

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XV.

LONDON, ONT., CANADA, SECOND MONTH, 1890.

No. 2

THE DOUKHOBORS

Out of the land of bondage, out of the
realm of the Czar ;
Into the land of freedom, where all men
equal are :

Out of the land of darkness, into the land
of light ;
Exiles, *driven from home because ye
would not fight :

Basely abused were ye, as the reports de-
clare ;
Faint and famished, and mangled under
the paws of the bear.

But pour we the balm of gladness into
your hearts of grief,
Here in the land of the beaver, in the
shade of the maple leaf,

Welcome to Canada ! to the home of the
open door.
Welcome, and glad you have come, ye
peace-loving Doukhobor.

Areas vast have we, of prairies, and
mines, and moors,
Awaiting to give up their wealth to
brawny hands like yours.

Ye make little pretense at religion, but
still ye put to shame
The apostate church of Jesus Christ that
war and fight in his name.

Truly your God is with you supporting you
in the strife,
Your enemies have their reward in this, you
yours in the future life.

The path of duty is simple, just to render
all control,
Of thought, and feeling and action, to the
Christ-light in the soul.

It never was known to falter, and never
was known to err.
The Father imparts his wisdom to his chil-
dren everywhere.

We want you to learn our language, to talk
with you face to face,
We know you will do this task with a ready
and willing grace,

For you are as eager as we to gain the
wondrous art
That tells of the love and goodness that
hides in each other's heart.

So we greet you as our brothers in the
holy bonds of love
Ye who strive to make this earth home like
the blessed home above.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

MY PET NOVELIST—GEORGE ELIOT.

A pet in literature, a pet in art, or
in fact a pet in any peculiar trend of
thought, bears the impress of greatness
to our mental vision. We soon famil-
iarize ourselves with the stupendous
strength and force of such a mind,
gradually overshadowing as it does,
the weaker and more human frailties.
Our favoritisms are never engendered
by a thorough study of motive, or,
what the world terms, deeds. Deeds
are like children born to us, they live
and act apart from our own wills. It
has been said by my pet novelist,
"Children may be strangled, but deeds
never."

While we may be somewhat blind to
the many weaknesses accompanying a
bit of human nature, at the same time
we see down deeper into the soul, the
birthplace of the mightiest and most
controlling thoughts. In the painful
linking together of our waking impres-
sions, we can never be sure we have
not mingled our own errors with the
light we have prayed for.

If we look for motive, for exotic in-
fluence, for anything that may occur to
our external selves, we certainly lose
sight of the force, the spirit and the
strength which alone should appeal to
us ; God takes care of the rest.

Geo. Eliot, the most subtle, and the

greatest delineator among novelists, bequeaths to us a rich legacy in her philosophy and her history as well. The strong impassioned force she puts in the mouth of Savonarola in his appeal to Florence will last as long as literature survives. Nothing has ever been written that bears the stamp of a finer bit of eloquence. Listen to this, as Savonarola, standing in the Duoms, said in his melodious tone: "There is a stillness before the storm; lo, there is blackness above, but not a leaf quakes; the winds are staid, the voice of God's warning might be heard. Hear it now, O, Florence, chosen city in the chosen land. Repent, and forsake evil; do justice; love mercy; put away all uncleanness from among you, that the spirit of truth and holiness may fill your souls and breathe through all your streets and habitations, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt."

Think you, it is possible that out of uncleanness should emanate such lofty purity of conception and diction; think you a wilful wrongdoer could conceive of thoughts that pierce the night like stars, and lead men's souls to vaster issues? Never! The intellectual world has reached a milder judgment, not smiling at sin, but leaving the unknown to Him who formed the known.

The writer of fiction, who stands pre-eminently above all others as a delineator of human character, must certainly possess an unmeasured depth of insight, a clear concept of the duties and responsibilities devolving upon the human, and lastly, he or she must be a philosopher. The successful portrayal of sin always puts it in the guise of an unsightly monster. This power Geo. Eliot possessed in a matchless degree. All of her characters who strayed from the narrow path were made to suffer the penalty, which her pen paints in vivid colors, so vivid that we, looking upon the picture, never

can forget the painful thought back of the pen sketch. Geo. Eliot is not an author for the common herd; she belongs to a select few, so to speak, to those alone who can appreciate her creative power. No writer of stories has ever touched the key-note of her tenderness, or of her intensity; no one has ever approached her in depth of study and completion.

The writer who blends history with fiction must needs be a thorough student. Not only must such an author be familiar with historical events, but also he or she must be conversant with the language, the names and customs of the people about whom the author writes. Geo. Eliot studied years before she attempted to portray one little scene; years of hard unceasing toil preceded every literary achievement. In appreciation of the above fact, we realize that the author who wins our most profound esteem and admiration must ever be the one who can write such books as appeal most deeply to our other and more spiritual self. A careful study of Geo. Eliot as an author, and as a woman, proves her to have been endowed with the mental acumen and with the conscious power to weigh all men from such accurate human standing as the literary world has never seen before.

Tennyson says every wish is a silent prayer. If that be true, then Geo. Eliot's creed must bear the stamp of an actual outpouring.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence :
live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge
man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is Heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beautiful under that control,
With growing sway the growing life of man

So we inherit that sweet purity
 For which we struggled, failed and
 — agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred
 despair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be sub-
 dued,

A vicious parent shaming still it's child,
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
 Its discords, quenched by meeting
 harmonies,

Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,
 That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burden of the
 world,

Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better—saw within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude.
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 The higher reverence more mixed with
 love—

That better self shall live till human Time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
 Unread forever..

This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more
 glorious

For us who strive to follow.

May I reach

That purest Heaven; be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty.
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion even more intense,
 So shall I join the choir invisible,
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

MARY ELLA W. CLARK.

THE SYMPHONY OF SILENCE.

The subject of our Silent Meetings may be a hackneyed one, yet new phases of it are being revealed to the writer in his own private experience, which are, it seems to him, of very great importance to the Society which seeks to find in silence a basis for religious worship. From anything we may say we do not want it inferred that we are not in sympathy with the custom of public speaking as practised by Friends, that is, when moved to do so by the acknowledged head of the church. Our ministers, we believe, are not accorded any more sympathy

and esteem than they deserve for their self sacrificing and laborious efforts in fulfilling the demands of the ministry. But our present concern is a consideration of the conditions that promote what is called a Silent Meeting held in the *life*. While we rejoice as a Society in the peculiarity of making silence the basis of our religious worship, yet it seems to us that many of our own members are too ignorant of the conditions of the silence that is *living*. Too often do we hear such expressions as these, "If we only had a minister here we could keep up our meetings." We would invite our neighbors in if we knew there was going to be speaking."

In passing I would invite the reader to reflect, and if his observations are at all similar to those of the writer, they will inform him that meetings where the ministry has been customary are as prone to decay as where it is not. I can too easily recall memorable instances where the meetings died out under the powerful preaching of, I believe, inspired ministers. It was not the fault of the ministers or the vocal ministry, but it was there the same as in silent meetings, the silence—the basis of our meetings for worship—was not kept *living*. Hence it is important to our Society to consider what are the conditions that constitute a *living* silence.

God created man in His own image—that is spiritual, for "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit." Then worship, far from being done with the lips or with musical instruments, must be done by the spirit in man. There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding. Then God does impart understanding, wisdom, knowledge to man. Man is commanded to pray, "pray without ceasing." So an interchange of thought goes on between man and God, a communing between the finite and the Infinite.

This is worship simple. It may happen at any time and anywhere: behind the plow or behind the counter; in the office or in the kitchen; alone or in the vast throng.

But it is a law that man cannot live to himself alone. In the world he finds himself part of a complex whole. He cannot be in society without being influenced by it and imparting his impress upon it. Thus worship in a congregation becomes a complex affair. If it is a living worship it becomes a divine symphony, wherein is no discord or marring note. Each individual soul is attuned by love in adoration of its Maker, and all join in one sweet anthem to the one God. I have at times felt that my spirit was playing its allotted part in such a symphony. Not only was I conscious of my own part, but my soul was thrilled with ecstasy at the grand oratorio that arose from the worshipful congregation, without one jarring note of anger, selfishness or jealousy. If any came with such in their hearts it melted away before the irresistible power of such living worship. And they who came once and became passive to the blessed influence would return. If any has met with a loss nothing like the living presence of the Saviour and the silent sympathy of friends to heal the wound.

If any has fallen through sin nothing like the forgiving Saviour and the loving friends to reinstall the penitent. And how it bestows strength to the soul that sends its influence on these missions of healing, and sympathy and love unto the unfortunate. The more it gives of its love the more it gains.

Never was anything more inspiring and uplifting, more sweet and harmonious, than is a Friends meeting when held in the life, each soul thrilled with divine love and vibrating to the Master's will, giving out its appointed notes that blend with and perfect the universal strain.

In this way and in this way alone

can we carry out the injunction of George Fox when he admonished Friends to hold all their meetings in the power of the Lord.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

EARLY FRIENDS AS ADVOCATES OF PEACE.

Read by Ethel Zavitz, at Coldstream Y. F. A.

(CONCLUSION)

It has been asked what would these advocates of peace say to him who struck him on the right cheek? Would they turn to him the other? What would these patient moralists say to him who robbed them of a coat? Would they give him a cloak also? What would these philanthropists say to him who asked them to lend a hundred pounds? Would they not turn away?

It is willingly granted that not all the precepts from the Mount were designed to be literally obeyed in the intercourse of life. To show that their meaning is not literal, is not to show that they do not forbid war. It is not necessary to discuss the precise signification of some of the precepts from the Mount or to define what limits Christianity may admit in their application; since, whatever exceptions she may allow, it is manifest what she does not allow.

Of the injunctions that are contrasted with "eye for eye and tooth for tooth," the entire scope and purpose is the suppression of the violent passions, and the inculcation of forbearance, forgiveness, benevolence and love. They forbid, not specifically the act, but the spirit of war, and this method of prohibition Christ ordinarily employed. He did not often condemn the individual doctrines, or customs of the age, but He condemned the passions by which only vice could exist, and inculcated the truth which dismissed every error.

In the American history it is told that in the beginning of the last cen-

ture, a desolatory and most dreadful warfare, carried on by the natives against the European settlers; a warfare that was provoked by the unjust and violent conduct of the Christians. The mode of destruction was secret and sudden. The barbarians sometimes lay in wait for those who might come within their reach on the highway, or in the fields, and shot them without warning, and sometimes they attacked the Europeans in their homes. From this horrible warfare the inhabitants sought safety by abandoning their homes, and retiring to fortified places, and those whom necessity still compelled to pass beyond the limits of such protection, provided themselves with arms for their defence. But amidst this dreadful desolation and universal terror the Society of Friends' were steadfast to their principles. They would neither retire to garrison, nor provide themselves with arms. They remained openly in the country while the rest were flying to the forts. They still pursued their occupation in the fields, or at their homes without a weapon, either for annoyance or defence. And what was their fate? They lived in security and quietness. The habitation, which to their armed neighbors was a scene of murder, was to the unarmed Quaker a place of safety and peace.

The fate of the Quakers during the Rebellion in Ireland was nearly similar. It is well known that the rebellion was a time not only of open war, but of cold-blooded murder; of the utmost fury of bigotry and exasperation of revenge. Yet the Quakers were preserved even to a proverb; and when strangers passed through streets of ruin and observed a house standing uninjured and alone, they would sometimes point and say, "That, doubtless, is the house of a Quaker." So complete, indeed, was the preservation which these people experienced, that in an official document of the Society they say, "No member of our Society

fell a sacrifice but one young man," and that one had assumed regimentals and arms. The Moravians, whose principles of war were similar to those of the Quakers, experienced also similar preservation.

It were to no purpose to say, in opposition to the evidence of these facts, that they form an exception to the general rule. The exception to the rule consists in the trial of the experiment of non-resistance, not in the success. Neither were it to any purpose to say that the savages of America or the desperadoes of Ireland spared the Quakers because they were previously known to be an unoffending people, or because the Quakers had previously gained the love of these by forbearance or good offices. A uniform undeviating regard to the peaceable obligations of Christianity becomes the safeguard of those who practice it.

The evidence of experience is that a people who habitually regard the obligations of Christianity in their conduct towards other men, and who steadfastly refuse through whatever consequences to engage in acts of hostility, will experience protection in their peacefulness.

Ramond, in his travels in the Pyrenees, says he fell in from time to time with those desperate marauders who infested the boundaries of Spain and Italy, men who were familiar with danger and robbery and blood. What did experience teach him was the most efficient means of preserving himself from injury? To go unarmed. He found that he had "little to apprehend from men whom we inspire with no distrust or envy, and everything to expect in those from whom we claim only what is due from man to man. The laws of nature still exist for those who have long shaken off the law of civil government." "The assassin has been my guide in the defiles of the boundaries of Italy; the smuggler of the Pyrenees has received me with a welcome in his secret paths. Armed, I

should have been the enemy of both; unarmed, they have alike respected me. In such expectation I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever. Arms irritate the wicked and intimidate the simple. The man of peace amongst mankind has a much more sacred defence—his character." Such has been the experience of the unoffending and unresisting in individual life.

A national example of a refusal to bear arms has only once been exhibited to the world; but that one example has proved, all that humanity could desire, and all that skepticism could demand, in favor of our argument.

It has been the ordinary practice of those who have colonized distant countries to force a footing, or to maintain it with the sword. One of the first objects has been to build a fort and to provide a military defense. The adventurers became soldiers and the colony was a garrison. Pennsylvania was, however, colonized by men who believed that war was absolutely incompatible with Christianity, and who therefore resolved not to practice it. Having determined not to fight, they maintained no soldiers and possessed no arms. They planted themselves in a country that was surrounded by savages who knew they were unarmed. If easiness of conquest, or incapability of defence, could subject them to outrage, the Pennsylvanians might have been the very sport of violence. Plunderers might have robbed them without retaliation, and armies might have slaughtered them without resistance. If they did not show a temptation to outrage, no temptation could be given. But these were people who possessed their country in security, whilst those around them were trembling for their existence. This was a land of peace while every other was a land of war. The conclusion is inevitable, although it is extraordinary:—They were in no need of arms because they would not use them.

IN MEMORY OF EMILY MCKELLAR

(Formerly Emma Marsh, of Coldstream)

Home to the land of her beautiful childhood,
Comes she with husband and children
and friend,
Passing through landscapes of mountain
and wildwood
That brightens the spirit as inward they
blend.

How we rejoice at our dear ones returning,
After long absence in some foreign land,
Scarce can we curb in the passionate
yearning,
The joyful and happy surprises we've
planned.

But lo, all unviewed pass the marvellous
visions;
The rivers flow lonely, the mountains
stand drear:
No heart now to revel in nature's elysians;
For she whom we love has a bed on the
bier.

Home again to us, but oh, what a home
bringing!
Clay, lifeless, senseless, voiceless and
cold,
In place of form beaming, eyes love-lit,
voice ringing,
And soul thrilled and inspired of our
Emma of old.

When Goethe heard Schiller was dead,
he lamented,
And cried out that half his existence
was gone,
And thus did we feel when those ties that
cemented
Our spirits with Emma were snapped
and undone.

For as sister and daughter, and friend in
idea,
Her life with our lives were inwove and
entwined;
She shared in our sorrow, rejoiced in our
weal,
Was oft in our home, and more oft in
our mind.

If asked what she excelled in, though all
virtues blended
Serenely, there was one that outdid all
its brothers:
The one that's most Christ-like, as I com-
prehend it—
Forgetful of self in the welfare of others.

Ye say she has left us, but ye are mistaken;
The sinless and virtuous soul cannot die;
And she was not one that would leave us
forsaken.

I never before felt her presence more
nigh

Than when there with closed eyes and
sealed lips on the bier.

Ah, closed eyes and sealed lips can only
relate

To the things that pertain to this earthly
career,

To the outward; the soul is not bound
to such fate.

The spirit lives on, and the soul is
immortal,

And does not forget, although dwelling
above,

The loved ones it left; and the heavenly
portal

Is open to spirits on missions of love.

And oft when desponding they steal in to
cheer us,

And oft in our struggles they help to
achieve;

More oft than we think they are hovering
near us,

And in our dull brain their bright
thought they inweave.

And to Emily, heaven itself were not
heaven,

Not the adequate goal, or the con-
summate end

Of living this life, if to her was not given
The infinite blessing of blessing a
friend.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS.

Read by Lucy P. Allen at the Y. F. A. Meeting,
held at Eaton, N. Y., 1-8-'99.

Eight or nine centuries ago, when wars were so common, that hardly two countries could be found living at peace with each other, when the public highways were unsafe for travellers unless they went armed and in large parties, some holy men tried to bring about a better state of things, and all fighting was forbidden from Advent to Epiphany—that is, about the 1st of Dec. until the 6th of Jan., the day when the Christmas holidays cease.—For they said when the Prince of Peace came among men all strife and bitterness should end.

In England many of the old Christmas customs are still kept up. The bells are rung for hours every day and evening during the holiday season, the children sing the old Christmas carols which were composed for the people of centuries ago.

At one of the colleges in Oxford, the chief dish on the Christmas dinner-table is a wild boar's head. It is brought into the dinning-hall by a procession marching to music and singing an old song, half English, half Latin. This has been the custom for hundreds of years; it is said to have been at first in honor of a student of the college who killed a fierce boar which attacked him one day as he was walking alone. He had no weapon but the Greek book he was reading, which he pushed into the boar's mouth and so choked it.

Yule was the old name of Christmas and the Yule-log was a great stick, the trunk of a tree, which was brought into the house for the Christmas fire. It needed many men to bring in the Yule-log, as it must be large enough to be kept burning through the holiday time, but it was not to be all burnt out, the last little piece was carefully laid away to be used in helping to kindle next year's Christmas fire. In those times there were many strange fancies connected with Christmas. Ignorant persons thought that bread made then might be kept a. ny years without moulding. It was said that bees sang in their hives, and cattle knelt in their stalls.

But to go back still further, many of our Christmas traditions come from a time long before the birth of Christ. The Christians of earliest ages found it was not wise to entirely forbid all the pagan celebrations, to which their recent converts were attached by use, history and tradition. In ancient Rome, Saturn's claim to notice was honored each Dec. by a feast of seven days, called Saturnalia. During these days the order of Roman society was reversed, the masters and slaves changed

places The slaves had every freedom of action and of speech, and their masters served them meekly.

The Christmas tree itself is a bit of the old Saturnalia, and the gift giving but a relic of Roman customs, although beautified by the early Christians in attributing the gifts to the Christ child, whom the children were taught to believe, passed over the houses at midnight, leaving gifts for all good children. So in Germany later on the children were taught to believe in fairies, Kris Kringle or Santa Claus.

The custom of decking with evergreens, holly and mistletoe, dates back to the dark ages,—when the booths and huts were so decked either to drive away bad fairies or furnish resting places for the good ones.

The mistletoe owes its charm to the fable of Baldur: - Loki, the Fire god, was jealous of Baldur's popularity, and angered that his mother, Freyja, had secured an oath from nature that none of her four elements should ever harm her son. But Freyja had looked upon the rootless mistletoe as of two little consequence to be considered, and therefore had failed to secure its promise. Loki, being a Fire god, and one of nature's elements, could not himself hurt Baldur, but he could make a tool that some unsworn god could use. So he took the mistletoe and carved an arrow strong and sharp and called upon the blind god of Darkness to hurl it at his enemy. The god responded, and Baldur fell dead shot through and through. But Loki was not loved; and the other gods restored Baldur to life, and gave his mother, Freyja, command over the mistletoe. She hung it high on the tree, out of touch with the earth, so that Loki could no more use it. There it hung ever after; and all treaties of peace were made under it. To stand under the mistletoe, and to give a kiss beneath, was a solemn promise to be true, and to do no harm to the other party. The Druids thought that whatever grew upon the oak was sacred, hence their regard for the mistletoe

The varieties which grew upon the apple and other trees were held by the Druids as of far less value.

When the holly became the ornament for Christmas festivals, for many centuries it was spelled with one l, and was the holy-tree. There are many varieties of the holly, and many peasants in Europe to-day believe that it is decided whether master or mistress will rule during the year by noticing whether the prickly variety or the smooth one chances to be brought into the house first—the prickly holly, of course giving the rule to the master, the smooth to the mistress. Then, too, sorrow, shame, sickness, or trouble will surely visit a house if the holly is brought under the roof before Christmas Eve.

The Old Testament bears record of these ancient customs of decking their homes for the various festal seasons "with olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees to make booths, as it is written." In these bedecked booths the festal days were to be lived.

Christianity would fain make of this time a period of relaxation; the traditions left us by our forefathers make it a time of festivities. The happy yuletide of our Saxon fore-elders swung through its twenty days. The child was the "abbott of misrule," and in his hand was placed the fantastic wand of empire.

But this commercial age makes it a tiresome time of sharp bargains, incessive shopping and intrusive advertising. The season that was meant to bring buoyancy and mirth into the most dismal home, and a little playfulness into the life of the most poverty-pinched child, witnesses in our great cities thousands of little boys and girls overworked and underpaid, starting out early and coming home late, in order that the Christmas holiday trade in toys and gifts may be pushed to its maximum. It is hard to fix responsibility. There is such a show of

goodness in these evil things, and no remedy can be found except by heroically going back to some first principles and beginning again. The commercialism of our day has struck too deep into our religion. It degrades our gift-making. It was the intense materialism of the seventeenth century that gave rise to the Society of Friends; they came to emphasize the truths of the Spirit, the Inner Light, the Christ within. Think you their mission is yet fulfilled? Can we not help to restore to this Christmas time its Christian dignity and Christ-like concern for the future? Can we not help to mature just habits, systematic discipline and thrift that makes for character, and to rejoice in the reign of the Christ-child, the blessed innocence of babyhood?

The early Friends entirely ignored all Holy Days - their duty was to live all days "as unto the Lord." The spirit of love or charity or friendly regard which should prompt the gift-giving should have all times and seasons for its own. In their fear of formal observance, and in their effort not to be worldly or to follow worldly ways, they have, to my thinking, missed many good things. Jesus said He came to fulfil, not to destroy—He asks us to take the world as it is, and fill it full of love and truth and goodness.

Christianity includes, it does *not* exclude. So on Christmas the old customs of all countries come and take part in our celebration. Let all join in the sacred carol, "Peace and good will toward men."

THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE CZAR.

(The following from New York Friends is self-explanatory.)

The Philanthropic Committee of New York Monthly Meeting desires to call the attention of all the Committees of the Philanthropic Union to the subject of the Disarmament Con-

vention, called in the Fifth mo. of this year, by the Czar of Russia.

We believe it to be an important step toward the abolition of war as a means of settlement for national difficulties, which is a reform in harmony with the fundamental principles of the Society of Friends.

We, therefore, urge that each of our committees do all in its power to awaken within its sphere of influence an enthusiastic desire for such conditions as shall reduce to a minimum the possibility of future war.

The work might be futhered by appeals through the press, and otherwise, to all religious and philanthropic bodies to lend their aid to strengthen public sentiment in this direction. What the voters of this country want will be heeded by its rulers. The sufferings entailed by war are fresh in our minds, and the time seems ripe for such a movement. It is but meet that we, a people pledged to peaceful methods, should be earnest and active in every effort that may be made to lead the nations to more enlightened and humane methods of settling international differences.

In this labor we shall follow the precedent of our forefathers, of whom a recent writer says. "There is no feature in the early history of Pennsylvania so striking or so suggestive of thought, as the efforts of the Friends, controlling the Assembly from 1681 to 1756, to maintain peace, to avoid war, and to keep clear of military responsibility."

Surely the Representative Committees of our seven Yearly Meetings will express themselves either unit or separately, to the authorities at Washington urging the hearty co-operation of the United States toward the desired end.

On behalf of the Philanthropic Committee of New York Monthly Meeting.

HENRY M. HAVILAND,
ELLA McDOWELL.

Clerks.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

EDITORIAL STAFF :

S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream, Ont.
EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, B. A., Coldstream, Ont.
ISAAC WILSON, Bloomfield, Ont.
SERRNA MINARD, St. Thomas, Ont.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, *Managing Editor.*
S. P. ZAVITZ, *Treas. & Bus. Correspondent*

TERMS—Per Year, 75c.

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

Please make all remittances by Post Office Order, or Express Order, drawn payable at London, Ont.; or by mail, which comes at our risk *if registered*. Postage stamps (American or Canadian) are accepted for change.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed in communications over the name, initials or other characters representing the contributor.

Pelham Half Yearly Meeting will come this year on the 18th of Second mo. Public Meeting on First-day, the 19th. Lobo Monthly Meeting on the 17th. Meeting of Ministers and Elders for M. M. ... m, and for H. Y. M., 3 p. m, both on the 17th. Union Meeting of the Yarmouth, Arkona and Lobo Young Friends' Associations, at 8 o'clock, Seventh-day evening, the 18th.

Some changes in the management of the REVIEW are likely to take place very soon, which will undoubtedly place the paper on a much better basis, and make it much more worthy of the field it has in our Society as a Young Friends' journal. We hope to see the REVIEW soon come nearer to the ideal we long ago had in our minds.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

The transportation of over 4,000 of these people recently, from their Russian homes to Canadian soil, has been one of the most remarkable migrations in history. They have, as they deserve, enlisted the sympathy of all lovers of freedom, and a wide-spread interest has been manifest in their release from persecution in Russia, on account of their peace principles. The first lot of over 2,000, said to be the largest ship load of emigrants ever landed on the Atlantic coast of America at one time, reached Halifax harbor on the "Lake Huron," 1st mo. 20th, in good health. The second-load arrived in the "Lake Superior" a week later. One case of smallpox on board the latter vessel will probably delay them in quarantine for two or three weeks. The Lake Huron's load have already (1st mo. 31st) received an address of welcome in Winnipeg.

Our Canadian press have almost without exception extended to them a warm and sincere welcome, most of the papers calling them the Russian Quakers. Their comments are alike complimentary to the Doukhobors and to the Friends. The interest shown by the Friends toward the Doukhobors, in their efforts to escape from Russian intolerance, and their stern advocacy of the principles of peace, undoubtedly have gained them the title. The following extracts will show the temper of the Canadian press in the movement:

"One of the charges brought against the Doukhobors, is that they object, on principle, to military service and fighting. Well, at present, Canada stands more in need of men to bring wealth out of the soil of the Northwest than it stands in need of fighting men. There are others in Canada already who take much the same view as the Doukhobors, namely, the Friends, and yet every well-wisher of the Dominion would be satisfied if the number of the

Friends in Canada could be multiplied an hundredfold No doubt this is a fighting world; fighting among nations—fighting among individuals—fighting in the way of competition But how if Tolstoi, and the Friends, and the Doukhobors, are at least half right and are simply anticipating by a space the Golden Age, when war, public or individual, shall give way to arbitration and the greater diffusion of altruistic consideration for others?"—*Advertiser, London, Ont*

"The Doukhobors are people of the purest Russian type, large and strong, men and women both being of magnificent physique. They are characterized by broad, square shoulders and heavy limbs and a massive build generally. Their features are prominent, but refined, and bear the marks of living that is free from vice of any kind. The men wear moustaches but do not let a beard grow. Their hair is usually quite short, with the exception of a little tuft which they allow to grow over the forehead, which is broad and open. The most striking characteristic of all is the bright, kindly sparkle of their eyes which gives a winning expression to the whole face and quickly wins confidence in their character. All their habits demonstrate that they are possessed of keen minds, which, however, by reason of their persecutions and the nature of their occupation, they have not been able to develop in a way that gives a proper idea of their mental ability. They are, however, a class of people that is rarely found among immigrants—industrious, frugal, clean and moral in a high degree, and eminently desirable in every way.

They have suffered much for religion's sake. Their faith and doctrine resemble more nearly than anything else we are acquainted with, those of the Quakers. But they can not be called Quakers, for in many respects their tenets are different. There is, however, some possibility that their

religion was derived from Quaker teachings, though that is an open question. English Quakers have suffered persecution in Russia, but it is impossible to trace the beginning of the Doukhoborti religion to their teachings, and it is likewise difficult to determine when it really had its beginning. The few who dissented in the first instance were promptly suppressed by the government, and it is only in secret departmental documents that the early history of the Doukhoborti religion is written. It was only when the movement became more widespread in this century, and the suppression of its adherents consequently more difficult, that it came within the scope of reliable history. Then Bishop Eugene, of Ekaterioslau, invented the name "Doukhoborti" from two Russian words meaning in combination "warriors of the spirit."

The Doukhobors who are on the Lake Huron are from Tiflis. The Lake Superior will bring 2,000 from Elizavetpol, and another lot of 2,000 will come from Kars. Those who remain behind are comparative'y comfortable, not suffering much from persecution on account of their willingness to comply with most governmental exactions. But if the Doukhobors find Canada agreeable no doubt the others now in Caucasus will come here also. The Doukhobors in Cyprus are from the government of Tiflis."—*Chronicle (Halifax)*.

To the Editor of the "Witness."

"Sir,—One can hardly be surprised at the dismay voiced by your correspondent, 'D. H. L., as he meditates upon the prospective results of the coming among us of the Doukhobors, seeing that we westerns, whose religion in so large a measure consists in assent to some half-understood dogma, plus adoption of a conventional code of ethics, will doubtless feel utterly ashamed of ourselves when placed alongside these men in the full strength of their genuine attachment to the

wholesome, broad, manly principles of primitive Christianity. Great as it doubtless is to be a Canadian, still greater is it to be a man, noble as is the patriotism of old Rome, still nobler the humanity of the gospels, and, so far from being exponents of any new 'ology' or 'ism,' it is of this great primary doctrine, which we have practically let slip, that the Doukhobors are peculiarly the prophets.

"One, indeed, cannot but fear that their simplicity will find a more deadly and insidious foe in the ease of our civilization than ever it did through the terrors of exile and the knout, and it suggests itself to an earnest thinker that we who license such a financial and moral monstrosity as the drink traffic, who allow luxury and want to co-exist, who permit a man willing to work to starve, and one unwilling to work to 'fare sumptuously every day,' who support such a Christian anomaly as a professional hangman; we, whose staple conversation is on anything rather than things true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; we whose national and municipal politics are besmirched with selfishness, deception, dishonesty and oppression, should go through a course of 'sackcloth and ashes' before we consider ourselves sane enough and worthy enough to fitly welcome these people, who, through many generations, have 'counted not their lives as dear unto them,' if they could but live out the life of universal brotherhood.

"But your correspondent's principal dread is that the 'spirit wrestlers' will taint Canada with their doctrines of peace. The writer cannot help, in this connection, remembering the fear of a section of the Jewish people, that if certain teachings were allowed to prevail 'the Romans would come and take away the Hebrew place and nation,' or avoid comparing this modern attitude with that of their contemporaries toward the early Christians, who, on somewhat similar grounds, were accused of being

contrary to all men,' and of 'teaching customs which were not lawful for Romans to receive or observe. Without at present definitely dissenting from the position that war is at times necessary and just, I would quote the *Outlook*, which but echoes the utterance of many leaders of thought when it recently tells us that 'throughout the civilized world there is manifest a rising tide of conviction that war must soon take its place with other instruments and methods of barbarian times'

"The progress and happiness of the race has ever been due to the men who loved and suffered rather than the men who fought. Europe owes more to its Francis Assisis and Luthers than to its Charlemagnes or its Ferdinands. Even the Duke of Wellington cannot be compared in beneficent influence to John Wesley. It is from Bright rather than from Disraeli that Britian's high and successful standard of politics is derived. The most secure policy in the warring days of New England was that of William Penn, and above all one hardly needs to be reminded that the Personality which lies at the back of all that is truest, and noblest, and most manly in our civilization is that of a Hero who, in his hours of direst need, refused the aid of a sword.

JAS W. ROCH."

Montreal, Dec., 1898.

—*Montreal Witness.*

For the Young Friends' Review.

"THE 'PROFESSIONAL' MINISTRY OF FRIENDS,"

AND ITS RELATION TO OUR DECLINE
IN NUMBERS

—
This subject has been and is claiming the attention of many earnest minds in our Society, and the views herein presented are from the standpoint of the writer, and are respectfully submitted for consideration.

An article by T. E. Scott in the issue of the REVIEW of 1st month, '99,

in regard to the "professional" ministry of Friends, I have much unity with, and think that such a plan as he suggests would be a distinct improvement upon the system now in use, which has always been, according to my observations, productive of more or less friction in its operation. To use plain language, which it is our profession so to do, there has been too much of the "big I and little U" quality about the meeting of "ministers and elders," "select meeting," or any other term by which they may be designated.

Such a spirit, and such a department in the Society of Friends, was so incongruous with its underlying principle, that the system was productive of but one result—failure. It is useless to deny these facts, and equally useless to dwell upon them and cite individual instances that have come under my observation, of the many inconsistencies that have been the outgrowth of this system of "separate enrollment" as a class, for it was only the effect of a cause, and it was not so much the individual as the system that was at fault. Ministers and elders are human, and are swayed by the same emotions and passions that move the common people, and it is only as they keep near the foundation of Divine Goodness, and are constantly on the watch, that they are enabled to give light to others. Through inattention, or in some other words, "big I" gets in the way, the light goes out, and spiritual darkness reigns. But that does not affect his or her standing in select meeting, for "once a select member always a select member" has practically been the rule, (unless they did something that in the light of the discipline was unpardonable) until these dark lights have grown to be an incubus upon the Society's body, threatening its very existence as an organization. Many members of this "separate class" realize the inefficiency of the system, and have expressed themselves

in favor of its dissolution—only for the discipline—so that from following the Light within we are bound to an outward form.

Consistency goes a long ways in the eyes of the world, and it is very hard for them to reconcile the meek and lowly spirit of our profession with the proud and patronizing one of some of its devotees. This proud spirit has become the parent of another evil, viz.: Exclusiveness. At least one instance has come under my observation, in which a member of this "separate class" expressed the thought that it did not want strangers to come to our meetings—presumably, because it was ashamed of the smallness of the meetings, evidently forgetting the injunction: "Where the two or three are gathered in My name, etc.," and that the strength of a meeting does not always consist in numbers.

Bad as this "separate enrollment" is, it is not entirely responsible for our decline. Among other things, the changed condition of our times has much to do with it. What called the Society into existence? Was it not the spiritual darkness that enshrouded the world at that time, the intolerance of the so-called religious world, with its empty forms and ceremonies, eschewing liberty of conscience and forcing its subjects into spiritual slavery? George Fox, with his strong character, was among the first to break away from the established order of things, and was one of the efficient instruments in the cause of religious and civil liberty. He spoke plainly to the people, in fact he let the truth hit where it might, and what was the result? It was found that there were a great many that were of the same mind as George Fox. The people flocked to his standard; they were bound together by a mighty sympathy; all felt as one body, brothers and sisters in the truth. Their numbers increased rapidly; their zeal for the truth enabled them to suffer innumerable hard-

ships, even death itself, and still they grew—and yet there was no discipline to go by. This sympathy in a common cause held them together; they felt as one body and one class; no "separate enrollment"; no cliques were formed, for the people were too much in earnest for any such nonsense as that. But mark! as soon as conditions changed, and liberty of conscience was recognized, and the blessing of the great Divine Principle was beginning to be felt, the Society of Friends, not feeling the hand of oppression on their shoulders, began to take more credit to themselves, formulated a discipline for self government that may possibly have given satisfaction at that time, but it was not elastic enough to expand with spiritual growth; its rules were inexorable, and as a natural consequence, hundreds of the very life and flower of the organization were disowned, many of them for trivial offences that seem almost too grotesque to mention. With all due respect for the departed generation, I cannot see what possessed them to do as they did. The discipline was apparently placed above everything else, even the Christ within. It does not seem possible that the still small voice—the Inner Light—was guiding them at that time; in fact it would be blasphemous to think so. I will not undertake to say what their guiding light was at that time, but it is no wonder they broke up into different societies, cliques and classes under the rigid interpretation of the letter of the discipline, instead of the spirit. Of course there were many glorious individual exceptions to this dark picture, in spite of the letter.

But now that old tremendous sympathy that first brought them together is gone, and, according to my impression, to return only when conditions are right for another spontaneous outburst of loyalty and sympathy, that shall rally to its standard all true friends of liberty and truth.

"New occasions teach new duties," therefore I do not see that the Society will make any very extensive growth only as occasions demand, and until those times come, the best we can do is to keep our lamps trimmed and burning, and "do all the good we can to all the people we can, in all the ways we can," and be in readiness for the conditions that may arise, when all selectness, cliqueism and exclusiveness will drop off, and we will once more be moved by that grand sympathy that shall make us a re-united people.

I close with the hope that the practical suggestions made by T. E. Scott may be seriously considered and acted upon, and I therefore join with him in opposing the "present custom of recommending and recording ministers, making them professionally such."

WILLIAM W. COX

Mendon Centre, N. Y., 1 16, '99.

FOR US.

If we have not learned that God's in man
And man in God again,—
That to love thy God is to love thy brother,
And to serve the Lord is to serve each
other,—

Then Christ was born in vain!

If we have not learned that one man's life
In all men lives again,—
That each man's battle, fought alone,
Is won or lost for every one,—

Then Christ has lived in vain!

If we have not learned that death's no
break

In life's unceasing chain,—
That the work in one life well begun
In others is finished, by others is done,—
Then Christ hath died in vain!

If we have not learned of immortal life,
And a future free from pain,—
The kingdom of God in the heart of man,
And the living world on Heaven's plan,—
Then Christ arose in vain!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged those clouds with go

Friendly Interests in New York & Brooklyn

EDITED BY THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE OF THE YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP.

NEW YORK—East 15th St., cor. Rutherford Place. First-days, at 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.; Fourth-days, at 10.30 a.m.

BROOKLYN—Schermerhorn St., bet. Boerum Place and Smith St. First-days, 11 a.m.; Fifth-days, 11 a.m.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

NEW YORK—First-days, 10 a.m. and (Mission School) 2.30 p.m.

BROOKLYN—First-days, 10 a.m.

YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

BROOKLYN—Second First-day of the month, 8 p.m., in Meeting House, Schermerhorn St., bet. Boerum Place and Smith St.

NEW YORK—Fourth First-day of the month, 8 p.m., Library Room, 226 East 16th St

CALENDAR.

Second Month:

4th. New York Monthly Meeting, 2 p.m.

18th. Young Friends' Aid Association, 8 p.m.

12th. Friendly Hand, at close of Brooklyn morning meeting.

12th. Young Friends' Association, Brooklyn, 8 p.m. "Domestic Service." Paper by Marianna S. Rawson.

26th. New York Preparative Meeting, at close of morning meeting.

26th. Brooklyn Preparative Meeting, at close of morning meeting.

26th. Young Friends' Association, New York, 8 p.m.

The Christmas entertainment of the Friend's Mission School, which was held in the Men's Meeting-house in New York, First Month, sixth, was a decided success in spite of the inclement weather.

The children turned out well for such a stormy night, and seemed bubbling over with fun and mischief. The songs, recitations and tableaux found favor in their sight, and their exuberant spirits had some outlet in the cheers and shouts with which they hailed the appearance of Santa Claus. Santa's jovial way of distributing the toys and books to the children created quite a buzz of pleasant excitement.

It was encouraging to note that the attendance on the First-day after the

festival was greater than on the First-day preceding it.

A regular monthly meeting of the Friend's Temperance Union was held in the library room, New York, Fourth-day evening, First Month, nineteenth. The main feature of the programme was Henry Wilbur's able paper on "The Social Side of Temperance." Those interested in the welfare of the Temperance Union were encouraged by the increased attendance at this second meeting. It is to be hoped that after these meetings have been more widely advertised, that more of those interested in the cause will attend.

Four years ago there came to New York a young man who had been teaching in Pennsylvania, and who felt that he could do better work in the school room if he could add professional training to the experience that was already his. He had taught through forty years, and attended summer schools without a lapse for quite a quarter of a century; but he was still a young man, eager to learn, and entered upon his course in the School of Pedagogy of the University of New York with all the zest of an ambitious youth. When he received the degree of Doctor of Pedagogy he had lived sixty-four years, but he had not begun to grow old. His was a perpetual middle age from which he could reach both ways and be intimate and congenial to both old and young alike.

Less than a year ago this young man, Dr. Henry R. Russell, resumed his work as a teacher, taking the Science and Manual Training classes in Friends' Seminary. He was devoting himself to the practical working out of his own plan of combining these

two branches, when overtaken by the illness that terminated his life. His death brings sharply to mind the lamentable fact that among the many Friends who are, or would be, teachers, only a very few have prepared themselves for the work by a special study of pedagogy. Some years ago Dr. Russell was the only man in a large class of teachers who were being trained for kindergartening. He undertook and completed the course because he believed that the kindergarten principles apply to all education, and that he would be a better teacher for his understanding of them.

To make himself a better teacher was, indeed, his constant aim; to that end he studied and thought and read and lived. While quite a young man he gave up the use of tobacco, for no other reason than that he could not permit himself to continue in any course he could not recommend to his pupils. He believed that a man teaches what he *is* much more surely than he teaches the lessons he assigns, and he strove to be what he would teach. His rule of life was that we cheapen by culling the Golden Rule.

The "adult class" of the Brooklyn First-day School loses in Dr. Russell a leader of rare qualifications. Always willing to give his own opinions when asked, his desire seemed ever to be to hear the opinions of others. Courteous attention to all that another might have to say, with no eagerness to express his own view, made him a delightful companion and an excellent leader for a class of young people. His place in the First-day School will be as difficult to fill as that in the Seminary.

That anyone in the Society believes that there is any virtue in separating the sexes in our religious meetings may hardly be supposed. In a few places, the traditional division is still made because there happens to be none bold enough to make the first

move toward the more rational and natural custom. But even in those meetings where men and women have sat together for years, the old custom survives in the galleries. That there is any more reason for separating man and wife when they become ministers or elders than there was before, does not appear.

Time was when there was thought to be something unseemly in the mingling of men and women in their worship; but there is absolutely no foundation for such a notion, except the sanction, not to say sanctity, that long usage gives to custom.

There may be no harm in keeping the men and women apart, and it may be better to continue a harmless practice than to be too ready to make changes. But if the harmless practice is also useless and, moreover, so peculiar that it requires explanation, then, since there is no satisfactory explanation to be given, it would seem better to abandon the custom.

Lieut. Hobson, in his exceedingly interesting account of the sinking of the Merrimac, published in the *Century Magazine*, in speaking of the marvelous escape of himself and men, refers to the feeling of nearness to the Deity that possessed him in the quiet hour after all preparations had been made and they were waiting to set sail. One is led to wonder if he attributes his escape to a "special providence," and then the thought comes—why didn't the special intervention come earlier and prevent the whole sad business. If one allows himself to believe in a "special providence," he very soon makes of his Deity a being subject to all sorts of whims.

A lady in telling of a railroad accident said she had changed her seat after the train started and the lady who took the seat she left was killed. And she added, "Don't you think my good angel was looking after me?" "How about the good angel of the other

woman?" asked her listener. And so we might go on accounting instances where providence seemed woefully lacking in emergencies.

The only reasonable view to take of the matter is that back of the universe are laws as unchangeable as the Deity himself. When one of the laws is interfered with, we have what we call an accident and God himself can't prevent it. And herein lies the hopeful side of what seems to be a very hopeless matter. The great plan of the universe is perfection in the end, but that perfection can only be reached when man puts forth his full strength to aid in the fulfilling of the law. We have yet to realize that we are needed in the great work and that just so far as we fail to do our part, just so far will the law fail of its fulfillment. A railroad accident is caused by somebody's failure to do his best work "I say not God himself can make man's best without best men to help him," said George Eliot, and verily, it is true.

YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

As the fourth First-day in the 12th mo., the time for the regular meeting of the Association in New York, fell on Christmas Day, the meeting was omitted, and a social meeting held on New Year's Eve, which was much enjoyed by those present.

The meeting held in Brooklyn First mo. 8th proved very interesting.

The History Section in its report finished the life of Isaac T. Hopper.

The Current Topics Section reported on the late topics of interest, and then gave a summary of the most important happenings for the year just closed, the war and events in connection with it of course receiving most attention.

The Bible Section reported having devoted the time at their meeting to the life of Christ. Selections telling of his birth and legends concerning his life were read. One member had

gathered together pictures, copies of famous paintings of Christ, His disciples and His doings.

The paper of the evening, on the "Physical Basis of Religion," gave us many new thoughts and caused considerable discussion. The paper stated that we are creators as well as cultivators of religion, and that we should first of all keep our bodies in a perfect state of health, so as to be able at all times to see, hear, know, and appreciate the things that will stimulate the purest emotions.

We should not let ourselves become so worn out that it takes all our energy to keep from being cross and irritable instead of being able to enjoy the beauties of our surroundings, which might foster religious feelings within us.

Morality, art, and science are all outward things which should generate religious force. If we are able to love and enjoy these good things we shall surely be able to show others our religion. It does not matter so much what we believe as what we do in the practice of the religion we profess.

In the discussion which followed it was shown that the things from without either distress or inspire us and that which we give out is affected greatly by our surroundings. Still, if we recognize God within, only good religion emanates, and, as we are responsible for what we give and not what we get, we must be careful to so live as to have only the best within to give out.

The meeting of the Young Friends' Association of New York and Brooklyn, which was held in New York 1st mo. 22, was fully attended, and was a meeting of unusual spirit and interest. A new corps of officers, duly nominated and approved by the meeting, assumed their responsibilities at this time. They are: Edward B. Rawson, President; William Kincaid, Vice-President; Cornelia Janney Shoemaker, Secretary and Treasurer, and Mary A. Nichols, Correspondent.

The Bible Section reported on its study of the gospel of St. John.

The report of the Literature Section called attention to the ballads and "The Jungle Books" of Rudyard Kipling, James Baldwin's "Story of Siegfried," and the story of The Messiah in "The Dreamers of Ghetto," by Israel Zangwell.

From Current Topics Section many items of interest were reported, among which were the following of special interest to Friends: That the Czar has called upon Count Tolstoi to aid with voice and pen in the cause of disarmament; that Marshal Fields' great Chicago store has posted bulletins announcing "No Song Bird Hats for Sale."

The paper for the evening was by Helen P. Lamb upon "Elementary Religious Training." She outlined the Froebel system of leading the child from known to unknown, keeping prominent the idea of the divinity within which may be brought out by awakening in the child the highest feeling toward nature, toward his companions, and finally toward God. She suggested some kindergarten methods, by which a child may be led from his natural unconscious feeling of the Divine presence to "that conscious knowledge of God which will enable him to trust Him always to the extent that he will give himself up as a willing sacrifice, wholly and acceptable unto God, which is his reasonable service." In conclusion she said: "One's duty then to the children is to lead them; first, *to feel* that Divine power in material things, which manifests itself as the great principle of law and order; secondly, *to think* about that power and to recognize the higher attributes in man as a higher evidence of the Unknown Spirit, so that, finally, after a better knowledge of these Divine attributes, which must show themselves in right living, he will reach that ideal condition in which he will *become conscious* of the Universal Bro-

therhood of man and Fatherhood of God.

The discussion turned largely upon whether this indirect teaching of Religion, as begun in the Kindergarten, is sufficient. Much was said both for and against direct and distinct religious teaching, which must necessarily include something of theology and dogmatism, as opposed to the theory of surrounding the child with the best moral, æsthetic and spiritual atmosphere, and allowing him to develop his own religion.

The question asked in the editorial column last month regarding the end of the century, is one so frequently heard that a little thinking on the matter may not be out of place. A century consists of 100 years. The first century of our era comprised the years 1 to 100 *inclusive*. Don't get confused on the supposed chronological error of four years in the birth of Jesus. The eighteenth century comprised the years 1701 to 1800 *inclusive*. At midnight of the last day of the year 1900 the nineteenth century will be complete, because 19 centuries—1900 years. The twentieth century will not begin with the year 2000 for the same reason that the first century did not begin with the year 100.

THE INNER VISION.

Who looks on nature with a kindred eye,
The inner vision beauty brings to view,
Which is not visible in form and hue
To one who glances as a passer-by;
Beneath her teeming surface there doth lie
A glory that is rapture to behold,
More precious to possess than all her
gold;
The fountain of a joy that ne'er runs dry
Her many varied outward charms, the
sense,
Records within the archives of the mind,
A page of fairy-lore where'er we go;
Yet these are known e'en to the dull and
blind;
But, oh! to feel and know the affluence
Of all that mighty heart which throbs
below!
ALFRED LAVINGTON.

COLDSTREAM Y. F. A.

HELEN KELLER AGAIN.

The Young Friends' Association met 12th mo. 30th, 1898.

After the opening silence, Elgie Zavitz read a portion of Scripture. Roll call was then responded to, after which the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Election of officers for the next six months then claimed our attention, and resulted as follows: President, Edgar M. Zavitz; Vice-President, Howard V. Zavitz; Secretary-Treasurer, Ada Corns; Corresponding Secretary, Bertha Shotwell.

Quite an enthusiastic discussion followed as to whether or not the plan of work which has been carried out was the best.

The first meeting of the Coldstream Y. F. Association for this year was held 1st mo. 13th, under the Literary Section, studying the life of Nehemiah.

A chapter in accordance was read by Emily Muma. Michael K. Muma then gave a review of Nehemiah's life, bringing out some of his well-known characteristics. A paper on "Truthfulness," by Elgie Zavitz, called forth an animated discussion. "Honesty is the best policy" was questioned as to its being a very good adage. It was thought better to be honest from principle rather than from policy. A selection was read, bearing on the subject, by Anna Marsh, which contained many good thoughts.

Two very fitting memorials were given in memory of the late Emma McKellar, descriptive of her noble life.

The meeting then adjourned after a short silence.

B. S., Cor.-Sec.

A truthful page is childhood's lovely face,
Whereon sweet innocence has record made—

An outward semblance of the young
heart's grace,
Where truth, and love, and trust are all
portrayed.

—Shellaber.

SHE WRITES TO A CANADIAN FRIEND.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

A friend of Helen Keller, who resides in Canada again, shares with the readers of the *Witness*, his pleasure in a letter received from her recently, sending also a letter from the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. Our correspondent says:—

The enclosed extract from a letter from Dr. Holmes to Helen Keller, written not long before his departure for the "better country" is as true to-day as when it came fresh from his kind heart that never grew old; it still exquisitely voices many of the thoughts and feelings of her friends, to so many of whom her cheery loving spirit is ever a stimulus and help.

Her vacation letter of last September—so breezily as well as beautifully appreciative of all the inspiring, health-giving charms of lake, forest and river (the latter with its graphically drawn visions of long ago)—should, perhaps, have been sooner shared with your other readers; they will, however, I trust, appreciate it at the present time.

While enjoying to the full all outdoor life and healthful sports like the true, enthusiastic child of nature that she is, note how naturally she humanizes even the old river, all unconsciously reflecting from its silent depths another view of the wonderful tenderness and universal sympathy of her loving heart.

Boston, April 30, 1892.

My Dear Sweet Helen,—Your letter was and is very pleasing to me. It is delightful to find what a world you have made for yourself. You must have eyes and ears in your soul, spiritual organs of sense, which do for you what our outward organs do for us poor seeing and hearing mortals. How do we know that your spiritual vision and hearing are not as much above ours as

the perceptions of an angel are above those of a human being? Some peculiar sources of happiness you certainly have which the daughters of kings and queens might envy. You meet, and will always meet with love and tender regard everywhere. There is no human heart that does not warm with affection to the dear little sister who finds light in the darkness which envelops her, and music in the silence in which she has her being. God has given you a cheerful temperament, one of the very greatest blessings granted to mortals.

Always affectionately yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(To be continued.)

Young Friends' Review

✻ **GIVES 20 PAGES** ✻
EACH MONTH.

And is a pure, clean periodical, published for the promotion of the truth, and in the interest of the Society of Friends. *Now is a good time to subscribe, and to endeavor to get others to.*

Please remit by Post Office Order, or Express Order, drawn payable at London, Ont.; or by Mail, which comes at our risk when registered. Postage stamps are accepted for change Address

S. P. ZAVITZ.

COLDSTREAM, ONT., CANADA.

Fifty-Two Weeks With God.

A FASCINATING STUDY OF THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1899, NOW READY. NO CHRISTIAN, ESPECIALLY CLERGYMAN OR TEACHER, SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT. BEAUTIFULLY BOUND IN CLOTH OF TWO COLORS, WITH STIFF BOARDS. PRICE ONLY 35c. STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY LEADING CLERGYMEN. ON SALE BY ALL BOOK SELLERS, OR SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF THE PRICE BY.....

THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO.,
Publishers, (Limited.)
TORONTO, CANADA.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE,

SWARTHMORE, PA.

Under care of Friends. Full College Courses for young men and young women, leading to Classical, Engineering, Scientific and Literary degrees. Machine shops, laboratories and libraries. For Catalogue and particulars address

WM. W. BURDSALL, President.

CHAPPAQUA MOUNTAIN INSTITUTE.

A FRIENDS' BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The building is modern, and the location is the hill country thirty-two miles north of New York City.

For Circulars, address

CHAPPAQUA MOUNTAIN INSTITUTE,
Chappaqua, New York.

FRIENDS' ACADEMY.

LOGUST VALLEY, LONG ISLAND.

A boarding and day school for both sexes. Thorough courses preparing for admission to any college, or furnishing a good English Education. This school was opened Ninth month 8th, 1891. Terms for boarding scholars, \$150 per school year. The school is under the care of Friends, and is pleasantly located on Long Island, about thirty miles from New York. For catalogue and particulars, address FREDERICK E. WILLITS, Secretary, Glen Cove, Long Island N.Y.

The Pennhurst, Electric Elevator.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Ocean End of Michigan Avenue.

Open all the year. Send for Illustrated Booklet.

JAMES HOOD.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

**TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.**

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.