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# Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., SECOND MONTH, 1890.

NO. 2

## GOD'S PEACE.

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,  
Deep as the soundless sea,  
Which falls like sunshine on the road  
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast:—

That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial way too long,  
But leaves the end with Thee;—

That peace which, though the billows surge,  
And angry tempests roar,  
Wrings forth no melancholy dirge,  
But joyeth evermore:—

That peace which flows serene and deep—  
A river in the soul,  
Whose banks a living verdure keep:  
God's sunshine o'er the whole!—

Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,  
Whate'er the outward be,  
Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
And we go home to Thee.

—Selected.

## OPENING THE DOOR.

DELIVERED EXTEMPORANEOUSLY BY  
REV. F. G. PEABODY.

"Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

I want to pause before this wonderful image of Christ standing at the door of human life, and asking, like a weary traveler, to be let in. It seems to set before us the two ways in which a man may stand over against the possibilities and opportunities of his life. One way is as if we stood outside of these possibilities, trying to get in to them: the other way is as if they stood outside, and were trying to get in to us.

Under the one view, we stand at their door and knock, if perchance they will let us in: under the other view, they stand knocking at our door, if perchance we can hear their voice, and let them in. The first view of life is the common one. Its possibilities seem hidden from us under lock and key, and we give ourselves with all our efforts to unlocking them. We are like the besiegers of a city full of treasure. The money and the successes which we seek lie within, and we stand not so much knocking at their door as battering at their gate and scaling their wall.

This, I say, is the common way of looking at our life,—the way of attack and struggle and victory; and perhaps it is the only way in which one can regard many of the problems of his money-getting and his competitive success. But when we turn to the deeper experiences of life, the other way begins to open. Truth, beauty, love, wisdom, peace, forgiveness,—of these things, which are the great possessions of human life, it is not so true to say that they hide themselves from us as that we hide ourselves from them, and will not let them in.

Take, for instance, any scientific discovery, such as the electric light which illuminates our street. There it has been,—this wonderful power of electricity, surrounding human life with its possibilities of usefulness, and knocking at the doors of scientific men since science began; and, at last, a few men are able to hear this persistent knocking, and open their doors, and then these inventions of electricity find their way into our affairs. We call it a new force, but it is not a new force. It is only a new awakening of the mind

to understand a force which has been always bearing upon us. It is almost terrible to think of the many other secrets of the universe which must be thus still knocking at our doors, and waiting to get in to us, and to imagine how senseless and unreceptive we must seem to an omniscient mind, when so many blessings meant for us are beaten back from our closed minds and wills. And think, still further, how it is that such truth does reach men when it reaches them at all. It is not by lying idle and passive for its approaches. It is not without effort and discipline that such insight arrives. No, it is by training the mind, so that it can *open its doors*. This is the end of education,—the opening of the door of the mind. It is the making one's self quick with receptivity toward truth, so that, when truth speaks, we hear its voice, and recognize it as the voice of truth, and let it in. Most men are so sluggish that they do not hear the knock; many men are so feeble that they cannot open the door. But when a truth is first heard and then welcomed, then it is that a great discovery is made. We say that the man discovered the truth; but, to the man himself, it is as if the truth spoke to him, and he had heard its voice, and let it in.

The same thing is true in a man's relations to his duty. When we have to determine between right and wrong we are apt to take refuge in the idea that it is hard to find out what is right, that our duty hides from us, and that we are trying to find out what it is; and, because it does not let us in when we are knocking at its door, therefore we make our mistakes and commit our sins. But the fact is that this is very rarely true. If we set ourselves, with a perfectly open mind, to see what is right and to discover what is wrong, it is one of the rarest things in the world that duty is not made clear. How do we act? We do not honestly try for this one end alone. We shut out from ourselves this clear distinction. We mingle it with other motives. We do

what is wrong, and pretend to ourselves that it is right. We think that what is manifestly wrong will change itself some day into right. I suppose that even great crimes come about thus. A man in his business moves step by step into fraudulent practices, until at last both he and society are smitten with a great disgrace; and yet, at every step, he defends himself with the assertion that he has done nothing wrong. He blurs his sense of right. It is not that his duty is not there, but that he will not hear its voice. It is knocking at his door; but he pretends that there is no knocking, and bars himself against the summons. And then, at last, he looks back over the whole awful series of slight perversions of the right, and sees that at each step his duty stood before his life, plain and persuasive, if only he would have heard its voice, and let it in. There is no greater self-deception than this imagining that it is hard to find out what it is right to do. The difficulty lies not in the revelation of the right to us, but in the opening of ourselves to the revelations of the right. Duty stands, for the most part, close at hand, unobscured, simple, immediate. If any man has the will to hear her voice, to him is she willing to enter, and be his ready guest.

Now, this which is true in the world of thought and in the world of duty is—as I want to say, with even more of seriousness—true of the largest relations in which we find ourselves, the relations of the religious life. When we first think of religion, it seems to us a matter full of difficulty. God seems to hide himself, and we seem to be searching for Him with our books and our learning amid the mysteries of His hiding-place. Christ seems to us a problem which we have to solve, and which has perplexed the wisest of inquirers. The blessings of the religious life, such as the forgiveness of our sins, seem to be kept under lock and key, as though we were knocking at the door of a severe Divinity and asking, as suppliants, to be let in. But what

is the truth about religion? The great and awful truth—awful in its stupendous simplicity—is this: that these infinite blessings are seeking us before ever we searched for them, and are waiting, not for our proof, but simply for our acceptance. We think we discover, verify, and prove them. Scholars knock at their door with the books which solve these problems; and, indeed, there are mysteries enough to satisfy all learning and research. But the deepest mystery of all is this: that, if the love of God, the power of Christ, the forgiveness of sins, are to have any reality for us, it must be as living and active forces, knocking at our doors and asking to be let in. How are we to think of God? It must be as always accessible, if we would but have it so, searching for us before ever we searched for him. We love him because he first loved us. When we turn to him it is but our answer to his call to us. It is the father of the prodigal waiting with an infinite patience and love, and coming to meet us, if we will but turn even with faltering step, and make ourselves accessible to him. How are we to think of Christ? Behind all the aspects of him as the problem of the ages, and all the perplexity of his wondrous personality, lies the power of his practical and present leadership. We do not first find him, but he finds us. It is not the sheep which look for the shepherd: it is the shepherd who searches for the sheep; and, when they hear his voice, they follow him. Even so Christ calls to men, "Behold I stand at your door and knock. If you will not hear my voice, I cannot enter; but, if any man will hear my voice, I will come in." And how shall we think of that forgiveness of our sins for which we pray? It, too, is waiting for us,—waiting with the infinite pathos with which a parent waits for his sinning child, knocking at our door if we will but let it in. There is nothing complicated or mechanical or unnatural about the forgiveness of sins. There is only one thing that forbids it.

It is the locked door of our own hearts.

See, then, the wonderful simplicity of religion. Here, on the one hand, are our own lives, shut in, limited, and self-absorbed; and here, on the other hand, are these great powers of the universe wanting to get in to us, and between the two only one barrier,—the barrier of our own wills. What a terrific thought it is that the spirit of God is forever thus trying to reach us, and that the power of a Christian life is standing like a weary traveler knocking at our door!

God grant that in these moments of withdrawal, when we turn from the stir of our busy lives to the quietness of this place, there may be a little of this opening of the doors of our wills to these heavenly visitants! It is not a work that makes a noise or sensation,—this unbarring of one's life. It is not a work that one man can do for another, or that can be preached or forced into a life. No power—not that of God himself—can open that door from the outside. Only the soul itself can open itself. But if, with perfect simplicity and unaffectedness, any one of us is able just to put aside the bolt of his own wilfulness, and open his door and say: "Almighty God, come to me! Spirit of Christ, be thou my guest! Father, I have sinned, forgive me," then it is as if these sharper days of winter were melting into the approaching spring, and as if one of us came down some morning in his heated house, and should throw his door open to the gentler air, and there should flow in upon him the milder freshness and the purer fragrance of a renewing and reviving world.—[Christian Register.

#### EIGHTEEN REASONS WHY I AM A FRIEND.

1st. Receiving all of the commandments of Christ binding on us without abridgment or controversy—such as thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not swear, under any circumstances in which we may be placed.

2nd. Our manner of worshipping God as Christ directed the woman of Samaria: "God is a spirit, and he must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, for such He seeks to worship Him."

3rd. A free gospel ministry, as Christ commanded His disciples: "Freely have you received, freely give."

4th. Equality of the sexes before God in all of our religious organizations.

5th. The privilege which is extended to everyone to come and worship with us without the sight or sound of money.

6th. No inducement for young men to study for the ministry to secure a living.

7th. No Society business transacted on the Sabbath.

8th. No theological seminaries to mix up the reason of man with the revelation of God.

9th. No oppressed clergy, striving to serve both God and man.

10th. No mortgages on our places of worship to oppress the coming generation.

11th. Our testimony against extravagance in all occupations of life.

12th. No extravagance in burying our dead, or putting on the semblance of mourning, or costly monuments.

13th. No military arm to the government to support war in any of its forms.

14th. No distilleries, or breweries, or licensed houses to sell liquor

15th. No importers or dealers in liquors, except for medicinal purposes.

16th. No fairs or chance games in the name of philanthropic enterprises, or places of amusements for waste of time.

17th. No uneducated children, or almshouses.

18th. If long life is desirable, the statistics of 1860 show the longevity of the Society of Friends ten years longer than other people.

She who would wear jewels should herself be the brightest jewel of all. When the gems on hands or arms outshine the gems of mind or heart, it would be better to discard them.—M. V.

## "WHAT OF THE NIGHT."

We have groped through the night and darkness.

In this valley of shadows below,  
The burdens we carry are heavy,  
Our progress is halting and slow,  
And we eagerly watch for the dawning  
To lighten the sky with its glow.

For the bitterest cups of sorrow  
To the veriest dregs we drank;  
And the galling chains of labor  
About our footsteps clank,  
As we walk where vice and temptation  
Like brambles and thorns grow rank.

The vultures of crime and evil  
Still hover around our way,  
And pride and error and passion  
Hold here their boundless sway,  
And the demons that lurk in the darkness,  
Hide here from the light of the day.

There were those whom we loved and cherished,  
Who longed for the morning tide,  
Who weary with watching and waiting  
Have lain them down and died;  
And we list for their muffled footsteps,  
But no echo has replied.

We long for the time when the morning  
Shall gladden our aching sight.  
Oh, Watchman, on life's hilltops!  
What of this long dark night?  
Are there yet no streaks of the dawning?  
Are there yet no signs of light?

"Oh yes! stretching out in beauty  
I see the wide fields of day,  
Lo! the mountains are bathed in glory  
Where the beams of the morning play.  
Around and above me is dawning  
The light of a far brighter day.

The angel of Peace I see hovering  
With joy for the children of men  
And Truth with fingers unerring  
Is scattering the fields with her grain,  
And Love, God's holiest angel,  
Is circling the world with her chain."

But look once more, O Watchman!  
Is there naught thy vision to mar?  
Can'st thou see the home of the beautiful  
Where the loved and the lost ones are?  
Can'st thou see, O faithful Watchman!  
Are the gates of morning ajar?

"I see faint glimpses of regions  
By endless bloom embossed,  
To whose green glades of gladness  
No sorrow ever crossed;  
Whose billowy realm of beauty  
No tempest ever tossed

No sin or crime has ever  
Passed to that blest abode,

And death and darkness never  
Through its bright portals trod.  
'Tis lighted by a radiance  
From the dear face of God.

Thy loved ones who grew weary  
Of this long cheerless night,  
Who fell in this dark valley  
Now bask in that clear light.  
The form they wear so beautiful,  
Would dim thy mortal sight.

All sweet things love hath uttered,  
All tones of hope or cheer,  
All words of pure devotion  
Have been translated there,  
And they vibrate in soft music  
Through its ethereal air."

And through the rifted portals  
An anthem sweet and clear  
Floats down to fill the ages  
With love, and hope, and cheer;  
And one refrain forever  
Falls on my listening ear.

That anthem sweet and tender,  
Is fresh and new, as when  
The shepherds heard its music  
In the vales of Bethlehem.  
'Tis glory unto God on high,  
Peace and good will to men."

ELLWOOD TRUEBLOOD,  
Salem, Indiana.

### THE FUTURE OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs;  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The poet has here, in this one couplet, touched the lyre that must thrill the ages. The music floats out upon the breeze of night, and with the dawn of human reason it is wafted with a gentle cadence into the hearts of the human race.

We have our past to look upon in order that we may more fittingly measure the strides we take in the field of advancement. It is deeply lamentable if there be found any who are back in the race. Everything, from the most delicate insect up to man, is meant to grow and to keep on growing, no matter how hard the struggle may be. This thinking age will learn that the shade trees of the past are now no longer fit to shade the people of the present. We have outgrown them. The great and

growing desire of to-day is, that the massive oak of imperishable truths may soon cover the race. In fact, it *does* cover them now, but they are not yet aware of its delightful shadows.

In order to secure a successful future for religion, people must leave their shells of rusty superstition behind them and follow in the broader path of truth and light, aided by the reason, which is one of our Heaven-born gifts. The world has too long been sitting in a state of inertia, thinking but the thoughts which the fathers accepted, and being satisfied to search no further. Investigation carried on by the aid of the spiritual communion can not and will not injure a truth. Truth can never be destroyed or argued away. "The tree doth not withdraw its shade from the wood-cutter." The more one attempts to hack at a truth, the more clearly is it revealed unto others.

Egypt was to the Greek a sphinx with an intellectual human countenance, so religion was looked upon as a materialized form overgrown with dogmatic vines. Now our eyes are open to the uselessness of these defences, and we are trying with gentle fingers to tear away the vines piece by piece, that the naked structure may be seen in its entirety. This naked structure, as we term it, is nothing but truth itself bereft of all the non-essentials with which mankind have been determined it shall be clothed. There is a superfluous earthrind, which has adhered to the people of the past, and too much of it still clings to us.

Are the people of this world stepping out of their darkened past rapidly enough? Are they allowing their lenses to expand to meet the more brilliant light of a future faith? The human race have not yet approached the age of *reason*, they have not yet touched the goal of a perfect religion. But the growth *is* very perceptible, and we as a Society find that others are coming up to us in the grand march. Let us keep our eye single unto God, let our faith in Him be unwavering, so

that the headway may be clear and the advancement certain.

The time was when the heavy tug against opposing forces was necessarily very great—when this Society had to take its stand at the extreme end of the rope in order that certain hollow forms might be thrown aside for more spiritual observances. The infancy of our Religious Body has past. The great opposition of near three centuries ago has finally melted into a growing recognition of our true spiritual faith. Rituals, creeds and ceremonies will drop from the earth just as soon as we are brought to discern *truth* from its symbol. This is the *only* light of which the spiritual world knows aught. Think of how our fathers groped for the truth, and how they never found her, save dressed in forms and covered with rituals.

I hail the day, my friends,  
When truth, untrammelled by superstitious dread,  
(This lurking foe which blinds man's keener sight),  
Shall, in unbroken beauty, occupy our breasts.

The slavery of binding dogmas  
Once held the keys of darkened thought ;  
No growth was there except  
One broke the chain, and breathed, as God intended, his freer air.

The time of human slavery has passed away.  
Let not the soul, with its God-given freedom,  
Be subject to any thralldom ;  
But rather let it soar in the unclouded air,  
And undisturbed in righteous deeds,  
It passes on to God, who looks not to our creeds.

True Christianity is a spirit rather than a code. It is an inspiration from which codes and rules may come, but it does not give them.

A very encouraging fact is that all peoples seem to be on the upward grade of spiritualization. The great world of mankind is simply beginning to understand itself. A finer sense of right will follow a better educated conscience. A conscience so taught is able to look with charity on all the race, and it will judge not, lest it be thereby judged.

Kindly thoughts, and Christian charity, tenderness, and the all-pervading love, are elements sufficient to make us

followers of the gentle Nazarine. In my opinion the religion of the future will be composed simply of these higher attributes of the soul. The enlightenment will be great enough to lead up to such an issue. The spiritual education has been slow, but the time is not far distant when people will cease to worship God through man, and will learn that no mediator is needed between us and the great Spirit. "Our faith," says Hawthorne, "can well afford to lose all the drapery that even the holiest men have thrown around it and be only the more sublime in its simplicity."

Let us, my Friends, be foremost  
In the growing needs of time,  
Let our hands ne'er be backward  
To lead the righteous line.

Do not heed the opposition  
That may face you on the way,  
But forever faithfully toil,  
You may see the brighter day.

Look not backward for instruction,  
Look at the present need and time,  
Grasp to-day the good before thee,  
Grasp the truth, and it is thine.

Cheppaquá. ELLA WEEKS.

### CONTENTMENT.

Perhaps there is no lesson so difficult for the human family to master as the lesson of contentment ; making the best of the life and surroundings in which we are cast, instead of striving for that which is beyond our reach.

" True worth is in being, not seeming ;  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good, not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by."

When we come to closely analyze the subject, it is not much that we really need for our earthly happiness. If our friends are false and treacherous, look what hours of pleasant companionship can be spent with books ; they never revile us or spitefully use us ; they never deceive us, or turn us the cold shoulder when most we need their loving counsel and advice. If once they are friends they are always friends, and the words of some good author taken to the heart are a source of joy and consolation that no earthly power can take away.

If it is riches we crave, look around and see if the affluent man partakes of any more happiness than ourselves; see if the roses that strew his path are not covered with thorns, and no matter how much worldly goods his money may purchase, a peace of mind may be ours that the world cannot give nor take away.

I have just been reading, perhaps for the hundredth time, the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and every time I am impressed more and more with its beautiful lesson, it only to illustrate the equality of the human race to enjoy this beautiful world around us, that its pleasures and delights are free to all.

"No price is set on the lavish summer,  
June may be had by the poorest comer."

In an out-door ramble on one of those perfect days we may store up enough sunshine to last for months, and find

"Tongues in trees,  
Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones,  
And good in everything."

I read some time ago of an aged couple, living in the west, who were past eighty years of age, both being blind, and what pleasure they still took in life, and what interest in all around; and I thought their daily lives would preach more powerful sermons than are heard in many of our churches, for to a disposition prone to be despondent some of the religion of to-day has a very depressing effect, by their feeling their utter inability to attain even a shadow of perfection. But by learning to make the best of life wherever the lot is cast, by learning to be content with what has fallen to one's share of the spoils, will tend to lessen the number of rainy days that come in one's life, and help to keep the sun shining perpetually on one's pathway.

I often think of each day as a page in the book of life, which invisible hands are silently turning; pages spotless and unsullied in the morning, but which by night are sadly marred; and when the angel of Death shall have closed the book forever, and written

*finis* on the cover, may we find that each one of us has mastered this one lesson of contentment.

ANNA WASHBURN.

## THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

The works of God are fair for nought,  
Unless our eyes, in seeing,  
See, hidden in the thing, the thought  
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,  
But every part is moulded  
To image forth an inward soul  
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake  
By every tree that trembles,  
Is cast for more than just the sake  
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone  
Because the meadows need it,  
But hath an errand of its own  
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies  
Not merely for their shining,  
But, like the looks of loving eyes,  
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,  
The winds that sigh in blowing,  
Are sent to teach a mystic lore  
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain peak,  
The rivers in their winding,  
Have secrets which, to all who seek,  
Are precious in the finding.

Thus nature dwells within our reach,  
But, though we stand so near her,  
We still interpret half her speech  
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound  
Still listens for the finest,  
Shall hear the noisy world go round  
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright  
Because his heart is tender,  
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light  
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,  
And till it shall be ended,  
The soul of Nature, soul of Man,  
And soul of God are blended.

THEODORE TILTON.

In striving for perfection in anything, it is not wise to despair, even at many failures. While there will be no harm done by repeated efforts, there will always be a possibility of success, and a certainty of getting at least nearer to it.

M. V.



# Young Friends' Review

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## EDITORIAL STAFF:

S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream.

ELIZABETH S. STOVER, M. E. L., Norwich.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, B. A., Coldstream.

ISAAC WILSON, Bloomfield.

SERENA MINARD Sparta.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, *Managing Editor.*

S. P. ZAVITZ, *Treasurer and Business  
Correspondent.*

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## ANOTHER SPECIAL OFFER.

We find more and more, as our paper grows older and increases in circulation, that it is filling not only a long-felt want as a young Friends' paper, but that a low-priced publication such as the REVIEW was much needed in our Society. There were hundreds of Friends' homes in which a Friends' paper never entered. This should not be. We shall do our utmost to make no excuse for such lack. Many have acknowledged, and we believe most of our readers are ready to acknowledge, that we publish a thoroughly Friends' paper, worthy of entering any Friends' home, and interesting alike to young and old. We send this paper to any address in Can-

ada or the United States for 50 cents a year, *free of postage.* For the past year we have been searching out Friends scattered over the far West, and have succeeded in finding many, to whom we send the REVIEW for 25 cents per year, but we wish to find many more out there yet, and continue the offer another year.

We now extend our *special rates* still further, as follows: *Any Preparative, Monthly, Quarterly or Half Yearly Meeting in our Society* sending us the names and address of twenty or more of its *isolated members*, with the money, we will send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to them for one year at 25 cents each, if they live in Canada or the United States.

We think Friends should, without exception, take advantage of this most liberal offer. *It is for one year only.* We ask our readers to bring this offer to the notice of their respective meetings without delay. Now that we, as a Society, are interested in searching out our scattered Friends, let us make our work EFFECTIVE, and how can we better show to these Friends that we are still interested in them, and at so small a cost, than by sending them the REVIEW a whole year at 25 cents each. Help us make the REVIEW the connecting link between these Friends removed from the the direct influence of our meetings and our Society, and we will endeavor to promote the interests of both

There is much to encourage those who take a broad and liberal view of religion when they study the trend of religious tendencies of the present day. The liberal denominations, among which we may class the Society of Friends, though numerically weak, have, and are still exerting an influence in the religious world, altogether out of proportion to their numbers. They are the leaven which is leavening the whole lump of evangelical Christendom. This is, therefore, no time for discouragement, nor for standing still. We should correct our shortcomings and

press forward and upward. The path to higher heights lead not to ordinances and ceremonies from which George Fox and his immediate followers freed us, but to a religion at once spiritual and practical. We are sorry to see a wing of one branch of Friends retrograding in this respect, while the great body of the religious world is loosening its hold on these things.

We but speak the opinions of a goodly number of "Orthodox" Friends in this matter. One of its members writes us:

"Oh that all claiming the name of Friends might unite upon the broad platform so well represented by the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. But in one large body of Friends, although they have recently refused to authorize the use of water baptism, there is a plain tendency and disposition so to conduct their meetings as to shift much of the work of personal religion from the membership at large upon a paid clergy, who partially, perhaps in self-preservation, as a class direct their chief efforts to the inculcation of certain opinions that have little practical bearing upon life or conduct, and whose meetings are so crowded with entertaining exercises, when the words of truth are not being expounded, as to leave little opportunity therein for reflection or introspection. Having a birthright with them, I raise no question as to the correctness of their teachings, but to me their method seems to have in it too much of tumultuous hurry and too little encouragement of the important individual work of seeking to know more of truth and duty. Kind friends, please to excuse the foregoing crude expression of dissent from 'Orthodox Quakerism.' Had I since my boyhood, been situated nearer to their meetings and kept more closely under their tuition, I might not have found myself out of sympathy with any of their methods. I am in accord with the progressive and practical spirit of organic and individual activity, which now more than formerly seems to characterize nearly all religious bodies

holding the name of Friends, and I believe these societies still have a useful mission to accomplish."

We know there are very many in other denominations, even among those terming themselves "orthodox," who stand upon the broad and reasonable platform earnestly, though too feebly, advocated by the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. We believe there are more of our Friends who will not enjoy or endorse the views expressed in the sermon we publish this month, which we copy word for word as it was reported in the *Christian Register*. We dare not say, we have no desire to say, that such ministers are not inspired to present such truths to the multitudes. It speaks well for a more reasonable theology to prevail in the near future when we see, as we quite often do of late, eminent ministers breaking from the narrow dogmas of their sect, and preaching the religion of Jesus Christ in its simplicity and truth.

Courage, young Friends, the prospect is bright for broadcasting a more reasonable religion in the near future—a Christianity as Christ taught it, and is teaching it to-day in the hearts of those who have opened the door to His divine influence.

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Thomas Foulke, of New York City, for many years a prominent minister in our Society, is dead.

The winter in Ontario has been exceptionally mild. We have had scarcely any snow, and very little frost in the ground, but many rainy and damp days. "La Grippe" has been prevalent, and, as a consequence, the death rate has been materially raised.

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We know not what act, word, or even look, of ours may make or mar another's life. Sometimes a seeming trifle serves to turn the scale one way or the other; yet we, in many instances, pass on unheeding, and never know the extent of good or evil we have done.

M. V.

## DEATHS.

THOMAS.—Henry Thomas died at his home at Dixon, Richland County, Wisconsin, the 13th of 11th mo., 1889, aged 94 years, 4 mos. and 22 days.

He was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., moved to Herkimer County, when twenty years old, where he lived until 1867, when he moved to Wisconsin.

DORCAS THOMAS.

FREEMAN.—Mary Freeman, aged 73 years, passed peacefully away 1st mo., 4th.

She was a member of East Hamburg, N. Y., Monthly Meeting of Friends, and widow of the late Elisha Freeman. The funeral took place on the 7th at Friends' meeting-house. John J. Cornell was in attendance, and bore testimony to the long, useful and beautiful life she had led.

BURDSALL.—Died on the 29th of 12th mo., last, at his residence in Purchase, N. Y., of which Meeting he was a valued member and elder, Ellwood Burdsall, aged about 75 years.

Of this beloved Friend it may be truly said that his memory to a very large circle of friends, to whom his genial spirit had greatly endeared him, is most precious. His removal has made a void that will not be easily filled. His funeral, which occurred on the 3rd of 1st mo., was very large, on which occasion living testimonies were borne to the excellency of that Divine grace, through which he had been favored to attain the eminent virtues which so conspicuously shone in his character.

E. H. BARNES.

## LIFE'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

[We publish the following by request, as showing the thoughts and aspirations of a young man who afterwards, for many years, was a very useful member in our Society, and a prominent figure in our meetings. ED.]

Retire, and consider, O my soul! Almost twenty five years have rolled over my head, and wherein am I profited. This life was given me as a preparation

for eternity; and what progress have I made heavenward? I was placed on this earth to honor and adore my Creator; and what have I done in the length of time that He has been pleased to give me, that has been to His honor or that hath in any degree resounded to His praise? The great Sovereign of Heaven and earth has placed me in a world that displays the highest beauty, order and magnificence, and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment and happiness. He has furnished me with such powers of body and mind as give me dominion over the brute creation. He has placed me in the bands of Society, and has given me a knowledge of my duty. He has invited me to hold communion with Him, and to exalt my own nature by the love and imitation of His divine perfections. Yet have my eyes wandered with brutal gaze over the fair creation, unconscious of the hand from which it sprang. I have rioted in the numerous enjoyments of nature without suitable emotions of gratitude to the great Donor of all those blessings; and I have too often slighted the glorious converse of and forgotten the presents of that Omnipotent Being, to whom I owe my life, my strength and all my enjoyments. And what will be my excuse? Does not each fleeting hour bear witness of my ungratefulness?

O thou greatly dishonored, yet most indulgent, Lord God! I have greatly sinned against Thee, and that against light and knowledge! therefore I have no claim upon thy mercy; but in Thy blessed promises, which are yea and amen forever, I still have hope. Strengthen this my faith, I beseech Thee, and teach me Thy will, and let these serve to put me in mind of duty in my unthoughtful moments. Enable me, merciful Father, to keep covenant with Thee, and grant that I may spend the rest of my days in the service and to the honor and glory of Thy ever worthy name. So be it, saith my spirit.

MERRITT PALMER

12th mo., 7th, 1823.

## AN ACROSTIC.

Young Friends' give attention !  
 O here's in REVIEW,  
 Useful thoughts and instruction  
 Now offered to you.  
 Generous chances are given  
 For all to unfold,  
 Rich talents and gifts,  
 Illuming each soul.  
 Ever keep the bright motto—  
 "Neglect not thy gift,"  
 Daily fixed in your minds,  
 So your lives it will lift.  
 Rousing purest and best,  
 Earnest dreams and desires ;  
 Valued thoughts and experience  
 Is the work it acquires.  
 Each well-used talent you hold  
 Will increase to you twofold.

New Jersey, 1st mo., 1890.

The Editors of the REVIEW.

I have thought for some days I should say more about our very pleasant travel among our American Friends, but time has not permitted until this morning. In the guest chamber at Swarthmore College, we have some leisure.

We have attended many meetings within Baltimore Yearly Meeting, finding in almost every place a strong feeling of enquiry, and in many an awakening of interest ; a wish with the young to become better acquainted with our principles, to know wherein and why we differ from other denominations.

The hospitality of our Southern Friends has often been spoken of, but we can only appreciate it when in their homes ; and not less so in the meeting capacity, finding many so willing to enter into the true feelings of Christian fellowship, that helps so much to make the way easy ; and the kind Father going before all the time, showing the way, affords cause for much thankfulness. We feel that all our social and religious minglings have been occasions of much enjoyment.

But "la grippe" comes along and says halt ; and we obey at once, take to our bed and thankfully accept the generous medical treatment of the inmates of a Virginian home (Thomas Brown's) and we could but feel that our lot was cast in a pleasant place indeed, and can

ever attribute our speedy relief to the untiring efforts of our attendants.

We have not been unmindful of the REVIEW's interests, and am glad to say that I find a hearty response to call for subscribers, a number expressing a high appreciation of it, and I trust it may find its way into many more homes.

Your friend,  
 ISAAC WILSON.  
 Swarthmore, Pa., 1, 27, '90.

SOME THOUGHTS IN RELATION  
TO FRIENDS' TESTIMONIES  
AND DISCIPLINE.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

There are great simplicity, consistency, beauty and sublimity in the profession of the Society of Friends. Their principles and testimonies will bear the closest scrutiny, and the severest criticism. They are as pure as Divinity, as broad as humanity, and as enduring as eternity. Friends desire that all mankind may embrace them, and be blessed. They regard all men as brethren, the children of one common Father. In accordance with the declaration of the blessed Jesus, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Friends *feel* and *acknowledge* that the kind offices of a brother are due by them to every other member of the human family. They feel it to be their solemn duty to work up continually to their highest convictions of right and justice, and their most elevated conceptions of purity and holiness. And they entertain an abiding belief that, as they are earnest and faithful in their desires to do this, and are obedient to all that is manifested to them, they will receive the "Spirit of Truth, which will guide into all Truth," with ability to fulfil all its requirements ; so that the wisdom of God will enlighten their understandings, and the power of God strengthen their spirits, to enable them to accomplish all His work and purposes in regard to them, in the whole economy of human existence.

Here is the foundation upon which the profession of the Society of Friends

rests. It will support all who will build upon it, and it *never can be shaken*. It is the root from which spring, as a natural outgrowth love, peace, justice, truth, and every known virtue and Divine attribute. The *practical* manifestation of these, in every day life, *toward all men*, to the extent of the highest and purest conceptions they can form of their requirements, Friends feel to be obligatory upon them; and this abiding manifestation of these Divine attributes is "God manifest in the flesh." Such being led by the Spirit of God, are sons of God.

For the REVIEW.

I know there is but little we can do for each other, but the query frequently arises: Are we performing *that little* to the glory of God? Are we exerting an influence for good with our associates, thereby encouraging them, with ourselves, to the performance of every act that our Heavenly Father calls for at our hands? He has promised to write his law in our hearts, so we should have no need to go to a brother enquiring: "Know ye the Lord, for all shall know me from the least to the greatest." Each of us have an understanding of right from wrong, which comes from God, and how thankful we should be to Him for this knowledge. We are dependent upon this Supreme Being for every blessing we enjoy. The older I grow, the more I feel the importance of gathering together for religious worship. If we are truly mindful of the many blessings bestowed upon us, when meeting-day comes we will love to meet with our friends, and thank God for the privilege. I never heard of a person who was faithful in the attendance of religious meetings ever regretting the time thus spent when nearing the border shore of time. But I have heard dying testimonies giving evidence of the satisfaction and peace derived from being faithful in the discharge of this duty. It is right and proper to provide for the physical body, but there is sufficient time given by an

all-wise Creator to accomplish all he requires of us, both for our physical and spiritual well-being. The promise is: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Purchase. ROBERT BARNES.

#### THE SOUL—ITS NATURE, ORIGIN AND IMMORTALITY.

The writer feels to add the following to that which has already been expressed by him; that God is a principle, and the innate conception of this Active Principle—child of God, linneal heir—liveth because its Father lives; for that which is of the divine is imperishable—furnishing the children of men (through divine conception) knowledge of the immortal heirship. The dissolution of the physical changeth or altereth not the substance of this Principle and Son, whether in or out of the body. Spiritual affinity remains, as God is unchangeable; which is not deciphered by the natural man—while it is known to the spiritual conception; and living in accordance with these openings, we discover this Principle, its attributes and everything proceeding therefrom, is of the immortal. Hence, man's happiness in living in and dying in the Lord. And in association with kindred spirits the human family recognize a life in the divine household attained through openings of this Principle to its linneal ancestry (so to speak), involving duties, the compliance of which secures unity therein of spirit. And when in subordination to this immortal birth, we experience God in man reconciling man to Himself, whom we serve and obey understandingly—because we are from and of the immortal Seed, because we are (so to speak) flesh of His flesh and bone of His bone—the substance of things not seen; children of immortal progeny, by which revelation discloses the relationship of Father and Son—establisshing the identity of the divine birth, consequently immortal.

H. G. M.

## WHITCHURCH F. D. S.

Thinking that perhaps a brief history of our school may be encouraging to some others similarly situated, I venture to offer the following :

Having felt for some time a need of something to awaken an interest in our Society in this neighborhood, we were induced to make an attempt to organize a F. D. S. This we accomplished the 27th of Second mo. under very discouraging circumstances, there being a union school one and a-quarter miles from our meeting-house. There are also very few young people attending our meeting, so we extended an invitation to all who were interested in the work to come and help us. It was responded to by an attendance of 45 on the first day, of which probably two-thirds were not members of our Society. The number gradually increased to 75, and the average attendance since organizing was 50, which we consider very encouraging under the circumstances.

We intend continuing the school the year through. We see no cause for closing in the winter, as we see, by reports, that some schools have done. We had 62 in attendance last First-day, with the roads very bad. With a little extra effort in the morning (as we hold our school at 10 o'clock) we find we can get there without much inconvenience. We use Friends' F. D. S. Lesson Quarters, which we find of great value. We find that the school has had the effect of sometimes doubling the attendance at meeting, many remaining that previously did not attend.

On the evening of the second day of this year we held an entertainment and Christmas tree, upon which were hung prizes for all the pupils in the three junior classes. The prizes had been carefully selected. Each child received a reward in proportion to his or her merits, judged by regularity of attendance and the number of verses committed to memory. The programme consisted of readings, recitations and

dialogues by the children, and addresses by other F. D. S. workers. Judging from the attention and order of the audience, which filled the house, all were well pleased and interested, and the children and other members of the school were encouraged to continue in the good work. C. WILSON.

Newmarket, Ont., 1st mo., '89

## SWARTHMORE COLLEGE NEWS

Isaac Wilson and wife, of Canada, were at the College on First-day, the 26th ult. They were then on their way north, after having spent three weeks among Virginia Friends.

The first College reception of this year will take place on the 8th of 2nd mo. The Committee, which is selected from all college classes, is as follows: Mary D. Palmer and Samuel R. Lippincott, '90; Edward C. Wilson and Cosmelia J. Brown, '91; Benj. F. Rattin and Ellen Pyle, '92; E. Pusey Swarthmore and Elizabeth G. Guilford, '93.

Swarthmore's athletes are already in training for the various spring sports, and it is hoped that the former good standing of the college in this direction will be maintained.

By the death of Elizabeth T. Hicks, of Jamaica, Long Island, Swarthmore has received a bequest of \$25,000.

The annual Swarthmore reunion will be held on the 15th of 2nd mo., at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia. All men of the alumni classes will be invited to this gathering, as it is entirely separate from the alumni reception which follows Commencement day.

The influenza has been prevalent at the college since the mid-winter vacation, but has not seriously interfered with the regular college work. Several professors have been under its influence.

The senior-sophomore reception will follow soon the college reception. The senior committee has been appointed to make arrangements for the evening with their allies.

Professor William P. Holcomb was

elected one of the vice-presidents of the American academy of political and social science.

Among the visitors recently registered at the college are: James E. Verree, '83; Florence D. Reid, ex-92; Elizabeth B. Parker, '89; Jane Watson, ex-91; Grant Dibert, ex-91; Joseph Bringhurst, ex-91, and E. Lawrence Fell, B. S. '88.

The annual gymnasium exhibition will take place on Fourth-day afternoon, 2nd mo. 19th. The entries close on 2nd mo. 17th.

Dr. Spencer Trotter, of the biological department, has started a course of six lectures at Brown's Delancy Place School, Philadelphia.

Two new organizations have been formed at the college.

The Tan Delta Omicron fraternity, lately incorporated, is confined at present to members of the class of '93. The Telegraph club, recently formed, has adopted a badge.

The college catalogue for 1889-90 has been distributed. It shows the total number of college students to be 163.

Elizabeth Powell Bond was absent, on a visit to friends in Massachusetts, during the week ending 1st mo. 25th.

Preparations are being made by all students for the close of the first semester, which involves many final examinations. Programmes for the second semester have been distributed and all electives in on the 1st of 2nd mo.

A gold medal will be offered this year, as last by Assistant Professor Furman, for the best recitation in the senior class.

Professors J. W. Redway and Aaron B. Inins, of Philadelphia, gave lectures at the college on the 18th ult. These men were here in connection with the class in pedagogy. Several lectures have been arranged for in this course, and will follow in rapid succession.

The junior orations, in competition for the Phoenix prizes, were given to the judges on the 25th ult. for decision.

The public speaking will be held in 3rd mo.

Class and Society elections are now being brought forward with great energy. The elections will in many cases be very close, as the work is being carried to an issue never before witnessed at Swarthmore.

E. C. W.

## WHITE CROSS LEAGUE.

On the evening of eleventh month, first, just after the close of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, the White Cross League of Baltimore Friends met, and listened to an address by Isaac Wilson, and to short talks from various other Friends. It was thought by some of those present that readers of the REVIEW might be interested in hearing of the League and perhaps some might see a duty in helping to extend the movement.

The League originated in England within the last decade, and has spread rapidly throughout that country and America. Its object as indicated by its pledge is to work for purity of thought, speech and action among men and boys. Anyone who has experience with different classes of men will realize at once the importance of such work. It attempts at least to supply what seems like a criminal neglect in the education of children. While they are taught something of almost all the sciences, the science of their own lives is either not taught at all, or is so taught that the dangers which meet every child early in life are glossed over and left without explanation. The extent to which parents fail in this responsibility is surprising. It is manifestly impossible for an organization to attempt to supply the instruction which all young children should have concerning their physical make up. The League undertakes to deal only with those of such an age that they can receive instruction through books and occasional lectures.

As an illustration of the work an

outline of the programme of the Baltimore League may be of interest. The membership includes men and boys over fifteen years of age who subscribe to the pledge, promising to treat all women with respect, and to shield them from degradation and insult; to endeavor to put down obscene and indecent language, and hold all laws of purity as equally binding on both sexes. It is intended to hold monthly meetings which will be addressed on subjects pertaining to the objects of the League. Literature will be distributed and an effort made to give to members an intelligent understanding of their physical machinery and of the laws of its well-being.

This is a work which needs doing everywhere and it is a work where every stroke tells. It is hoped that some who read this will see in it an opportunity and will lend a hand. Any information concerning the formation of Leagues, pledge cards, or literature can be had by applying to the President of the Baltimore League, Edw. B. Rawson, care John Hopkins' University, Baltimore.

WHAT SHALL WE SING?

A REPLY.

Let us sing in our hearts, as the bird on the bough

Pours the melody out from his soul,  
Till the echoes are wakened, he scarcely knows how,

And great anthems through wooded lands roll

And as bird answers bird when their joy-notes are heard

Floating out on the atmosphere bland,  
So will heart answer heart without symbol or word,

Till the earth yields a praise-anthem grand.

And it swells, and it rolls from equator to poles,  
And it mounts to each planet most high,  
Till the echo is caught by each body that rolls  
In its endless course on through the sky.

Let the heart, like the bird, when its best tones are heard,

Sing the song that to it hath been given,  
For in fulness of heart, or in gladness of bird,  
Still song is the rich gift of heaven.

If we sing like the nightingale, sweeter by far  
When the twilight shades gather around,  
The joy of the echo no shadow can mar,  
And the darkness with peace will abound.

Who would chant like the mourning-dove's woful refrain

Intonations so solemnly sad,  
That if any, in passing, should bark to the strain,

They, in pity, would cease to be glad?

There are those who will croak like the blue-jay's sharp note,

That will grate on a sensitive ear.  
All life's beauty and grandeur seems lost in their throat,

But from them we have nothing to fear.

For as discords in music bring out the pure tone  
Of the melody clearer to view,

So mellifluous lives in full contrast are shown,  
By the dissonant ones of the few.

We've no trouble in choosing which song should be ours,

If we lend our ear singly to each,  
For the breezes will bear it to us from the flowers,

And all nature the lesson will teach.

A lesson of harmony, grandly supreme,  
From the smallest to greatest appears;  
When we put our own lives in accord with the theme.

We shall list to the song of the spheres.

The same song they sang in that earlier time,  
When life's beauty knew not an alloy;  
When the morning stars sang in a chorus sublime,

And the sons of God shouted for joy.

JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, N. Y.

REVEALED.

A detective, who had been very successful in discovering and arresting criminals under every disguise, said, lately: "I have but one rule to guide me. I obtain a picture of the man and examine his eye. Then I search for that eye. Every other feature of his face, together with his height, his size, his dress, he can alter. But his eye he cannot change. That tells the story."

A gentleman who has long made a study of amateur photography asserts that its chief interest to him lies in the unconscious revelation of character in a photographed face. "If a man has any noble or mean trait latent in his



nature unknown to the world, it comes out in his photograph."

Hawthorne declared that dominant family traits and likenesses were always revealed in these sun-drawn pictures, even though they might not be visible on the real faces of the sitters.

These assertions, if correct, only illustrate a truth which is as old as mankind: that as years go by, the character of a man writes itself indelibly upon his face.

Not only the action, whether mean or noble, but the secret thoughts which are never put into deeds, — the sensual imagination, the cruel purpose, the lofty hope, the kind feeling, all these record themselves upon the features or at some unexpected moment peep out at the world from behind the eye.

The sin which we welcomed as a pleasant guest in youth may be hateful to us in middle age, but we can never again make it a stranger to us. Some look or mark in our faces betrays to a keen observer that we were once familiar with it.

Among the superstitious legends of the Scotch there are many stories of an unclean, wicked little fairy, who obtains entrance to a house, and lives there after in the cellars and coal-bins, taking a mischievous part in the family life.

His precautions became so intolerable to one household, we are told, that they hired a new dwelling, and at great loss "flitted" from their old house, going secretly by night, to escape their tormenter. But when the cart with their movables entered the gate of their new home the shrill, hateful voice of the wicked fairy was heard from among them, crying: "Here we are!"

The legend hints at a horrible truth. How many men have rushed from one occupation to another, from home to home, from country to country, to escape some vice or habit which had grown loathsome to them! Alas, they could not travel away from themselves.

God's grace, it is true, can banish the evil spirit from the heart, but the mark of its footprint remains upon the

threshold while life lasts. It is in youth that we must shut the door if we would keep that inner chamber undefiled.—*Exchange.*

In journeying along the Road of Life it is a wise thing to make our fellow travelers our friends. The way, rough as it may seem, may be pleasantly beguiled with an interchange of kindly offices and pleasant words. Suavity and forbearance are essential elements of good companionship, and no one need to expect to pass pleasantly through life who does not *habitually* exercise them in his intercourse with his fellows.—[Hall's Journal.]

## SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

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This is a select home-school where each pupil is treated as a member of the Principal's family and brought under the influence of refined home culture; situated in the pleasant and healthful city of Plainfield, with large grounds and a good gymnasium. The buildings are brick, heated by steam and light by gas. The aim of this school is to prepare students for the Swathmore College, or any other college they may desire to enter, and to furnish a good business education. We endeavor to develop our pupils mentally, morally and physically so as to produce the best results.

We desire to develop intelligent, upright, honest men and women, and to this end we aim to surround them with such influences as will bring out their better natures, and inspire a desire for study and improvement. For particulars address, EDWARD N. HARNED, Principal.

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