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Young * Friends' * Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IX.

LONDON, ONT., SECOND MONTH 15TH, 1894.

NO. 4

LOVE MUCH.

Love much. Earth has enough of bitter in it;

Cast sweets into its cup when'er you can.
No heart so harsh, but love, at last, may win it;
Love is the grand primeval cause of man;
All hate is foreign to the first great plan.

Love much. Your heart will be led out to
slaughter,

On altars built of envy and deceit.
Love on, love on! 'tis bread upon the water;
Aye, it shall be cast in loaves at your feet,
Unleavened manna, most divinely sweet.

Love much. Your faith will be dethroned and
shaken;

Your trust betrayed by many a fair, false
lure.
Remount your faith, and let new trusts awaken;
Though clouds obscure them, yet the stars
are pure.

Love is a vital force and must endure.

Love much. There is no waste in freely
giving;

More blessed is it even than to receive.
He who loves much, alone finds life worth
living.

Love on, through doubt and darkness; and
believe
There nothing is which love may not achieve.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

AN ESSAY.

Read in Woodstown F. D. School, 10 mo. 29, 1893.

The other evening, while reading over our First-day School lesson, my mind dwelt upon the thoughts contained therein, and, to-day, I would claim your attention for a short time to look with me upon a few questions that are of vital importance to young and old who are recognized as members of this religious organization. For years, a dark and a very dark view has been taken as to the future of our religious Society. We have been told that a few more generations will pass away and the old places of worship will know us no more. Is this true? If so, why? And what is our duty? Just

how your members, as members of the present, compare with the past, I am not prepared to say. But I do say that every religious denomination within the borders of our own country, has stamped upon it the principles of Quakerism. And, if as a distinct Society we cease to exist, our principles never will, for they are the principles of truth. If our Society has declined, it does not necessarily show any unfaithfulness upon the part of those who are laborers therein to-day. I do not believe, as some do, that the principles of Quakerism died with Geo. Fox and Elias Hicks. I believe to-day we have men and women just as faithful, just as true, and just as great ones, who are just as ready to stand by every conviction of right as they were. But I do believe the Society of Friends owes it to itself, that we, as its members, take a more cheerful aspect of our own situation. The poet says: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone." And so I would urge upon every one present that they look not upon our future with doubt and distrust. True, we who are in the younger walks of life may oft times err, oft times do that, which in after years we may regret, oft times wish for misspent hours, but at heart we are true Friends. We love our Society, and as years go by, and one by one the workers are laid to rest; fear not fathers and mothers for the sacred trust you have committed to our keeping.

One cause for lack in numbers, if such be the case, is, that in the early rise of this organization other churches were not built, but as they gradually worked their way in they reached another class: they immediately began with the training of the children. It was years before we recognized

that necessity, and I consider the First-day School as the most potent agency in our Society. Another duty too, I have always felt, that has not been fulfilled, and that is, I do believe, when we have others with us who almost constantly attend our meetings, and are members of no other, that we should extend to them an invitation to come into membership with us. I know Friends do not believe in proselyting, neither do I, but I do believe there are times and occasions when we fail to do our duty in this direction. And I do hope that these boys and girls who have been nurtured by this First-day School and Society, may be so imbued with the principles and so led by the guidance of their faithful teachers, that in after years they may be numbered with us. And if there is one duty more than another that I would urge upon the young men and young women of the Society of Friends, it is that they remain faithful. That they accept and take up their share of the work in our First-day Schools and Meetings. For several years I have had a desire to have Young Friends' Associations established in every Meeting in the country districts, for research of the history of our Society, and for promulgating our principles. Not that I do not believe in that broad mantle of Christian Charity; that each and every denomination has its work to do, and that each one will be blessed by a kind Heavenly Father as they remain faithful or otherwise. But I do believe it is our duty to disseminate our principles in order to banish many of the superstitious rites that are yet observed, and I, too, believe the time is at hand when the great Trinitarian principles will all be merged into one. The Father—God; The Son—the Light within; and the Holy Ghost—the working of that light. And I do not believe that our mission is yet fulfilled, but that there is a work for each and every one of us. Another duty, too, that I feel is ours, is to give a reason

for our faith. Each and every one is a rational being; and not a child but what must put some interpretation upon the Scripture lesson read in First-day Schools, and what shall that interpretation be? Shall it be that which is at variance with the laws of nature, or shall it be that deeper spiritual interpretation that shall lead the way into all truth? In my earliest childhood I well remember an impression left upon my mind. One evening at the tea-table, a minister of the Gospel was talking about the home beyond, of the great white throne, of the angels and arch-angels ascending and descending; all of these my childish fancy pictured as something real, something tangible. A few days after I asked my teacher what the sky was, and was told that it was nothing but space, and that there were worlds beyond worlds. I loved my teacher and I believed her, but from that time on, until womanhood taught me greater truths, there never lived a greater little sceptic than I. Every Bible lesson taught, or at least attempted to be taught me, was received in doubt and distrust, because, from that time, my faith had been shaken in everything that did not conform to natural laws. And I do not believe that I differed so much from other children. I believe we want to, and we must, teach as spiritual and not as literal truths, the lessons in our classes. The question before us to-day is not so much what the people thought and did eighteen hundred years ago, but to find out how to live now. To take the great Teacher of that time as an example, and endeavor to make our lives conform to the one great commandment: to love our God with all our soul, and then we *will* love our neighbor as ourselves.

Woodstown, N. J.

B. H. M.

The surest way to be always pleasant is never to indulge in unpleasant or unkind thoughts.

Written for THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

A STORY OF SPAIN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The sun sinks low behind the mountains of Sierra de Gaudarama; the shadows lengthen until the hillside is enveloped in darkness. Slightly as the shadows themselves, men and women pass through the darkness and disappear under a projecting crag on the hillside.

Beneath this crag is a cave dug out and formed by the hand of man, and so carefully is the opening concealed by branches and dried grasses that few would suspect the large apartment which is hidden below. At length the company is gathered. Gray-haired fathers are there; men of middle age, and youth whose faces express their high resolves. Woman, too, is there, with the fire of love in her heart and the peace of heaven on her countenance. No less firmly than her brothers will she stand amid the persecutions which await them all if discovered. The minister and his wife are the last to arrive. As the youthful Carlos enters hands are outstretched and blessings softly murmured. The young minister is slightly above medium height; his large black eyes are deep and penetrating; the black hair brushed up from the high forehead reveals features of noble outline and pure Spanish blood.

Very soon the little company kneel in prayer, after which the Scriptures are brought from their hiding-place, read and explained by Carlos. Words of advice are heard from the aged, and words of encouragement from the youth. At last an old man rises and says: "I feel that our dear sister, our pastor's wife, has something on her mind; shall we not unite in asking her to express it if it is her wish?" With the approval of all Camilla rises, very fair is she standing before them; in her excitement she has loosened her hair and it falls upon her shoulders in light clustering curls, her dark blue eyes are

very earnest and the fair face flushed as she speaks, "O, my friends! my brothers and sisters, I can no longer keep silent. I feel the impending doom which is ever hanging over us is about to fall. I know it! I feel it here!" and she presses her hands to her heart. Controlling herself with a great effort she continues, "As you all know, I am a child of the Alps, where my forefathers were hunted like wild beasts and where for centuries the soil was reddened with the blood of God's faithful children. It is not fear for myself makes me tremble; I was early taught to know no fear but the fear of displeasing God. But, O my loved ones! how can I live and see the blow fall upon them? Can we not fly to some safer place where we can worship God in peace? Surely this is the cursed of all lands. My own people suffered greatly, they were suffocated in caves, thrown down precipices, sawn asunder, little babes suffering with their parents. But here is that worst of all things—the Inquisition. Let but the breath of suspicion rest upon one and he is hurried within its walls and his trial is by torture. Whether he plead innocent or guilty, whether he stand up for the truth or accede to all the demands of the Catholic Church, it is the same, only death awaits him—death in its most terrible form, inflicted by wretches employed by the Church of Rome. O, my people, what think ye? Shall we not fly?" A brief silence follows the words of the minister's wife, then an aged man rises, his long white hair falls upon his shoulders which are slightly bent, but the low voice is firm as he says: "As for us older ones, we had better stay where we are; death will soon come to us and it matters little how if we are faithful to Him who refused not to offer up His own life and who promised to be with His followers even unto death. But you, my children, if you hear His voice bidding you fly, do so, and may God's blessing go with you." The last speaker had scarcely taken

his seat when a slight sound was heard by those nearest the opening; immediately all was silent, and for nearly an hour not a sound broke the stillness; then the company dispersed and very quietly and with great caution sought their homes.

The next evening let us take a glance at the minister's home. Supper is just ended and Carlos takes upon his knee the little Inez, the light of his home and heart. A very sweet child is Inez, with her father's dark eyes and her mother's light hair and complexion, and a heart which, young as she is, seems full of love and pity for all mankind. Alas! she is but one of many thousands, born with a heart and mind to bless others, but rudely snatched from the homes where God placed them to swell the ranks of Anti Christ, or to whiten the hillsides with their bones. As father, mother and child enjoy sweet intercourse, a knock is heard at the door. Instantly a cloud comes over the face of Camilla, but Carlos quietly opens the door and admits two strangers who stand a moment in silence, which is broken by Carlos saying, "What can I do for you, my friends?" "You can come with us quietly; we are officers of the Inquisition." The door now opens and a third party enters. The first speaker continues: "This man will take charge of your child, come." All the courage and daring of her Waldensian ancestry fill the heart of Camilla as she clasps Inez to her bosom, and the quick Spanish blood leaps to the face of Carlos as he replies, "Take me if you must, but trouble not my innocent wife and child. She is as guiltless as yonder dove at the window; spare her I entreat you!" But he speaks to hearts of steel; the three are rudely separated and borne away.

How must yonder stone building appear in the sight of God? Its heavy double walls and massive doors hide from human view such cruelties and tortures as can never be written.

They are known only to Him who "seeth in secret," but in the judgment those walls shall indeed speak through the mouths of the countless victims who suffered there.

But look, the doors are opening, the prisoners are coming forth; pale and haggard, some unable to stand: a ghastly company! From different doors see Carlos and Camilla coming. eagerly they glance around until their eyes meet. Oh, what volumes are expressed in that lingering look, cut short by the attending guards. The prisoners are quickly formed in line and start for the Auto da Fe. Behold Madrid in holiday attire. Throngs of people are pressing toward the center of attraction.

High on a throne sits the king, but high above him is another throne—for who? The Grand Inquisitor! In the great square a high scaffold has been erected and toward it the prisoners and their escort wend their way. They join in a hymn as they advance, but their voices are drowned by the drums and noise of the soldiery. Carlos and Camilla are at length near each other for an instant. "My darling wife, we shall be parted only for a moment," he whispers. The face she raises to him is angelic in its beauty, the lines left by pain and anguish are scarcely visible through the glorious light which suffuses her countenance as she answers, "He has said, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; when thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shall not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel thy Saviour.'"

All are quickly bound to stakes and the fires are lighted, when, through the crackling of the flames, is heard the clear voice of Carlos, the pastor, saying: "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth, verily there is a reward for the righteous. Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.

We know we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren, he that loveth not his brother abideth in death." Thus passed "from death unto life" those faithful ones who prepared the way for others who would show to the world a still more perfect way and a "closer walk with God." And what of the little Inez? Truly a lamb in the midst of wolves! Her parents' prayers were answered, and He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," took her to Himself ere her young feet could wander from the pure path in which she had been led.

Those fearful scenes have passed away, and although the spirit which prompted them still lives, it is powerless to do its will.

I have often wondered what would be the position of many of us now if called upon to answer for our faith like the martyrs of old. Are we truly thankful that throughout the land people may worship the Father according to the dictates of their own hearts? Let us then never be ashamed or afraid to "acknowledge Him in all our ways," that "He may direct our paths."

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

THE VIRTUE OF BEING COLOR-BLIND.*

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
 'Twas thus that Jesus taught!
 But who is my neighbor?
 We to whom thou some kind act may do,
 Some brotherly love, some friendship show.
 God has made this great, wide earth,
 Round and perfect and complete;
 Placed thereon the flower and herb,
 Fruit and beast and bird.
 The rose, He told to grow
 And spread its perfume far;
 The bird, to soar on wing
 And sing, and gladden all mankind.
 The fruit and herb to grow and serve
 The black and white, the rich and poor.
 He then created man and commanded him to
 love.
 The rose, the bird, the fruit and herb

All serve their master faithfully and cheerfully,
 How then can man help loving?
 All, all created perfect,
 And God pronounced them very good.
 Why, then, dare we choose between good and
 evil?

Every fellow man, it matters not
 Where his earthly lot be cast,
 Has in his life a soul divine.
 Would God plant there the precious seed
 And then desert his own?
 Does earthly home or colored race
 Shut out the Christ divine?
 Is not the babe in India
 As pure from the Maker's hand
 As the child of an English scholar?
 'Tis in ourselves the fault we'll find,
 We fail our duty to perform.
 God is as He was yesterday
 The same true God forever.
 Man ceases to love, when he ignores
 The workings of God in a distant land
 Among his people there.
 Man ceases to love, when he blindly
 Condemns the mode of worship of a brother,
 Ere he learns the depth of feeling
 Or sincere motives of the worshipper.
 Each man, no matter who or where,
 Is prompted by a voice of One
 Unseen, but not unknown by any
 Here or there, who will seek to know,
 Race or color it matters not,
 God dwells alike with all.
 He made the glowworm and the star.
 The light within both is divine.
 Then let us love—and love perfectly
 All human beings,
 The wayfarer, who lingers at thy door,
 Though he be of Indian blood,
 Withhold not thyself from him
 As thy outward eye notes quickly
 The dark completed form;
 Turn not away despitefully
 And say—go from me, thou art none of us;
 But rather close thine eyes,
 Forget the race and color,
 And seek to find the purer nature,
 The whiteness of that spiritual form
 Wherein dwells our God.
 By thy acts, thy deeds, let him feel
 That you are one in Christ;
 Help him to know
 That in thee dwells a God,
 A power divine.
 If each man as he meets a neighbor,
 Of any land, or race, or tongue,
 Would seek first to find in him
 "The Kingdom of God,"
 That by which they might be drawn together,
 And truly love each other,
 Leaving unnoticed the darker hue
 Of outward form,
 For angels of God—the sun, and winds, land
 and waters
 Are God's painters and designers,
 Filling each for his natural climate,

*Essay read by Arletta Cutler, at the First-day School Quarterly Philanthropic session devoted to "Peace and Arbitration," held in Friends' Meeting House, Coldstream, 12th mo. 30, 1893.

'Tis thus earth would become a heaven
 With peace and good will toward men.
 Nation might meet nation then,
 And in the common love of good
 Clasp hands in Friendship,
 Worship together their common God.
 Love alone can draw us nearer,
 Love alone can make us true,
 Only true love in all things
 Can make us as God intends,
 One in Christ.
 Then all mankind—irrespective of shade or
 form

Would dwell as brothers
 In one common world
 And this earth become heaven.
 As we look o'er the summer gone
 With its great efforts and results;
 Ought we not bless the man
 Whose love of God and holy trust
 Enabled him to do what man had never done
 before?

Call together citizens of all nations of the
 earth

And they dwell in one city,
 Feasted from one board,
 Slept under one roof,
 Spoke from one platform,
 All in peace and deepest friendship
 Truly realizing the
 Universality of God and the brotherhood of
 man

For the first time.
 One great writer tells us,
 Of this—history's greatest meeting.
 "It has shown that every nation
 Can make a stand in the world of thought,
 And has set people to thinking
 That the Lord is working everywhere,"
 The hardest step has been taken,
 The noble work well begun,
 Then let us not falter brothers,
 Until the prize is won.
 Each set his own aim true
 Make pure his own heart first,
 Then work to help another,
 And love, love always.

FROM CHICAGO.

A correspondent in Chicago, 1st mo. 31, writes the following items of interest: "We had an unusual case come before us—an application for membership from Madison, Wis., by a young woman living with her parents at that place. She says her mother has a membership in N. Y. city. She was visiting some 80 miles from here, and came on and into meeting on First-day, says some of her family are joining the Methodists, but

that she feels that our Society is the place for her. Our overseers have the case under advisement and think favorable of it. . . . Our Meeting keeps fairly well attended—some 30 last First-day—quite a large number of young people. Our third social is to be held on Sixth-day. They have been well attended."

Taken from *The British Friend*, 7th of 1st mo., 1894.

OHIO FRIENDS.

LARGER BODY.]

[We welcome the following letter from the body of our Society in Ohio, with whom London Yearly Meeting does not now correspond. Perhaps it is the first time a Yearly Meeting has written to a periodical. We trust it may be the beginning of a more conscious fellowship between Friends in England and those in Ohio, too long cut off from us.—ED.]

To the Editor of *The British Friend*:

DEAR FRIEND,—At our late Yearly Meeting, held at Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio, mention was made of the growing kindness of feeling exhibited latterly by many English Friends towards a body of American Friends, with whom all official correspondence had ceased for a period of more than sixty years. Feeling, as we do, that the estrangement resulting from the difficulties, that were at that day permitted, to rend and divide the Society into two distinct bodies, has frustrated, to a great extent, the influence for good that otherwise would have been exerted over the people.

Realizing the kindly attitude manifested by *The British Friend* (of which thee is editor) toward Friends of our branch in this country, a desire was kindled in the hearts of many of our members, that this sense of Christian kindness and love might be cherished and reciprocated, that it may grow and expand to the gathering of all into the one heavenly bond of Christian love. Under the prompting of this desire and

feeling, it was proposed, and united with, that a copy of the printed minutes of our Yearly Meeting be sent to the editor of *The British Friend* as a token of our appreciation of the kindly spirit thus manifested; and the writer of this was nominated for the performance of the duty.

As will be seen, the minutes are short, and, as we think, do not portray a desire to exhibit a higher standard of light and grace than has been our earnest concern to attain to; yet we trust they will be found sufficient to exemplify the spirit that animates our body, whose cardinal principle has ever been the mindi.og of the Light, that we may become the children of the Light and of the Day.

I will close this by saying that I will mail to thy address a copy of the minutes before mentioned. With a desire that we may all be found faithful in the discharge of every duty that devolves upon us,

I subscribe myself thy sincere friend,
SAMUEL S. TOMLINSON.

Emerson, Jefferson Co., Ohio, U.S.A.

BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND,
30th of 11th mo., 1893.

DEAR FRIEND,

SAMUEL S. TOMLINSON,—I received and read thy letter with both welcome and thankfulness. I have posted two copies of the B. F. for 1st mo., 1894, to thy address, in which thee will see I have printed thy letter in the hope that it will arouse some fresh interest in the body who are unfortunately separated from connection with Friends here by the unfortunate circumstances of years ago. Friends in this country have, I believe, seen so much of the evil of separation and its scattering effects, that we shall be glad to do what we can to heal and help the reunion of Friends who have so long been divided and estranged. There are many Friends who would gladly send an annual greeting to *all* who bear the name of Friends without distinc-

tion, and I hope our Yearly Meeting will not again allow itself to select one body and reject another, if any further divisions arise. Will thou please accept my sincere sympathy with Ohio Friends in their isolation, and the desire that in patient fidelity to what is believed to be the Divine will and leading, they may, in patient endurance, fill their allotted sphere of service under the banner of Christ our Head—cherishing a loving spirit—and a willingness to wait the Lord's time for a fuller fellowship with all those who are bound to the same cause of truth, the same spiritual covenant, the grace of truth which comes by Jesus Christ. He is our light and our life, and will be to all who trust in Him the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

I shall hope to look through the "minute" thou sent me shortly, now that my very busy time is nearly over. I shall be glad to send a dozen copies of *The British Friend* for 1st month to any addresses thou may send me.

With Christian sympathy and regard,
I am, thy friend truly,

W. EDWARD TURNER.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.—Spirit and matter have been presented to us in rudest contrast—the one all noble, the other all vile. But is this correct? Does it represent what our mightiest spiritual teacher would call the eternal fact of the universe? Suppose we had been impregnated with the notion of the poet Goethe instead of the notion of the poet Young, and had looked upon matter not as brute matter, but as the living garment of God! Would not our attitude to religion be different. In many profoundly thoughtful minds such a revolution has already taken place. They degrade neither of the mysterious duality, but they exalt one of them from its abasement, and repeal the divorce between them.—*Prof. Tyndall.*

It is through great tribulation that the heart of man comes to know God.

Young Friends' Review

A SEMI-MONTHLY.

Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

EDITORIAL STAFF :

S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream, Ont.

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

ISAAC WILSON, Bloomfield, Ont.

SERENA MINARD, St. Thomas, Ont.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, *Managing Editor.*

S. P. ZAVITZ, *Treas. & Bus Correspondent*

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

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

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

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

We are loath to pass the subject contained in the letter from Ohio Yearly Meeting, and the reply from the editor of the *British Friend*, found elsewhere in this paper, looking towards an epistolary correspondence between London Yearly Meeting and the Yearly Meetings of our branch of Friends in America, without some editorial notice. Such a connection with Friends in England, we believe, would be a strength to them and us. It would show to the world and to ourselves that the estrangement of past scisms was giving place to a more commendable spirit. It was not difference of

doctrine that wrought the disaster of 1827; it was lack of toleration, of the broader charity, of the higher love. If we do not acknowledge any dogmas or confessions of faith why do we allow them to separate and alienate us? I cannot conceive how such action accords either with the name or the spirit of the religion which we profess. O Friends! it is the broader, higher love that we should diligently strive to possess ourselves of. I believe the time is come for our body of Friends to proffer its love to the Friends in England, intimating an earnest desire for this closer fellowship and love.

Our readers and club raisers will please continue to add to our list of subscribers. We can still send, to new subscribers, the back numbers from the first of the year. The names are coming in quite satisfactorily, but we don't wish any slack up yet. We have made substantial gains in many places. Perhaps in next issue we shall state briefly some items of interest in connection with our present canvass. In the meantime prosecute the work, please, with energy. Our change to a semi monthly and our increased efforts to meet the needs of the young people of our Society are meeting the approval of Friends, as expressed to us, almost without exception, from every quarter. The dull times will probably make it impossible to increase our number of readers as much as we would like, but the indications are that we shall surpass quite liberally all former lists.

The winter in Ontario has been exceptionally mild, and a great lack of snow has been the rule. Here at Coldstream we have had no good sleighing since 12 mo. 15th, and many days have been spring-like, and the land fit for plowing, and some plowing done. On the evening of the 9th inst., we had the very uncommon occurrence of a severe thunder storm in February, during which one or two buildings in our township were burned.

THE PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION IN ONTARIO.

The temperance cause in Ontario has undoubtedly advanced of late with rapid strides, until it stands to-day far in advance of its position at any time in the past. The unexpectedly large majority in favor of prohibition given at the late plebiscite vote has strengthened the hands of the temperance people and inspired them to go on and complete the work. The great convention which met in the Horticultural Pavilion, Toronto, on the 6th of this month, consisting of delegates from organizations of every kind, having the temperance cause at heart, was the largest and most important ever held in the Province. Fifteen hundred delegates were in attendance, and enough spectators besides to pack the building. Of the convention the *Globe* says:

"The proceedings were simple, and occupied but one day of close application to the business in hand. The preliminary formalities were soon cleared away, and the relics of the plebiscite campaign disposed of: the resolutions prepared by the Union Committee, which met on Monday evening, were passed, after debate, which was keen and intense, but full and fair; a large deputation waited upon the Ontario Government, and received an answer which aroused the liveliest satisfaction: and the evening was given up to rejoicing and renewed resolves to work on towards the attainment of complete prohibition. Such in brief were the proceedings of the great prohibition convention which will long be remembered as an historic event in the onward march of prohibition."

The decision arrived at was to ask the Government at Toronto, and the Government at Ottawa, each to introduce and further prohibitive legislation to the full extent of its jurisdiction. The power to pass prohibitory laws by the Province has been questioned, and the extent of its jurisdiction is now

being tested in the higher courts. Between the afternoon and evening meetings a large and representative delegation from the convention waited upon the Ministry of Ontario to ascertain just what legislation they might expect in view of the recent vote. Space will not permit to print the addresses pro and con, but the interview was altogether satisfactory. The Premier, Sir Oliver Mowat, summed up his answer and gave it in writing as follows:

"If the decision of the Privy Council should be that the Province has the jurisdiction to pass a prohibitory liquor law as to sale, I will introduce such a bill in the following session, if I am then at the head of the Government. If the decision of the Privy Council is that the Province has jurisdiction to pass only a partial prohibitory liquor law, I will introduce such a prohibitory bill as the decision will warrant, unless the partial prohibitory power is so limited as to be ineffective from a temperance standpoint."

Representatives of every shade of temperance was here, the different religions and Sabbath school organizations, temperance societies, and other societies, were working together harmoniously for the procuring of prohibition. Prominent ministers, politicians, representatives of the press, clever women, Commodore and Mrs. Booth, and not least, Hector, "The Black Knight," mingled promiscuously upon the platform and spoke with effect.

There is a power in unity of purpose and in united action. The foremost workers for religious and moral liberty and freedom are recognizing this more and more. As Isaac Wilson and the writer sat together, as delegates, in this great convention, we were reminded of a like pleasure and upon an occasion somewhat similar, but a few months ago, in the Hall of Columbus, Chicago.

Coldstream, 2 mo. 12. S. P. Z.

The strongest man is he that can overcome the enemies of his own household.

THE PICKERING EXECUTIVE MEETING.

Pickering Executive Meeting of Friends was held the 25th of last month, with the usual number of Friends in attendance. Richard Widfield was very acceptably with us, and handed forth words of encouragement and helpfulness. He arose with the feeling that discouragement ought not to rest upon us, that he had been impressed with the promise that had been left to us by our Holy Pattern, that where a few were gathered in His name there He would be also. How thankful we should feel for this promise to His dependent children! The helpfulness of it is many, many times realized in our small Meetings. The *living presence* of the All-wise Father has filled our hearts with gladness and thanksgiving for the great privilege of worshipping Him in spirit and in truth.

In the Business Meeting requests for membership were received from Uxbridge for Nelson Chapman, his wife and infant daughter. It is with a welcome warm and heart-felt that we receive these sincere and earnest young Friends into our fold, and we trust the worthy example may be followed by others not in membership with us.

A letter was received in our Executive Meeting from a Friend in Indiana relative to assisting in maintaining the Colored Schools in the South. Other business claiming considerable attention, there was but little time left for the proper consideration and discussion of the subject, and it was thought well to lay it over until our next Executive Meeting.

We were privileged in the enjoyment of a good meeting, although small, and if at the beginning of it feelings of discouragement crept over the heart of any member I think they must have been dispelled in the realization and fulfillment of the blessed Master's promise. A. W.

We want all Friends to subscribe for the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

VISITING FRIENDS.

Visit made by our Friends Joshua L. and Abel Mills, members of the Visiting Committee of Illinois Yearly Meeting—the former, however, as a member of a special committee of Blue River Quarterly Meeting, to visit East Jordan Executive Meeting and members.

We started on the 19th of 1st month, arriving at Sterling about 4.30 p. m., finding our Friends Hugh L. and George D. John awaiting us at the depot, the latter kindly taking us to his home, where we spent the night, his daughter and her husband spending part of the evening with us in social converse. The next morning being damp, we called awhile upon this daughter at her own home. We also called on our friend Josephine Ward, having a pleasant visit with both.

Our friend George D. John kindly furnished us with horse and buggy. We wended our way toward East Jordan, about eight miles. Although it misted we did not get wet. Put up at Martha A. John's, who gave us a warm welcome. Her brother Chalkley and his son Marius make this their home. Dr. A. C. John (another brother) and family have lived in one end of the house since their return from Dakota over a year ago.

Owing to the small number of Friends the Meetings are held at the residence of Martha A. John.

As it continued to rain we remained with these Friends over night, having quite a pleasant visit.

First-day morning meeting was held in the Meeting House. Notice had been given that we were to be there. Most of the members were present, also quite a number not of our fold. Abel had considerable service. After the close of the meeting a short conference was held, after which, in company with Samuel Lester, we dined at Nathan P. Wilson's; his sister Mary stopped to be with us.

In the evening went home with Sam-

uel Lester, and attended an appointed meeting for Abel in a Church near by, which was fairly well filled with a very orderly and attentive audience, which seemed quite satisfactory.

Second day morning Samuel, though aged and not very rugged, notwithstanding the weather being cold and road very rough, took us down to Nathan Wilson's—some six miles—to dinner, where we again met his sister Mary, their brother Sykes, of South Dakota, also being with us. We had quite an enjoyable visit with all of them.

Toward evening Nathan kindly took us down to Sterling, some ten miles, at which place Abel had arranged for a meeting in the Unitarian Church, which was well filled, lighted and warm, the audience giving good attention to what was offered. After expressions of thankfulness to them for these kindnesses the meeting closed. The minister came forward and expressed unity with what had been said. Returned with Hugh L. John, where we had taken tea, and spent a very pleasant evening and night.

We left on the early train Third-day morning for our homes, where we arrived in due time, feeling well repaid for the effort we made in the cause of truth.

RELIGION AND IRRELIGION.

The wide difference of opinion and belief existing among the human family in regard to the subject of religion have induced me to express some thoughts upon what seems to me a very vital subject. I hold as a fixed principle that truth never suffers by comparison; and also that the quickest way to get rid of error is to get it fairly and forcibly before the mind. I shall not assume the position of absolute knowledge, believing that he who is over-positive or absolute in his beliefs gives strong evidence that he may be in error. It has been a problem during the years of my life, one which to me has never been satisfactorily demonstrated, how the religious world, holding to the teaching of the

Bible, could sanction and support capital punishment. Confronted first by that which is held of highest importance in the Old Testament, viz., the commandments, one of which in the plainest and simplest language possible, without qualifying words, emphatically declares—"Thou shalt not kill"—neither legally or illegally. This command, as the record states, was handed forth "amidst the thunderings and lightnings and the noise of the trumpet and the mountain smoking." Leaving the record of the earlier history we appeal to the "Sermon on the Mount" for evidences, in which the people were taught that "unless their righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees" they should "in no case enter the Kingdom of Heaven." "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time: Thou shalt not kill, and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." And furthermore, that every one who is *angry* with his brother (the old version by way of excuse has interpolated "without a cause") shall be in danger of the judgment. The thousands of men who are recognized as criminals are the adversaries of those whom they have assaulted. The teaching of Jesus, so far as I am able to comprehend it, points to an agreement with our adversaries as practical and advisable. Never in a single instance does he recommend or hint at the propriety of depriving him of life. He does, however, in part recognize the fact of the dominion of law reaching out to restraint or imprisonment. What a sublime thought is embodied in his utterance "I say unto you, love your enemies and pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven." "If ye love them that love you what reward have you? Do not even the publicans the same?" When we shall have put on religion for irreligion, and have gone to our enemies or adversaries stripped of our cloaks of hypocrisy and with the genuine love of God in our hearts, there will be little need of placing the abhorrent cord

about a Prendergast's or any other criminal's neck, and rejoicing in the right to be parties to an act at once so foreign to that which is my highest conception of christianity.

As I have before intimated it has ever been an anomaly to me how a human being professing the worship of God could assume the high prerogative of executing his brother. Laying aside the teaching of Scripture from which much more evidence might be adduced, let us appeal to that source from whence the Scriptures, or rather the truths that are in them, have proceeded, viz., God in man. Here is the pure test. Let us apply it. When the passions of man are in abeyance to the Christ or Light of God in the human soul is it possible that it will leave the mind in "the cool of the day" with feeling of calm pleasure and happiness when he is confronted with the voice of the Lord, "Where is thy brother?" With the picture of a brother and fellow being strangled and dying at our hands, if in a Christ-like condition would we not give worlds to restore the life of even a criminal? Far be it from me to condemn, but with a heart from which love for my fellow man flows I invite the earnest and prayerful consideration of this subject. In the outstart we have used the terms religion and irreligion. In conclusion let us sum up what religion is not: "Rite and ceremonies are not religion. A man may repeat the grandest creed verbally a hundred times a day for twenty years; he may cross himself three times and bend his knee and bow his head and still be full of pride and vanity; or he may omit those ceremonies and retreat to himself into his closet and shut the door and in struggle with God efface his egotism and receive the Divine Spirit. That is religion." We must arrive at pure, rational, universal interpretations of all the dogmas of theology. By this process we will be much more likely to grow into unity, and instead of recognizing as religious only those who are church

members, we will be enabled to recognize the Fatherhood of God in the brotherhood of man.

B. F. NICHOLS.

APPENDIX.

"I have been about thirty years in the ministry, and I have never yet discovered that the founder of Christianity has delegated to man any right to take away the life of his fellow man."
—*Father Mathew.*

"I have considered the subject, long, patiently and carefully, on Bible principles, and I have deliberately adopted the opinion that the death penalty ought to be abolished"—*Rev. James Murphy.*

"The State teaches men to kill. If you destroy the gallows you carry one of the strong outposts of the devil."
—*Theodore Parker.*

ONE ASPECT OF THE NEGRO QUESTION.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

On the 9th of this month, Frederick Douglas, the colored orator (he is not a negro), made before a large audience in this city, an impassioned protest against what he termed the persecution of negroes in the South upon charges of assaulting white women. Such was the feeling there, he said, that it was only necessary to make the charge, and without inquiry or proof the lynchers were ready to torture, burn or hang the accused. He indignantly denied that negroes were more prone to this crime, than were whites; and he called upon the press and pulpit of the North to denounce the injustice of the South.

Statistics do not furnish the means of testing the orator's statements, but they display certain cognate facts, *first*, that in every part of the United States the proportion of criminals to population is vastly greater among the negroes than among the whites, and *second*, that this proportion is greater in the North and West than in the South; thus showing either that the negro is better

in the South than elsewhere, or that he is there more gently dealt with. The figures are from the U. S. census, and are arranged by Bishop Pennick, the agent of the Protestant Episcopal Commission for work among the colored people.

Dividing the United States into five districts, the North Atlantic and South Atlantic; the North Central and South Central; and the Western; the figures of the census show:

That in the North Atlantic section, the homicides by negroes were to homicides by whites in proportion to the respective populations, as more than eight to one.

That in the South Atlantic section the proportion was more than four to one.

That in the North Central section the proportion was more than ten to one.

That in the South Central the proportion was more than three to one.

And in the Western section the proportion was nearly seven to one.

And then of other crimes by negroes and white the proportion, having regard to the respective population, was:

In the North Atlantic nearly five to one.

In the South Atlantic nearly six to one.

In the North Central more than eight to one.

In the South Central just four to one.

In the Western nearly five to one.

These figures tell substantially the same story in all sections, and serve to justify in some degree the efforts being made in the South, or at least in Arkansas, to induce the negroes to emigrate; and they explain, partially, the introduction in Congress of a bill to abolish the Federal Supervision of Elections in the States, the effect of which, if passed, would undoubtedly be the suppression, in the South, of the negro vote. The right to vote being given to the negro by the Constitution, Congress cannot withdraw it but by a majority, which cannot now be obtained for the measure.

J. D. M.

Washington, January, 1894.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

With the birth of sweet sounds was born the poet and magician. With the poet came love, and with love came life, *real* life with all its sunshine and its showers. So we note that harmony is the ancestral progenitor of all the sweets of existence.

The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.

Grand symphonies that swell the quiet air, seem oft like living seas that burst the bound of man's brief age.

Back among the Greeks when Pythagoras advanced the music of the spheres, there lurked the keenest sense of God's universal harmony.

From Apollo with his lyre down to the modern harp, music has ever been calculated to elevate the intellectual powers, refine the social feelings and affections, and add a quota to the sum total of human happiness.

No science has ever been so universally popular as that of music. The savage, the barbarian of northern Asia, the wild tribes of the torrid deserts, and the uncultivated children of the Isles of Oceania, all have some practical notions of harmony.

It matters not what may be the origin of music, whether it be used to solace the weary heart or to contribute a restfulness to the tired soldier. However, it may be, it is assuredly true that rhythm is one of the most general principles of the human soul. It pervades all tribes, all ages, all classes, elevates labor and cheers the heart. Sing at your mixing-board, and I'll warrant you your bread will be the lighter for your song. Sing while you sweep and the broom will move far easier with the accompanying melody.

Music is coeval with man. To give a history of it would be to read the progress of man from the time of the first choral hymn of creation, "When the morning stars sang together," until the present day, when the true musician tells you that perfection smiles down upon the art.

The Grecian mythology, the mysterious theology of ancient Egypt and India have made the mystery of sound subservient to their uses.

Moses sent up a song of gratitude to Jehovah, the moment that the deliverance of the children of Isreal was effected. And David, regarded as the "sweet singer of Isreal", was selected by Saul to comfort him. But of all the old songs extant, may we not imagine the gentle, sweet melody, which came from the throat of Miriam, after the passage of the Red Sea.

We may, if we will, string our lives upon harps,—harps which time nor eternity can hang upon the willows. The true music of life consists in symphonies of kindly thoughts taking shape in kindly deeds.

From different climes come different melodies; whether it be the troubadour of France, pouring out his heart beneath his fair one's window, or a brawny Highlander, singing his ballad by the crackling faggots, or mayhap, a follower of St. Patrick, humming his "Shamrock" in the peat bogs of Ireland, all convey an indigenous sweetness to the song-loving world.

Philosophy has well nigh dissolved itself into poetry, and poetry, alas, into song. The philosopher works out his problems with the aid of his master intellect, while the poet or musician, but sits down by a rippling stream, and it breathes to his soul songs which do bear the music of attendant angels. The poet is like an æolian harp, blown upon by many winds; unless the rhymers is rich in melody, he becomes a member of that artificial school to which Alexander Pope belonged, but the true singer who comprehends the deep thoughts of the meanest flower that blows, understands the sublime in art. MARY ELLA W. CLARK.

The less a man knows, the surer he is that he has all there is worth knowing.

Our true friends do not uphold us in wrong doing.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM."

Oh, all the little children
That this green earth have trod,
A blessing on their presence !
They are so near to God ;
We are so far from Heaven,
They are so near to God.

The guileless little children,
So innocent and wise,
Another world than ours,
Around about them lies.
The happy little children
That frolic o'er the sod,
They are so near to Heaven,
We are so far from God.

Oh, trust of little children !
Oh, faith to them made known !
This earth without their presence
Would be but drear and lone.
The happy little children !
They come like flowers in May,
The winsome little children
Who gambol all the day.
Then, when the light is fading
Their weary heads they nod ;
They are so near to Heaven,
We are so far from God.

But, oh, for sorrow's children,
Who throng the crowded street,
From attic and from cellar
They come with naked feet,
Oh, haggard men and women,
And ye who ceaseless plod,
Take heed for these your children,
They came to you from God,
They may be far from Heaven,
They came to you from God.

The fragile little children,
By holy angels sent,
They come with benediction,
For briefest season lent.
They cannot linger with us,
We cannot hold them long,
They see the courts of Heaven,
And hear celestial song.
The light of God's own glory
Is in their shining eyes.
They bring with them a halo
From stars of Paradise,
But blest the home forever
Where these shall enter in,
That home is sacred, holy,
Where such as these have been,
Oh, wounded hearts and breaking,
That ache beneath the rod,
We nearer grow to Heaven,
When these have gone to God.

—*Anna Olcott Commelin, in Worthington's Magazine.*

REVIEW OF "LUCILE."

Read by Edgar M. Zavitz at the "Olio" at Ellis Cutler's, 1st mo. 5th., 1894.

The book that I chose to review is *Lucile*, Owen Meredith's metrical romance. I feel 'Twould be best, if I could, to present it to you in the form of the book I attempt to review—A species of verse very rare in our tongue, For in it no one before Bulwer had sung, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, you know, I presume, Is his name; Owen Meredith merely his "non de plume."

I will give you the plot first; I feel it will prove somewhat interesting, as its fashioned by love. It plunges in "media res" with a letter From *Lucile* to Lord Alfred Vargrave (and I better

Just here state that she is our heroine, he is Our hero) demanding the letters, well, yes, if it pleases

You better, *love* letters, since it is reported Our hero with some other one has consorted. Which broke off the match, whose fault do you ask?

Well, really, now that's a quite difficult task To decide. 'Twas a misunderstanding between The two wooers, for both were to blame some, I ween.

However it was; 'twas a fatal mistake. It blasted two lives, made oh, the heart ache! He married Miss Darcy, but not out of love. He confesses himself, and his acts plainly prove,

At least, as the flood tide of passion recurs, When meeting again with *Lucile de Nevers*. And *Lucile*, although she may have jilted in yourh,

Proved true to her first love, aye true until death. She came between Alfred and her rival, his wife—

Came not to augment and embitter the strife, But came as an angel unselfish and white, The two estranged souls to adjust and unite, Disappointed in love, her affections unfurled, And closing again they embraced the whole world.

A ministering nun at the close she is seen A sister of charity, sower seraphine. She not only loved, loved her enemy even—The height of pure love—but there also was given

To *Lucile* a mysterious power to bend Man's stern, stubborn will to some glorious end,

Which she was endowed with the insight to see Was the goal of his life, was his true destiny. But it is not the plot half as much as the sense That I feel to consider myself in defence—And the scenery, so charmingly pictured at times,

I will give you a taste in his own polished rhymes.

It's descriptive of France, and is fresh with the breeze

Of the morn, and the lake, and the blue Pyrenees.

And above all the sweet character of *Lucile*, Whene'er, in whose presence, you can't help but feel

You're confronting a woman, a woman whose life

"Was so pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,

That all life is made purer and stronger thereby."

Now the rest I will let Edward Bulwer supply, And so you will better be able to see

How greatly superior is Bulwer to me.

"Alfred Vargrave was one of those men who achieve

So little, because of the much they conceive. The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,

May hope to achieve it before life is done."

In describing *Lucile*, says the poet, "I fit To this character, also its moral; to wit, Say the world is a nettle, disturb it, it stings; Grasp it firmly, it stings not. On one of two things,

If you would not be stung it behooves you to settle;

Avoid it, or crush it. She crushed not the nettle,

For she could not; nor would she avoid it; she tried,

With the weak hand of women, to thrust it aside,

And it stung her. A woman is too weak a thing

To trample the world without feeling its sting."

"Yet there's none so unhappy, but what he hath been

Just about to be happy, at some time, I ween; And none so beguiled and defrauded by chance,

But what, once in his life, some minute circumstance

Would have fully sufficed to secure him the bliss

Which, missing it then, he forever must miss. The future's great veil our breath fitfully flaps,

And behind it broods ever the mighty perhaps. We but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be,

And fall back on the lap of a false destiny. So it will be, so has been, since this world began;

And the happiest, noblest, and best part of man Is the part which he never hath fully played out;

For the first and last word in life's volume is doubt.

The face the most fair to our vision allowed, Is the face we encounter and lose in a crowd.

The thought that most thrills our existence is one

Which, before we can frame it in language is gone."

And now, as I promised, I'll give you a glance—
A poet's word painting of mountainous France,
"Ascending the mountain they slacken their
pace,

And the marvellous prospect each moment
changed face.

The breezy and pure inspirations of morn
Breathed about them. The scarp'd, ravaged
mountains, all worn

By the torrents, whose course they watched
faintly meander,

Were alive with the diamonded shy salaman-
der.

They paused o'er the bosom of purple abysses,
And wound through a region of green wilder-
nesses ;

The waters went whirling above and around,
The forests hurg heap'd in their shadows pro-
found

Here the Larboust, and there Aventin, Cas-
tellon,

Where the Demon of Tempest, descending
upon,

Had wasted with fire, and the peaceful Cazeaux
They marked ; and far down in the sunshine
below,

Half dipped in a valley of airiest blue,
The white happy homes of the village of On "
But the book you will find on the library shelf,
If you want any more you can read it your-
self.

Anger is a consuming fire, it
withers the tender emotions of the
heart.

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