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Young - Friends' - Review:

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IX.

LONDON, ONT., EIGHTH MONTH 15TH, 1891.

NO. 18

GOD LOVETH US.

God loveth us. In pain or bliss
O heart, be true and strong !
God loveth us, and knowing this
We know life's sweetest song !
God loveth us, O hands that grasp
At human tenderness.
And then in emptiness unclasp !
He waits to fill and bless.
God loveth us, O weary feet
That find the journey long !
His love provides a rest so sweet
The hope of it makes strong !
God loveth us, O eyes that find
Life's lessons hardly read !
By fears of loss made dim and blind,
Learn his great love instead.
God loveth us, O fallen one !
Creep upward to the light—
God's radiant stars shine on and on
Until the dawn grows bright.
God loveth us—the world grows old
Yet falls the light and dew.
God loveth us—the world grows old,
But love is ever new.

A COMMENCEMENT ESSAY BY G. L. B.

AN APOSTLE OF LIBERTY—FOX.

Nearly fifteen hundred years after the dawn of Christianity, the world had not learned its great teaching of universal freedom. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the entire civilized world was in servitude; every man was subject to one above him in rank, and all bowed down to the supreme authority of the Pope. No freedom, either in thought or speech, was allowed, and, as was natural under these conditions, the heaviest burdens fell to the lower classes. Those people in whom there was any sense of justice rebelled against this state of affairs, but seemed powerless to remedy it.

The masses were entirely without

learning, for education was granted alone to the clerical order. Since the nations were in such a depraved condition, we are not surprised to learn that they were in constant turmoils. The poor peasants continually chafed under their galling yoke of oppression, and the nobility were in constant fear lest these should break forth into open rebellion. Everything was in an unsettled state. The world needed a reformation. Savonarola, an Italian, was one of the first who recognized the need of a reform, and set to work to bring it about but he was put to death almost before he had made a beginning.

The work once started other reformers followed—Colet, Erasmus, and Thomas More. These men, though they were enlightened concerning many things, yet committed one great error, for while they saw through the vain teachings of the Catholic Church, they nevertheless upheld the authority of the Pope. Martin Luther took up the work while these three men were still living, and under his zealous efforts the reform made great progress. He fought boldly against the evils of his age, and stood firm for what he considered the *right*, but at his death he left the work seemingly incomplete. The nations of Europe were as unsettled as ever. Catholics persecuted Protestants and Protestants persecuted Catholics.

About this time the New World was beginning to attract people, and hither they came seeking freedom of worship, but those who had so earnestly sought freedom for themselves withheld it from others. So here, as in all Europe, tolerance was unknown.

There was need of a man to com-

plete the work ; to crown the efforts of Luther and others by carrying their work farther than they ever dared go ; a man who had the *whole truth* and the courage to declare to the world the greatest truth to which it had listened since the time of the Apostles Savonarola and Luther had denounced the wickedness of the Church and demanded reform, but it remained for a poor cobbler's apprentice to expound the doctrine of man's direct responsibility to God without the intervention of so much as a pastor. And the name of George Fox has passed into history as enfranchiser of the human race. In his youth George Fox was accustomed to meditate upon God and his dealings with men, and as he grew to manhood he was oftentimes troubled and deeply perplexed as he beheld the vanity and wickedness of those about him. He endured great mental agonies, and in his trouble he sought help of those whom he deemed best fitted to help him ; but he received nothing that could satisfy a nature like his. Finally relief came. The Spirit within showed him that though all the world were tossed about as on a troubled sea, yet he was stayed fast by hope, which was as an anchor to his soul. From that time till his death he ever looked for guidance to a Light within, and no more sought outward help. Then he began his great life work.

Martin Luther had two great failings. He was often so carried away by excitement that he would utter wild, unreasonable words, and then he who preached freedom to others was himself a slave to superstition. George Fox had neither of these traits. He always spoke earnestly, but was remarkable for his perfect self-possession under all circumstances, and he believed in God as an all-loving Father too firmly to have any superstition. Soon after he received the divine assurance that he possessed that Hope which the world cannot give nor take away, he felt called to preach against the evils of that century. This was

his life work, and he pursued it with never-failing zeal. Often he was threatened, persecuted, and imprisoned for the truth's sake, but he always stood firm. Fearing no one but his Creator he bowed down to none other. He taught the sinfulness of taking oaths, and gave constant testimony against the abomination of war—two things which after two hundred years are coming to be regarded as he regarded them. Having little education, he nevertheless understood human nature so well, and was so filled with divine inspiration that he was able to set forth the truth in such terms as stirred the hardest hearts, and made wicked men fear and tremble as they listened. He was a strong advocate of education, but thought a course at Oxford not essential to one about to enter the ministry. After he had spent a few years in showing men the error of their ways, and in teaching them to worship God *in the Spirit*, and when many thoughtful people had joined the cause for which he was devoting his life, the name of "Quakers" was given in derision to those who upheld the doctrines of Spiritual Worship and Equal Brotherhood. Afterwards these people formed the Society of Friends. During the latter part of his life, George Fox gave much attention to establishing this Society, and even came to America to visit and encourage the members here. As the founder of the denomination of Friends, he doubtless fulfilled God's purposes for him, but it is as the late Spurgeon said : "George Fox was a blessing, not to the Friends alone, but to all Christendom. He was sent of God not only with a view to this Society in after years, but to the Christian Church of that time, and to the Church of God in all times." He died in 1690, having accomplished more toward reforming the civilized world than all the reformers previous to him.

Such, briefly, was the life of the Apostle of Liberty. And you, and I, and every one who enjoys the privilege of worshipping God without the inter-

vention of Pope or priest, are more indebted to George Fox than to any other man that has ever lived.—*The American Friend.*

HUMAN PERFECTION.

A recent First-day School lesson brought up afresh the subject, "Are there any who pass through this life without sinning?" The text in the lesson referred to was "There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, who need no repentance." Some claim that this text is intended to teach another truth, and that human righteousness that needeth no repentance is mentioned only incidentally and must not be taken to prove anything directly—perhaps a "lapsus linguae" or a "lapsus mentis." And yet if we were to ask them if they thought that Jesus used any false premises, even to teach a truth, they would scarcely admit it. There seems to be no alternative but to accept the natural inference that there were some in that day, and as likely in this, who lead righteous lives and need no repentance. Is this not as plain as anything that Jesus ever taught? So also with the parable of the prodigal son. One brother it seems always remained with the father. Again, would Jesus call us to be *perfect*, as he does in that memorable text, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," if it were impossible to be so?

Since it seems so plain that a sinless life is the natural life—the kind that God designs us and desires us to live—how does it come that it is so widely thought and taught to be impossible? It comes from the belief in original sin so widely held among Christians. If we believe that we are born in sin it is easy to think that we live in sin. The doctrine of living in sin is a natural sequence of the doctrine of being born in sin. If Friends are unanimous in ac-

cepting the belief that man is born without sin, why do they not as unanimously accept its logical sequence that he can live without sin? They who believe that we are born in sin and cannot live without sin, have at least the virtue of consistency. Let us, therefore, be even as consistent in carrying out our higher truth.

Our doctrine that man is born without sin is gaining credence in the world. Let us couple with it its logical sequence that it is possible for him to live without sin and let them go hand in hand as twin sisters in faith, and the persuasion of their reasonableness and consistency will be irresistible.

If we believe that we are born without sin, and that sin is a violation of the law, and that this law is made known to man's understanding, and that he can obey it if he choose, and that he is free to choose, certainly it is *possible* for him to obey and keep free from sin. To an unprejudiced mind nothing can be more logical. Jesus lived thus; he invites us to live thus; and God that loves will abundantly shed down His grace to help us thus to live.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

OUR NEW TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES.

The Jews, during the history we have of them in our Bible, had at three distinct periods of their existence three different religions, or, the religions of three separate nationalities adjacent to, or geographically interposed in, Judea; namely, the Brahmin, Egyptian and Chaldean. "The father of the faithful," A. Brahma, or A. Brahm, who resided for a time in Urr of Chaldea, then migrated further westward and located among the wild Bedoin tribes who inhabited the barren hills, mountain fastnesses, valleys and ravines of that wierd region, subsequently called Judea and the Holy Land.

Moses taught and trained them in

the religion of Egypt, and the Babylonians, while holding them in captivity, taught them the religion of the Chaldeans.

The Mosaic, or Egyptian, religion was their religion for much the longer period of their history, as contained in the Old Testament. That period, and that religion, gave them the distinctive characteristics as a people. Most of their literature was written then, or refers to that period. Their great prophets are represented as having lived and taught then.

Their theocracy and religion were secular, practical, and, in many respects, rational and scientific, as taught by their more enlightened teachers.

We learn, in these ancient records, that the last 500 years of which it gives us the history of them, and after they returned from the Babylonian captivity, they had largely imbibed, and lived in, the Chaldean faith.

The leading objects of the writers of the Gospels seem to have been to endeavor to convert them to the principles of the old Mosaic theocracy, with a more spiritual application, and divested of the outward physical symbols, figures and representations, sensual and savage ideas, adapted to their condition after they emerged from Egyptian slavery.

They had advanced in intellectual and social conditions, and were prepared for better thoughts.

These Gospel writers respected their Jewish traditions and prejudices, that claimed a great superiority for their own people, as the special chosen race or nation, and the peculiar favorites of Jehovah. To secure their interest, the more if possible, they gave the genealogy of the teacher of this new and more spiritual faith, as a lineal descendant of David. The message he brought them was a divine one from their ancient deity, whose son, in that sense, he also was.

One of the first testimonies they put in his mouth, or ascribed to him

as the author, was, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

This was returning at once, and directly, to the Mosaic religion of their fathers, and a brave and severe blow at their then popular Chaldaic faith, which was, that the Divine kingdom and the Heavenly Father that was to save them was not here now on earth, but somewhere among the stars, and he was to save them, not here, but in another existence, and in another life, after they left this earth and these mortal bodies. We must ever bear in mind that the ancient Greeks, Egyptians, and other more cultivated nations, taught their religions through dramatic, allegorical figures, personified, and various outward, visible representations.

Although Biblical Scholars believe these Gospels were prepared in Alexandria, Egypt, or in Greece by Greek writers, yet the personages and geographical references were Judean, in order to attract the attention and interest of Jewish readers. On careful reading we will find Jesus spiritualizing, purifying, and applying to life, the old religion of Moses, the immanence of deity with the people, as expressed in this age by the more enlightened, scientific thinking classes. The convictions of what is wise, best and true, impressed on or arising in our own minds and judgments, is the Divine Guide for our duties and conduct in all the relations of life.

We have now arrived at the interesting point as to what is the drift and purpose of the teachings of these Gospels. We will see at the beginning the words put in the text as being expressed by Jesus, are opposed to the Chaldean and favor the Mosaic theology. He said not one tittle of the law should pass away till all was fulfilled. His mission was not to destroy the law nor the prophets, the teachings of which were substantially all secular. There is found in his emphatically reiterated parables lessons defining the kingdom of heaven, making it secular, and to be obtained, realized

and enjoyed while on the earth. It must be earned by industry, prudence, thoughtfulness and perseverance before it could be deserved. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." It is evident he believed the kingdom of heaven was to be found and experienced here, or he would not have asked and urged his hearers to engage in the search for it. There is nothing in the text or context to even intimate that they were to scale the aerial heavens in pursuit of it, with the expectation of finding it, and then keep it in readiness to enter after they left this material world. And the Gospel authors tell us he said, "The kingdom of heaven does not come with observation, neither shall men say, lo here, or lo there, for the kingdom of heaven is within you," a doctrine at war with the then existing popular Chaldean faith, and obnoxious to the most numerous cultivated, religious sect of the Jews at that time, the Pharisees. These Gospels were evidently written to counteract or neutralize the false teachings and evil influence of this stolid religious sect in retarding the more progressive and enlightened thought among the more intelligent Jews, and the Greeks. The kingdom of heaven of the Gospels is a state of righteousness and harmony among the people through a wise enlightenment and intelligent, right living. What constituted the location and the necessity of a kingdom of heaven and a Heavenly Father, seems to have been the pivotal or central question about which the Gospel writers and the Pharisees or orthodox Jews did not harmonize, and the multiplicity of problems, growing out of this difference in faith, has given rise to a succession of conflicts among those claiming to be Christians, ever since. Jews nor Gentiles who profess to have adopted the Christian faith, have never accepted the palpable teachings of these Gospels as derived from and founded upon Moses and the

prophets, when the lessons were more intelligently and spiritually applied to life, under a higher civilization.

Friends in reading and teaching the real lessons meant to be conveyed by these writers should do it in the light and by the aid of contemporary history. All teaching of these gospel lessons without these advantages must be deficient and misleading. It is proper we should know what opinions were entertained and what importance was attached to them on their first appearance. Those who wrote them and the age in which they were written should be the best judges of their worth and of the purposes for which they were written. Without the aid of this light we can scarcely fail to put an erroneous and improper value on them.

It is no matter how single-minded, how sincere or how unprejudiced about them, no person is qualified or should be trusted to explain, spiritualize and teach these gospels without a general knowledge of their origin and history and of the circumstances that seemed to make it necessary for their authors to write them, and why they were adapted with a special purpose for the age in which they were written. There are some simple lessons in them that can scarcely be misunderstood or misapplied, but on the whole it would be very unwise, unsafe and scarcely fail to be pernicious to place them in the hands of incompetent teachers.

We find running, especially all through the synoptics, this mixture of the Egyptian and Chaldaic faith. The earlier manuscript Greek copies, the late revisers of our New Testament inform us were much more pure Mosaic than those translated or prepared in more modern times, which writers probably sincerely believed could be improved by changing the text to adapt it to the Pagan mind and the existing Pagan religions. It is well known, and not denied by anyone familiar with ancient ecclesiastical history, that deception, artifice and clerical forgery were not only justifiable but commend-

able in converting the heathen and saving sinners.

It would be very unwise for us to attempt to deny or to conceal these facts, or to be too severe on the fathers of the church and their successors for their apparent great lack of veracity or want of literary accuracy and consistency in preparing these Gospels and in making them teach what they deemed the most profitable and the most acceptable to the Pagan world, which they so persistently labored to convert to Christianity. They were more than a thousand years in getting all the European nationalities into the Christian fold. Now that this much has been done, will it not be well for us to critically review these gospels, and by spiritualizing, simply or otherwise correct, these gross errors.

We may call the Book holy and reverence its contents as divine, but to do this will not extricate us from the embarrassment we feel in reading its contents. Biblical scholars have long known the causes of so much incongruity in the text, but for the sake of their reputations they have not ventured to more than revert to the reasons incidentally. What a relief it would be to many sincere, earnest minds who are wrestling with these conflicting teachings if they could be helped to plainly see why the text presents to us such a dilemma. Friends ought to be free enough from the letter to engage among the first to intelligently solve these puzzling problems, even if criticised for doing it.

But they cannot do it effectually nor satisfactorily without some degree of reading and a familiarity with the historical facts, and a judicious use of them, when they attempt to expound some of the mystical and miraculous lessons contained in these Gospels.

If we could all enjoy equal light how much greater would be the harmony and unity of feeling and work we would experience, and more assured would be our success.

We are cherishing prejudices and

sometimes unkind feelings towards one another, simply because we are in the dark or are laboring with different degrees of Light, the principle on which and by which the Society professes to be founded and to be guided.

T. E. LONGSHORE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a grain of mustard seed, which is the smallest of all seeds, but which grows to be the largest of herbs, in which the fowls of the air can lodge on the branches thereof, which implies a growth. Now we are all created with two spirits which are antagonistic to each other, one is of a benevolent kind nature, wishing to benefit those with whom we have to do with, even at times to our own discomfort, the other disposition or spirit is of a selfish nature, wishing to sacrifice everything to its own aggrandizement, which we see exemplified in some of what are called the greatest warriors, whose selfishness has led them to the most barbarous extremes of cruelty. Now we have the power of choosing which of these two powers or spirits we will obey in our minds, that our actions may be for good rather than for evil, and experience a growth in righteousness and consequently peace and happiness, for by being helpful to others is our own enjoyment established. And heaven is a state of peace, happiness and enjoyment which by doing right will always be experienced by ourselves, at the same time assisting others therein.

Our great pattern and head of the Church has declared that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. And undoubtedly it is to all who are under the power or influence of our Heavenly Father's law of benevolence and kindness, which is the power or spirit of Jesus, which is the Christ, which is the power of God and his wisdom, which was never crucified, but is the

same to-day, yesterday and forever. Those influenced thereby have passed from death unto life, and experience that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. We thus work out our own soul's salvation. "No man can redeem his brother or give to God a ransom for his soul." It must be an individual work. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all things necessary thereunto will be added." Let us be careful that we do not want things that are not necessary for the enjoyment of that happy state. "It is hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven" and why? because his mind is on material things, putting them foremost, thinking to secure happiness in that way instead of peace and happiness first and squaring his actions thereunto and receiving thereby all that is necessary for a peaceful and a happy state of being. The command to seek *first* the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness would not have been given had it been impossible to attain to it. How many of us are living up to our privileges of enjoying this happy state. I fear there are too many of us depending on perishable things which perish with the using, and do *not* eventually insure that lasting good so much desired. Some think heaven can not be enjoyed until after death of this natural body. It seems as though it should be found now whilst it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work, and it may be, if we have not found the Kingdom of Heaven in this life that we will never enjoy it. Let us then endeavor to have on the wedding garment of brotherly kindness and love that we may enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb, and enjoy a heavenly state as our portion for well doing.

ANONYMOUS.

The kindest and the happiest pair will find occasion to forbear; and something every day they live to pity, and perhaps forgive. — *Cowper.*

LABOR

God gives the days, we do the deeds
That fill their wants and mend their needs;
Steady, steady!
Let feet be swift where duty leads.
Swift and ready.

A wall of worth we build around
Possession—make it hallowed ground,
Building ever
More high, more strong, round upon round,
Resting never.

What science plans we execute;
Earth's crudest gifts our hands transmute
To joys life-giving;
Our sweat's the flavor of the fruit
Makes life worth living.

In simple faith we fashion things;
Our voice a safer bulwark flings
Than sword or sabre,
Around the land where men are kings,
And all men labor.

—*John P. Sjolander, in The Boston Pilot.*

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Oh, whip-poor-will! Oh, whip-poor-will!
When all the joyous day is still,
When from the sky's fast deepening blue
Fades out the sunset's latest hue,
We ever hear thy measured trill,—
Oh, whip-poor-will! Oh, whip-poor-will!

In the soft dusk of dewy May,
In pensive close of autumn day,
Though other birds may silent be
Or flood the air with minstrelsy,
Thou carest not; eve bring us still
Thy plaintive murmur,—whip-poor-will!

When moonlight fills the summer night
With a soft vision of delight,
We listen till we fain would ask
For thee some respite from thy task;
At dawn we wake, and hear it still,
Thy ceaseless song,—oh, whip-poor-will!

We hear thy voice, but see not thee;
Thou seemest but a voice to be,—
A wandering spirit—breathing yet
For parted joys, a vain regret;
So plaintive thine untiring trill,—
Oh, whip-poor-will! Oh, whip-poor-will!

Oh! faithful to thy strange refrain,
Is it the voice of joy or pain?
We cannot know; thou'lt not tell
The secret kept so long and well,
What moves thee thus to warble still,—
Oh, whip-poor-will! Oh, whip-poor-will!

FIDELI.

Kingston, Ont.

Young Friends' Review

A SEMI-MONTHLY.

Published in the interest of the Society
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

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We are informed that Abel Mills and wife, of Mount Palatine, Ill., a minister and the latter an elder, have been granted a minute of unity by Clear Creek M. M., endorsed by Blue River Quarter, to attend the approaching Ohio Yearly Meeting.

"A Chorus of Faith" is the title of a book that is well adapted to serve the purpose of preserving the leading thoughts and spirit of the first and great "Parliament of Religions." It is a compilation, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of selections, of a unity of voices, on vital religious and ethical subjects, from the able expounders of their respective religions and faiths, who took part in that memorable occasion. It leaves out all dead and past issues, and introduces only those that are

worthy and are destined to move the world. This movement is towards unity through charity or love. It acknowledges that all religions are fundamentally true, and only superficially at variance. It believes in the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the sisterhood of all religions.

The subjects taken up in the book are the "Harmony of the Prophets," "Holy Bibles," "Unity of Ethics," "Brotherhood," "The Soul," "The Thought of God," and "The Crowning Day," with the "Greetings" and "Farewell," and are the lofty utterances of the illustrious personages who took part, or rather who formed a part of the great achievement. It was, indeed, an assembly of the living prophets of the world, and will produce greater good than any previous council.

The object of the book may be best represented by selections from the able introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones :

"The Parliament will teach people that there is an universal religion. This universal religion is not made of the shreds and tatters of other religions. It is not a patchwork of pieces cut out of other faiths, but it is founded on things which all religions hold in those common—the hunger of the heart for comradeship, the thirst of mind for truth, the passion of the soul for usefulness. In morality the voices of the prophets blend, and the chorus is to become audible throughout the world. In ethics all the religions meet. Gentleness is everywhere and always a Gospel. Character is always a revelation. All writings that make for it are Scripture."

'Christianity as the 'only revealed religion,' the 'one true religion' set over against a 'false religion,' found itself in straightened circumstances at the Parliament. Its boast was denied in the most emphatic way such a denial could come. The claim was disproved by men who, by their radiant faces, enkindled words and blame-

less lives, proved that they, too, were inside of the Kingdom of God, partakers of his righteousness, though still outside the traditions and dogmas of Christianity."

"Jesus, the blessed friend of sinners, the peasant-prophet of righteousness, the simple priest of character, the man illuminated and illuminating in the Sermon on the Mount, the golden rule, the matchless parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son, was magnificently honored at the Parliament. His fame was immeasurably extended and his power increased. But the Christ of dogma, the Christ of a 'scheme of salvation' of a vindictive, soul-damning god-head was threatened. There was little place on that platform for any atoning blood that will snatch a murderous and thieving Christian into Heaven, and plunge an honest, life-venerating Pagan into hell. Jesus, one of the saviours of the world, the noblest, as it seems to me, of that noble brotherhood, the spiritual leaders of the race, remains made more near and dear by this fraternity of religions. But Jesus, as 'The Saviour of the world,' who, by miraculous endowment or supernatural appointment, is to supplant all other teachers and overthrow their work, will find but little endorsement for such a claim in the thought or feeling that will grow out of the Parliament of Religions."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones deserves the thanks of all holding to the liberal persuasion for preserving in concise form, as far as possible, the prevailing sentiment and spirit of the Parliament. But the judgment passed by the critical audience in indicating their approval or disapproval gave an inspiration of hope to every liberal-minded thinker, beyond what the mere words can even suggest. It will remain a living inspiration to all who were favored to witness it. In that applause I heard prophecied the broader thought of the twentieth century. The Parliament means more light in the world, and this purer light shone

out so brilliant at times during those seventeen days, even from our Pagans, if you choose to call them so, that error and narrowness and superstition cowed before it. Oh, let all lovers of the liberal faith, of a reasonable religion, help to usher in this purer light of a diviner day.

MARRIED.

LUKENS-CHEYNEY—On Seventh mo. 26^b, 1894, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's brother, J. Passmore Cheyney, in West Philadelphia, Charles Ellsworth Lukens, of Chicago, to Emily Cheyney, of West Chester, Pa.

"Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"I would have gathered you together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing but ye would not." And why not? Was it not because you were following after that which scattereth rather than that which gathereth? Following after the deceitfulness of riches and the pride of life instead of minding the care-protecting power of safety.

"Choose ye this day, choose now whom ye will serve." This protecting power that will lighten your burden, or serve the deceitfulness of riches and the pride of life, which will make the load heavier for our nature to bear up under. Surely we wouldn't be so unwise as to choose the latter; yet, a great many of us do, or are rather drawn into doing so apparently unawares by the deceitfulness of things which are contrary to the care-taking power of which we should mind and obey and be gathered into, in preference to the deceitfulness of riches and the pride of life. Let us be hereafter more willing to serve where our burden will be easy and light. Be willing to have the mind or spirit single to the one thing needful and not be busied about too many things, as was of old, who neglected the one thing most needful—that our burden may be easy

and light. "I am nigh thee and round about thee to do thee good. I am not afar off; wilt thou accept my offer of kindness? If thou wilt, thou wilt be happy. Refuse not my offer, but I will not insist too much, for thou must be left free to make thy own choice, which, please do rightly so that thou mayest enjoy life everlasting and glorify thy Father who art in Heaven, and enjoy life here whilst in this state of being," is what the blessed Master would say, I think, were he present with thee. Keep him not out "until his locks are white with the dew of the night," but let his divine power and presence rule in thy mind or spirit above every other consideration, his loving kindness in thy mind or spirit practiced towards others continually whilst journeying along, making thy burden easy and thy yoke light. And so this divine power influencing our minds has a tendency to bring about what is prayed for when we say: "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven." A heavenly state experienced whilst here on earth, and thus have our burdens made light and the yoke easy, and so glorify our Heavenly Father.

ANONYMOUS.

ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING,
9TH MO., 1894.

Meeting for Ministers and Elders,
10 a.m., 9th mo. 15th.

Annual Conference, 3 p.m., 9th mo.
15th.

Business Session begins 9th mo.
17th.

Friends from the east coming via Chicago take the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. to Mendota, thence to Lostant on the Ill. Central R. R. Friends from the west come on the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. to La Salle, thence to Lostant on Ill. Central R. R. Day trains arriving in Lostant are from the north, two, 6.20 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. From the south, 1.30 p.m.

Visitors should report their names early to one of the following Committee:

Morris A. Wilson, Magnolia, Illinois.
Lillian E. Mills, Clear Creek, "
Wm. L. Mills, " "
Willis B. Mills, Mt. Palatine, "
M. Gertrude Wilson, Magnolia, "

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

THE FRIENDS' CONFERENCE.

The nineteenth conference of the Friends' First-day School Association held its first session yesterday morning at Chappaqua, N. Y. Over 1,500 Friends gathered in the large tent on the grounds of the institute and remained for a few minutes in silent prayer, after which a vocal prayer was offered by Allen Flitcraft, of Chester, Penn. Joseph A. Bogardus, of New York, presided. The report of the Executive Committee told of general progress in the Society. The report of the New York Yearly Meeting showed that since the conference had last met within its borders—fifteen years ago—the number of schools has doubled and the number of scholars increased one third. The New York Yearly Meeting said that they had found the new lesson leaves, which were a departure from the international series formerly used, extremely satisfactory. This report called forth many remarks by both men and women Friends. Elizabeth Lloyd, of Philadelphia, referred to the large number of children attending the schools who were not Friends.

In the name of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting Dr O. Edward Janney responded to the welcome which the New York Yearly Meeting had extended to them, and Isaac Wilson, a minister from Canada, spoke of the hearty appreciation of the delegates and collaborators who had accepted the generous invitation extended to them.

The report from the Genesee Yearly Meeting, which includes Canada and Northern New York, was the cause of much discussion. The change from the international lessons in their case had proved a mistake, and they were

looking forward to the time when they could return to them. Howard M. Jenkins asked where the benefit of the international lessons lay. They were simply selections from the Scriptures, upon which each denomination built its own distinctive lessons. Dr. Edward Magill, ex-president and now professor of French at Swarthmore College, expressed his regret at the recommendation of the Genesee Friends, and said :

"We must remember we are dealing with children and not with older minds, which would undoubtedly be affected, as one Friend has said, and to take these International sentiments of the Old and New Testament, and then write our own lessons, would be only giving ourselves unnecessary trouble, while placing stumbling blocks in the way of their attaining the greatest development in the truth of the Society."

"The fundamental principle of other denominations," said William M. Jackson, "is that human nature is innately bad. The fundamental doctrine of the Society of Friends is that human nature is innately good. The International lesson leaves are not a study of the Scriptures, but merely selections to promote the growth of the Evangelical Church. As Jesus lived near to His Father, so are we to-night to live near to His and ours. We glory in studying the Christianity of the New Testament."

After some further discussion the meeting was adjourned until the afternoon. The afternoon session was occupied in the illustration of practical First-day school work. The opening exercises were conducted by Isaac H. Hillborn, of Philadelphia, and an illustration of work with advanced lesson leaves—given by William Burdall. Alice L. Darlington, of West Chester, Penn., gave a practical illustration of work with the illustrated lesson leaves with a class of small children, and the closing exercises were conducted by Amy Willetts.

The evening session was held in the tent, which was lighted by hanging

lanterns, and was devoted to a discussion of the exercises of the day.

To-day the reports from Philadelphia and Baltimore Yearly Meetings, and a paper by John William Hutchinson, of New York, on "The Necessity of Impressing Friendly Denominational Views in Connection with Our Teachings," will be read.

—From *N. Y. Tribune*.

8th mo. 10th.

WITH WILD ROSES.

(Continued from last number.)

I have told the children many myths and legends of glorious old Greece and Rome at different times, but I scarcely expected so practical an application of my teaching. It had seemed to me a good thing for boys to make an early acquaintance with the heroes of those old days, and so I had told them of the swift footed Achilles, and the valiant Hector, and the noble Leonidas, and led them into the shadowy realms of mythology, sometimes talking to them, sometimes reading aloud from that interesting collection (the best book I know of to introduce children to the heroes of antiquity), Cox's "Tales of Ancient Greece."

Now I am face to face with a difficulty. I don't like to drive away the poetry and mystery of nature too soon from a young life. But there is Bob before me, still grasping the alleged thunder-bolt, and his mood is certainly not to be trifled with. I decide, though regretfully, that the time has come to discard the classic explanation of atmospheric phenomena, and substitute that of modern science; so, while the children group themselves about me on the grass, I try to tell them something of that "circle of eternal change which is the life of nature." After all, it seems quite as wonderful to them as the other explanation. I suppose it should be so. The fairy tales of science should be as entertaining as any fairy tales. They ask innumerable questions, some of which my very slen-

der scientific acquirements will not enable me to answer fully. What a well-stored brain a woman ought to have before she can properly look after children! What do the thousands of ignorant mothers do with the multitude of questions which little minds, very properly curious, want answered?

A wail from the baby-carriage interrupts the lecture on science. I take out the small bundle, and endeavor to allay its distress. All in vain! Wee Beatrice (the name does not apply very well in this condition) is proof against all blandishments. Compliments the most fulsome, conveyed in the language of labyhood, are lost on her. The fact of which I assure her, that she is a "dear 'ittle tootsey-wootsey," she treats with scorn. What is to be done? I examine her clothing to see if there are any protruding pins to cause pain, but everything seems all right. The situation grows embarrassing. Something must be wrong, I reflect; she is too young to have imaginary woes. We older people may nurse all sorts of unreal griefs, and indulge in a "luxury of woe," but a baby of six months is too sensible to cry unless there is something really wrong. Suddenly an idea works its slow way into my brain. Possibly the child is hungry. I consult my watch. I remember the rule that applies to her diet—food not oftener than every four hours. It must be five at least since she had her breakfast. I make a rush for the kitchen, get out the hygienic compound which is the child's sole nourishment, heat it in a little tin cup on the stove, and then proceed to administer it in spoonfuls. After the first difficulty—to restrain the child's evident desire to take in quantities sufficient to choke herself—the operation proceeds satisfactorily, though the simultaneous and vigorous working of both feet and hands sometimes interferes with the safe passage of the spoon and its cargo from the cup to its intended haven, and the table and my lap are strewn with wreckage. Good humor returns with satisfied appetite,

and the child smiles and crows in a most contented fashion, I carry her out to our nook in the garden, where the other children are still flitting about. A profound ethical problem is being discussed and is now referred to me for settlement. Bob has been occupying the time by tossing up a sharpened stick in the manner of that game called "knife," and which is generally played with a knife. The question was, whether it was really "playing knife"—and hence breaking the Sabbath—if a stick were used instead of a knife. To avoid committing myself on so subtle a point I suggest that they refer it to their father on his return. Bob puts down the stick regretfully, but somewhat resentful because of the others' interference in his pastime, and declines to go on a strawberry hunt with them.

"Tell me a story, Jean, please," he says, coming up close to me and trying to be very affectionate—rather too much so, for the day is warm.

But my attention is divided between the baby and Pippa Passes, so I suggest that he get a book and read. He goes into the house and soon reappears with a ponderous volume of Shakespeare, which he spreads out before him on the grass. It takes a few minutes for me to understand such a proceeding. Then I remember that during the winter I told them some of the stories of the plays, and that great excitement had been produced, particularly by the story of Shylock, inasmuch as I had stopped in the middle of the trial scene and sent the unwilling children to bed; just then the Jew's knife was apparently about to be plunged into Antonio's bosom.

"I will finish the story the first thing in the morning," I had promised—a promise the full consequences of which I did not realize until next morning before the sun was up I was awakened by the touch of small hands on my face and was obliged there and then to settle the fate of the victim and the villain.

Bob seems anxious to refresh his memory, for he turns to "The Merchant of Venice," and begins to puzzle over its contents. He spells out a good many proper names for me to pronounce, otherwise he pursues his way unassisted, his brow contracting more and more. At last, with a gesture of disapproval, he thrusts the book from him.

"Cousin Jean," he says, after a moment's wistful pause, "you tell stories a lot better than Mr. Shakespeare."

I am prevented from the possibly fatal effect of such a compliment by suddenly observing what might have ended in a fatality for the baby. After her interest in her fingers and toes (generally her most amusing toys) had somewhat waned, she had developed an astonishing interest in our country's politics, as written up in the papers lying beside me. Thinking it might afford a little harmless amusement, I did not interfere when she took possession of The Saturday Mail's editorial page. But, gracious goodness! if the child is not attempting to swallow one of those editorials! Who would have dreamed of attempting such a feat? I make haste to remove from her such unwholesome and indigestible diet. She protests vigorously, but is soon comforted by the substitution of a rattle for the editorial, and when I twist Principal Grant's letter to Mr. Meredith into a fan, and shake it before her, her hilarity is at its height.

At this point Boy No. 3 puts in an appearance. He is generally known in the establishment as the war correspondent, as it is he invariably reports from the seat of war. He comes to tell of a discussion that has arisen between the Sojer Boy and the Wise Man. Never did nature perpetrate a greater joke than when she gave an angel's face to the most mischievous of urchins, as is the war correspondent. I pay no attention to his description, graphic though it is, of the disturbance, so he soon goes off.

The fair, round head of wee Beat-

rice sinks lower and lower on my arm, as drowsiness comes over her. The blue eyes that opened upon this earth only six months ago are not open long at a time. I put down the copy of Browning I have been reading, and begin to sing a lullaby. My stock of nursery songs is scanty, but by repetition and variation of "Rock-a-by, Baby, On the Tree Top," and "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," I make them hold out until their purpose is accomplished, and the child falls into that tranquil, perfect sleep of infancy. Ah, little one, how many a world-weary man and woman would envy you one hour of such repose!

I lean back against the tree, and let the beauty of the scene take yet fuller possession of me. Some detached lines from one of the Pippa Passes song; are running through my head:

"The year's at the spring!
The hillside's dew pearled!
The lark's on the wing!
God's in His Heaven!
All's right with the world!"

What a cherry optimism breathes in some of Browning's lines! I think I never realized before how absolutely perfect nature is. Yesterday I was ready to sink beneath my load of petty care and worry, and life itself seemed a doubtful blessing. Now I feel it a joy merely to be alive in the midst of this brightness. Only a feeling of sadness comes over me when I think how out of harmony we are with it all. The feeling is intensified when I look down upon the sleeping child. One little finger is between the rosy, parted lips; upon the face all is yet fair and untouched by the defiling hand of time. Who is there—what women, at least, is there—who can hold a child in her arms without feeling the stirrings of the nobler nature, however quiescent at other times it may be within her? The worldliness, the frivolity, the utter vanity, of so much of my life presents itself to me appallingly. Afar off the childish laughter and shouting sound

sweet and musical. Happy lads! The world is still to them full of wonders. Will the time ever come when familiarity will breed contempt, and the majesty and mystery become common and stale? Could one wish a better wish for a child than—

“May cloud and mountain, lake and vale,
Never to you be trite and stale
As unto souls whose well-spring fail
Or flow defiled,
’Till Nature’s happiest fairy tale
Charms not her child!

“For when the spirit waxes dumb,
Alien and strange these shows become,
And stricken with life’s tedium,
The streams run dry;
The choric spheres themselves are dumb,
And dead the sky.

“Only at times each dulled heart feels
That somewhere, sealed with hopeless seals,
The unmeaning heaven about him reels,
And he lies hurled
Beyond the roar of all the wheels
Of all the world.”

I hear the sound of hoofs upon the carriage-drive.

§ —A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

KEEP CLOSE TO YOUR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

Blessed is that man or woman who never ceases to be a child! There is no better cure-all for physical ills; no cosmetic like it for wrinkles. For the young-old man or woman there are still what I call twinkles, love wrinkles, which laughter and good fellowship gather into the corners of eyes and mouth.

We often see the child and his grand-sire companions, but there is no reason why there should be a gap between, a long waiting for extremes to meet. Side by side mother and daughter, or father and son, or vice versa, may journey through life. The smooth pebble the child picked up from the bed of a brook is as worthy the attention of the father, as the gold which in sweat of brow and strain of nerve, he mines from the busy mart, and that childish

hand holding the pebble, may slacken the tension of nerve and wipe the sweat from the brow, while together they marvel over the bit of stone which the water, like a cunning workman, has made into a polished stone, no less a jewel, that man has not put upon it a market value. The true value of things is not always gauged by the man or woman. The child long ago found the philosopher’s stone which turns the baser metals into gold. Alas, that man reverses the process, and the true gold becomes the baser metal, and the wine of life the poison of death! The further we get from childhood, the greater the distance between ourselves and God. It is quite common for us to speak of Jesus as a lover of children, but do we not forget that God had the father and mother heart? May I not be permitted to say that childhood was in the heart of God from all eternity?

Suppose we were to enter a house, knowing nothing of the inmates, and should find in every room something dear to the hearts of children; in the parlor, pictures of children, flower-fancies, heads of animals, and in a corner a child’s toy; in the library, children’s books, as “Grimm’s Fairy Tales” “Alice in Wonderland,” or “Timothy’s Quest;” in the dining-room, on the sideboard, a silver cup, marked “D. A. R., from Papa,” and a baby’s bib folded in a napkin ring. Climbing the stairs we enter a nursery, to see in one corner a swinging basket cradle, and a double crib, with its two downy pillows, and perhaps tumbled spread; would we need to be told there were children in the house? Would we not be certain that a father or mother heart, probably both, had prepared all things, beautiful and needful, for the children? God’s world is a heaven for children. Men and women may pick flaws and quarrel with the creation, forgetting or ignoring the blasphemy of which they are guilty, but the child finds perfection, satisfaction, in cloud-land, earth-land, the water ways, with their creature

inhabitants, and almost infinity of productions, mineral and vegetable. Could the mind of God have planned all these without the thought of the child, who most perfectly enters into the kingdom of God? No wonder Jesus who knew the heart of his Father, said: "Of such are the kingdom of God." He did not say "of my kingdom," but "God's kingdom;" yet we may remember also his words "I and my father are one"

Are we teaching our children, are we remembering ourselves, the tenderness, the lovingness of God? Have I wandered from my subject—Keep close to the heart of your children? I think not.

Man of business, living in office or store until home is scarcely more than a memory, woman in society, with children turned to the arms of a nurse for love as well as care, student of theology, seeking evidence of a divine revelation—as if the Creator needed human hands to certify of the existence of a God, woman of affairs, which term covers a multitude of good things, as well as needless anxieties and worries, come home to the hearts of your children. It may be ere you are aware, that you may find an answer to the question of Job, "Canst thou by searching find out God?"

When mother and daughter, father and son, are ready to sit down together, learning of each other the things each one is best fitted to teach, reverently drawing nigh unto God "The peace of God which passeth all understanding," will brood over, and find a nesting place in our hearts and homes.—*The Interior.*

CONSCIENCE TELLS.

The world is looking for men and women who are willing to put conscientious effort into their work. There is absolutely no room for the persons who start forth in life with the expectation of doing just as little as they can. The world has prizes to bestow, but they are reserved for merit. The

individual who seeks something for nothing, and the individual whose efforts are proportionate to the material return he has in view, are pretty liable to find that their qualities are in a very slight demand.

The men and women who have reached a striking success, in whatever calling in life, have been those who threw the best efforts of which they were capable into their work. Nor were their strokes any the less true or their workmanship the more unfinished because the return for their labors was insignificant. The lawyer who gives less attention to the work of his client because that client is poor than he would to the business of a millionaire, is not reaching after the highest and best results. The teacher who labors less zealously for low wages than he does for a high salary will never develop into the ideal instructor. The business man, the professional man, the day-laborer, the individual in any calling, who takes as his standard of action the mere reward of dollars and cents, and makes this the gauge of his labors, never attains the highest rank as a successful workman, and rarely, if ever, gains even the best returns in the material reward that he seeks. It is *conscience-work* that counts. Half-hearted efforts may gain for a time, but just as soon as they are brought in contact with the zealous, earnest action of the individual who puts heart and energy into his work, they take a secondary place.

Would you win in the work you have chosen for life? Seek to discharge the duties that confront you with all the energies you possess. Put the heart as well as the head into your work. Take a standard higher than mere material reward, and labor steadily toward it. Conscience tells, in the long run, and he who makes it his guide, no matter whether he labors in the realm of the teacher or the mechanic, the merchant or the hod-carrier, will find that it leads to the highest and best.

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Emotion which does not lead to and flow out in right action is not only useless, but it weakens character and becomes an excuse for neglect of effort. — *Tyron Edwards*.

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