soul; it does, in fact, for it is that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The same occurrence, if we were aware of it, is repeated often before our eyes to-day. It is the spiritual influence that comes from God out of heaven, con-

vincing the mind, converting the soul, changing the life. It will answer the mind enquiring what it is, why it is, and what it will have us to do, and will perform such miraculous things in and through us that we must acknowledge it to be the Christ, the Wonderful Councillor, the Wise Lawgiver. We need not be disturbed if our experience does not exactly correspond with what we read or hear. We all differ in character, environment, and in our needs. But it is alike good and impartial to all. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," suggests to our minds a sudden change, such as Paul's conversion. But all conversions are not so sudden. "Unless you follow Me in the regeneration ye have no life in you," again suggests a gradual change. Some souls open to the divine light as gradually and as noiselessly as the beautiful flower opens to the natural light. Paul's change seems sudden because he had a fiery nature and a zealous mind, and his life's course was in direct opposition to what it should be. He had been persecuting the church, and binding the Christians. Henceforth he was himself to be prosecuted and be led in bondage for Christ's sake. He was induced into his former course by tradition, education, blinded zeal, and unenlightened reason. He was influenced to change by Jesus Christ, or the light of truth shining on his understanding, or the Voice of God speaking to his soul—all different expressions, implying the same thing. When we are thus met, when such impressions are made upon our understanding, when such emotions fill our hearts, may we stop, question them, "Who art thou, and whence, and what wilt thou have me to do?" O may we attend to the convictions of our own souls. May not lukewarmness, negligence, carelessness, or lethargy, hinder us from following out these intimations of duty, that lead heavenward.

Jesus said, "If I had not come

among you, ye would not have sinned." When I speak of Jesus, I speak of the Light. If this Divine light does not show us the way, or, more plainly, if we are not made to know right from wrong, or if no law is given us there will be no responsibility, no condemnation. But this light is as universal as Christ, which is found in every heart that has not rejected it and become reprobate. Where there is an inclination to become enlightened, and a willingness to follow implicitly its pointings, it will lead into the perfection that God desires and demands. High condition—not to step aside and err. Some say, impossible; I think not so. I believe it is our privilege. In Jesus, it was a pleasure to do the will of his Father rather than his own will. So it may become to us all—a pleasure. It is really easier for us to do God's will than our own. It brings us into entire harmony with the laws of our very being. We will become His children, not only by nature, but by adoption, also. Life will not then be a draught of dregs, but of sweet flavor, and we will not mourn because it is a vale of tears, but rejoice that there is so much of beauty and glory in it; so full of assurance and hope that the sweetness, the beauty, and glory, will not endure through this life only, but will endure and increase in the world beyond.

On First-day morning, Isaac Wilson gave a long discourse—see first page. It gave very general satisfaction, baptizing the entire body into a spirit of friendliness, charity, and love, and a desire, bordering on a resolve, to amend their ways and live better lives. Nearly all returned at 4 o'clock.

At the afternoon meeting, Samuel P. Zavitz spoke from the text, "As Jesus Christ grew in stature, he grew in favor with God and Man." In seeing the bright, interesting young faces about me, my earnest desire has been that such might be the experience of each one of you, that, as you grow in stature, you may also grow in favor with God

and men. And I know no other way than that which was trod by Jesus, to be about your Father's business, doing the will of God as manifested to your understandings. By attending to these little duties you will grow (for growth is the law of development in the spiritual world, as in the natural), you will become full grown men and women.

Isaac Wilson spoke for some time, supplementing his morning's discourse, taking as his text, "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Space will not allow us to give it at this time.

William Cornell spoke briefly, expressing thankfulness for being there. He invited all, for all had the same privilege, to come unto the Father's table, bountifully supplied with all good things, and partake and be refreshed. He will finally gather the faithful ones home, as his own precious jewels, into his own holy garner.

In the evening over 100, mostly young people, gathered in at the house of Daniel Zavitz for spiritual refreshment. It proved to be a precious occasion, and many voices unheard in the more solemn assemblies, were stirred to utterance.

Canada Half-yearly Meeting of Friends is to be held at Yonge Street. Public Meeting, on First day, the 28th of 9th mo.; Business Meeting, Second-day, the 29th, 1890.

MARRIED—At Bertie, 8th Mo. 20th, under the care of Pelham Monthly Meeting, Bertha A. Zavitz, only daughter of Silas and Susan Zavitz, to Milton S. Pound youngest son of Samuel and the late Esther Jane Pound of Humberston, Ont.

DIED—At Detroit, the 28th of eighth mo., 1890, Anna R. Brown, in her ninetieth year. Her remains were brought to Pickering, where the funeral was held at 11 a. m., First-day, 8th mo. 31st, 1890.

AN ANONYMOUS SERMON.

Do not verbal sermons reach the heart with greater force than those printed upon the finest paper?

At Meeting we sit quietly awaiting the quickening of the spirit that prompts a loved Friend to rise in humble submission to its power and preach—nay, talk if you will—while the words fall from his lips as a soothing balm that tenaciously winds about our yearning hearts, and lulls the tired aching soul; 'tis manna to the struggling earth children, for which our souls cry out in grateful thanks, each morsel cherished in the individual sanctuaries. We listen to an old story because it always seems a new one, when each reviewer gives us the congealed sentiments of a life's experience; for none can live with the same spiritual longings; each in his turn is fed from a different fountain, while ultimately seeking the same source; so from each disciple of our faith we garner unspeakable encouragement, invigorating a hopefulness that tranquilizes the turbulent spirit with the full assurance, even in tribulation, we are still the children of a Loving Father, whose care is ever manifest for our highest good.

Even our "silent meetings" are filled with that sweet peace and true spiritual contentment characterizing us as a "Society," from which the outsiders shrink with sort of a wild unrest, because its holy, inspirational atmosphere is so pure, they are filled with a spirit of remorse and unwholesomeness that burdens their untrained souls. What a glorious heritage we have! and how conscientiously we should guard its beautiful privilege, for it teaches the world in its quiet way that we are a people of purity, honor and Christ-like integrity, which they unconsciously lean upon in their immature spiritual life. How fully we comprehend the grandeur of Christ's life when we allow our souls to become teachable to the spiritualization—that state which brings the

life we live to the highest standard of purity, and touches up the dark rough places as lessons of truth. That trusting faith that whatsoever is, is in some unaccountable way right, is a beautiful maxim of life, for it makes the darksome clouds shift anon, and glimmering through its haze we catch the silver lining.

And Hope—that star whose rays are ever bright—is such a comfort to the weary pilgrims, struggling for the highest Christian purity. Are we not filled to repletion with its chaste beauty, and only as the harboring of the materialistic things blur its shining splendor, can we become wholly lost to its powerful influence. Hope is never dead to those who allow their souls to feed upon the food our Mother Nature spreads so bountifully for us. Indeed how could it? when God's very breath is filling the most minute atom of the vast space, where we are privileged to sojourn, while imbibing its purity to us with each inhalation. How strangely unequal are the two forces—Material and Spiritual. And does it not reflect upon the individual that such should be the case? Indeed it does, for it lays within the reach of every creature to correct the error.—the promptings of the material—by the overshadowing love of the Divine. The material element of life must hold its place, and we as a part of it must conduce to its proper development, but it cannot obliterate the spiritual element which is the highest and noblest of life. This is the grand endowment which as human beings we should treasure above all others. 'Tis the vital of existence and we its sole possessors. 'Tis the same beautiful quality which gave Christ his precedent of mankind, portraying to us what noble achievements lay within the power of human beings. What sacrifice and suffering it were possible to endure to fulfil the laws of the spirit, something after this order—"They who walk in the Spirit, shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." So let us strive to gain from the verbal or

written sermon, a renewal strength spiritually, and in the "silent meeting" commune with the individual soul and feed it from the fount of memory, which must contain a few precious morsels at some previous time spent, for the encouragement of frail, erring humanity. Promptings or better inspirational help must come where the hour is consecrated to the Father—who knoweth all and seeth all, and doeth all for His children's good.

SARAH AUGUSTA DE GARMO.

SANFORD.

GOLDEN WEDDING—A very interesting social event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Widdifield, south of this villiage, on Thursday, the 17th inst., the occasion being the celebration of their golden wedding, they having that day completed half a century of married life together. The members of their family and a few friends joined with them in the celebration of the happy event. There were present eight children, four sons and four daughters, this being the complete circle with the exception of one daughter who a few years ago was, removed by the hand of death. To her, during the evening, kindly and touching reference was made. Of grandchildren there were present seventeen, some of whom have reached the years of young man and womanhood. Other relatives of the family and a few friends brought the company up to the number of about fifty. At a suitable time during the evening the following address was read by Mr. James Widdifield, the eldest son, and the accompanying gifts, a gold-headed cane and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, were handed by Mrs. Dr. Forest, the eldest daughter, to the father and the mother respectively:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—

We, your children and grandchildren, on this semi-centennial anniversary of your marriage, have deemed it a fit occasion to lay aside for a day our

usual vocations, and hold with you a family re-union, and tender you our heartfelt congratulations on being permitted to complete together the long period of half a century of married life, and now to preside over so large a gathering of children and grand children. The cold hand of death has thus far only been permitted once to enter the family circle and remove one loved one, giving us cause to exclaim: "Absent, but not forgotten."

It is a source of great satisfaction to us to see that, notwithstanding your advanced years, the bountiful Giver of all good has seen fit to endow you with such a measure of health and strength and with unclouded mental faculties, enabling you to appreciate and enjoy life, His inestimable gift. We feel sure that a retrospect of your married life, while in the natural order of things must be tinged with some sadness, must recall much that is pleasing—much to which now in the quietude of the evening of life you can revert with fondest recollections. You have seen many of the friends, companions and acquaintances of youth, who started out with you in the morning of life, drop one by one out of the race of life and join the great majority.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

But you have been permitted to reach the summit of the hill of life, and still hand in hand are enjoying its quiet evening together. May it prove to be as beautiful as the setting of a summer sun in a calm and cloudless sky. On the other hand you can truly say that "the lines have fallen unto you in pleasant places." As time has rolled on you have seen many pleasing changes and encountered much that will be fondly cherished as long as memory lasts. The landscape has been entirely transformed since your recollection. You have seen the monarchs of a dense forest disappear under the sturdy strokes of the pioneers of the country

and give place to fertile fields and well cultivated farms. You have seen the rude log cabin give place to the stately mansion, and sparsely settled districts now teeming with a happy, contented and prosperous population. You have also had the satisfaction of seeing a large family of sons and daughters grow up to manhood and womanhood. And now in return a goodly array of grand children have assembled with us to celebrate this semi-centennial.

We have thought this a fit occasion to present you with a slight memento of our affection and esteem. When we look over the years of our childhood we have great reason to be thankful for your care and watchfulness over us during the slippery paths of youth, and for all the benefits and advantages of a Christian home, and kind and indulgent parents ever solicitous for our welfare. We feel we can never repay you for all your kindness and for your many personal sacrifices on our behalf. To you, father, we present this staff, which we trust you may yet be long spared to use and lean upon as increasing years bring corresponding infirmities. To you, mother, we present this pair of spectacles to assist you in some measure to overcome the ravages of time, and partially at least restore that perfection of vision from which we are all capable of deriving so much pleasure. We trust you will both value these small gifts; not from any intrinsic worth, which is but a trifle, but from the feelings of love and reverence which we as children feel towards our parents. That you may long live to enjoy them is the earnest prayer of your affectionate children.

Mr. and Mrs. Widdifield very feelingly replied to the address, referring to the uniform kindness of their children, which they said more than repaid them for the trouble and anxiety of earlier years. A few appropriate remarks were made by Rev. J. W. Stewart and Dr. Forest, after which prayer and thanksgiving to God was conducted by Mr. Stewart. A most sumptuous tea

was partaken of, prominent amongst other viands being the indispensable bride's cake, which was both beautiful to the eye and delicious to the taste. The large and richly laden table was filled a second time by the family and friends, so that the venerable host might have used by way of accommodation the words of Jacob, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan (matrimony) and now I am become two bands." A most enjoyable evening was spent, added interest being given to the occasion by the venerable bride and bridegroom relating reminiscences of the past, not only of their bridal day, but of events that proceeded and followed that day—events that transpired before most of the assembled company were born. An interesting part of the proceedings was the photographing of the company by Mr. Lord, of Uxbridge. Mr. and Mrs. Widdifield have been residents of the township of Scott for about fifty years. Most of the members of their family have settled near the old home, a few having gone to a greater distance. The aged couple are members of the Society of Friends, and enjoy the respect and esteem of the entire community irrespective of religious creed. We wish them many added years of health, happiness and usefulness.

THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

The British flag floats over many colonies, and in every clime the lands of her adoption lend their contributions to the busy world of commerce. Here go ships laden with wheat, lumber and coal, starting perchance at the self-same hour as others bearing freight of cotton, sugar and fruit—the crews of each neither knowing nor caring for interests other than their own, but the whole seafaring world busy with the transportation of commodities for exchange.

The once proposed annexation of Jamaica to Canada may promise Canadian interest in an article descriptive of

that country as the writer finds it now. The voyage from Boston to the West Indies is not unlike any other sea voyage, save that the increasing blueness of the ocean as the tropics are approached is remarkable, and the effect with the islands in the distance very beautiful. My first voyage was an uneventful one. The principal amusement of the passengers was counting the vessels in sight each day, and watching the floating seaweed and flying fish. On the third day out one passenger offered the captain five hundred dollars if he would land him. He had reasons of his own for preferring land to water—reasons which a few fellow-sufferers seemed to appreciate. Our course lay almost due south, passing the east coast of Cuba and a few rocky islands of little interest. The mountains of Jamaica appeared about five hours before the steamer reached port, and one recognizes at once the appropriateness with which Columbus illustrated Jamaica with a piece of crumpled paper. It is all mountains of irregular height and form, with valleys of varying extent lying between. As we came within about five miles of land, two or three little boats came in sight. They were mere specks at first, now dancing on the waves for a moment, then sinking out of sight in the trough of the sea. Thus appearing and disappearing they gradually neared the ship, till we could make out in each boat a crew of four, strong, well-built, black boatmen, with a captain or pilot. The pilot who first gets within calling distance of the ship is taken on board, and assumes command until we make port. A line is thrown the boatmen of the victorious pilot, and, as their boat is towed at full speed at the ship's side, they roll their eyes up with triumphant grins at the amused passengers who have been watching the race. The other boats, with their discomfited pilots, are left to paddle their own canoes back to land.

All who do not prefer a northern winter to the summer should be suited

with the climate of Jamaica. The mean temperature of summer is only a few degrees above that of winter, and the variation from day to day is never sudden or extreme. The island is too small and too much exposed to the sea to know the extreme heat of a Canadian summer; but one finds the middle of the day too hot for much exertion. The average rainfall is very heavy, and in many parts rains are frequent, but the rainfall is greatest on the north coast and interior. As the prevailing winds are from the north and east, and the mountains arrest the southern movement of the clouds, the south coast is often quite dry, even though the rivers may be much swollen. Vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and few of the native plants are known in the north outside a conservatory. The roads curve round the hillsides, running up and down through the valleys so that "short cuts" are impossible. Points only a short distance "as the crow flies" are connected by so circuitous a route that one drives a long way to make a short distance. The charming picturesqueness of the way, however, is abundant compensation for its crookedness; and the roads are excellent. One seldom loses sight of the sea, and from mountain top to shore palms, orange trees, flowers, ferns and mosses grow everywhere. Altogether it is an interesting experience to a northerner to land in Jamaica, and, taking the customary mode of travelling—on horseback—to ride through banana fields where the plants rise twenty feet, with leaves of one year's growth meeting over one's head; to find melons, tomatoes and corn growing in January, and to see numberless tropical plants blooming at the roadside. Perhaps a guide takes you over the mountains and across rivers, where the fords are sometimes swift and occasionally dangerous. A genuine mountaineer, he knows every place and every person on the road. "Mornin', Miss Katherine," he calls, and "Mornin', Massa Grant" rings back from a cabin on the hillside. Nowhere in the

world, perhaps, could be found a happier or more social people than the Jamaica negroes. A stranger is saluted with "Mornin', Massa," "Mornin', Busha," or "Mornin', Bokra," from morning till dark. In their social relations they do not stand on ceremony nor make formal calls. A Jamaica negress can out-talk half-a-dozen ordinary women, and would exhaust two or three reporters. She may be addressing her stream of eloquence to a neighbor sitting on a doorstep across the street and some distance down, pounding chocolate in a mortar, when, if there be not too many similar harrangues going on at the same time, a woman at the market with a tray of provisions makes a third in the discussion. The conversation is Greek to the stranger. He can make nothing of it but a rapid jumble of incomprehensible sounds. On the main road and through the fertile districts the settlers are numerous. They live in little houses about twelve by sixteen feet, made of poles thrust in the ground to support a cottage roof; bamboo splints woven through these form the sides, and the roof is thatched with palm leaves. Their pigs and chickens are not quite so well housed, as they have no roofs. Clothes are washed at the rivers, and stones serve as washboards. This method may be not quite so rapid as the steam laundries, but it has quite as marked an effect on the fabric and buttons,

My boarding place is in a town of about 2,000 inhabitants. Perhaps not more than 1,950 of these are negroes. (These numbers are exclusive of goats, chickens and dogs, which, if added, would greatly increase the census.) Few of the buildings would greatly impoverish their owners if destroyed by fire. The streets are wide enough to allow carriages and foot passengers right of way to the same path—except when they meet. The sign boards, whatever their effect on trade, can hardly fail to attract the attention of strangers.

B R BAYLEY
 LICENSE 32 TO SELL
 rumbrandyginandotherdstspts.

is a sample. At one point a post at the roadside bears aloft a board informing passers by that R. J. Smith is "Blacksmith in all the branches." A hand points across a pasture toward the woods, but no building is in sight. On market days one meets an almost continuous stream of people going into town with provisions of some sort, or coming out with purchased goods. Most of these people are women, and all carry their burdens on their heads. Here and there one meets a laden donkey, its driver bearing basket, jug or bundle on his own head. Pails of water, trays of dishes, bottles—everything in fact is carried in this way; and despite gesticulations and headshakings seldom does anything fall. Probably every bunch of bananas that reaches a northern port has been carried on a negro's head from the plantation to the wharf. While a fruit steamer is being laden the wharf is lined with negroes each with his head load of fruit. They deserve credit too for the clean and orderly manner in which the fruit is put on board. It is not fumigated with tobacco, and the floors are dry and clean when the work is finished—a striking contrast to the wharf and decks after the American wharf hands have unloaded a cargo of fruit at a northern port.

Although the Jamaica of to-day is practically a new country just being opened for settlement, at every turn one meets evidences of its former prosperity. Many thousands of acres now a tangle of shrubs and trees were once planted with sugar cane; and on every plantation may be found the crumbling walls of sugar works and planters' homes. In some instances these are repaired and made to serve as foundations for new buildings. The rest, assisted by the prying roots of fig trees, vines and other plants, are slowly crumbling back

to the earth, from whence they came. It costs some trouble to break one's way through the tangles to one of these old ruins, but repays the exertion. First at the sugar works we come upon a large circular bridge of stonework with a pit in the centre, around which the oxen once tramped, turning huge rollers, through which the cane was crushed and the sweet juice squeezed out. Near by we find the remains of a stone furnace, with parts of steel boilers shelling with rust—the latter indicating an advance from the use of cattle to steam power. Scattered about are fragments of old wheels, iron rollers, immense kettles, and various other relics of the prosperous days of West India sugar and Jamaica rum. But cattle and steam were not the only powers utilized. Here on the bank of an old river bed, from which the water has turned to another channel, is a large water wheel idle, decayed, moss-grown and bound with creeping vines. In other places large windmill towers make picturesque ruins, and give their testimony to the intelligence and enterprise of palmy days long past. Not less interesting are the ruins of the "great house," on a well chosen site not far from the sugar works. Here the owner or estate manager enjoyed the wealth and luxury earned by slave labor. In the lower walls of the house are portholes, where guns commanded the approach of the famous dreaded buccaneers; for Jamaica has a history more thrilling than that of many a larger and better known country.

Since the emancipation of slaves the sugar industry has grown less profitable, and the manufacture of beet sugar in Europe has now so reduced the price of cane sugar that the majority of Jamaica sugar estates have been abandoned. American enterprise, however, is beginning to develop the wonderful capabilities of Jamaica in the line of fruit culture. Where so many tropical fruits are so admirably grown without cultivation, scientific fruit and vegetable culture has a promising field. All

kinds of garden vegetables may be grown at any time of the year; but where nature is generous the people are indolent, and few take the trouble to cultivate new varieties or to improve the natural products of the country. Bananas, coconuts and oranges grow plentifully without cultivation, but of course yield much better returns when cultivated. The negroes plant yams, cocoas and sweet potatoes, and keep a few pigs and chickens. The mangoes, breadfruit, akeas, etc., grow wild; so "Quashy"—the black—lives and physically thrives with no thought of tomorrow.

Jamaica as an island attracts comparatively few settlers. The sea voyage is unquestionably a deterrent to immigration. People for the most part feel with Josiah Allen's wife that they can't be drowned on dry land. There are, however, excellent steamers running between Jamaica and American ports; and the voyage from Boston is usually made in six days. Northerners miss here innumerable modern conveniences—particularly good railroads and hotels such as those to which they are accustomed—but, although more slowly than in other less isolated countries, these deficiencies will gradually be made up.

Intemperance here, as elsewhere, is the great social evil. At the majority of towns and villages the rumshop is almost the only place of entertainment open for young men, and naturally becomes their resort after working hours. But the intemperate in this climate have short lease of life. Alcoholic fires burn fiercely under a tropic sun, and their work of destruction is quickly accomplished.

Though not remarkable for their industry, the natives of Jamaica are peaceable and law abiding. The development of trade is due to British law and good government. Business is transacted with ease and security, while in Cuba and other of the West Indies outlaws and bandits commit high-handed depredations; and the trader's appeal for justice where law

and order are practically unknown is worse than useless. To-day—whatever may be true of old Jamaica—the negroes manifest only kindly feeling and much respect for the whites. They count it rather an honor to work for "white massa," and are glad to do him a favor when occasion offers. A number of them are required to do the work which half as many white laborers would do in less time; but they are so well adapted to the country and climate that we should do little here without them. A few good schools have been established, and some of the younger negroes are fairly well educated. What the natives of Jamaica, whether white or black, need most is contact with the rest of the world and knowledge of the customs and enterprise of other countries. Jamaica is pronounced slow, and slow it truly is. "Comin', sah," is the inevitable answer to a call. Tomorrow will do quite as well as to-day, but next week suits better.

W. J. S.

Port Morant, Jamaica, W. I.

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