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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VIII.

LONDON, ONT., EIGHTH MONTH, 1893.

NO. 8

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

I sat in the lonely school-room,
When the work of the day was o'er,
And the sound of the last little footstep,
Had wandered away from the door.

Out in the glad, bright sunshine,
Free from constraint or rule,
From the tasks which sometimes grew irksome,
They hastened home from school.

With mind grown tired and weary,
And aching, throbbing brain,
Thy work and care of the busy day
My thoughts dwelt on again;

The noise of thoughtless pupils,
Had seemed greater than before,
And even those who were brightest
Must be given their lessons o'er.

But I thought of the Heavenly Teacher,
In whose school I am being taught.
Are all of the tasks He assigns me
Do, charged in the way I ought?

Do I turn from the lessons He gives me,
Those learned in the school of pain,
Till with hand so firm, yet loving,
He turns me the page again?

O Father, who aye givest all things,
For thy heedless children's good,
Who teacheth us in the school of life
Things hard to be understood;

Give us faith to trust thy guidance,
Till thy training is complete,
And we pass from life's hard school-room
For the life thou hast made us meet.

Till out into heaven's sunshine,
Sitting low at Jesus' feet,
The task which once seemed weary,
Shall be found so plain and sweet.

—Kate E. McPherson.

Lunenburg, March 29

OUR MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP.

A paper read in N. Y. City at a social meeting after Monthly Meeting 3rd mo. 1st, 1893.

"Reader, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitudes; wouldst

thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; come with me into a Quaker's meeting.

"Dost thou love silence deep as that before the winds were made; go not into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth, shut not up thy casements. Retire with me into a Quaker's meeting.

"For a man to refrain even from good words and hold his peace is commendable, but for a whole multitude—it is a great mastery."

This testimony from a witness of the meeting of our early Friends', but one who was not connected with them, expresses simply and in few words the teaching of the great father of Quakerism George Fox. In his journal, he tells of meetings where they sat in silence for several hours, waiting upon the Lord. He exhorted all to gather in the stillness, for he said, "In the silent waiting upon God, thou comest to receive the wisdom from above by which all things were made and created. And it gives an understanding which distinguisheth man from the beast." A golden silence it must have been, in which all souls were seeking for the food of righteousness and being fed.

But Marsh, in his "Life of Fox," tells us there were fewer silent meetings then than now. In that deep silence, God spoke to His servants, gave them words of love and encouragement for others, and revealed His truths to them for the instruction of others.

In those early days, when the only

ministers were priests, educated at Cambridge and Oxford, who sold righteousness to the people at so much per hour—as George Fox puts it—then people were led to see that an education at one of the leading universities could not fit a man to preach that divine truth which is only revealed in the heart and has no market value, but must be given out to all mankind in the fullness of love. No preparation was necessary to enter the ministry excepting in one's daily life. His example must coincide with his precepts. But Janney tells us that learning was not at all scorned by our forefathers. They made the most of their opportunities.

We read that these simple people met together in the most trying times, and by their exhortations called many away from the vain glories of the world, and converted them to this genial and unassuming worship, and taught them that simplicity in all things is best. The Friends became noted for their honesty and uprightness, and their devotion to all good work.

So much for the meetings of the early Friends. Let us look at those of to-day.

We still meet together twice a week in our plain meeting houses. A few of us wear the costume of our ancestors, and most of us use the plain language among ourselves. Our principles are much the same as those held in earlier times, though some of us read novels and once in a while enter into harmless amusements. We are becoming more and more interested in good works, and among our members we have some of the best and most enlightened minds of the age.

What about our meetings for worship? We still believe in an inspired ministry, and there is much silence in our meetings. It is the living silence that we read of in the writings of the earlier Friends, and is our ministry calculated to call others to come into the stillness with us? To both these questions I should answer Yes and No. There is

much life still left in both the silence and the ministry, but why, if our religion is the one that gives us most peace and seems to bring man nearer to God than any other, do not more people find it so? If our ministry is the only true kind, as we believe it is, why do we have so few ministers, and, I grieve to say, so few good ones? Why do many of our best men and women fail to speak in our meetings for worship, while in our business meetings and social gatherings we hear from them words of wisdom that can come only with right living and thinking? Why, when we gather into the stillness on First-day mornings, does not God speak to his people through his best teachers? It is George Eliot who says:

“I say, not God himself can make man's best without best men to help Him.”

Can it be that inspiration itself is withheld? I cannot think so, but rather that we do not know what inspiration is. A man is inspired when he is made to feel that he has something to say. In talking with preachers on this subject, I have been assured that the call is not necessarily a loud one; and one minister told me at the Conference last summer that so much has been said upon the subject of inspiration that we have come to think of it as something strange and awful, while it is not so at all. And he believed we are inspired to speak on a subject when we feel that we have something to say about it. John W. Chadwick says, “The only test of inspiration is, does the thing inspire?” If that is true, we may think some of our ministers are seldom inspired. But we must remember that some one in the meeting may be strengthened even by what seems to us the poorest of sermons.

At any rate, I firmly believe inspiration is not lacking, and if all of our members who have something to say should speak, we could not complain of long, dull sermons. The long sermon should

be an exception in our meetings, for it is seldom one man can reach every person in an assembly, and for that reason he should not monopolize the time.

In reading the writings of early Friends, I have found that in the beginning there was no difference between the ministers and other Friends, except, perhaps, in the matter of daily living. It was not such an awful thing to be a preacher then, as it seems to be now, and I've been led to wonder if some of our modern improvements in the way of recommending ministers and giving them minutes to visit other meetings are not somewhat to blame for our lack of good preaching.

We are told that ministers were acknowledged by their respective meetings and given credentials in the way of minutes to visit other meetings, to protect the Society from imposters. In this age of travel and easy communication that precaution is entirely unnecessary. The recommending of ministers has become a mere form and a very objectionable one, it seems to me. It exalts our ministry above the rest of the meeting, but why should they be exalted? They only fulfill their duty by teaching to the very best of their ability, educating themselves, if need be, that by the aid of learning they may the better fulfill their divine commissions. But I firmly believe we hinder that teaching by our recommendations, and certainly we deter others from becoming ministers. And why should ministers from other places come to us recommended. If they are true ministers their presence will strengthen and aid us whether they bear testimonials or not. But, as it is, after a visiting minister has been with us, we often feel relieved that he is gone. Because as a recommended minister he seems to feel in duty bound to preach—to preach much and often. The few good seed he plants, he waters to death.

Another thing I think we should guard against is the paying of the ex-

penses of travelling ministers. In theory, that is all right. We send them to preach where we think they will do good, and we help them because they cannot afford to bear their own expenses. Many of our best ministers are not good business men, and it is hardly right that their usefulness should be narrowed by lack of money. But practically, we spoil a number of our ministers by giving them such help.

In its childhood our Society was a home for the oppressed. Without inquiring into belief and requiring conformance to no creed, it welcomed all who wished to become its members. Its testimonies against war and oppression and in favor of simplicity, and its identification with all good work, have made it known on both sides of the Atlantic. There was a time—we hope it is past now—when Friends digressed somewhat from their pristine liberality, and there was much unpleasant feeling among this people of brotherly love. The only way to avoid that is to open our doors and hearts to all people—and I think we are trying to do it—and in spite of differences of belief welcome all to our body. We are told that we are declining in numbers and usefulness, and that our days are numbered. We may be declining in numbers, but certainly not in usefulness; and when we exercise our full capacity for usefulness, we shall not decline in numbers. A society of right-livers and truth-seekers, which opens its arms to all people, and only asks them to come to it that it may do them good, instead of requiring them to conform to its belief, is much needed in the world to-day; and I believe we have the capacity for that large usefulness.

But it is by our meetings for worship that we are largely known, and until each member performs his or her duty in those meetings, others will not come to us for the help we can give them. This duty may be a silent one or it may be to speak a few words of love and encouragement to those assembled, or

even to drop some seed that will be productive of useful thoughts in the minds of the hearers. I am sure that if each member were to assume his share of the responsibility, our meetings would not be the trials of patience that they often are, but gatherings from which none would go away unbenefitted.

MARIANNA S RAWSON.

Written for THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

PONTIUS PILATE.

It is early in the morning of April 7, A. D., 30. Let us take our stand near the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest of the Jews. What sounds are those which come from the court of the palace? Let us step nearer; the servants of the haughty prelate are amusing themselves with a prisoner. Hear the screams of laughter as one bolder than the rest strikes the prisoner's face and even spits upon him. Suddenly the prisoner raises his face and the little crowd falls back a moment as if amazed. The expression of that face is not to be described, but once seen it can never be forgotten, there is no anger there, but unutterable pity and heavenly love beam from the strangely beautiful countenance as he turns his face to his cruel tormentors. One man cowers beneath the gaze bent upon him, and turning quickly to his comrades he says: "Let him alone! How know we what he is? I saw him in the garden when the soldiers arrested him; he made no resistance but when they went to take him they fell down as if struck by an unseen hand. Indeed! he had to speak encouragingly to them before they had power to arrest him, and lead him away. Only one of his followers attempted to defend him. Ah! but he was a brave fellow, he seized his sword and cut off the ear of Caleb, our fellow servant, who was too forward in attempting to seize him. But hark!" he continued in a lower tone, "Know you what this man done? he simply touched the wounded youth and lo! his ear was healed again."

Scoffs and jeers arose from some, others were silent, but one said in a whisper, "I overheard the master say last night that the arrest itself was unlawful according to our law, but the man is a Jew, and if he does such things as I have heard of him I should think our people would be proud of him." "Aye," said another, "and he does do them. I saw him myself when on the road to Nain, raise to life a corpse that was being carried to the burial, and I know that he cures every disease, even leprosy. I truly believe the words of our prophet Isaiah are fulfilled in him." The last man had spoken in a low, reverent voice, he seemed to command the respect of his fellows who were silent when he stopped speaking. But the silence is soon broken. The leaders of the Jews, after taking their prisoner first before Annas, then before Caiaphas and finally before the Sanhedrin, had pronounced him guilty of death, but they well know that no judgment pronounced before daybreak is legal, and at five o'clock the members of the Sanhedrin hastily gather to confirm the sentence already pronounced, and to devise means to persuade Pilate to order the death of the prisoner, for without the Governor's permission their sentence cannot be carried out. In half an hour Pilate is summoned to meet the Jews without the Hall of Judgment. The men who so loudly clamor for innocent blood must not enter the dwelling of a Gentile lest they be defiled. Reluctantly the proud Roman prepares for an audience with the people he both despises and fears. After listening to the various accusations Pilate says: "Take ye him and judge him according to your law." Quietly comes the answer: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." Nothing but death will satisfy those haughty men whose jealousy has been inflamed by every act of mercy done by that loving one, and whose hatred has been aroused by every word of living truth which dropped from the pure lips. And they will never forget that while

his words to the ignorant and sinful but repenting ones, were ever words of love and forgiveness, to themselves his words were indeed "sharper than a two-edged sword," as he read with power divine the evil thoughts of their dark hearts.

Pilate, little knowing the deep revenge cherished in the hearts of those men, summons the prisoner before him. Ah! Pilate, little dost thou know who it is that stands before thee. In him shall be fulfilled "the desire of all nations," not excepting thy own proud Rome, who, after gathering together the gods of all her conquered countries, has lost faith in all. Within the proud city are many who shall lay down their lives because of their love and obedience to the teachings of this holy one, whose words are confirmed to them by the God implanted witness in their own souls. He who stands before thee possesses the spirit and wields the power of the one Almighty God, and couldst thou understand the awful grandeur of the few words he speaks to thee, thou wouldst not stand idly repeating "What is truth?" but casting thyself at his feet thou wouldst be torn in pieces rather than deliver up the Divine One to his enemies. As it is, Pilate is strangely impressed by the prisoner before him, and going out to the people he declares that he "finds no fault at all in this man." A furious cry arises from the Jews as they declare that "he stirreth up the people throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." Very uncomfortable is Pilate, as he gazes with increasing awe upon the strangely silent man at his side. But his quick ear catches the word Galilee; if the man is a Galilean why not send him to Herod who is even now at Jerusalem, and lift from his own shoulders the responsibility which is growing to be intolerable. But in vain. With less insight than Pilate, Herod sends back the prisoner in mockery. Little does it comfort Pilate that after bitter enmity, Herod and himself are friends again, for does he not feel in

his heart that in condemning this man he is opposing a power greater than any he fears on earth?

Again the Roman Governor addresses the people whose numbers are fast swelling to a mob. "Neither Herod nor I find any fault with this man, I will scourge him and let him go." But the ominous murmur only grows louder, and Pilate retiring hastily orders the prisoner scourged. Oh weak ruler! thou hast just declared him innocent and in the same breath dost condemn him to a punishment from which he is brought to thee torn and bleeding, scarce able to stand. But in Pilate's heart, weak and evil as it is, there is something which recognizes in that bowed and broken form, a Divinity which he fears but cannot understand. Surely the people must be moved by compassion if they see the man now. But alas! no pity is in the hearts of the Jewish priests and leaders. They have even joined their enemies, the Sadducees and Herodians that nothing be left undone to accomplish this man's death. Lest the sight of such agony might move their hearts to pity, even as Pilate so hoped, the priests and rabbis tell the people to choose Barabbas as the one to be released to them. Accustomed to the most implicit obedience to their religious rulers, the cry is instantly raised "not this man, but Barabbas." In confusion of mind, Pilate exclaims: "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" and he shudders when, for the first time, the cry is raised "Crucify Him!" In the wild frenzy found only in a mob, the people who such a short time before had followed with acclamations. One who used unlimited power only to bless, now shouted fiercely for the blood of that innocent one. Pilate wavers, before his mind rises the vision of this same people when for six days they had stood before his palace, raising a cry which many deaths could not silence, and to which he had been obliged to listen. In the meantime a

servant has brought him a message from his wife, he now reads it, and as he does so his cheek blanches and his hand trembles. "My wife has been warned in a dream," he murmurs, "I must save this man." Again this weak ruler, who alone can pronounce the death penalty, tries but in vain to conciliate the enemies of the Son of God. At last he hears the dreaded cry, "If thou let this man go thou art not Cæsar's friend." Will they report him to Cæsar? If they do he is lost; the jealous Tiberius would condemn a man to death for a less serious crime than that of allowing liberty to a man who claimed to be a king. Hastily ordering water brought, Pilate washes his hands before the multitude, at the same time exclaiming with a loud voice: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." And back upon our ears is borne that awful answering cry, "His blood be on us and on our children." "O fools and blind!" It is not enough that ye crucify Him in whom is fulfilled all the sayings of your prophets, and to whose birth you have been looking forward for centuries. Ye must need call down upon yourselves a curse, the fulfillment of which will go echoing down the ages, until, after losing all things most dear to your hearts, there shall be raised up from among you, guides who shall lead you back to Him who this day you have despised and cast from you.

Pilate is glad to shut himself within the center of his palace, where he seeks to exclude all sounds of the approaching crucifixion. He cannot bear his wife's reproaches and gives orders to be left alone; then he remembers his official duty and in agony of spirit writes to the Emperor the report of the trial and death of Jesus Christ, a report to be preserved through all the ages. But Pilate cannot be left alone; again the Jews clamor for audience and request that the grave shall be sealed and guarded. Pilate grants their requests with bitter irony, but he trembles when he hears that the man said he would rise

again. Who knows what may happen? The thick darkness and awful events which attended the crucifixion had appalled stronger hearts than Pilate's. Three days later comes the climax to his fears. The guards at the grave dispersed wild with fright. The empty tomb speaking with a voice louder than that of man. No need to tell Pilate that the body was stolen from the grave, he understands now too well the depths of evil and deceit in the hearts of the men with whom he has to deal, and he can never drive from his memory the looks and words of the just man he condemned to death.

In the far western province of Gaul stands a lonely tower. This tower is still standing. Around it the winds moan plaintively, and near it the songs of the birds take a wild minor key. At midnight when all nature is hushed the silence is more terrible than any sound to the lonely exile within the tower. See him as he stands in the early evening by the window near the top of the tower. The dark eyes are inexpressibly sad, and the smooth shaven face is seamed with lines of care. The dark hair is thickly streaked with gray but not from age. The shoulders stoop so that the man does not appear as tall as he is. The form which was once massive seems shrunken. A long time he gazes in silence, then he speaks not to the slave who crouches near, but as it were to himself. "It was intolerable before, but to-night I think all the demons of the nether regions are let loose upon me. Just three years ago to-day! It seems like three centuries. How have I lived so long? I can never see a return of this day and live. What must I suffer ere morning? I shall see that miserable traitor who hanged himself and was dashed in pieces, and that angry, surging mob! Will I never cease to hear their awful cries? And worse than all that calm face with more than kingly power, even when they led him away amid such great abuse as would make

the strongest quail. What was it that shone with such glory through all bodily weakness and suffering? Alas! Woe is me! It was a God in the shape of man I pronounced judgment against. And the guard I forced to tell me the truth in private, never did man show such fear. What strange, unearthly thing did he witness that night by the sealed grave? But yonder comes a horse man, maybe he is a messenger, it is long since I heard from Rome. Aye, he approaches. Priscus, go meet him and bring his message. With hurrying feet the slave obeys and soon puts into his master's hand a written paper. The man starts as he opens it. "Must the handwriting of my wife affect me thus? But what news?" In measured tones he reads aloud. "You ask me for news from Jerusalem. Soon after you were banished Caiaphas was deposed. A short time ago a mob, such as you have seen, broke into and destroyed the house of Annas, and after scourging his son they dragged him through the streets and finally murdered him. The Jews have been severely punished by the Romans, and many of them crucified." No more of the letter can be read; it falls from his nervous hand and, as the bowed figure leans from the window, the slave springs to his side, but too late! He only sees the body lying still on the rocks below. Rushing down the long, narrow stairs, Priscus is soon bending over the prostrate form of his master. There is no answer to his moans and cries. Pontius Pilate is dead.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

HUMANITY.

SOME OF THE LAST BURNING WORDS
OF VICTOR HUGO.

"For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of

painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth the age of philosophers, the nineteenth the age of philosophers and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth, and it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity which constitutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the near future. In the twentieth, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be but one country, that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven.

"All hail, then to that noble twentieth century, which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit!"

OTTAWA.

City about whose brow the north winds blow,
Girdled with woods and shod with river-foam,

Called by a name as old as Troy or Rome,
Be great as they but pure as thine own snow;
Rather flash up amid the auroral glow,

The Lamia city of the northern star,

Than be so hard with craft or wild with war,

Peopled with deeds remembered for their woe.

Though art too bright for guile, too young for tears,

And thou wilt live to be too strong for time;

For he may mock thee with his furrowed frowns,

But thou wilt grow in calm throughout the years

Cinctured with peace and crowned with power sublime,

The maiden queen of all the towered towns.

—*Duncan Campbell Scott.*

The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.

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DIED.

BROWN—Sventh mo. 29th, 1893, at her residence, Goshen, Lancaster Co., Penn., Hannah C. Brown, wife of Levi K. Brown, in the 78th year of her age. A member of Little Britain Meeting.

Nearly every month in one or two or three of the leading American magazines appears some striking bit of verse by a Canadian poet. We have had frequent examples of late of Lampman's unerringly felicitous grasp of the facts, Roberts' lyric power, Bliss Carman's haunting elusiveness, and Campbell's untrammelled imagination. Literary United States boasts that the best short story writers in the world today are American. There isn't the slightest doubt that the greatest poets on the continent under 35 years of age are Canadian.—*Wives and Daughters.*

TEMPERANCE IN CONNECTION WITH SABBATH SCHOOL WORK.

A paper read before Yarmouth, Ont., First-day School Association, composed of schools of the various denominations and held at Friends' Meeting House, Sparta, in 5th Mo., 1893.

I believe that temperance and Sabbath School workers have not fully awakened to the importance of properly teaching temperance to children. A great deal of energy is expended in forming lodges, in reclaiming drunkards and in getting older people, whose habits are already formed, to sign the pledge. Now, while these are great and important branches of the work, I believe the same energy would produce greater results if turned toward properly educating the children and young people on this subject.

I say properly educating them because I believe some of the teaching is misdirected. We must, in our teaching, use good arguments: such as will appeal to their reason, their humanity and their Christian love for their fellow beings. It is all very well to tell a boy he mustn't drink because it is wicked to do so, and that if he does he will very likely become a drunkard and then to hold up to him as a horrible example the unhappy home, degraded life, and miserable death of a drunkard. But the boy may say to himself that he doesn't believe that it's wrong, and he knows people who drink but never get drunk and who seem well and strong; anyway he would never drink enough to make him drunk. That method of teaching makes drunkenness and its attendant evils, the only harm of intemperance, while in reality much harm may result from even the moderate use of alcohol.

A better method, I think, would be to teach the nature and effects of alcoholic liquor, and to leave the pupils to judge for themselves whether they should use it or not; for if we tell children they mustn't do a thing that seems to be the very thing they want to do. Those who are interested in the

scientific side of this subject should read the Public School text-book on Temperance, written by the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of England, who is known as one of the highest authorities in the British Empire on this subject. As an illustration of the effect of the scientific study and teaching of temperance, it may be of interest to know that before Dr. Richardson began his series of investigations on the effects of alcohol, he used liquor to some extent, but his research proved so conclusively that alcohol, even in moderate quantities, is harmful, that he gave up its use entirely.

Another branch of the temperance cause, very properly coming in connection with Sabbath School work, is the bad example set by those who use intoxicating liquor. It is not the drunkards who set the bad example, but the moderate drinkers. No one seeing a drunkard staggering along the street, making a fool of himself, would wish to follow his example. It is the clever, good-natured fellows who take a few glasses but seldom or never get drunk, who set the worst example. I believe such people seldom realize the harm they do. They usually say they are setting a good example, and that if all would do as they do and drink in moderation no harm would result. They do not consider that one who tries to follow their example may, through some weakness of will or constitution, or from the effects of an inherited appetite, become an immoderate drinker. Again, they do not consider that one who succeeded in following their example, would, by his use of alcohol injure the delicate tissues of the heart, the lungs and the brain and so undermine his constitution that he would fall an easy victim to disease.

Next, as to the manner in which the subject shall be taught in the Sabbath School, I thought the plan adopted in the Friends' Sabbath School in Lobo might be of interest. They have a session each quarter, held on the review Sabbath, I believe, devoted to

some branch of philanthropic work. They divide the school into four parts, each division headed by a secretary and each division responsible for the program of their session. The four subjects are Temperance, Impure Literature, Peace and Arbitration, and Prison Reform, each coming once a year. Each of these subjects is subdivided into suitable heads. The program consists of readings, recitations, essays, addresses, etc.

While this plan seems a very good one, I believe that Temperance should be taken up oftener than once a year. I think a good method would be to have, during the general exercises at the close of the school, a reading, recitation or essay on temperance. The subject could then be taken up every two or three weeks, or as often as desired. A committee might be appointed whose duty it would be to select suitable persons to give the readings, etc., and then the subject would not be neglected.

A valuable adjunct to the teaching of temperance is the distributing of a temperance paper. The *Northern Messenger* and the *Band of Hope Review* are two good temperance papers.

Let us not neglect to teach this subject in our Sabbath Schools, for we may be able to save some who would otherwise begin to use intoxicating liquors through ignorance of the nature of alcohol and the bad effects of its use.

H. V. HAIGHT.

A WOMAN ADMITTED.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 28.—For the first time in the history of Methodism on this continent, so far as known, a woman has been admitted to membership in Conference. The Nova Scotia Conference, in session at Canso, has decided that Mary Dauphinie has a legal right to sit on a perfect equality with the male members in that body, and she will take her seat.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

From the "Bayside Review."

"Across the long stretch of years, embracing half a century, along the same pathway, hand in hand, heart to heart, with united interests and a devotion which each succeeding year has served to deepen and hallow, our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan P. Wright, have journeyed. Fitting, indeed, that at the conclusion of such a record the "golden wedding," or jubilee, should occur; golden, because, rich with the memory of years that have been filled with sorrow and gladness, cloud and sunshine, shared mutually, making a chain of golden links to bind securely and forever two hearts and lives that have borne the struggle, and now the golden sunset makes resplendent the whole retrospect, illumines the future pathway, and assures for each other a crown of perpetual peace and satisfaction.

How, down the long years the wedding bells chime their greeting, and blend sweetly with the music of this their jubilee, as if rejoicing in a union so perfect and complete, and filled with the prophecy of future years, yet more bright and peaceful!

What an example to the youth of our community; what a stimulus to the many lives united in holy wedlock!

May we interpret aright the meaning of these lives rounding into perfect beauty, and ripe with experience and affection.

May the fruit be as the flower, rich and full of sweetness, so that as long as life shall last each succeeding year may be a jewel to adorn the life of each. And so we greet you and we try to catch an inspiration which shall enrich our own lives, and make us better for having known and loved you, our dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

The marriage certificate was read by Mr. G. Howland Leavitt, and signed by all present, only one being present whose signature was on the first certificate.

The house was beautifully and artistically decorated with flowers, mantel-pieces banked with roses, daisies, syringa and snow balls, after which they were sent to the sick and suffering in the hospital to gladden the hearts of the poor invalids.

Mrs. Eliza H. Bell wrote and read the following beautiful lines in honor of the occasion, and presented the poem to Mr. and Mrs. Wright:—

FOR THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF JORDAN
AND MARY WRIGHT.

And *fifty years* hath passed away,
A down the stream of time,
Since first upon that wedding day
Your hearts were linked in one.

For, with "Divine Assistance,"
Through all life's changing scene,
Attending to the "Light Within,"
How great your joy has been.

How true "the promise" has been kept
That bound your hearts in love;
You "would be faithful" unto death,
Your useful lives have proved.

"When, "in the presence of the Lord,"
And loving friends around,
You "took each other by the hand,"
To walk life's journey through.

And as the "record" we review
Along your pathway bright,
We see the *home* you builded then
Is happier than you knew.

For children dear around you cling,
And clasp you to their hearts,
With fond and loving tenderness
That will your time outlast.

And children's children, too, art here,
To greet you with their love,
And smile to see your *latter days*
So bright for heaven above.

But *those* who taught your infant years
To walk in Wisdom's path,
Long since have gone to dwell on high
And meet their just reward.

But their spirits mingle with you,
Though "unseen by mortal eye,"
As we mingle here this evening
To celebrate this happy day.

There's naught on earth so precious
As a fond mother's love
To all her earthly children,
As we can daily prove.

How few *now* mingle with you
 Who were present in your youth,
 To hear the "marriage tie" first spoken
 From lips that told the truth.

The "lengthening shadows" on you fall
 Proclaim the "sunset nieh,"
 And may your future be as bright,
 No clouds obscure the sky.

And *she* who now is present
 To read these lines to you,
 For more than *fifty* years hath felt
 Your friendship, kind and true.

And when we are called "up higher,"
 To leave the scene of earth,
 May we hear the sound of welcome
 From those of heavenly birth!

And now, with thankful hearts
 For the blessing He has given,
 We assemble here this evening
 While our thoughts ascend to heaven.

These small *mementoes*, pure and bright,
 With golden threads between,
 Come now as friendship's offering
 For this "golden wedding scene."

ELIZA H. BELL.

Bayside, 6th mo. 12th, 1893.

PRISCILLA HUNT'S COMMUNI- CATION

AT ROSENDALE PLAINS' MEETING,
 NEW YORK, WHICH APPLIES
 TO ONE PERSON.

5th mo. 17th 1824.

How is the gold become dim; how is the most fine gold changed; the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street, the precious sons of Zion comparable to find gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the potter. There is an individual present, unto which a state in the view of beholders is thus mournfully described. The word of thy God is, Lift up thy head in hope, for I have heard the voice of thy supplication, and thy petition has ascended to the Throne of Grace. I have called, and Thou hast heard my word that has gone forth from my mouth, that never shall return void until the work unto which I have appointed thee is accomplished; thou, whom I have taken from the

ends of the earth and called from the walks of men. I have said unto thee, thou art my servant; I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away, to be an instrument in my hand; to bring back to my house sons from afar and daughters from the ends of the earth, that have gone astray from my house, for they are many, and will accomplish all that which I have shewn to thee, even that which in thy mind appeared to be impossible, and that field of Gospel labor which has been opened to thy view, and turned away from with a thought, it cannot be mine. How has thy tribulation been multiplied, and while thou hast been labouring in the uprightness of thy heart, how has thy labours increased thy tribulations till discouragement and despair has become thy almost constant companion? The word of thy God is to thee, lift up thy head in hope, for the day of thy redemption is nigh, even at the door; therefore, consult no longer with circumstances; say not in thy heart, it is yet four months and then cometh harvest, but lift up thine eyes, and behold thy field is white unto harvest. The word of thy God is to thee, thrust in thy sickle, for thy harvest is fully ripe. Fear none of those things with which thou art bound, for thy God has arisen to plead his own cause in thy deliverance. Those mountains that stand in thy way thou wilt to thy awful admiration and astonishment, behold them cast in the sea, and I will confound that which contends with thee in the work unto which I have appointed thee. For speed I will give thee hind's feet, and in the power of the anointing wherewith I have anointed thee, thou shalt be made to stand on the high places of the earth. There is now a language in thy mind, I cannot be the man; but the word of thy God to thee is, thou art the man, in whose eyes the glory of this world has become so marred by the wondrous working power of thy God in thy mind which will be more and more understood; therefore, in faith acquit thy

self like a man in the work unto which I have appointed thee; and as thy head becomes silvered with age, thy light will shine with increasing brightness, as the firmament, for they that are wise do shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever; and when thou hast finished the work appointed, thy exit will be glorious, and those that stand round thee will behold what it is to see a Christian die, and their souls exclaim, "Oh, that my last end may be like thine!"

SOME OF THE EXPRESSIONS
OF ALEXANDER YOUNG
DURING HIS LAST
SICKNESS.

THE PERSON ALLUDED TO IN THE
FOREGOING COMMUNICATION
TWENTY YEARS BEFORE
HIS DEATH.

He had been complaining for several months of faint, dizzy sensations in his head, which he seemed to consider as a prelude to his approaching dissolution, and on Third-day, the 11th of 6th mo., 1844, a friend called to see him. He reached out his hand and said: "I have anticipated seeing thee again in mutability." He enquired how he was. "I am lacking nothing," was the answer. The friend replied: "I have been some time satisfied as to the comfortable state of mind; but how is thy bodily health?" He said: "It is fast prostrating." But the spiritual man rises higher and higher, then said: "Now thee can't feel as I feel; thou art in the world, and has a labour to perform, even to suffer for and with the people, but my work is done; I am feeding on ripe fruit; I am as one translated out of the world." and then he was suddenly attacked with a very severe paralytic stroke, when he appeared as though he could live but a short time. Recovering a little, he said to those around him: 'Do you call this dying? It feels to

me just beginning to live." After reviving a little from the first severity of the attack, he conversed, but with a much impaired voice. His religious conversation was of the most interesting character from the time he was taken. For about five days he was almost constantly engaged in conversation and advice to his numerous friends that called to see him. The condition of his mind was very remarkable, appearing to be entirely swallowed up in the enjoyments of spiritual realities. He said he enjoyed much more at that time than he ever before had tasted of or asked his Heavenly Father for. His voice being natural, he often repeated, "Can this be death; can this be the great enemy so much dreaded? To me it has lost all its terrors; it feels to me like the very beginning of life; I never before experienced such happiness as I now feel; not in the prime of life in the midst of my greatest earthly enjoyment and prosperity, surrounded by an affectionate family and the kindest friends, not then even did I ever feel but a small portion of the happiness I now enjoy on this bed of death." He earnestly entreated some friends who called to see him to look to God, their Creator, for their present and everlasting happiness. It will do for you what it has done for me; it has made this bed of death a bed of down. In speaking of the sudden and severe attack of the disease, he called it severity somewhat like a lion, which his Heavenly Father had converted into the likeness of a lamb, which seemed to him like a feast which he now understood, and tasted the realities of, and the feast was a joyous one. He had passed the valley of the lion, and was now on the Lord's mountain, where death had but little power; where the lion and no unclean thing could come near, but where all partook of the lamb like nature. He said he had received the seal of adoption, and that his food came immediately from the hands of his Heavenly

Father; that he saw the angels and blessed spirits standing thick around the throne, and the glory of Jesus, whom he was soon to join in bonds of brotherhood; that his communication with the spiritual world was much plainer to his view than with the natural, and that he saw things unlawful to utter. He observed that he no doubt appeared to those around him to be in affliction, being in the arms of death, but death had no terrors to him, for his Heavenly Father was with him, and took away all fear. He frequently mentioned with thankfulness how he was favored with a constant ray of heavenly glory. Not a cloud was permitted to pass between him and his God. He said the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and that he was permitted into the presence of the holy of holies, where he saw and heard things he had no right to name, and if those he was addressing could see but a part of the glory he then was permitted to see, they could not endure it. He often expressed himself in thankful gratitude that his death bed was the happiest bed he ever lay upon. He rejoiced in the sufferings of the body, and now experienced the reality of the three holy children passing through the fire without being burnt, or the smell of fire coming upon them, for the Lord was with them as he was with him; that he never before conceived, nor had it entered his heart that there was such great happiness and glory for him as he then enjoyed, and would soon enter more in the fullness of; that he could fully appreciate the zeal of the martyr, and if he had many lives to live he would rejoice to part with them all for the glorious realities that were so brilliantly open to his view. He often said: "Can this be possible that I, who am so unworthy and the least among my brethren, should be thus exalted by my Heavenly Father's own hand?" He frequently observed that the sting of death to him was past; that he should know it no more, or but little more. He ex-

pressed great gratitude to his Heavenly Father for the constant sunshine and consolation he was pleased to favor him with during his sickness. "I have," said he, "constantly the light of my Father shining upon me, and I am lying, as it were, on a bed of down, with the kindest friends administering to my wants; but how was it with the holy Jesus? He suffered the most agonizing death on the cross in the midst of his cruel enemies and persecutors; vinegar mixed with gall was administered unto him, and at the time of His great suffering His Father saw fit to hide his face from him, while I have constantly the presence of my God. In receiving these things I cannot see why I am thus favored." At another time he spoke to those around him, to whom he was giving interesting instructions; that they must not consider that it was merely Alexander Young speaking to them, but a voice from Heaven speaking through him." He appeared to understand the states of some of the numerous friends who called to see him. To many he observed: "I distinctly see my Heavenly Father's name written upon you, and if you continue faithful to the end He will crown you with the same feelings of glory with which He has crowned me." To a friend whom he was affectionately addressing, he observed: "It is the will of thy Heavenly Father to make thee as happy as I am, and I see His name written upon thee." But the reply was: "It cannot be; I am too unworthy." He said: "Thy Heavenly Father can wash away all thy sins and iniquities as He has mine, for I thought myself among the most unworthy, but He has washed away all my transgressions, and clothed me with a pure, white robe, without spot or wrinkle, and my weakness and imperfection are remembered no more." At another time he observed: "I now feel and understand how the blood of Christ has washed away my sins; I have no allusion to the outward blood

of the man Jesus crucified without the gates of Jerusalem, but the true, spiritual blood of Christ manifested in the soul has redeemed me.' To his little grandchildren he spoke very tenderly, saying that "God, who made the world, the sun and all things visible to your sight is your tender Father, who wants you to be good children, and if you are obedient to Him and your parents He will make you as happy as your grandfather is, who enjoys more than the world has power to bestow, and when you die you will join the blessed society of your grandfather, George Fox, and many others; remember what your grandfather says to you." At another time he thought the heavenly host were gathering around, "And you," said he, "are anxious to keep me here, but the heavenly host will soon take me from you, and carry me to the arms of my Heavenly Father." He frequently spoke of the glorious appearance that everything wore around him; that the very air was perfumed with fragrance. His little grandson, Charles, noticing his happy state of mind, observed: "I think grandfather will have a good certificate," alluding to the certificate of admission into the Celestial City, spoken of in Pilgrim's Progress, which he had been lately reading. "Yes," Charles," he replied, "thy grandfather has got a good certificate that will gain him admittance into that glorious city in the very presence of God himself, partaking of all the rich dainties from his bountiful table forever." He said it was his wish that as many might be present at his close as might be convenient, that they might see a Christian die. He wished to be remembered in love to all his friends, saying he felt no partiality towards any, for they were all his Heavenly Father's children. On First-day, about five days from the time he was taken sick, he seemed more than ever concerned for all the human family, expressing an ardent desire that all who came to see him might be admitted, having

full belief that strength and ability would be afforded him to the last, which he experienced in an astonishing manner. To his brother-in-law, Thomas Willis, who called to see him, he remarked: "This is the time to prove faith; I now find that the faith that I have lived in faileth me not at the approach of death; by this I do not refer to a belief in certain outward doctrines which I have nothing to do with, but I mean a faith in the appearance of the Spirit of Truth, which will purify the soul from all defilement; I also feel how the blood of Christ has washed away my sins." Towards his solemn close he remarked that he had a most beautiful crown on his head which his Heavenly Father had given him to wear in that happy place, in which he seemed much animated with the bright prospect which beamed upon his mind. He, in this state of mind, desired that his remains might be kept two days, then taken to Hester street meeting house and placed in the lobby, so that all who wished might see it, and that no friend be invited to the funeral on account of him, or her being a minister; but if any should feel their mind drawn to speak it would be more likely to come from a pure source. He was remarkably favored without pain for six days, until the day before his death, when he put his hand on his head. He was asked if his head ached. He replied it did, and said: "Raise it," which was done. Then said it was well, and soon fell into a deep sleep, labouring very hard, which his attendants thought, preparatory to his dissolution, but revived, and seemed comfortable. On Third-day, 18th of 6th mo., 1844, in the morning, he gave directions concerning his funeral, and a few minutes before he breathed his last, about 12 o'clock, he turned on his back, which he had not done since his sickness, and with a countenance bearing testimony that all was peace, with his eyes turned upward. His attendant observed: "Alexander, thou art now beholding

the heavenly host who are waiting for thee." He replied: "Yes, yes, yes; the Sabbath of rest is now come; I will turn on the other side," and without an apparent emotion or the slightest change of his countenance, which still appeared very pleasant, he ceased to breathe, being in his 78th year. He was a member of the Rosendale Plains Meeting, Ulster County, New York, at the time the foregoing communication was delivered by P. Hunt. but for several years previous to his death resided in the city of New York. He was born 2nd of 11th mo., 1766.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life," is a saying of the blessed Jesus uttered more than eighteen hundred years ago. But it certainly could not have meant his outward or personal appearance, as his bodily appearance has passed away, and consequently cannot exist in a present form; but still he is the way, the truth, and the life, to all those who would do their duty towards a heavenly life, both towards their Creator and towards each other. Then there must be a power separate from his visible, outward form, that is the great "I am," which is the way, the truth, and the life, and it must be His holy spirit, the leading of which is an invisible power in all who will be lead thereby to accomplish and do that which is right and well pleasing to our Heavenly Father, as also to one another, and causing us to avoid sin, and consequently a saviour from sin; the Christ (or living power), within the hope of glory, which never was crucified, the power of God and the wisdom of God, and is as efficient now in our day and generation for good as when it was uttered by Him in His outward appearance, saying in the present tense, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Then let us endeavor to come under the influence of this divine power, that we may have life, and have it more abundantly,—*Anonymous*.

A Circular Letter.

HOME FOR FRIENDS.

INDIVIDUAL AND INDEPENDENT.

Chicago, Ill., 7th mo. 18, '93
Young Friends' Review.

Esteemed Friends,—We have established a home for Friends remaining permanently or temporarily in Chicago. No better location could have been selected, being in a first-class resident part of the city, near the lake, and easily reached from all depots. Near Friends' Meetings, and convenient to all other parts of the city. It is hoped that this will be of special service to young Friends, from time to time, who are strangers in the city. Previous arrangements should be made with the "Matron" or undersigned. Reference required.

CHARLES E. LUKENS,
2423 Prairie Ave.

They came too late or else arrived too soon—
These opportunities the gods provide.
We were too slow to grasp them, spurned the boon,

In some queer fashion we have let them slide.

Now lag we in the race while men deride,
Still dimly trusting that our luck will mend;
But we must creep where we had hoped to stride,

And struggle somehow onward to the end.

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

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The CENTRAL COMMITTEE in charge of the RELIGIOUS CONGRESS FOR FRIENDS to be held in connection with The Congress Auxiliary the 19th, 20th and 21st of ninth mo. in Chicago, desire to make as favorable arrangements as possible for Friends who may be in attendance. Those wishing a home at the time of Congress are requested to forward their names to the Secretary of the Committee, 200 Randolph Street, stating also the rooms desired and probable length of their stay.


On behalf of the Committee.

BENJAMIN SMITH, Sec.

YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

We are desirous for a largely increased circulation of the "Young Friends' Review." It is really essential to its proper maintenance. Its primary object is to encourage and benefit the young people of the Society of Friends. In our efforts in that direction we think we have succeeded in making it helpful and interesting to both old and young. We purpose, during this year, sending out hundreds of sample copies to non-subscribers, and we wish these to be to each receiver a direct personal invitation to become a subscriber. To such we will send the "Review" to 12th Mo., 1893, at the rate of 3c. a number. This offer is to new subscribers only. Send stamps. Send now. Address—

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