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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. X.

LONDON, ONT., THIRD MONTH 1st, 1895.

NO. 5

SELECTED.

Over ten thousand miles of pathless ocean
The ship moves on its steadfast course each
day,
Through tropic calms, or seas in wild commo-
tion,
And anchors safe within the expected bay.

O ship of God ! with voyage more sublime—
O human soul ! in thine appointed hour,
Launched from eternity—or seas of time,
In calms more fatal, storms of madder
power.

Sail on ! and trust the compass in thy breast,
Trust the divider heavens that round thee
bend,
And, steering for the port of perfect rest,
Trust, most of all, in thine Eternal Friend.

EVOLUTION OF THE HEBREW CONCEPTION OF GOD.

II.

The discovery of Astruc—first made public in 1753—that the existence of two independent narratives in the records of Genesis could be determined by the peculiarity that the author of one of them uses the term *Tahweh* (Lord), and the other *Elohim* (God) when referring to the Deity, led naturally to the recognition of the composite structure of almost every book of the Old Testament. Jewish tradition maintained that Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible, but the evidence of the books themselves precludes such an admission—or the thought that it is possible that any one person wrote any of the books. First, we cannot fail to notice the existence of duplicate narratives, which are not simple repetitions, (which alone would vitiate the theory of the inspiration, if Moses were the writer), but are narratives covering the same events though differing somewhat in details.

For instance, in Exodus xx, 1-17, we

have one version of the ten commandments, and in Deut. 5., 6-21, we have another, in the 15th verse of which additions are made to that which is given in Exodus, while the reasons for keeping the Sabbath given in Exodus are omitted by the Deuteronomist. The 16th chap. of Exodus describes the discontent of Israel because of their lack of food in the wilderness, and the subsequent giving of the manna and the quails by the hand of the Lord for their sustenance. In Numbers xi., we have a second account of the same event—much embellished.

Exodus xxiii., 14-15, is repeated in Exod. xxxiv., 18; Exod. xxiii., 17, is repeated in Exod. xxxiv., 23, and Exod. xxiii., 18-19, in xxxiv., 25-26. It is impossible that Moses would have repeated these things within so brief a space in his record, the repetition shows instead more probably that two writers have quoted from the same authority.

As stated by Prof. Robertson Smith : "On the feast of unleavened bread and the Passover we have at least six laws which, if not really discordant, are at least so divergent in form and conception that they cannot be all from the same pen. (Exod. xii., 1-28; xiii., 3-10; xxiii., 15; xxxiv., 18; Lev. xxiii., 5-14; Deut. xvi.)

A second point in the evidence that Moses did not write the Pentateuch is that it is written by someone acquainted with historical events that occurred *after the death* of Moses. It is obvious that a survivor of Moses must have written the 34th chapter of Deuteronomy, which describes the death of Moses and the mourning of Israel thereupon; and the commentary, "There hath not arisen a prophet *since* in Israel like unto Moses." The word "since" locates the writer of the ac-

count at a period a comparatively long time subsequent to the time of Moses. But aside from this there are unmistakable evidences that the writer, or writers, of the Pentateuch wrote a long time after the events described therein. Suppose that a document should be discovered which gives a history of Moses, and in the history we should find expressions like these: "All this was before Cæsar occupied the Roman throne," or "This was before there were any cities in England." Would it not be unmistakable proof that the document was written after Cæsar occupied the Roman throne, and after there were cities in England? What, then, shall we say of statements such as follows? "These are the Kings that reigned in the land of Edom, *before there reigned any King over the children of Israel.*" (Gen. xxxvi., 31). Since there was no King over Israel before Saul, five hundred years after the time of Moses, how could Moses have written it? Gen. xii., 6, says, in connection with Abram's coming to Shechem, "And the Canaanites was there in the land." Since the Canaanite was not driven out of the land till a long time after Moses' death, how could he refer to such a period in history? Similar indications that the time when the Pentateuch was written, at least part of it, must have been after Moses' death, may be found in almost all the books. Evidence of another character that someone other than Moses must have written these early records, we may find in Exod. xi., 3, which says, "Moreover the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of all the people," and in Numbers xiii, 3, "Now the man Moses was very meek above all the men which are on the face of the earth." It is not at all probable that Moses wrote these sentences, certainly not by inspiration.

These instances, with many others that might be put in evidence, show that the opinion that Moses, or any other one writer, wrote the first five

books of the Bible is not founded upon the internal evidence of the books. My purpose, however, is not to enter into a discussion of this matter of authorship but to show rather that Bible commentators are not sustained in their theory that the Bible was written and preserved by methods different from those under which other books are written and preserved, and that the Bible is holy in any other sense than that it is the record of the religious *growth* of a religious people.

The writings are sacred in the sense that they contain a more distinct revelation of God's message to mankind than do the Bibles of any other people. They show a *progressive* realization of God's will in the souls of men. Their theme is the operation of the Divine Spirit upon the lives of men who put their trust in their God.

The great value of the book is that to a great extent it is a reliable record of the moral and spiritual advancement of an ancient people. It is a history of human beings, with all the moral imperfections of humanity in an uncivilized period, struggling to reach a higher civilization. Says Prof. Ladd: "The authors of the Hebrew Sacred Scriptures stand for the best moral and religious consciousness of the time, but their ideas and feelings on moral and religious subjects were not by any means necessarily true and faultless, when judged by the Christian standard." It is only when we realize that there are imperfections in the Scriptures, that they are fallible, that they are a record in many instances of immoral acts, that we do not have to attribute to God the inspiration of all the deeds of even the best of the prophets, do we find ourselves in the proper mental attitude to glean the richest treasures from them. For it is when we understand the limitations of the Bible writers that we can appreciate the reason of their actions which may seem to us immoral. When we look upon them as men "strongly influenced by

the higher motives through which God blesses our human kind," yet men subject to human imperfections, when we behold as a result of their work in the world a steady advance of righteousness among mankind, we can properly estimate a record of endeavor and achievement that is inspiring and helpful. We need not be concerned about the authorship of the books. We need not be troubled about the contradictory statements therein. We need not stumble over the evidences of immoralities that seem justified therein; but we do need to study to appreciate the *processes* by which, in the conscience of the Hebrew race, righteousness came to prevail more and more.

It is my purpose in the series of articles to trace this progress of righteousness in the Hebrew religion. In doing this I shall show that there are contradictions in the Bible which cannot be reconciled upon any theory of inspiration, that there are traditions that are not more reliable as history than are the myths of any other ancient nation, and that there are exaggerated statements in the form of statistics that cannot possibly be sustained by facts.

I ask that my readers may dispossess their minds of prejudice to such a degree, at least, as to cease to read their own sentiments into the Bible, as do those who put an allegorical or spiritual significance into what is simply narrative, and is intended to be historical. Too long have good people read the Bible simply to find in it a sustainment of their own views. Too long have Christians gone to it simply to find "proof texts" of their own creeds. Too long have well-meaning persons advised that you lay aside your reason when you read the Bible, that you pass over the passages that seem bad in their teaching, and await the time when God shall open your understanding to the mysteries which he has therein concealed. None of these practices can possibly reveal the treasures of the Bible; no one can understand the Bible who adopts such

methods. No one is competent to give advice upon the subject who has adopted them. He only who uses the best powers of his mind and his heart, who studies the Bible, not to idolize it, nor yet to disparage it, will glean from it its purest thought, its best instruction, its highest inspiration.

In the forthcoming series I shall try to pursue this course.

WM. M. JACKSON.

PAST—FUTURE.

A paper read at the twenty-first anniversary of London Grove First-day School, 1st mo. 6th, 1895, by J. P. R.

While we believe with Adelaide Proctor that

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new."

yet in a special manner the thought of ending one thing and beginning another, comes to us when a year, recently our own, is lost in the abyss of ages. The year now fading into the shadows of the things that are behind, has left its marks of joy or pain upon each mind and heart, ineffaceable traces which help to make us what we are and shall be through the years that are to come. The angel of the backward look reveals to us resolves not translated into action, purposes unfulfilled, possibilities unrealized. But it brightens the picture with sunny days and happy memories, and if we have lived with righteous purpose, in spite of our failures and omissions, we stand again ready to close a door upon the past, conscious of strength and power, knowledge and hope gained, in the span of days now closing. We may only casually glance at the record which the angel writes, for time in his swift course knows no pause, and while we live the present and think of the past, we must make ready to follow the angel of the future, who comes to us always radiant with hope, ready to convey us with swift sure wings over the heights and through the upper air, if we can follow, or patiently to lead us over rough and devious paths if we can

only climb. To the young these anniversaries show always a large credit balance on the side of hope. The buoyancy of youth feels sufficient unto successful encounter with any host of dragons which the future may hold. And this is the natural, the helpful, the intrinsically powerful attitude of human thought. If we receive and use aright the gifts which the years bring, life's lengthening evening shadows will be illumined by the same strong hope which made glad the anniversaries of youth. Its roseate hue changes to a softer lustre as the events of passing days assure the fact that "God's errands never fail." The lesson to the youth to-day is often voiced here from week to week in the familiar text, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." There is no lack of knowledge, even to the youngest, about how to do this. The *best* that we know is always highest right to us, and faithfully followed will keep hope ever dominant in our lives, and bring us faith and trust for the sad days; but if we do not *use* the gifts which the years bring, they bear them silently away and hope recedes to a more congenial atmosphere, and we, robbed of its inspiration, find our anniversaries saddened by the ghost of discontent and discouragement, and the murmuring undertone that life is short and sad, interrupts all our banquets of soul and sense. God gives to us each the magnetic touchstone, which shall attract good and repel evil, the human conscience; but conscience is not a permanent but an electric magnet, strong and sure in its attractions and repulsions when the divine currents are round about it, weak and irresolute when the currents weaken, dead and lifeless when the contact of divine and human is severed. To make our anniversaries glad, the days between them full of good deeds, free from reproach, we must keep uninterrupted the circuit between ourselves and God, and see that our insulation is perfect. *We* must keep our machinery in order, and the subtle

currents will make us strong unto every good word and work. The difference between a morally strong man and a morally weak one is just here, not in what we call different endowments of moral power, but in the more perfect and continuous connection between man and God, in one case than another. The most vital lesson that Christ on earth taught to men was that this close connection and control is equally possible to all men, compulsory to none. To those past the era of youth, with its high hopes and aspirations, the dominant echo of a day like this is prone to be the brevity of human life, the thought of how the anniversaries crowd upon each other, and this thought too is full of helpful suggestion. The brief span of existence allotted to human life is too short for any of its golden days to be marred by discord of man with man. We don't live long enough to have time to be unkind. Anger and malice and evil speaking must not fill the hours which are to some of us being numbered by the final recession of the sands of time. We need them all for helpful, loving service. If we have entertained ill will and a spirit of revenge toward any man, and that man is suddenly summoned to his Maker, in the presence of the great and solemn mystery of the unloosing of soul from body, how our hatred and anger vanishes, how the scales fall from our eyes, and we see our petty jealousies from God's standpoint, for death closes the circuit which we have interrupted, and the currents of divine truths again allow us to rightly test good and evil. With thoughts of the infinite littleness of our daily exactions, the infinite greatness of the power of which we all are manifestations, let us follow the angel of the future, through the portal on whose threshold we stand, with greater hope, with deeper trust, with new resolve, inspired with the nearness and the thought that

"Beyond the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the future,
Keeping watch above His own."

IS A PURE LIFE ESSENTIAL TO EFFECTUAL FIRST-DAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

A paper read at one of our First-day School Quarterly Conferences, held at Benjaminsville.

"There is a way, a better way, and a best way." There may be, and probably are, instances where it is necessary to have teachers of First-day School classes whose lives are not wholly pure from a truly Christian standpoint, but the question is, will their teaching be as effectual as that of the one who lives the doctrines or truths he endeavors to teach? I can only teach as I am and have been taught, and I can only have access to the Great Fountain of all true spiritual knowledge by living in harmony with His divine requirements, the very foundation of which is purity begotten of love. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To see God is to feel His living presence in the heart, as the human mind is stilled in this presence, and the will brought into a teachable condition. He speaks, and the teacher thus instructed will be effectual in his teaching, that is, if he continues in that submissive condition, retaining so far as in him lies, that divine presence, by and through whose power he is enabled to live, by example, the truths he teaches. Jesus Christ is acknowledged by all Christians to have been the greatest and most efficient teacher ever known, as well as to have lived the purest life in all the history of the world. His every precept was enforced by example; every truth He proclaimed was exemplified in His daily life; every doctrine enunciated was lived out. Read and investigate His Sermon on the Mount, then take up His life and critically study His every action, so far as it is recorded, from birth to death, and find, if you can, a single act that is not in complete harmony with, and fulfillment of, every truth taught in this wonderful sermon. It is said by many that in this day of sin and temptation, no person can

follow the requirements contained in this sermon, that he would be imposed upon and financially ruined; Jesus never uttered a vain word; He never spoke without a purpose; He always told the truth; He never did, nor does *the Christ now*, command or require an impossibility of his followers. The same power that, through the man Jesus, spoke those grand and precious truths, is to-day speaking them to the hearts of men, women and children, and by and through a measure of the same power, the people of God may live them out in their daily walk of life; and just in proportion as we approach this life, which is the *pure life*, will be our effectiveness as First-day School teachers. What will it amount to if I endeavor to teach my class kindness First day, and during the week following they see me turn the hungry man from my door; abuse my horses when they do not understand my wishes; kick my cow, when in her frantic endeavors to rid herself of the stinging fly, she switches me in the face; destroy the harmless bug or worm, just because they happen to be near me, and a score of other little cruelties wholly unnecessary? What if I attempt to teach pure thought, clean conversation, and chaste habits and I am seen listening to, smiling at, and perhaps engaging in vulgar jests, obscene stories, slang phrases, and in a fit of anger, swear a little? Shall I instruct them in the golden rule, when in my business transactions with my fellowmen, I take advantage of the necessities of a poor man, and buy much below or sell above actual worth, simply to add to my wealth; or with my bins full of grain, refuse to loan or sell a few bushels to my unfortunate neighbor, because the price is too low, or "I don't want to break into my bins for a small amount, want to sell it altogether you know, and get the money in a lump, so I can use it to advantage." They say this is business policy, may be it is, but it does not accord with the line of action laid down in the Sermon

on the Mount. Again, shall I teach love and forgiveness, and resent the unkind word; revenge the real or supposed injury; repeat the gossip stories, true or untrue; do or say anything that will have a tendency to injure or harm a brother or sister, speaking in the broadest sense of brotherhood. Can I consistently instruct a juvenile class in the preservation and purification of the body, and those same little folks see me gorging myself simply because the food is good; partaking of stimulants and narcotics for their transiently invigorating or soothing effects, knowing if not wilfully ignorant, their ultimate injury not only to the physical, but through it to the mental and spiritual. I feel I must, (though reluctantly for fear of wounding or offending), refer to one of those habits most common among professing Christians, that of tobacco. It is not my purpose at this time to discuss its injurious effects, but whatever may be said of the longevity of life attained by some of its slaves, its aid to digestion, etc., we have but to refer to the colleges and institutes of learning, in confirmation of its harmful effects on the student. Many have been the experiments in the different leading colleges of the United States, *always* resulting in a decidedly lower grade for the user and higher for the non-user. The children of to-day as a rule are better informed in regard to its effects upon the human system than the adults, consequently when they see their First-day school teacher (who has been instructing them in regard to the care of the body) puffing smoke and spitting tobacco juice in every direction, their faith in that teacher begins to falter. By precept he has taught one thing, by example the reverse. And so it is all along the line of teaching. The pupil watches and is influenced more by the teachers' actions than his words, just as the child is governed by; and his character built upon the *actions* of the parents rather than their words. Hence that person, whether he be parent or teacher, whose words and

actions mutually conform to a pure life, is the most effectual instructor. Then to conclude, the best way spoken of in the beginning of this paper, is to have teachers who are pure in heart, from which purity emanates pure words followed by pure actions, the expression and manifestation of pure thoughts. Religion is life, Christianity is character, Christ is the architect, man the builder.

Holden, Ill. ABRAHAM H. BROWN.

PRAYER.

In a former issue, a query concerning a departure from the original version of the Lord's Prayer by religious bodies recalled the early testimony of our Society, that of "Being still within ourselves and seeking the truth from the Fountain Head." God continues to teach His people Himself if we are willing to be so taught. This wisdom instructed our Elder Brother when he taught His disciples how not to pray as well as how to pray. When we fully recognize this Light to be our guide, we will not be confused by religious Societies that see more in the doctrine of Paul than in the precept and exemplar of him who taught no doctrine. We must strive to realize the responsibility we assume in prayer. Let us close our hearts to the world before we seek Divine presence. When we have closed the door and received the command of that which is our duty to God and to our fellows, let us strive to accomplish our work as ability affords, and not acknowledge our failure by asking God to do that which he plainly commands us to do. How brief, yet how complete, is the supplication of that ancient scholar, Paul. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Jesus said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." Through obedience, there developed in him the Divine Life, so that he became the Christ manifest. Any other righteousness than that resulting from faithful

obedience to the revealed will of God, is valueless in an exemplar. Let us have, always, a feeling of thankfulness for past and present blessings, and a prayerful spirit for Divine requirings, and hasten the day when judgment will flow as waters, ever seeking its level, and righteous as a mighty stream, unrestricted by channels of prejudice, enmity and personal interests, forgetful of the past and burying all impurities. C. E. L.

CONFIDENCE IN FRIENDS.

This, the coldest day of this year, I have been reading more carefully, "The proceedings of the Religious Congress for Friends," etc. The article of J. J. Janney, and the allusion of Aaron M. Powell recalled an instance that happened in our neighborhood in 1824.

A number of quiet and inoffensive Indians were trapping in our surrounding county, and were very successful in procuring a large amount of game.

With a desire to obtain all of the pelts, a few whites murdered in the most revolting manner all but one of these Indian. As a natural consequence the Indians, for miles and miles, were greatly incensed at this unprovoked crime, and commenced preparations for revenge.

The only family of Friends residing in the neighborhood had been very kind to these trappers.

The day that it was found out that the Indians were rising the husband was out hunting his horses that had strayed off. On his return he found his wife had made preparations to go to the block house for protection. The husband told her that we have been kind to the Indians, and they will not hurt us. They remained at their home and were not molested. The agent for the Government met the Indian chiefs and told them to just give him a chance to punish the guilty ones, and then, if he failed in his purpose, for them to go on the warpath. They

waited. The guilty ones, with one exception, were arrested, tried and convicted.

It is said to be the only instance where white men have been hung by our Government for the murder of Indians.

During this great excitement a man on horseback rode into Pendleton and asked if there were any Quakers living in this vicinity. He was told there was one living three miles east. The men took the directed road, and upon his arrival at the Friend's house, introduced himself. "And," said Mr. Williams, "I have a large amount of money in my saddle bags, I have come to pay the expenses incurred in the trial and conviction of the white men who murdered the Indians. I have come to you for protection. You know there is a great excitement. Will you protect me?" "I will take care of thee and thy money." The money and the man were all right the next morning, and the confidence in Friends was again maintained.

These two instances, as well as a great number of others that are on record, show the high esteem in which Friends are held by the Indians and those in the business circles.

We, who are now the active members of our Society, have abundant reasons for being proud of its record.

Doubtless there is no other religious denomination, in proportion to our membership, that has such a record for honesty, justice, truthfulness, progressiveness, business sagacity and public spiritness. Having had such ancestors and noble examples set us is it not our duty not only to maintain this high standard, but look thoughtfully and earnestly within our hearts and see if the Father has not a still grander and broader work for us to do? "Where much is given much is required."

Sorrow is the porchway to joy, the pathway to maturity and peace. No one has ever become good or great who has not met and mastered sorrow.

Young Friends' Review

A SEMI-MONTHLY,

*Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends*

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

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Lobo Monthly and Pelham Half-Yearly Meetings, now just over, were occasions of spiritual refreshings that will long be remembered and cherished by many. It were a wholesome experience for any whose hope and faith in our Society had become weak. The earnest portrayal of the simplicity of religion as found in Quakerism, and the young, bright, intelligent minds that characterized the audience, and that seemed ready to accept the simple faith as presented, could not but mutually inspire with renewed hope for our Society, and impress with an assured confidence that its faith, though simple, is all-sufficient. It will be felt by many minds as a time when the light of simple truth shone forth, dispersing as it

always does the clouds of doubt and mystery with which theologians are wont to surround religion. O that the whole world might know God and God's own short, direct, Christ-illuminated way to Himself and His kingdom, instead of blindly following blind guides through vain traditional ceremonies and delusions found in *man's* creeds and schemes of salvation.

Isaac and Ruth Wilson, of Bloomfield, Charles Wilson, of Yonge street, Ont., and Jonathan and Phoebe Jane Noxon, of Mendon, N. Y., attended the meetings, and their company, both religiously and socially, was very acceptable.

DIED.

SHOTWELL—At his home, in David City, Neb., 2nd mo. 23d, 1895, aged 56 years 9 months and 10 days, and interred at Garrison cemetery, Neb. He was born in Bertie, Niagara District, Ontario.

He frequently expressed himself as ready for the change when the right time should come, and often referred to the following lines as expressing his trust in God :

“I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I work the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me,
No ocean or on shore.

I know not where His island lift
Their fringed palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His loving care.”

BLUE RIVER MONTHLY MEETING.

FOR THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

We all like to see reports from different Meetings, showing an interest and a life in the cause so dear to our every heart, and as there has seldom been any report from Blue River Monthly Meeting, in Washington Co., Southern Indiana, I thought to write a

short account of some of our doings, for we are but little known to the body at large, being out of the line of travel from east to west, therefore the visits from travelling Friends are like angels' visits are said to be, "few and far between." Nevertheless we have an interesting and highly intelligent Society of young people, but like many other places, they have not seemed to take an interest in meetings for business, and many elderly Friends have been deeply thoughtful on the subject, seeking to mature some plan to interest them in these meetings, which resulted in the appointment of a *Committee* at our meeting in 1st mo., to draw up a programme of duties from time to time, taking in a review of our Book of Discipline, with other reading on the views of Friends, spiced with a few essays and declamations by the little folks, these to be after the business is gone through with. At our last Monthly Meeting, (which is held the first Seventh-day in each month), we had a right good turn out of little folks, and larger ones too, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, for we too have been having a very cold winter. The mercury has registered as cold as 20 below zero. After the regular routine business was gone through with, which consisted in part in reading and answering a portion of the queries, it being the Monthly just before the Quarterly Meeting, the introductory paragraph of discipline was read, on which but few remarks were made, except to admire its brevity, at the same time embodying all that seems necessary to be said on the subject; after which a few well selected pieces were recited. Then a short account of the life of Wm. Penn was given, but it was felt that our time was too short to do justice to the value of a life so greatly grand to the world, that it is to him, or to the form of Government which he established, that the people of the United States are indebted for the keynote of their republican form of Government. An essay, with other reading, was post-

poned for the want of time. At our First-day Meeting on the 3rd, the spoken word was from the text "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth," and was enlarged upon in much life, showing that we, in proportion to our faithfulness to the teaching of *that light* that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, may experience a corresponding power to the degree of our measure of manhood in Christ.

Our First day school convenes on the rise of the meeting during the winter, or does this winter, as it is the first time for some years that we have continued through the winter, and it has maintained a good degree of interest, though not so large during the spring and summer months.

THOMAS H. TRUEBLOOD.

Hitchcock, Ind.

To the Editors of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Trenton, 2nd mo. 4th, 1895.

The Trenton Friends' Association held its regular Meeting 1st mo. 28th, with a good attendance. The delegates from the General Conference, held in Philadelphia 1st mo. 26th, gave a very interesting report of that Meeting. As the delegates from each association was requested to present the names of two members of their association to act as representatives in the Executive Committee of the permanent organization, Wm. Walton and Dr. Laura H. Satterthwaite were named to serve in that capacity. The Literary Committee reported a paper on "The life of Hannah Barnard, and the cause of her suspension from the Ministry," read by Carrie S. Barnford. The Discipline Committee assigned the question, "Is the Government by unity an advantage or disadvantage to the Society?" to Phœbe H. Tomlinson, who answered it very ably in a well written paper in the conclusion that Government by unity was much the better way. A paper read at Chappaqua on "Social Purity," by Laura H. Satterthwaite, was one of unusual merit,

and well worthy of repetition. The reading of each paper was followed by a general discussion, in which many good thoughts were advanced. After a short silence, the Meeting adjourned to meet 2nd mo. 25th.

M. W. F. MOON, Sec.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

THOUGHTS ON THE ATTENDANCE OF MEETINGS.

The hearing in our Meeting of the paper on our first query, by Edward Coale, and the subsequent reading in the REVIEW of the same, has re-awakened thoughts on the attendance of our Meetings, expressed several years ago, but which seem to apply with as much fitness to existing conditions to-day as when first penned; therefore I feel free to offer them. The paper above alluded to is very plain concerning the reality and character of the God all Christians profess to worship, also what public worship is; but in regard to the attendance of our Meetings for this purpose I wish to append these further thoughts.

Complaint is sometimes made, and with reason, of our small meetings. We know, that in outward nature, we see no effect without a producing cause; will not this rule hold equally good in relation to moral and spiritual matters? If so, there must be a reason for this condition. Now, to ascertain what causes are at work, either within or without the pale of our own Society, to produce this effect, to find out a remedy, and be able successfully to administer this remedy, should be the desire of every rightly concerned Friend. It is very evident that Friends' principles are spreading throughout the world; we can no longer claim as our exclusive doctrine the direct revelation of God's will to man (albeit it might have been claimed in the time of George Fox, and for generations following), since now professors of so many other denominations believe it, and their pastors publicly declare their faith in

the same. Our own members have not lost their belief in it, yet our organized meetings are fast dwindling in size in some places, while in others they are entirely extinct. To be a Society, we must have a working organization, but that we *must not* have without members, and those members willing to attend, and ready to work when in attendance. Now the question arises, what is the cause for this state? Is it in the principle professed; in the nature of the organization; or in the individual members? No Friend will presume to call in question the high character of those great truths, that enabled George Fox and his noble compeers to emerge from the bonds of priestcraft, and proclaim to the people a higher type of religion than had been preached since the days when Jesus and His apostles taught it in its purity. Though our organization is not perfection, being the production of humanity, which is ever prone to make mistakes, it will take a bolder pen than mine to attack it; neither would I dare asperse individual motives or character; but that there is fault *somewhere*, is plainly evident. True, there are extraneous causes, such as death, removal, etc., that must not be ignored, but these are not sufficient to account for all these deficiencies.

It was said by highest authority, that where two or three are gathered in the name of Christ, there will His presence indeed be felt, and we need not multiply evidence to prove the truth of the assertion, but the two or three, though feeling the power of this presence and dwelling under its influence, can not transact the business that necessarily arises in an organized body; then, where would be our meetings for discipline? If, in attending meetings for worship, we become partakers of that spiritual food which nourishes the soul to eternal life, think you we would willingly absent ourselves from these gatherings? Would we not rather flock to them in such numbers, that our houses would have to be enlarged? Instead of so many

silent meetings, ministers would be raised up among us, to tell to a listening multitude the glad tidings of a great joy, for "out of the fullness of the heart, their mouths *would* speak;" the young and the aged would mingle their prayers and praises; they would "take sweet counsel together and walk to the house of the Lord in company," and "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks," so would our hearts delight in these seasons of spiritual refreshment, and they would become a *necessity* to our inner life and well-being.

I do not look upon the attendance of Meetings, in itself, as a means to an end, but rather the contrary; I hold that if our hearts are full of love to our Heavenly Father, we can and will worship him in deed and in spirit, every day of our lives, whether in a so-called meeting house, or our dwelling houses, in the field or the workshop, in the office or the counting room, and in fulfilling the first command by thus loving the Lord, the observance of the second will as surely follow as the night does the day, causing us to heed the apostle's injunction, to "forsake not th. assembling of ourselves together," "presenting our bodies a *living* sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God," considering it not only the "reasonable service" spoken of, but will feel it a blessed privilege, to be denied of which, would be not only a cross but a loss.

If these statements are correct, the work of reformation must begin at *home* in our own hearts, to make them fit receptacles for the spirit of love and peace to dwell in; the spirit of good will to all men; of forgiveness to those who have wronged us; of reconciliation with those with whom we may have been at variance; the spirit that would heal differences between our fellow beings, and watch over one another for good, covering from public gaze, when in our power, with a mantle of charity, the frailties of others, thus practically exemplifying the Golden Rule in our

every day life, remembering through all, that "They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled." What meetings we will have when these conditions are established! In fulfilling these requirements, we secure our own peace, our example leads others to seek and find the truth, and we will have the blessed assurance, that "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and those that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

ELIZABETH H. COALE.

Holder, Ill., 1st mo. 28th, 1895.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

A TRIP TO THE FRANKLIN MOUNTAINS.

We supposed, before we came down here, that this might be the "land of perpetual spring"; but we find they have some winter weather here as elsewhere. There has been more cloudy, disagreeable weather here for the past six weeks than has been known for several years. During the week just past it has been very much like storm, and last First-day we awoke to see the snow gently falling out of doors. It snowed hard all day long, but melted some, as it fell. Five or six inches fell altogether and froze up in the evening. The sun came out the next day and took part of it off. But he soon hid his face, and now this morning it is disagreeable again. The snow will soon be gone, however. This has been an unusually severe winter all through the South, and I do not wish to give the impression that we have no pretty weather, for, on one of the most perfect days I ever saw in midwinter, we took a trip to the mountains.

It was of this trip to the mountains that I started out to tell, so will leave that most interesting of all subject "the weather," until some future time.

We intended to get a very early start, for it was twelve miles or more to where we wished to go. As it was we

did not get off until ten o'clock. It was a gay little party that started off that morning, facing the north-west wind, which was just cool enough to be very bracing. It was on the 4th of 1st month and papa was here spending the holidays. He and mamma were in the buggy, while the remainder of the party were comfortably tucked into a large spring waggon, drawn by a team of mules, which looked able to carry us to the very top of the highest peak.

We followed the county road, which leads to El Paso, for about four miles. There is nothing of particular interest along this road, only a Mexican's poor little adobe hut now and then, where he and his wife and children live together with his dogs and burros as one large family. *Cochania*, *mesquite* and *tornilla* bushes line the road side, with here and there a tall graceful cottonwood. One sees very little cultivated land until he has passed half the distance to El Paso. That which is closest to the city is taken up by Chinamen's gardens, and is very little good anyway. Let me take you with us on this little trip and we will show you all the little places of interest—so strange and unlike anything you ever saw. In that group of four or five small huts, *casitas*, half adobe, half brush, no doubt twenty persons live. In this little low roofed house with a long shed, which scarcely deserves the name of portico, though 'twas meant for one, lives a dutchman with his Mexican wife, half a-dozen dogs, as many burros, and a flock of goats. Yonder come four yoke of oxen, lumbering along with a large awkward waggon, which is a load of itself, and was never meant to carry much. Here is the whole family going to town. The women sit in the bottom of the waggon with the indispensable black shawls over their heads. The man now and then whips up the poor little ponies, which look as if they might some day fall in their tracks. Here is a comical and lively scene.

A Mexican coming from El Paso, where he has been with his five or six little burros, to sell his burro-loads of wood. He rides one and drives the others, while he keeps his legs going at a lively rate. He soon tires and settles back into the same indifferent attitude. We now turn to the right and cross the railroad, skirting along the sandy foot hills. This is a dreary sight to see the poor little huts built half into the sandbank, and the numerous urchins running around with scarcely enough clothing to cover them. Let us turn from this sight to our left where we see a newly cleared piece of land all ready for irrigation. It looks very nice and fertile, but we are told that, although it will raise a very good crop of wheat this year, after that it will not be worth much. There is very little good land until you go seven or eight miles down the valley from El Paso. Here is the original Ft Bliss, built in the time of the Indians. It is now but a ruin of old adobe walls, long with many windows closed with tight shutters. We have been going in a north-westerly direction; we shall now turn and go north past the old graveyard, named Concordia. It is enough to make a person wish to live forever to see this place, if there were any danger of having to be buried there. It is right up on the *mesa* where the soil is all sand, and where nothing can grow except the cactus and a few bushes. The sand blows and drifts like snow, and a grave is soon lost unless marked by a stone. About two miles further on we come to the new Ft. Bliss. It is like an oasis in a desert. Though there are no trees nor grass, yet everything is in such trim order that, it does one's eyes good to look at it after seeing so many miserable huts where order is unknown. There is a long row of large brick houses which are the officers' quarters. Then there are the privates' barracks, mess hall and hospital, besides a few other buildings. The thought suddenly comes over us

that the life of these soldiers is in reality an idle one, and their time is spent in training to take the lives of their fellowmen. I am not going to sermonize, however.

The mountains lie west of the fort, so we turned and crossed the foothills as they are called. They are not exactly hills, for the distance is level to the eye, but we now and then come to a ravine. It is about four miles a cross it and a very rough road, being rocky and sandy. On each side is nothing but cactus and sand bush. As we drove nearer the mountains we saw the spanish bayonet and another sword-leaved cactus, which is very strange and beautiful. When it blossoms it sends up a stalk twelve and even twenty feet high. We went up the mountain side a little way to a stone quarry. Here we ate our dinner. It was about noon and the crisp air had given us an appetite. After having eaten a bountiful lunch we prepared to ascend the mountain by leaving our coats and filling our canteens. No doubt those who have seen the Rockies of Colorado, and stood at the foot of Pike's Peak, would laugh at our little mole-hills down here. But there is some satisfaction in their being small, for you can go to the top and see the country as it lies so peacefully below you. We did not go to the top of the highest peak, time was all we lacked however. We went over a little hill which papa and manma climed and thought they were doing wonders, and down into a deep canyon. We then began to ascend the mountain proper by going up a smaller canyon. We soon came to red granite rock, which the rains of ages have washed into deep crevices and holes. There had been rain on the mountains a few days previous and in these holes we found the pure rain water, clear and cold. We quenched our thirst and refilled our canteens. The walls of rock on each side kept us in the shade most of the time. We were thankful for it, since it was very warm work climbing.

There were few plants except the cactus, which grew so thickly in places we could scarcely step. About half way up we left the canyon; it had become so steep that climbing was almost impossible, and took to the "hog-back," as the ridge between the canyons is called. It was rock and cacti, until our feet were tired and sore. It was remarkable the way our voices would carry through the clear air. One of the party reached the top before the rest of us. We could hear his voice and the words he said so plainly, yet he seemed but a speck. By the time we reached the top we were very warm and when the cool breeze struck us it chilled us through and through. We were fully repaid for our exertions however, by the beautiful scene about us. One must take a view from the summit himself to fully appreciate it. Away to the west one hundred and seventy five miles across the broad *mesa* were the Sierra Madre Range. To the northwest we looked up the valley of the Rio Grande in New Mexico. To the northeast were the snow-capped tops of the Sacramentos. To the east at the foot of the mountains was Ft Bliss; away a cross the *mesa*, forty miles or more, were the Hueco and Sierra Alto. To the southeast we could just see Sierra Blanco, the highest peak in Texas. To the south and southwest were the mountains in old Mexico, while at the base of the mountain was El Paso, and across the river, which wound like a serpent through the valley, the old city of Juarez with her white-walled buildings. After we had feasted sufficiently on the scene below us, we turned to descend the mountains. The top was very narrow, and looking over the edge three or four hundred feet below, it was difficult to keep our heads from swimming. We could not descend there. We went down a canyon which was very treacherous, much more so than where we went up. One had to watch very carefully how he stepped, because the stones were so loose. If a person

started one it would endanger the lives of his companions below him. We would start large boulders just for the sake of seeing them crash down the mountain side, taking everything in their course. It did not take us as long to come down as it did to go up. It was almost dark when we reached the wagon again, and we were very tired. It was comfortable, indeed, to sit in the wagon and let the mules take us home. As we rode along not one of us wished to climb the mountains every day in the week.

NELLIE E. LOWNES.

El Paso, Texas, 1st mo. 30, 1895.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

TEACHING THE CHILDREN THE ART AND USE OF SELF-CONTROL.

Presence of mind is a quality much talked of, much-honored, and—little cultivated; yet, like most other good things in this world, it requires cultivation to bring it to any degree of perfection, for in very few cases is it a natural gift. Some people there are, doubtless, to whom it comes naturally and by instinct to do the right thing at the right time and place; but they are few in number. Then again, some people are by nature cooler-headed than their neighbors, and do not scream or otherwise become useless just when their services are required. But this quiet composure, though very valuable, is not quite the same as presence of mind. The latter consists not only in having your wits ready for use, but in knowing how to use them, and being sufficiently calm and steady in mind to remember and turn to account that knowledge. From the earliest possible age children should be taught self-control, and the instinct of trying to remedy any mistake or accident they may encounter. Teach your child, if he cuts himself anywhere, at once to hold the two sides of the cut tightly together, to stop the bleeding, and then to cry if he likes; instead of, as children usually

do, dancing about, howling and shaking the wounded part violently, thus making it bleed and smart doubly. Show him that if he burns or scorches himself, he can save himself much pain by covering the place with wet soap, or cold cream, or fuller's earth, or violet powder, all or any of which are pretty sure to be within reach in the nursery.

But if boys require to be taught self-control, doubly so do girls. Having, by nature, weaker nerves and a more vivid imagination, they shrink from pain, suffering, and danger in a fashion utterly unintelligible to their brothers. But the more natural this shrinking is, the more carefully should they be taught to govern it. Girls should acquire at least the rudiments of nursing, and learn the best and easiest attainable remedies for the ordinary accidents of daily life, just as certainly and as a matter of course as they are taught to sew and to read. Especially should quiet and coolness be impressed on them. Calmness is not insensibility, though many people confound them. A girl is not hard-hearted and unfeeling because she can witness painful sights quietly, and if need be lend a steady, firm hand to the doctor or nurse. On the contrary, she has usually twenty times the sympathy and unselfish kindness of that delicate little damsel who has no command whatever over herself, and fills the room with shrieks, winding up by running away the very moment an extra hand might be useful. It may seem harsh to say so, perhaps, but those dainty bodies, who are so utterly useless at any emergency, or, as their friends plead, "so highly endowed with sensibility" (those who are not their friends make unpleasant references to "folly" and "hysterics"), are generally selfish and self-observed to a degree utterly unintelligible to their more sober sisters, who are taught to forget self, and control both mind and body by their large-hearted sympathy with, and comprehension of, suffering. But the sick-room is not the only place where presence of mind is

required. Scarcely a day passes when we do not more or less require it. Thank goodness the notion that women should faint or go into hysterics for the smallest thing is pretty well exploded; still, even yet the opposite lesson might be more strongly inculcated.

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

LOVE, THE UNIFYING PRINCIPLE.

Read by Edgar M. Zavitz, at Lobo Township F. D. S. Convention, held in the Presbyterian Church, Ivan, 2nd mo. 15th, 1895.

If another differ from us, in his faith, or in his creed,
Should we censure his religion, if it fruit in worthy deed?

If he cannot see as we see, should we conquer him with strife?

Resting more upon *our dogma*, than upon *his virtuous life*.

For the heterodox we tarry in another, and condemn,

May be, in God's wiser wisdom, sound and orthodox to Him.

For it is not we who judge, and it is not we who swing

The golden gates of paradise, and give the welcoming.

Do we make a boast of *freedom* in religion and in thought,

Granting liberty of conscience, that the past so dearly bought!

Can we then deem any, heathen, hopeless of salvation's claim,

Though they never heard of Jesus, but bow down to Love's pure flame.

Though our creeds be just as diverse and opposed as black and white,

Or the north pole from the south pole, there's a love that can unite.

And if we will fail to show it in our every act and word

We are the benighted heathen, all unworthy of our Lord.

For it is not we who judge, and it is not we who swing

The golden gates of paradise, and give the welcoming.

What is this that comes before me in the blackness of the night!

Lo! the Christian's gleaming sabre with his fellowman in flight.

Or, behold the bloody Bastille, and the dungeon, and the stake!

And the thousand hideous tortures suffered just for conscience sake!

The guillotine! the iron maid! the headman's axe! the infernal screw!

The massacres of Piedmont; and of St. Bartholomew!

Oh, my friends, well may we shudder, and our cheeks burn red with shame

When we view the deeds of horror done in our religion's name,

All forgetting or unheeding that it is not we who swing

The golden gates of paradise, and give the welcoming.

Why should I stir up these feelings in your calm and peaceful breast?

Only that I may ally them into a serener rest. Let us turn our inward vision to the scenes that love awake:

Lo! the "Congress of Religions" in Chicago, by the lake,

Where all nations and religions met and trod one common floor,

With the spirits of the past saints, and the angels hovering o'er.

Love will not be mocked forever! It is she and God who swing

The golden gates of paradise, and give the welcoming.

O this earth is filled with beauty, and the human is divine,

And the common is the kingly, and the simple the sublime:

All the old things are transfigured into new things, when we dwell

In the sweet love spirit, trusting in the One ineffable.

All the vision of St. John on Patmos we will comprehend:

We shall see the holy city, New Jerusalem, descend.

Pearly gates, and jasper walls, and golden streets all symbolize

What the new born child of God sees, even here, with inward eyes.

Love and God stand ever ready at each duty's door to swing

Earth's golden gates of Paradise, and give the welcoming.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."—*Daniel Webster.*

It is not the situation which makes the man, but the man who makes the situation. The slave may be a free-man. The monarch may be a slave. Situations are noble or ignoble, as we make them.—*F. W. Robertson.*

LEAFLETS—No. 1.

The Sermon by Serena A Minard which appeared 9th mo. 15th, in the REVIEW, we now have in leaflet form, suitable for general distribution in First-day Schools or elsewhere, and may be had at 25c. per hundred. We purpose issuing such Leaflets occasionally, and hope the undertaking will meet an encouraging demand.

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NOTICE.

To the Members of Illinois Yearly Meeting:

At our late Yearly Meeting the committee in charge of "Western Department" in one of our society papers, was continued, and the committee decided to continue with the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW. The correspondents named last year were continued for the coming year, and it is earnestly desired that you diligently endeavor to increase the subscription list. It certainly would be entirely within our reach to double our list from this Yearly Meeting. There are some localities that have never responded with a communication of any character. This is not right. The paper is, and will be to some extent, what we make it. We can have a twenty-page weekly if we do our whole duty. And how can we make a more worthy effort than in this direction? You in the far West give us a little account of your surroundings, your desires and needs, of your efforts to hold meetings, of visiting Friends, and any other items of general interest, just such as you first look for on receiving the paper. Sincerely,

EDWARD COALE, Chairman of Com.



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