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Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOLUME I.

LONDON, EIGHTH MONTH, 1826.

NUMBER 3

LOVE OF NATURE.

N. P. WILLIS.

There is a gentler element, and man
may breathe it with a calm unruffled soul,
and drink its living waters till the heart
is pure.—And this is happiness!
Its secret and its evidence are writ
in the broad book of Nature. 'Tis to have
attentive and believing faculties;
to go abroad rejoicing in the joy
of beautiful and well-created things;
to love the voice of water, and the sheen
of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
to thrill with the rich melody of birds
giving their life of music; to be glad
in the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;
to see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
and find calm thoughts beneath the whisper-
ing tree;
to see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!

THE MISSION OF THE MIRACLES.

(CONCLUDED.)

I do not, nor have I ever denied that mir-
acles were performed as recorded in the New
Testament. It is not the inspired writer, but
the uninspired lexicographer, and self-righteous
orthodoxy, with which I charitably take issue.
I have dedicated this essay to those differing
from me in opinion, not desiring to dogmatize
but merely to arrest attention. All professing
Christians have a grave responsibility upon
them: for to be Christians means, or should
mean, to be followers of Jesus Christ. Ah
how true is our following sometimes.
Non-professing Christians—are indirectly re-
sponsible, I fear, for much of the so-called

Atheism in the world. There is very, very
little absolute unbelief in God. What is so
called by the world is only unbelief in the
world's interpretations of God—or, more nar-
rowly, in theologians' interpretations of the
Bible. Let us then, for the good of our neigh-
bor as well as ourselves, weigh the great ques-
tions of life and religion, by all the light we
have, or can gain, until we know of possessing
the substance, and can show the evidence, for
the faith that is in us.

After this delaying let us get out again into the
main current. It is a law acknowledged by
all that "there is a cause for every effect,"
and "like causes invariably produce like
effects." According to this undisputed axiom
those effects recorded in the New Testament
as miracles had their lawful, adequate, natural
causes—causes, I mean that would bring abso-
lutely the same results, whenever coming in the
same conditions. A soul wholly consecrated
to God, in this age, or in any age, has access
to inexhaustible power. This inexhaustible
power of God, this Christ power is the miracle
working power and is in all ages and in all
things to the extent of their worthiness.

Let us test our theory now with some of the
special, recorded miracles, and see if it will
meet the requirements. Down on the grassy
shore of the Gallilean Sea Jesus fed the five
thousand. There are two methods that He
might be thought to use—increasing the sup-
ply, or diminishing the demand. Which will
you choose? The Bible does not openly say.
Let us see the circumstances. The day was
growing late. The multitude was growing
hungry. All the food the disciples had, or
could purchase, was five loaves and two fish.
What was to be done? Jesus knew. He was
equal to the occasion. Implied obedience and
prayer had qualified Him. He had profound
spiritual truths to reveal to them. The time

was now ripe. He had found out in the wilderness the inestimable benefit of fasting. It was the great spiritual period of His youth, indispensable and preparative to His life work. It brought Him into a fitter condition to receive the deep spiritual truths that God would not suffer him to lose. The multitude were now in this condition, fittest in all their lives to receive the higher truths and revelations that Jesus was capable of uttering. Jesus had fasted forty days but was continually filled, and completely satisfied. Could they not partly fast for one short day for the sake of these inestimable blessings? Truly "man does not live by bread alone." Gracious words uttered from a pure, dedicated, heaven-inspired soul can lull the cravings of hunger better than the most sumptuous feast. "Man wants but little here below." Contentment won by perfect trust will comfort us more than all the world's gold. And these are some of the lessons I have gleaned from, not the feasting but the fasting of the five thousand.

If we wish any further evidence of the wondrous power of prayer we need but turn our eyes again to this noted sea and behold Jesus walking on the water. He had left the multitude lest they might prevail over him in a careless moment, by their repeated entreaties, to become their king. He went away by himself into the more secret recesses of the barren mountain side and poured forth his whole soul in earnest, fervent prayer. He was raised up in spiritual ecstasy to his Father. Earth and its alluring attractions were counteracted. His whole being was filled with the divine inflatus. What wonder then that he could walk upon the sea? Who of us, in great spiritual activity, in the fervor and ardor of prayer has not experienced, in a degree, the buoyant tendency of this divine inflatus? It is no more of a miracle than the rising of a balloon, and these of a few centuries ago will testify to it, and as we live more and more in the spiritual world, we will feel more and more the power of the spiritual laws and of their influence over the world of nature. How can spirit, you say, control material things? I cannot tell you how; but I believe God is a spirit; and I believe also that He controls all matter. Oh, Friends, that we might invoke more and more this divine inflatus, this Christ-power, this mir-

acle-working influence. For it is a privilege granted us as surely as it ever was to Jesus. It will be given us more abundantly as our obedience to, and oneness with, God increases, until we too might walk upon the sea. Oh, the power of a pure soul, the privileges of a dedicated life, the vast possibilities of a dependent being!

Most of the miracles recorded of Jesus were in healing the physical body. On that point I will quote from one whose good sense and deep experience should deserve some little authority. I extract from one of the most spiritual books that has lately appeared. Mozumdar, in his "Oriental Christ," says, "The power of physical healing by pure, tender sympathy, by warm active, impulsive, self-forgetful faith is discounted in these days of gross material medication. But, in point of fact, true spiritual ministry has a remedial value both to the mind and the body. We have often delighted in the thought of the holy preceptor who is skilled in the art of healing both the heart diseased and the aching, weary flesh. Is it not a fact that the groaning of the soul often utters itself in physical pain and prostration, and the afflicted flesh recoils upon the vitality of the inner man? Is it not a fact of our own experience that a pure, heavenly draught of heart-felt devotion has quenched the fire of a rising fever, and relieved the agony of disease? *Such healing is not violation of the laws of nature, but only deeper and truer conformity to those laws.* We can assure the true believer that there is not that hostility between the laws of the faithless spirit and the body which the votaries of the one, or the other, would mislead us to imagine. Were we really true to the spirit, we cannot but be true to the bodily life which the Father of spirits has himself given us. And hence, in former days, and in these days also, men who conquered their own minds conquered their flesh also, and in conquering their flesh triumphed over the whole world. They healed the hearts and bodily sufferings of those that trusted in them. In their presence all soreness and pain was forgotten. The holiness of their look or touch transformed the humble, the faithless, whose own faith cured them. What talisman was there in the look or the touch? No carnal, magical, miracle-working power certainly, but

the power of divine, sympathetic humanity, an absorption in the suffering of the sufferer through self-forgetful, inexpressible tenderness. Alas! it seems that has gone out of the world altogether. But it has not gone out completely. The healing miracles of divine sympathy and holy tenderness will have to be worked again." I may say to Mozoomdar, they are being worked again. As evidence I might refer you to our own land, to a friend of the writer—a physician in the true sense, who has cured a great many by using the self-same means that Jesus employed in the healing miracles. I can refer you to one in our midst to-day, if you choose. I assure you it is no fancy, no fiction, but practical. It is only the reality of higher laws than the world to-day acknowledges.

These, my friends, are the lessons—consoling, peace-giving, life-giving lessons that I have gleaned from the miracles. This belief, to me, has been their mission.

E. M. Z.

IS THERE ANY WORK TO DO!

W. G. B.

This, in respect to the Society, is a question that every mind, no doubt, has asked itself. Is there anything in particular for us to do? We have heard again and again, in a general way, that "there is work for us to do;" and we want to know now what it is—stripped of its generalities and its vagueness. What is there of definite practical value to be done?

We have been urged to attend to "individual faithfulness." Have we been attending to it? If we have, should it not be manifested more than it is in the enterprise and united effort of the church? What are we accomplishing for mankind and the cause of truth and mercy, as the outcome of combined individual faithfulness? Have some of us looked upon it as meaning no more than, nursing our conscience, solacing our minds, and cultivating a life of heavenly-mindedness that soars serenely above any active participation in the affairs of men? It was not always so. "Individual faithfulness," it seems to the writer, cannot best be attended to in a monastery, or in continuous seclusion, but in a broad and liberal outlook that embraces a knowledge and love of our relation to truth and the members of society at

large. Let our interest not be too much in self, but extend to others; let us as a Society in union and in strength encourage work in every department that effects the peace, the justice and happiness of mankind. "Individual faithfulness," for instance, should not render us independent and free from the ordinary responsibilities that seem to invest men, as part and parcel of a state. Happily we are approaching the feelings of obligation that established and maintained that early government to which all Americans look with pride. Longer than old Independence Hall lasts shall last the memorable words carved on its stairway, and are included in these words of the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

According to the writer's view, there are still many who contentedly live upon the privileges of state without contributing to the concern and the responsibility of public affairs. While many are holding themselves apart from civic duties or privileges, still they, in common with the rest of men, are either enjoying the protection of good government or are reaping the results of bad government, neither of which is any apology for shirking our sure responsibility in representative institutions. If government is bad, does it strike the reader as peculiarly creditable to let the matter severely alone, and not interpose our influence in the behalf of right in the practical way that representation allows. If it is good, we are equally bounden to support and maintain the good. As society is at present, government is necessary; and is it doing ALL we can for our fellow-man and truth; to preach righteousness, freedom, and justice, and leave designing men and oppressive custom to make our laws?

Politics, it is true, has become so demoralized, politicians have succeeded in maintaining a party warfare to such an extent that many an honest man has turned away in disgust from any participation in matters of a public character; but our gratitude extends to the few,

under these circumstances, whose integrity proved inflexible in great political turmoil. Hitherto, so much has been done in the name of the people for personal ends! The people have at times become tremendously agitated over matters of little importance, and hordes of political parasites, elected as servants, have become masters, flattered their electors and carried off the "spoils." In one sense it is creditable to Friends that they have not "mixed up" in the politics of the country—it is creditable to their moral feelings, but duty comes in and demands that the responsibility of society, through its individuals, rests upon all alike. It is time that political plunder, class legislation, and party politics, should receive a check; that a man in private life cannot be said to be the paragon of honesty and uprightness, when, in public life, he is no better than a thief; that cunning deceit, bribery, and party tactics should not be taken for statesmanship; that the substance of the people should not be used up in enriching public men and in baldedash debates on much that is of a personal and party character, and has little to do with vital issues of state.

Yes! here is a work of a political kind for young Friends to do. And just here I may say that if in the previous part of this article the impression was formed that insufficient importance was attached to "individual faithfulness," allow me to observe that it is the lack of this faithfulness which is most to be deplored; and further, that through it alone is it possible for conditions of a political nature to which reference has been made, to improve. "Individual faithfulness" is a duty, and it is an ability worthy of the highest cultivation and out of which arises those generous measures that promote "liberty and the pursuit of happiness." It is that out of which is evolved the individual and collective efforts of men for the amelioration of the race.

"Mind your own business," as commonly expressed, does not always correspond to "individual faithfulness." A person may be best attending to "individual faithfulness" when he is concerned in the welfare of others, when he makes their interests his interest and concern. It is not to labor all for self; to acquire a position of satisfaction with one's self, a contentment that is not disturbed by the uncon-

fort and distress that surround other people. We cannot, in a considerable measure, be good without learning how. We cannot learn how in the fullest sense, without doing good. That is, we learn virtue by practicing it—as the old philosopher said, "You learn to play on the harp by playing on the harp."

"What worthy examples of this faithfulness we have. Men and women have endured suffering and death from the great love they bore the oppressed ones of earth, and those craving the light. Men have attended to individual faithfulness before now in matters that affected more than themselves. And when it comes to the political condition of a people, Friends, whenever they have entered into service, have not sacrificed their faithfulness but have stood as landmarks of probity, laboring with unselfish zeal for the lights and happiness of men.

Closely connected with this political view is a problem that needs and shall have some kind of a solution; and the sooner we become acquainted with it, the sooner and the better will a satisfactory result be obtained. What is the meaning of all these "strikes?" What is this talk about labor and capital? Why do politicians ever espouse the cause of the working man? Why do they loudly declare themselves the workingman's friend? What would be the use of this appeal at election times, if he didn't need a friend? And why should HE need a friend more than anyone else? Something must be wrong. Now, what is it and how is it to be removed? These are questions Friends must study with the rest of mankind, and answer. One would suppose that the genius of our principles would have evolved these questions long ago, as it did of slavery, principles that teach the brotherhood and in many respects the equality of man, questions that effect the homes and the happiness of all.

There is something, surely, individually and collectively for us to do. Let us divest ourselves of prejudice, and seek, untrammelled by the love of party, and in connection with that party, if possible, that may be more devoted to the state than to itself, to work into history a more dignified political tone. Let us become more acquainted with the elements that constitute society, and what are the inalienable rights of man. Let us foster broad and liberal views; discern, so far as possible, the necessi-

ties of the times and how effected by legislation and custom; become alive to our obligations as members of that organic thing, society; and take hold on the practical ways that are at hand, speech and the franchise.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Often in the early morning when the seed-time and harvest is with us, do I go out with my garden trowel in hand; and a looker-on would see my bent form over a small plot of ground I call the flower garden. With the little trowel I mellow and stir the soil, but I soon find other and important work to do. If I have neglected to take my glasses with me, the dimness of my natural vision makes me feel quite uncertain of the real work in hand.

There are so many enemies hidden away in the most sly corners. Therefore experience has taught me that every leaflet and branch should be examined as with a "lighted candle," else in time I discover something very wrong in the growth of the plant.

Of course I find the most tiny creature of all sapping the vital spark, which in time, if not checked, will make unsightly things to look upon, if they do not entirely die; while the first, mayhap, that had attracted my attention, would be an enemy less to be feared.

To prevent loss, or perhaps entire failure, we know with what earnestness the work must go on. At such times, the garden plot within comes before me again and again. This within ourselves of so much greater moment, how much more vigilantly and earnestly the work should go on there—the garden of the mind, the same wherein Adam was placed. What a field of labor there is constantly before us! Often it is the pruning and keeping back gives the right growth needed. But through all, earnest work and watchfulness is necessary every moment of the time, that the fruit of each individual garden may have all the richness and perfectness it is capable of.

In the secret by-ways (and the avenues are many that lead off) we need go often with the "lighted candle," fresh from the Father's hand. Our own feeble torch, without His an-

nointing, we cannot trust. Without his aid and guidance, we are tossed on waves of difficulty and doubt that perplex and trouble. The peace that uplifteth the soul is not with us safe and sure unless the love of the Father is anchored deep. How easily our round of duties go on each day; how light our burthens, with this well-spring of gladness in our souls!

Thus may we go out and come in, giving and receiving from the fulness of the heart, with the blest feeling that we have not lived in vain.

SARAH W. HART.

Chicago, 7th month 27th, 1886.

EGERIA.

Numa Pompilius, a King of Rome,
Who ruled the "eternal city" in its youth,
Whene'er the weight of empire heavy pressed
It's vast and many cares upon his soul,
Would leave his wise advisers and the throne,
Retiring to his closet, and there seek
In quiet, trustier counsel yet, from one—
His spirit spouse, divine Egeria.
And people said he was a goodly king:
And great the city grew beneath his sway,
His and Egeria's.

Let us, my friends,
Be taught a lesson by this Roman king;
And in the various tasks of daily life,
Private or public, guidance seek from one—
The bright, divine Egeria of the soul—
The Christ within, the Power and Son of God.

E. M. Z.

THE HIDDEN SIDE.

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

Let us walk onward softly, with our hearts
As open as the leaves are to the sun,
And, like the leaves, that fluttering in the wind,
Uplift in turn both fair sides to the light,
Yet show us tints more delicate below;
Because, perhaps, the dust of sin and care
Can find no little spot to cling to there;
So let our inner life a beauty know,
Not even dust-stained with our strife and pride,
And ever fairer on the hidden side.

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If there are any who did not get their second number, kindly send us your address.

We regret that one or two paragraphs in our last number received a prominence that was not intended. The disarrangement we attribute to what may be called printer's license.

In the contribution by S. A. M., in our last number, read *communicates* instead of *communicated*; and in the third paragraph, "Divine light in our souls," instead of "Divine light in our society." There are other errors through the number, but the reader, no doubt, detected them. We were unavoidably absent during the finish of the printing.

We invite again our readers to assist in adding names to our subscription list. If each subscriber at present could secure but one name, it would place the enterprise on a sure footing. We know of many who would probably take

the paper, but we are not acquainted with their address. Their near relatives could no doubt inform us.

Many Friends at this season of the year are very busy; the harvest is at hand. Persevering toil, attention and patience are required. This harvest, like many others, comes by preparation and conditions—man's intelligence and work upon the field, the soil where plays the dews, the showers and the sunlight. And now, under similar conditions, is the harvest being reaped. How beautiful are some of those clean wheat fields; how sadly mixed in others, the wheat and the noxious weeds, or other grains which, in their own proper field, would look beautiful, too. The fault lies way back in the sowing. If the seed had all been of the right sort, the harvest would have been of the right kind. To get a good wheat harvest, you must not sow oats mixed with the wheat, for oats in kindly soil grows more bushels to the acre than wheat; and in time, as that mixed seed multiplies you will have it a crop of oats instead of wheat, and the rotation ceases—an unfortunate kind of husbandry. The thistle-down and mustard seed sometimes blows off the highways and your neighbor's farm. It is worth something to have good neighbors, that your care and attention may not be unduly increased. But it seems necessary to be ever on the watch that your harvest is clean and abundant. There is another harvest, for which preparation and conditions are required, involving hope, trust, perseverance, labor and patience; and man's intelligence and work upon the field, the soul, where plays the dews, the showers, and the sunlight of God's love. How pure and lovely are some of those harvest fields, swaying, bending, and running away in golden waves under the breath of the invisible. Old Father Time puts on his scythe with joy—the good seed does not die, but springs up again and wafts its fragrance to other fields forever. Sadly mixed is the harvest in many fields—the roots of sin have fastened themselves there. Dispositions are allowed to grow up where they will in that field of the soul, defiling the harvest, but which, had they been cultivated within their own proper limits, would have adorned "the garden of the Lord." There are those *oats* in the wheat, those "wild oats." Yes!

"Young man! sow your *wild oats*, if you must; but it will make you howl when you come to gather them in, and they've got to be gathered, too—if they're not, they'll gather you in." Be careful of the seed. Sow intelligently, and judiciously, good deeds and loving words. Stir up the heart soil, and under the heavenly influences permeating its every pore, will beauty, strength, and glory attend the harvest. Keep out the wild oats! they are prolific. They rapidly multiply, and gradually push out the wheat of our lives, till the monotonous tameness of unrest settles upon the heart, and the harvest is found to be a gigantic yield of poor results. Close around us, and on the highways of this life, there are associates whose influence has dropped little seeds of sin, little thistle-down vices lightly blown, "the way the wind blows," giving us wrong impressions of life and duty, and we discover the elements that mar the perfection of our prospective harvest. Then it is time to pull out these stray stalks by the roots, before they go to seed and multiply. Yes, it requires watchfulness all along these years, a simple, loving, trusting heart made strong and valiant through work and the benediction of the great loving Husbandman. Then shall our harvest mature, prove abundant and glorious.

The following is from a letter by our respected friend, W. P. Page, Toronto, Secretary of the Canadian Mutual Aid Association of Ontario: "I am in receipt of the second number of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW, and am much pleased with the effort being made to establish a paper devoted to the interests of the young people of our Society. It is upon these the future of the Society depends, and anything that will tend to enlighten and instruct them in the principles so dear to every true Friend, will do much towards sustaining, building up and enlarging the sphere of usefulness of the Society of Friends. That the Society is not in as flourishing a condition as we would like we must admit, and the reason for this is that the young people do not take the interest they should. With some the allurements of the world are too strong; with others the attractions made prominent in other religious societies serve to draw them away from the quiet and somewhat seclusive portals of our own." The principles and doc-

trines of the Society of Friends are held in high esteem by the thinking world, and let some means be devised to awaken a deeper interest among the young. Your paper, I feel assured, will have a good influence, and I hope it may be found in the home of every member of the Society in Canada."

FRIENDLY NOTES.

President Magill has made his trip through Ontario—an event that will long remain a bright memory spot in the lives of those who heard him lecture, and more especially with those who had the privilege of being in his genial society.

Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting is held this month at Sparta, Ont.

Ada M. Brown has returned home from London.

Fred. C. Brown is holidaying at home in Pickering.

Martha C. Huffman and Marvin Eastman, of Arkona, were married at Forest on the 15th of Sixth-month, by A. L. Russel, M.A., B.D.

The managing editor is spending Eighth-month east of Toronto. Communications may be addressed to him at Pickering P.O., Ont.

We are informed that Sunderland P. Gardner has a prospect of attending the approaching Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting to be held in Yarmouth, Ont., this month.

Miriam Orvis, wife of Myron Orvis, of Strathroy, Ont., their son and daughter have been visiting friends at Whitby, previous to their departure for a home in Minnesota. Our good wishes go with them.

PRESIDENT MAGILL AT COLD- STREAM.

The interest which Friends in Lobo take in literary advancement caused us to look forward with pleasure to the time when the worthy president of Swarthmore would deliver his lecture here on "The Benefits of a Higher Education." A more busy time of the year he could not well have selected, as we farmers were in the midst of our wheat harvest, yet

the attendance was fairly good and the evening was an interesting and profitable one. The affable manner of the speaker, and his willingness to answer questions about Swarthmore, made us feel quite at home, while, at the same time, it gave us a good opportunity to have unfolded to us what the college was endeavoring to do for the young people of our Society (hence for the Society itself) and for others—bringing out its endeavor to exert an advanced moral influence, the benefits of co-education, in addition to a thorough classical, literary and scientific training.

In writing to the "Intelligencer and Journal," President Magill says: "I reached my journey's end at Coldstream about six o'clock in the evening. Here in Canada I find the wheat harvest, which I seem to have followed closely all my journey, in active operation, and a better wheat growing region I have not visited. The average crop will yield 25 bushels to the acre, and there are fields that will reach 50. Arriving 24 hours before my meeting, I had a good opportunity to rest and visit several of the Friends in this neighborhood.

"My meeting was held in the meeting house here last evening. An unusual interest was excited here by the questions asked with reference to the management of our College. At the close of my address I invited these, and as a result many added points of interest were brought out, and the conference, for so I may well name it, was exceedingly pleasant and satisfactory."

I understand our Friends' meetings in St. Thomas and in Yarmouth were satisfactory. The one in St. Thomas was attended by Principal Austin, of Alma College (Methodist), the head master of the Collegiate Institute, and other well-known residents of the city, besides members of our Society.

We have no doubt that President Magill's extended tour in the interests of an advanced education will create an interest throughout our Society or promote the interest already created to obtain for our young people such a course of study, and in such a manner as Swarthmore College is prepared to give. Success to both Swarthmore and its president. S.P.Z.

Coldstream, 8th-month 3, 1886.

THE TEMPERANCE ACT.

St. Thomas had three month's trial of the Canada Temperance Act. It is yet too early to decide as to its merits. Then, too, in a city where the vote was so very close. public sentiment is not such as to gain for it popularity, and there are always those who would rather go with the current than display any mind of their own. But the weakest feature we have noticed is the licensing of several places within our limits for the outside sale of liquor. This makes an open gate for placing it inside our limits, when to work it off is not such a difficult work. So that we still have drinking, and will have some drunkenness.

There has been already one good accomplished, for the dangerous system of *treating* has been about broken up; so that those who have not already acquired an appetite are not now lead into its use. As it must now be taken in secret, it soon becomes to the general public disreputable, because unlawful. H. H. W.

SIMPLICITY AND CO-OPERATION IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Never did housekeeping involve such a diversity of natural aptitude on the part of the housekeeper as now, and this notwithstanding the fact that so many kinds of domestic labor have passed out of her hands. From the old-time spinning, weaving, candle-making, etc., she is now exempt, but the standard of home life has become so elevated, and the details of household management so complicated, that one woman competent to meet all the requirements of good housekeeping, must be a most accomplished and executive person. Housekeeping now means not only scrupulous cleanliness, but requires practical knowledge of hygiene, due regards to sanitary regulations in all things, intelligent comprehension of the laws of drainage, sewerage and ventilation, practical understanding of the nutritive values of the different kinds of food, and so on through an almost interminable list.

In the multiplicity of housekeeping duties, is it not to be feared that woman's infinitely higher calling—home-making—is being driven to the back ground? In too many homes a continual round of housework is narrowing

woman into little more than household drudges. I can imagine nothing better calculated to crush, narrow, dwarf and all but kill the intellectual and spiritual nature than an unbroken routine of sweeping, dusting, cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing, scrubbing, etc., from six o'clock in the morning sometimes earlier - until eight or nine at night. There are hundreds of women in the world whom God endowed with intellect and heart and soul who "haven't time" to watch one of His glorious sunsets; who are "too busy" to walk out and fill their lungs with out-door air; who can't spare a minute to listen to the great, silent voice of God in nature. In view of this is there not imperative call for a new ordering of domestic work? Not forgetting the interdependence of housekeeping and homemaking rendering it necessary that the two shall remain, to some extent, inextricably combined, still to homemaking must be given the precedence. In so far as we are bound to make the best and the most of the life and talents entrusted us, we are bound to cultivate and extend to the fullest extent the highest possibilities of our being. The first step toward the solution of our problem of combining work and culture is earnest desire for intellectual and spiritual growth, coupled with resolute determination that means and time for culture shall be obtained. The greatest obstacle in the way of woman's reformatory or progressive movements is indifference on the part of those who should be most interested. Until home culture is recognized as being as imperatively necessary as good housekeeping, we may expect the majority of women to be narrow-minded and prejudiced, lacking in independence and enterprise.

A means of torture devised in uncivilized ages was that of confining the victim in a room, the walls of which, by some master mechanism, were made to slowly and gradually draw together until the wretched prisoner should be crushed. There are women in the world who, while feeling keenly the requirements of their higher nature, despairingly realize that the walls of domestic duty are relentlessly closing in about them. Shall we not then investigate the mechanism of this process of slow torture? The walls threatening intellectual and spiritual death must be broken.

First of all then, since "all the time there is" does not suffice for the requirements of conventional housekeeping, we must find wherein it is possible so to simplify household labor as to leave time for culture. Simplification and co-operation, properly applied, cannot fail to secure the solution of our problem. In "ye olden time" a wealthy, but perplexed mistress of a castle visited the sage of her district, seeking a remedy for the imperfection and discomfort of her household. She was given a casket and enjoined to carry it each day into every room in the castle. The result of such personal visitation was that numberless instances of negligence, waste, and confusion, due to carelessness of servants, were discovered and remedied. Let us, on the same principle, carry the watchword, simplicity, into every department and throughout all the details of housekeeping. So much is there of domestic work which cannot be set aside, that simplicity in all its departments, and resolute banishment of all unnecessary items are of the utmost importance. Above all, let us by precept and example advocate emancipation from the slavery of conventionalism. Shall we who in religious matters claim to have a guide within ourselves sacrifice our individualism in home and social intercourse to pay tribute to Madam Grundy? You are not bound to do this or that simply because other people do. Surely it is your own welfare and that of your household with which you have to do; and you need a better reason for sacrificing culture to the making of an extra variety of cake for tea than "because so and so always does." Extra labor is often undertaken in that spirit of generous hospitality which one feels that one cannot do too much for one's friends, but is it wise to sacrifice a "feast of reason and flow of soul" to the most elaborate collation? Shall we send our friend away with a brighter outlook on life, a realization of higher possibilities, and the precious sense of sympathy which strengthens the bonds of friendship? or - with impaired digestion?

The first movement of successful reformatory enterprise must be the universal sense of its necessity, which ensures united action. The overthrow of tradition, superstition and prejudice, can be accomplished only by strong co-operative action and universal adoption of re-

formatory schemes. The constantly increasing interest in woman's questions, the demand for higher education, and a growing desire for home culture, all presage the coming of a golden era in civilization. Marked result from the agitation of women's questions are constantly appearing in our large cities, but time must be allowed for waves of progressive enterprise to reach more sparsely settled districts. But they are certain to reach the utmost shore. And wise are they who by early adoption of progressive schemes lend their aid to the advancement of the cause, and help to usher in that golden era.

Equally imperative with simplicity of household requirement is the demand for co-operation in domestic labor. And just here have we to contend with objections innumerable, and strong prejudice. Nevertheless, there is a growing tendency to co-operation among women. In social and philanthropic enterprises they have tested the efficacy of union, and, wisely, are introducing co-operation in domestic as well as public affairs. Experience has already demonstrated the economy of combination in buying, and the economy of labor is equally demonstrable. If manufacturers can afford to take from the home industries formerly included in domestic work, and are reaping large profits for their enterprise, why is not co-operation, which leaves the profit in the home, financially practicable?

Three principal reasons why co-operative kitchens and laundries are not universal are: (1.) Because of the difficulty in organizing and conducting them. (2.) Because there has not been sufficient incentive to co-operate. (3.) Because it is the husbands and fathers who are largely the purseholders. Only progressive enterprise and increased realization of the need for home culture can overcome the first; poverty of household service is rapidly meeting the second, and co-operation in the home must remove the third of these obstacles. Weary sisters who find the burden of domestic care weighing you earthward, now is the time to anticipate the certainly approaching age of combined housekeeping. Unite with housekeepers and purseholders in your own neighborhood in the establishment of co-operative bakeries and laundries, thereby saving time for the development of higher possibilities within you. L. S.

CONTRIBUTED.

Are we, individually, living the life we profess and advocate? Is the true seed of the spirit of Christ being cultivated in our inmost heart and soul? It is easy to look upon and admire, and even advocate the broad principles of christianity, while perhaps practicing very narrow ones. We may hold aloft the banner inscribed with Abraham's message to his brother to come and take the choice of the inheritance, while our hearts are extremely selfish. We may rear the standard of "Doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us," and in practice do unto others as we expect they would do unto us. We may proclaim Christ's pure and holy principle of non-resistance and apply it only in respect to the ordinance of taking up arms on the battlefield. We may expect to be known and honored for our uncommon veracity, when we are given to equivocation. How we long for the really pure and the true. The battle is increasing. We must, if we would realize the sanctity of a pure and noble life, cultivate the seed of the kingdom in our own hearts, there plant the standard, there raise the banner.

E. J. B.

TRUE WORDS WELL SAID.

A father taking his careless daughter aside, said, "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl, she kissed your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty chubby hands whenever they were injured

in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss, with which she routed so many bad dreams; as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovers over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of these days; the burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done too many unnecessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your baby kiss will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother's love when it will be too late."

A THOUGHT FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, mid-way between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the day of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling. It is the sensation of half-sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feeble shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up-hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work; and then old age; and then the grave; then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

PAINTING THE DREAM.

BY GRACE H. DUFFIELD.

Life painted a dream with tints of gray,
 "For the world is sad," said he;
 But Love looked over his shoulder—"Nay,
 Give up thy brush to me."

Love painted the dream with colors bright,
 "'Tis a joyous world," said she;
 "If only thy brushes be used aright,
 Nothing need dreary be."
 Bloomfield, N. J.

LONDON, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The metropolis of an empire of 300,000,000, containing, in itself, a population of over 4,000,000, and the home of our Colonial Exhibition; representing 8,000,000 square miles of territory, has some points and contrasts that may be interesting to distant readers unable to personally partake of an Imperial National welcome.

In the twelfth century, London possessed 26 parochial churches and 13 conventual establishments, and contained 40,000 inhabitants. In 1348 began the first of the eleven awful pestilences which decimated the inhabitants, and when the streets of the city were filled with the dead and dying. In the middle of the sixteenth century, London was considered to be one of the largest cities in Christendom, "its extent being near a league;" and in 1631, on requisition by the Privy Council on the occasion of an expected scarcity, the Lord Mayor of London returned "the number of mouths esteemed to be in the City of London and the Liberty" 130,268. In 1637 London was computed to contain 145,000 inhabitants, and in 1661, four years before the great plague, it had 384,000. In 1685, although the great fire of 1666 had swept away 400 streets and 13,000 houses, London was perhaps the most populous city in Europe, as the number of its inhabitants—more than seventeen times that of the next greatest towns in the kingdom, Bristol and Norwich—was said to amount to 530,000.

Every year since that period people have

been flocking to this great centre of population and wealth from every country, from every part of the empire as well as from the continent of Europe, until the population was—in 1801, 958,863; 1811, 1,138,815; 1821, 1,378,947; 1831, 1,654,994; 1841, 1,948,417; 1851, 2,362,236; 1861, 2,803,989; 1871, 3,254,260; 1881, 3,814,571. Now, "Greater London," as it is called, co-extensive with the Metropolitan and City Police district, has 5,000,000 inhabited houses, and a population of 5,094,000.

It may indeed be safely asserted that London is the greatest city the world ever saw. Never before in this planet's history has there been gathered together such a concourse of human beings. Nineveh might boast of a population, according to the Book of Jonah, of 800,000 or 900,000; Rome, which, like most of the olden cities, resembled London as the centre of a world-wide empire, never reached a third part of its population, good authorities setting down the highest number its people ever reached, which was in the days of Nero, at about 1,020,000; and Peking of modern times is said to be the only city which has any claim to rank beside it, but eye-witnesses tell us that Peking is rather a peopled district than a city. Paris, Vienna, and Berlin united would but a little more than equal it in the number of its people; and twenty-three of the other largest cities of these isles must be rolled into one to make a second London. Sir Salar Jung, in visiting it, may also, while describing Paris as "the city of pleasure," well refer to "the severe aspect and activity of London," seeing that 10,488 vehicles course through twenty-four of its principal thoroughfares every hour, and 384,000 pedestrians and 75,000 vehicles pass over its bridges daily. In the words of Sir Joseph Bazalgette, "It is now without a rival as regards its size and population, not only in the present, but as far as we know in the past history of the world. Its population is equal to that of the whole State of Holland, is greater than that of Scotland, and double that of Denmark; and if it continues to increase at the same rate until the end of the century, it will then equal that of Ireland, as indeed Outer London now does.—*London, Eng., Journal of Commerce and Intercolonial Trade.*"

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

Many a father makes a grave mistake in not getting acquainted with his sons. The mother usually knows her daughters much better, and is in more cordial sympathy with them. If young men were taken more fully into the confidence of their fathers, and made their companions at home and abroad in all pastimes and amusements, it would be abundantly better for both. Fathers, if you do not know your boys, set about it at once. If you do not, be sure somebody else will. Fathers and mothers rarely make any mistake in cultivating the confidence and affection of their children. If they deny any reasonable request more pains should be taken to explain to the children the reasons than if they were strangers. A parent should never cease to be polite to children. While they have a right to order and be obeyed, a kind request and "I thank you" will nine times in ten accomplish the same far more effectually. The earliest lessons at home, taken from the father and mother, fix the status of the man and woman in the future in a thousand things that tell for good or ill. The most beautiful scene on this earth is a well ordered home, where every wheel is turned by love, and where each member vies with the other in contributing most to the happiness of the others. Of such homes we cannot have too many, and their influence for good cannot be over-estimated.

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