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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

VOL. XIII. LONDON, ONT., CANADA, ELEVENTH MONTH, 1897. No. 11

## THANKSGIVING

Say! what shall we give to the Infinite  
Power,  
Who has yielded to us such a bountiful  
dower,  
In harvests of grain, and of fodder and  
fruit?  
Shall we feast? Shall we revel, and dance  
to the lute?  
Does thanksgiving mean that? Ah, no!  
my friend, no.  
It means something deeper than mere out-  
ward show,  
Than mere outward pleasure. The joy  
that we feel  
Must rise from the soul for the soul's high-  
est weal.  
The lute we keep time to, unfashioned by  
art,  
Is found in the depths of a blithe, buoyant  
heart.  
Not one day alone from a humdrum of days,  
But each earth's-day be full of thanksgiv-  
ing and praise.  
So World blame us not if we do not display  
And flaunt out our thanks in the world's  
noisy way.  
'Tis the still secret forces that perfect the  
flower,  
Working ceaselessly on, every day, every  
hour,  
And likewise with man; beneath all this  
strife  
And commotion, are hidden the issues of  
life.  
O the sweet consolation and comfort that  
flows,  
From the thought that, "God judges the  
heart, and God knows."

E. M. Z.

FOR YOUNG FRIEND'S REVIEW:

### HOW FAR SHOULD WE HOLD TO THE PRINCIPLE OF NON-RESISTANCE?

I answer without any hesitation, just  
as far as we have the grace to *do* the  
thing we know to be right.

But isn't it sometimes right to use  
physical force in resisting evil?

Yes, if we can do it without hurting  
anyone.

But isn't it better to hurt an evil doer,  
if by so doing you can prevent his hurt-  
ing an innocent person?

We have no right to hurt anyone  
unless we are sure that it will do him  
good; that is, unless we are actuated  
by love and the desire to help him.  
Even so we must be extremely careful,  
for the most sincere may make mis-  
takes.

But if a villain were about to murder  
my wife or child, wouldn't I be justified  
in taking his life?

No. For if I commit murder in order  
to prevent murder, where is the moral  
gain?

But surely, if it lies between the  
murder of a murderer, and the murder  
of a virtuous and useful person, ought  
I to hesitate?

No, I ought not to hesitate; neither  
ought I to do what I know to be wrong.  
I ought to use every means in my  
power to prevent my fellow man from  
doing wrong, short of doing wrong my-  
self.

But if there were absolutely nothing  
that I could do but to shoot, wouldn't  
I be doing wrong if I failed to fire?

Even so, I ought not to take my  
brother's life. For, let us see what that  
involves. It means that I assume to  
judge between two lives. I may feel  
very sure which of the two could be  
best spared, but I know that I am  
liable to make mistakes. In the evolu-  
tion of man, in the working out of the  
laws of the universe, which I firmly  
believe to be good, and perfect far be-  
yond my ideas of perfection. I see a  
great many instances of the suffering of  
the innocent and the apparent escape  
of the guilty, of the removal of those

who seem to be most useful and the sparing of those who are a burden to society. In these cases, if I am right in my judgment, the Infinite Power that is controlling this universe, is wrong.

I need not stop here to set forth the reasons why I have more faith in the wisdom of that Infinite Power than I have in my own. I will only say that I believe that Power never makes mistakes and that I very often do, and that therefore I prefer to be guided by the eternal principles underlying the operations of that Power rather than by my own warped judgment, when the two conflict. Or, to put it another way: It has been pretty well agreed, from the time when Cain slew Abel to the present, that it is wrong to take another's life—and I unite.

But have not men also agreed pretty generally that there are circumstances under which it is not wrong to kill?

Yes, but there has been no sort of agreement as to what circumstances justify murder. Some have said, a difference of opinion as to religion or the possession of property is sufficient excuse; some say that a difference in uniforms and flags is enough; some make no exceptions but such as has been urged in this paper. Now, the point is that it is better and safer to abide by what all agree upon as right than to undertake to make exceptions, knowing that we are fallible, and having blind emotion for a guide. And among those who have been faithful to the principle, even unto death, making no exceptions whatever, are the greatest moral exemplars of the race.

But the instincts of self-preservation and of defence of one's family, are divinely given and are as fundamental to the development of the race as is the ethical law against murder.

That is true, but as the race develops there come newer and higher instincts to supplement the old. The difference between a man and a brute is just this: the one has only the brute instinct for

the preservation of himself, his mate and his cubs, while the other has—in varying degree, to be sure—the instinct of righteousness. And just in proportion as this last is stronger than the first, is its possessor more of a man and less of a brute. The instinct of self-preservation is still efficient and still good although there may be with it a higher one that leads some animals to sacrifice their own lives in defence of their dependent young. And both of these instincts are good and will always be powerful in man although he recognize—as no lower animal can—the still higher law of righteousness by which he must sacrifice his life and everything else he holds dear in order to be true to a principle.

But shall we then drop our hands and let the evil-disposed walk over us and possess the land?

By no means. Jesus taught and practiced non-resistance, but Jesus said, "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good." He tried it. Did he fail? The good of his life and death has been one of the most powerful agencies in the overcoming of evil ever since.

That will do for an occasional individual, but suppose we all did as he did. Well, if everyone did as he did the millenium would be here. If most did as he did, the rest would soon be converted.

Do I believe the wrong-doers of the world could be kept from stamping out the saints if the saints did not forcibly restrain them and even put them to death.

Yes, I do. People are learning that the best way of dealing with evil-doers is not to burn them or cut off their ears, or shut them up in foul dungeons, or to inflict any pain by way of penalty. We are learning that the only effective ways of dealing with them are those suggested by love and sympathy and the sincere desire to benefit not the person sinned against as much as the sinner himself.

Shall we then disband our police force?

No, because it has much to do that does not involve violence.

Well, then, shall we rob our constables and sheriffs of the right to resort to clubs and revolvers? Doesn't the knowledge that clubs and revolvers may be used do much to obviate the necessity for using them? How could any offender be arrested if the civil authorities were all non-resistants? And how could the philanthropist educate and improve and make over into a good citizen the rascal who runs at large?

I am not going to sneak out of this corner by saying that I am willing to get the benefit of force used by other people who do not think it wrong to fight. My way out is to show that the walls are imaginary and that there is no corner. It is a waste of time to argue about what would happen if our city, state and national Governments should presently adopt the principle of non-resistance, and throw away all means of physical compulsion. It is a waste of time because the case is absolutely un-supposable. We must bear in mind two things, first, that the force of an example of consistent adherence to principle is strongly felt, even by rogues who run at large; and second that when the number of people convinced of the rightness of non-resistance is sufficient to make it the basis of government, their moral force will be great enough to supplant completely the physical force now depended upon. When we are able to adopt the policy we shall be able to successfully apply it. For the adoption of such a policy pre-supposes a people, the majority of whom are actuated by an unselfish love for their fellows; and in such a community wickedness cannot flourish. Offenders would be dealt with in a way that would help them; they would not be ignored, and crime would not be aggravated by vindictive punishments.

But is not this begging the question?

Not at all; we are just getting ready to answer the question. We have seen that when an individual—as Jesus—practices non-resistance, though he lose his life, the good accomplished is infinitely greater than it would be did he defend himself with arms. We have seen the success of the early Friends who practiced non-resistance and flourished—as individuals among the cruel persecutors of England and New England, and as a community in contact with the savages in Pennsylvania.

For every new convert to the doctrine of non-resistance, the world is more peaceable. By the time enough people believe in it and practice it to make it a general policy it will be possible to apply it.

How far, then, shall *we* hold to the doctrine of non-resistance? If we believe it is right in principle, as I most certainly do, we should hold to it to the end. Let everyone learn to subordinate the lower instincts to the higher; let every one have faith that he will not be accountable for any harm that may come from his doing what he believes to be right; let us acknowledge that there is no good but good, that two wrongs do not make a right, that the end does not justify the means; let us try to love our neighbor as ourselves, which means to work for his good as faithfully as for that of ourselves and our families; and then shall we be "not overcome of evil," but shall "overcome evil with good."

E. B. RAWSON, New York.

## BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

[Our regular yearly report of Baltimore Yearly Meeting not having yet arrived, we glean the following from a private letter.—ED.]

We arrived in Baltimore at 4.46 p. m. on Sixth-day, where our friend Eli M. Lamb met us and took us to his hospitable home, where his wife and three daughters gave us a warm welcome and told us that we were to make our home here during the Yearly

Meeting. Here we met David and Ann Branson and Susanna Davis, all from Virginia.

Seventh-day morning opened dull but not inconvenient to enjoy a pleasant walk to the meeting house to attend the "Meetings for Ministers and Elders" which convened at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Both were well attended—larger than usual, they say, many being in attendance from other Yearly Meetings. Lydia Price and Martha Dodgson, William and Frances Williams, from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; Robert and Esther Barnes, Henry Haviland and Sarah, from New York; Jonathan and Phebe Jane Noxon, of Genesee; with minutes, besides Daniel and Susan W. Zavitz and Caroline V. Cutler from Genesee, without. All were welcomed and encouraged to fill their allotted place.

On First-day at 11 a.m. two meetings convened, one in the meeting room and the other in the collection room. At the first Lydia Price spoke lengthily and with power. Feeble in commencing, but strength was given her to hand forth to the people what was given her. We felt that the Lord was strength in times of weakness. Short remarks were made by others.

In the collection room Mary Heald Way spoke to the condition of the people in a remarkable manner. A short address was given by John J. Cornell.

In the afternoon at 3 p.m. a meeting in the interests of the First-day School was held. Delegates from the different First-day Schools responded to their names with sentiment or otherwise. Recitations and readings were given, and a class belonging to Baltimore First-day School took up a lesson from the Bible, part in concert and part individually. This feature was very interesting. The meeting closed with suitable remarks by Mary H. Way. Eli M. Lamb presided.

The evening meeting at 8 p.m. was addressed by J. J. Cornell, who spoke

about an hour. Short addresses by others. Second-day Business Meeting of the Yearly Meeting commenced at 10 a.m., Elizabeth Kozer and Rebecca Broomell, clerks. Very impressive addresses were given by M. H. Way, Esther Barnes, Martha Townsend, and others. The greater part of the meeting was taken up in appointing committees, &c. All is carried on in order. The meeting house is situated in a beautiful part of the city, very handsomely surrounded, and with ample room inside to accommodate all the different branches of the work of the present day. A large dining room is in connection, which accommodates about 90 at once. Cots are furnished to lodge about 100, and those not lodging here are given dinner and tea if wishing to stay.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY,

(In Idaho and Utah Continued.)

V.

From Caldwell part of our party took the train for Parma, and the rest went in wagons across the country about fifteen miles. We stopped at the ranch of H. Sebre, where we were hospitably entertained for the night, and in the morning we made an inspection of the surrounding country. This is more largely devoted to general farming, though fruit maintains the supremacy, and this was the first dairy farm which we had visited. The cream is churned by dog power, and the butter is packed and finds a ready sale at 20 cents in mining towns.

Irrigation here shows to advantage for general farming. About noon we started from Parma for Nyssa. Here we were met by teams and taken fourteen miles to the ranch of K. S. & D., at Arcadia. Here we had a bounteous repast in a beautiful grove of various kinds of planted trees, forming a dense shade. After lunch we took a walk over the townsite of Arcadia and to view the canals of the Owyhee and

Nevada companies, the two together furnishing water sufficient for more than 40,000 acres. This farm is devoted to stock and, of course, alfalfa enters largely into their crop. Their mode of feeding hogs is to have two lots of about one acre each, in one of which about fifty hogs are fed until the grass is eaten pretty short, when they are turned into the other, and the first lot is flooded, and this course is pursued throughout the season, their hogs getting no corn before killing, and they inform us that hog cholera has never been known in that vicinity.

This company's mode of disposing of their lands being different from others, I have thought best to refer to it as stated by them. They propose to sell their lands in fifteen acre tracts, five acres to be planted to fruit, replanting all missing, five acres to alfalfa, and five acres for crops; will plant shade trees on the avenue in front of the lot, and at the expiration of two years, or sooner, if required, will be turned over to the purchaser on the following terms: Purchaser to pay \$5 per acre cash, and the balance in thirty monthly payments, or a total of \$80 per acre; no interest until after possession, and then not to exceed 6 per cent; all purchasers are entitled to a half acre lot in the village free. I will state here that the village system enters into several of these plants adopted probably from those in vogue in California, though the individual right of property is maintained in all.

Before leaving this place I ought to state that their orchard, which is now in full bearing, and containing several varieties of fruit, was a very fine show, and the apricots being now fully ripe, and a hitherto untasted delicacy, were much enjoyed.

We again took wagons for Ontario, passing several miles through the southeastern corner of Oregon, and through some of the finest land we had seen, but being land grant land it

had passed into the hands of French bankers, and of course, is withheld from cultivation, but the alternate sections, where so improved, shows its capabilities. A shower coming up, we stopped at the residence of a German, who had only been a short time in the country, but who had made unusual developments of thrift and industry. His trees of apricots and nectarines now ripe, were almost breaking down with fruit, being so full as to almost obscure the leaves. The town of Ontario is a great cattle center, cattle being brought here from the ranges for shipment. Several hundred cars are sidetracked here to receive them; the depot and warehouses were overflowing with wool, brought here in wagons from the interior. The morning after our arrival one of the ranchman received \$10,000 in cash for his crop of wool. The town is a small place of 500 inhabitants, but there are some energetic ones among them and they seemed disposed to make up for deficiencies.

This country is supplied with water from the Snake river by the Ontario Land & Irrigation Co's canal, owned principally, if not entirely, by a gentleman by the name of D. Wilson, and to whose hospitality and kindness we are much indebted. This canal furnishes water for about 7,000 acres, with an abundance for mining and other purposes. The lands of this company are offered for sale at from \$10 to \$30 per acre, with the water right and fifty cents per acre is charged for maintenance in addition. \$5 per acre is charged for water without the land, equivalent to 1 cubic foot per second for 160 acres, or 27 inches of rainfall in six months. We went to the placer diggings on Snake river for which this canal is in part utilized, and were permitted to wash out several pans of gravel from which we obtained specimens of precious metal as mementoes of our visit. From here we

took the cars for Weiser, of which I shall speak in my next.

## VI.

We took the train from Ontario to Weiser, where we were met by the citizens and properly provided for, and after dinner most of our company rode out to look over the country and returned in the evening bringing limbs with the fruit adhering to them, intending to take them home with them to show that the capabilities of this country for fruit growing had not been over-stated, but finding that the fruit would loose off in the journey, we were contented to substitute some good photographs of the same thing for the original. There is no doubt but for fruit culture this country can have few rivals, though much of it is yet undeveloped.

Irrigation is obtained from the Weiser, a branch of the Snake river, which from appearances will afford an abundant supply for many years to come.

Land under irrigation is sold for twenty-five dollars per acre, which includes a perpetual water right, but subject to an annual maintenance fee. This town being situated on the Snake river is noted for its fish, and particularly its sturgeon, of the size of which many fabulous tales are told, weighing as much as 1,100 pounds, but as we were not favored with a sight of the living reality, we were obliged to content ourselves with a photographic view of one, which lying in front of a brick wall, we were able to compute its length as eleven feet. These fish I am told, when cured and smoked, finds a ready sale in the mines as "smoked hallibut" but I think anyone who has seen a genuine fish of the latter kind would not be so easily deceived, nor do I think it can be the same as our eastern sturgeon, which I have seen many times jump nearly six feet out of the water of the Delaware, falling like a log on the surface with considerable noise. It seems to me that the fish I have described would be unable to perform such feats.

Having now attained the northern limit of our trip, we began to retrace our steps, and our next stopping place was at Payette, which we had passed in going up. This is situated near a river of the same name, a branch of the Snake river, and from which the water is obtained for irrigation. After resting we were taken out for a partial view of the surrounding country, which from having been longer developed than some other parts gives evidence of the results. We were taken through the nurseries of Whitney Bros. and Tooley, and saw many varieties of shade and fruit trees growing very luxuriant, also white, black and English walnuts as well as the American sweet chestnut, these last in bearing condition, though not set out, being the first we have seen. The health and beauty of the fruit trees in the latter nursery was quite noticeable, and also his system of irrigation, which though not new or infrequent, was here carried out to perfection. The latter passed along the head of the field, from which opposite each row tubes were placed made by nailing four boards about two inches wide together and fastening a cover at one end with a screw, so that it could open or shut by turning, thus saving much time to the operator and enabling him to control the supply of water with ease, for I found that too much water sometimes produces as bad results as too little.

On this trip we passed a very fine field of corn, and as this is not considered a corn country it is the more remarkable, but of this I shall have more to say hereafter. In the evening we had a reception at our hotel, being called upon by the prominent citizens of the place with their wives, and we had a very enjoyable time. The next morning we went out to visit the colony of New Plymouth and its surroundings, and here we found a most delightful society composed of persons of temperate habits, mostly

from Chicago and vicinity. The sale of intoxicants within their limits being expressly prohibited in their land titles under pain of forfeiture to the company, thus securing a good moral community. Of the orchards and fruits it were needless to speak, as it would be a repetition, and this colony not yet three years old could not be expected to make much demonstrations in this line, though there are several fine bearing orchards in the neighborhood, and I see it stated that Dr. Burns recently sent samples of apricots to his friends in Chicago from trees set out last year. This colony have 6,000 acres of land laid out in twenty acre tracts, besides the village plot covering 295 acres. Every purchaser is entitled to a village lot of one acre on which to place his building and garden. The price per acre, including water right is \$25—subject to a yearly assessment of \$1.50 per acre for maintenance and repairs. All purchasers are required to cultivate at least one-half of the land the first season in order to prevent speculation on the labors of others. The beauty of this colony system is that it brings your neighbors close to you in case of need, besides contiguity of schools, churches, society meetings and mission work, in short all the advantages of city life with the enjoyments of the country.

The canal which supplies this place is taken from the Fayette river and furnishes a supply abundant for all purposes.

The next day we returned to the city and by special request we called on B. Jacobson, a citizen of German birth and one thoroughly posted in the theory and practice of fruit culture. He took us through his orchard, probably the oldest in the neighborhood and which may be said to be now in its prime. It consists of 65 acres planted in apples, pears, peaches, prunes and apricots, and the display of fruits certainly capped the

climax. As a sample we counted sixty large plums on a twig one foot long, and this was not unusual as it is believed his trees will average 300 to 400 pounds to the tree, and from my computation he will realize more than \$5,000 from his orchard this year. The adjoining field belonging to John McClinchey was in corn as referred to before, and in conversation with him he assured me that last year he gathered 100 bushels of 70 pounds each per acre, and this statement is substantiated by his neighbors. He showed us some of the corn, which was of the large Yellow Dent variety, and in view of the fact that this is not considered a corn country it is rather remarkable. He also cut 274 tons of hay from 30 acres the past season, equal to nine tons per acre measured in the stack, after setting 30 days and allowing eight feet to the ton—a pretty good showing for any country, and that it was not overdrawn. I will state that upon querying, why they did not use hay loaders, they informed us their men refused to work on the wagons because of the almost utter impossibility of keeping ahead of the machines, and when cocked up it was almost impossible to get through with a wagon.

GEO. S. TRUMAN.

### FOLLY OF PRIDE.

(Read before the Sparta, Ontario, Young Friends' Association 9th mo. 30.)

Pride is the very essence of sin. We can think of nothing so little or ridiculous. It is a mixture of insensibility and ill nature, in which it is hard to say which has the larger part.

It is foolish, because it is the fruit of sin. It adds nothing to the real value of possessions. It can only deceive the foolish and ignorant. It stirs envy in others. It affords only brief gratification. It drives away the spirit of Christ and unfits for heaven.

The causes and conditions of pride are many, in fact almost innumerable.

It is often the effect of ignorance, for pride and folly attend each other. Ignorance and pride keep constant company.

Pride is a virtue as well as a vice. Is there not such a thing as honest pride, such as makes one ashamed to do an evil act, such a degree of self-esteem as makes one above doing an injury to anyone? Are not all parents glad to see their children have some pride, pride enough to keep themselves clean? It is the pride which sets one above his fellows wherein we are seeking to show the folly.

Pride and poverty, when combined, makes a man's life up-hill work—pomposity in a hovel; a gaudy parlor, meagre kitchen, and empty cupboard; broadcloth hides a ragged shirt; polished boots hide tattered stockings; the gaudy side out, rags and starvation within. *This* is trying to be somebody, but forgetting it is not necessary to be gold-washed in order to reach that envied good in life's journey. Pride and poverty are the most ill-assorted companions that can meet. The sacrifices they exact from each other only serve to increase their discord.

Humility and pride are more opposite than any other two feelings of the human mind. Ruskin says, "Pride is at the bottom of most great mistakes. Is it not just as true to say that humility is the base of most virtues. Pride is founded on a high opinion of ourselves; it hardens the heart. Humility is founded on the consciousness of the want of merit; it softens the temper and disposition.

One of the world's greatest thinkers compared himself to a little child picking up pebbles on the shores of Truth's boundless ocean; so the one who has travelled farthest on the path of righteousness regards his achievements modestly. It is a matter of every-day observation that there is little to be hoped for from one who is wise in his own conceit. St. Bernard Froude says, "The best men know

they are far from what they ought to be; and the worst think that, if they were a little better, they should be as good as they need be. Humility is the greatest of all virtues. Lack of self-knowledge is a secret cause of vanity. If we really knew ourselves better we would be more modest in our estimates. The only proper standard of measurement is to compare our lives and deeds with Christ's. Will there be any danger then of thinking of ourselves more highly than we should?

Pride is like an empty bag, and who can stand such a thing upright? It is hollow and heartless, and, like a drum, makes the more noise from its very emptiness. But it must have a fall. Of all human actions, pride most seldom attains its end, for, while it aims at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision. Sooner or later it comes down to the simple question of *will*. *God's* will, or *man's* will? Which shall it be? One or the other must prevail and rule. Never can the soul find peace and growth until it yields sweetly and unconditionally to the good and now *acceptable* will of God.

Where a man's pride is thoroughly subdued it is like the sides of Mount *Ætna*—it was terrible while the eruption lasted and the lava flowed, but when that is past and the lava is turned into soil, it grows vineyards and olive trees to the very top.

EMMA LUCY COLE.

### ESSENTIAL REMEDY.

Monition is the avenue to wealth. We enter the mine through it, diligently striving to unearth treasure of fidelity, love, truth, harmony, meekness, virtue, charity, wisdom and peace, designed for man's attainment and adornment.

The inadequacy of the languages to teach revelation is apparent to spiritual followers; but we may be and are signboards to the universal Father,

who is ready to meet every condition in life. If God says, (when interpreted in the different languages by man,) thou knowest me in secret, transgress not, but live in harmony with me, and we accept his invitation, then we are governed by the intrinsic Law Giver. Understanding Paul when he said, "I was not unmindful of the heavenly vision," and was led by it into higher idealities heretofore unknown to me, or Isaiah when he said, "the visitation of the Father is with me," drawing my attention to His (God's) personal service to me, or brother Jesus, when He taught that "the Father who dwelleth in me" is the author of my acts; we see one and the same divine principle governing each, the Father inspiring and ruling man's acts in righteousness. "Be thou reconciled to me, my son, my daughter, and I, thy God will reward thee." In this way only God teaches his family continuously, forever the same, and His followers recognize and "praise Him from whom all blessings flow." God's family are individually taught "by my Spirit" that one brother cannot impart to another. The Fountain only furnishing strictly unalloyed supplies, which is the essential prescription—"immaculate remedy for all ills."

The disciples of God intelligently realize that God is positively teaching His people in person. This knowledge is not hid in a conclave, but His children all know Him to be the Way of happiness.

When called on to explain this quotation with that one, we are not accountable for historic phraseologies.

"Whom He will He hardeneth."

"God hardened Pharaoh's heart."

"Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God."

"God did tempt Abraham."

"God cannot be tempted, neither tempteth he any man."

"Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts and enticed."

"The Lord repented of the evils which He thought to do unto His people."

"I am the Lord, I change not."

"Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

But we are certainly accountable for correct interpretation in personal manifestation. Intelligently learning from Him, and translating God's lesson from the original study forever, not subject to ecclesiastical regulation, for these cannot make and establish a divine law, for there is but one infallible Maker and Law Giver, and His lessons are not negotiable; for we do not get the same sense from translation as in the original tongues, and the infinite Will, being no respecter of persons, teaches all men alike, and acknowledged by his children, as their capacity of receiving His instruction admits. Wherever we are we have the genuine Study—divine Counselor, with us at all times to direct us in the pathway of virtue.

And in studying His persuasive language, ("speaking as never man spake") find Him always ready to "feed my sheep," mouth, tongue and utterance for His disciples, over which ecclesiasticism cannot preside, or factional courts be entertained. For Christ alone is law, who "was in the beginning with God, and was God"—Law forever to His family everywhere, who allow the best in them to rule their walks in life, working righteousness for all who receive and entertain infinity,—the rock on which we build.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

H. G. M.

Of plain, sound sense life's current coin is made.

If the prudence of reserve and decorum dictates silence in some circumstances, in others prudence of a higher order may justify us in speaking our thoughts,

# Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of the Society  
of Friends

BY S. P. & EDGAR M. ZAVITZ

AT

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM,  
ONTARIO, CANADA.

## EDITORIAL STAFF :

S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream, Ont.  
EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, B. A., Coldstream, Ont.  
ISAAC WILSON, Bloomfield, Ont.  
SERRNA MINARD, St. Thomas, Ont.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, *Managing Editor.*  
S. P. ZAVITZ, *Treas. & Bus. Correspondent*

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Year after year has rolled by and still the REVIEW feels itself yet in the stage of probation. We had hoped long before this that its existence might be more firmly established. We have striven, we have spent patience and time, we have longed that it might be. Often we have wavered between hope and discouragement, between pressing forward and giving up. But the hope has each time been rekindled, and encouragement has come from visible and invisible sources, and we have been persuaded to press on. One great cause for such slow progress in the REVIEW we looked upon with great indulgence and even compassion: that was the stringency of the times. The necessities of existence we felt with pity was one great cause that many homes in our Society had no Society

paper; we would like to have sent it there free could we have done so. We rejoice, therefore, in the seeming return of "good times," that moderate luxuries may be added to homes where the past depression ruled them out, and we trust a Friends' paper will be among the foremost of these. We thus look with hope and even confidence that the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW will feel the effects of the inflowing tide of "better times." We have evidence sufficient that our subscribers and readers will find in its pages during the coming year articles from the brightest intellects and the ablest writers of our Society in America. We feel assured as a result of these better times, especially if our subscription list is somewhat enlarged, that we can devote more of our own time towards making the REVIEW more efficient. We would like to ask privately every member that is interested in the welfare of our Society, if that interest does not involve a duty in behalf of the REVIEW. Our Society needs each and every help that can be put forth in its behalf. The YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW is not without its influence in this rejuvenating period of our Society.

There are bright intellects and dedicated hearts among its members. There is dearth of Friends literature and Friendly influence in many homes, yea in many entire neighborhoods. Let us disseminate the thoughts of these bright intellects, the influence of these dedicated souls into these destitute homes and neighborhoods. Of those who have the gift of thought and language we ask the added use of the pen, of the rest we ask simply their *subscriptions*. Let each one reflect that in giving his subscription he is not doing it selfishly for himself or family alone, but it enables those who are more unfavorably conditioned, perhaps more isolated from the Friendly centres, to receive and enjoy the best our Society can produce.

TO OUR READERS EVERYWHERE—  
 To the Managers of the REVIEW, who are farmers, the long evenings which are upon us give more time to devote to the interests of the little paper. Both Canada and the United States have had abundant crops, and prices have been and are likely to be much in advance of recent years. To the *higher* tariff in the United States is attributed much of the cause of better times there, and to the *lower* tariff in Canada is given the honor of the great boon here. Very probably neither has had much to do with the better prospects. However, things really look much brighter. We wish to see a decided advance again this coming year in the prospects of the REVIEW. We want 1000 *new* subscribers. There are that many Friends' homes in which *no* Friends' paper goes. We want to see the REVIEW go into *many* of these if not *all*, as well as in other Friends' homes. *Every family can afford to take the REVIEW.* The advancing principles of Friends' shall ever receive our warmest support. If we cannot keep in advance of others, in moral and religious reform and progress, we cannot hope to live. If followers of Immediate Revelation, which we profess to be, lag behind in these things, the followers of tradition, wherein are we profited? "Every tree shall be known by its fruit?"

Our readers may depend upon getting occasional articles in next year's REVIEW from Wm. M. Jackson, of New York city; Dr. Jessie H. Holmes, of the George School; Edward B. Rawson and S. Elizabeth Stover, of the Friends' School, New York, and many others throughout our Society. A few articles on the "Literary Study of the Gospels," by Wm. M. Jackson, will be begun in 1st mo. number, and will be of special interest. They will throw much light on this part of the Scriptures, and make our understanding of them much clearer. Don't fail to take the REVIEW next year.

TO OUR CLUB RAISERS IN PARTICULAR.—We attribute much of the success of the REVIEW in the past to *your* co-operation. We shall depend upon you, with much confidence, during the coming canvass. Some of you we know are already at work. Now is the time to gain *new* subscribers, and we want hundreds of them this year. We are always glad to send *sample copies* to any who may apply, and shall make an effort to assist you in your work of getting up clubs. Let us push this work with renewed vigor to success.

S. P. Zavitz, of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW, gave an address in the Disciple Church in St. Thomas, Ont., before a large and very attentive audience, on the evening of 10th mo. 22nd. It was the third of a series of five lectures on "Why I am what I am," organized by the pastor, W. D. Cunningham. The various denominations in the city were represented in the audience, and although the views of the speaker in defining Quakerism must at times have appeared radical to many present, yet they were well and favorably received. In its report the next day the St. Thomas Journal said: "Those who were so fortunate as to be in Christ Church last night enjoyed a rare treat in the lecture by S. P. Zavitz, of Coldstream, Ont."

#### W. C. T. U MEETINGS IN CANADA.

Last month will be remembered in Canada for the influx of W. C. T. U. workers from all quarters. First came the Ontario Convention held at Brantford, then the Dominion meetings held in Toronto, followed immediately by the World's W. C. T. U., which was held in the same city, beginning on the 23rd. Delegates from the various temperance societies from every Province in the Dominion, for the purpose united action, in view of the plebiscite being submitted in the near future, met also and organized during

the intervals, between the meetings of the World's W. C. T. U. All these meetings should certainly strengthen, and undoubtedly will, the temperance cause in our land. Two hundred and seven regularly appointed delegates were in attendance, and 14,000 R. R. certificates were presented. Egypt, Japan, China, Spain, Finland, Iceland, England and her colonies, and the United States were represented. Frances E. Willard, the world renowned and time honored president, was in her place. Also the secretaries — Agnes E. Slack, of England; and Anna Gordon, of Illinois. The vice-president, Lady Henry Somerset, on account of illness, could not be in attendance. All the officers were re-elected by the executive. In her opening address, the president said in part, "Canada leads the world to-day in the great prohibition struggle, and it leads with cheering prospects of success. The country is homogeneous; it has not that great foreign population to contend with by which we are almost fatally handicapped; its people are serious-minded and practical; its average standard of morals and religion is higher than ours; it has put itself on record by popular plebiscite in which prohibition triumphed; it has survived the horrors of the Royal Commission to investigate the liquor traffic, and is on the eve of another popular vote in which, although it must contend against the united power of the alcohol trade in all countries, which will be brought to bear upon its politicians and its people, we have faith to believe (and we go largely by sight as well, because this thing has been done once) that 'Our Lady of the Snows' is going to pluck from the heavens of purity and plant on her own fair brow the bright star of prohibition, which means happy homes to her people and a harbinger of peace to all the world."

The secretary's report showed encouraging progress in the different countries during the past two years in

the organization of the W. C. T. U. which has become such a power for good and for reform along the lines where reform is much needed.

S. P. Z.

## GEORGE ADAM SMITH'S LECTURES

AT THE SCARBOROUGH SUMMER SCHOOL, ENGLAND.

(From the British Friend.)

### I.—EARLY HEBREW POETRY.

It was with great delight that those of us who had revelled in Prof. George Adam Smith's illuminating volumes on Isaiah, learnt that among the other good things provided for us at Summer School were two lectures by this great authority; and it goes without saying that we were not disappointed. In eloquence, vigour, and a certain trenchant originality of treatment, Prof. Smith's two lectures were surpassed by none during the whole gathering.

The first on the *Early National Poetry of Israel* began by saying that though Hebrew poetry has given us our first view of God, and its rhythm haunts our language, yet it is the product of an alien race and of a stage of culture far removed from our own. Moreover, judged by western standards, the Hebrew poet cannot be correctly so designated. He is rather a gazer, a seer, a messenger, a herald; he gives us impressions and conceptions, not creations; his work is characterized not by order and beauty, but by urgency and emphasis; the weight of his substance renders him careless of the form; in a word he is much more of a prophet than a poet. In order, however, to understand the genius of the Hebrew, we must observe his racial affinities, and note what he has gained from his heredity. The Hebrew is a branch of the great Semitic race, spread over Western Asia from the Levant to the Indian Ocean; Arabia is the original home of

the race, and here its peculiar features are best preserved. The Arab nature consists of paradoxes : for example, he has great sensual grossness combined with marvellous powers of reverence ; he has subtlety without originality ; his genius is subjective with a strong leaning to self interest ; he is capable of infinite resignation and absolute serenity, together with fits of un-governed ferocity. The Arab is a sheep and cattle breeder : he is his own butcher, he lies down at night with his beasts around him. From this we may trace the ingrained coarseness of the race.

The desert is a school of abstinence ; long fasts purge its dweller from his grossness and lend him detachment from the things of sense ; but the desert is also a school of vigilance. In it there is no brooding repose like that of the sages further east, neither shall we find within it the sustained thought of the west. The leisure of the desert is vast, but it is that of the sentinel. The interest which the Hebrew takes in things is never speculative but practical. His magnificent concreteness and perspicuity never descend to the mysterious or the obscure. It may have been the clear atmosphere of the desert which caused the Semite to form sharp and well-defined ideas of all phenomena. Such a realistic habit of mind has its dangers, but a saving force with the Hebrew was his hot passion. All his best poems were written by actors in the scenes which they depict. Only so could the Semitic poet be really effective ; hero and poet are one in Hebrew poems.

The Semitic race has given three Monotheisms to the world, the Jewish, the Christian, and the Mohammedan. This is in spite of, or shall we rather say because of, two defects in its genius. It is almost without the power of creating a mythology and of realizing a future life. To the ancient Hebrew God was not a God of the

dead but of the living. One reason for this absence of interest in a future life is the fact that to the Semite God is the God of the tribe, not merely of the individual. Moses prays "Blot not this people, I pray Thee, out of the book of life for Thy great name's sake." The slightness of the desert home, its constance change of place, impressed the imagination with the transitoriness not the permanence of mankind. It was not until Abraham bought the Cave of Machpelah that the physical groundwork of a belief in immortality was laid. We must never forget that early Isreal was a Semitic, virtually an Arab race ; all early traditions point to the tribes coming up out of Arabia with scarcely a touch of Egyptian culture on them. The desert was always near them, their great heroes, David, Amos, Jeremiah, John the Baptist, were either brought up in the desert or lived on its borders, and this discipline of desert life influences all their poetry. The youth of the race, like the youth of their greatest prophets, was passed in prolonged fasts, which tempered the will, but prevented sustained thought, and touched the blood with rancour which comes out, for instance, in the imprecatory psalms. Much of the poetry of Isreal was written by the hungry sons of starved sires, possessed by a famine of God, and impelled by a hunger after righteousness.

So much for the character and training of the poet-seers of Israel. To come to the actual title of our lecture. By "Early Hebrew Poetry" we understand all that preceded the great prophets of the eighth century. Although in bulk this is very little, yet it is of great interest when taken in connection with the growth of the natural life and consciousness. The first fragment of song occurs in Gen. iv. 19 24. Lamech has two wives, Adah and Zillah,—light and shadow ; they bear Jabal and Jubal and Tubal-Cain. These names stand for the

founders of pastoral life, and for the makers of music and of weapons. They have a sister called Naamah,—gracious, who is the mother of singing. Then follows a snatch of song, which takes the form of a burst of savage joy over the power given by all these forces. We see that the first result of civilization is to equip for hatred and to render revenge more deadly; and so this ancient lyric seems to mock us with some foreboding of our own time when all civilization only seems to make for war.

To pass on. Jacob is essentially Semitic with all the paradoxes of the Semite. He is forceful and foxy, but with a capacity for wearing well. He has his hours of wrestling with God; he can see visions, and cheat his master, and love his wife. His sons go down into Egypt, but when God appears to them it is in the desert. Moses saw first the glory of God not in the palm or obelisk of Egypt, but in the desert bush. There is only one poetical fragment of this time, preserved in Exodus xv., and of this the greater part is a late addition; but verses 2 and 3 are really ancient. We must imagine all these songs by no means depending for their rhythm on their sound alone. They were played and danced as well as sung; their rhythm was of force and gesture, of body as well as soul, of limb as well as voice. The singers themselves had just been actors in the events which they describe; all early poetry is a peroration of life. Other poems are found in Exodus xvii. 16, Num. xxi, 17, 18, and Deut. xxxii. 10. This last is interesting as knowing nothing of Egypt, the poet simply saying that God met Israel in the desert.

In the new and broken land to which Israel came the people lost their unity, and this was the beginning of Israel's polytheism. Division brought anarchy and wretchedness in its train, and it is the revolt against these divisions and in favor of national

unity that gives birth to the greatest of the early lyrics—the Song of Deborah. There is no reason to doubt that this song was written by Deborah, who was the great actor in the events which it describes. The exigencies of the time called all men to war; the women only were left to plan, to manage, to hope and to arrange. Deborah, permeated by the love of order and of settled rule, deploras the anarchy of the time and gives thanks to men who can govern. Her poem is a plea for national unity; we do not find in it much sense of the power of religion over individual character; to Deborah, God was the God of the nation as a whole. But the beauty of the poem lies in the spirit of self-sacrifice which breathes through it. Those tribes that did not respond to the call of Deborah, in saving their lives, lost them. They chose imprudently as well as irreligiously to hold aloof from their brethren, who came to the help of the Lord against the mighty. It was by the spirit of self-sacrifice which is the key note of this poem that Israel at last achieved her unity.

## II.—THE BOOK OF JONAH.

On opening the Book of Jonah we are struck with the fact that, although it is pure narrative, it yet finds a place among the twelve Minor Prophets, all the rest of which consist of discourses. We have probably often wondered why it is not placed among the historical books, as its form would seem to indicate. The reason for this apparent anomaly is that it is not history at all, but as prophetic, or at least as didactic in spirit as any of the twelve, only that its teaching is couched in the form of an allegory instead of a discourse. This book is not one to be lightly passed over; it needs dwelling on reverently and lovingly; it is as full a revelation of God's will as prophecy ever achieved. In its bold declaration of the doctrine that God's grace is for the Gentile as well as for the Jew, it

comes the nearest to the New Testament spirit of any part of the Old Testament. Part of the neglect with which this book has been treated is perhaps owing to the fact that its grotesque details amuse or displease us, according to our temperament or the mood of the moment. This is inevitable if we regard the events narrated as authentic history; but we must remember that our modern sense of humor is a plant of recent growth. Moreover, once accepted as fiction, the grotesque features of the story are seen to be the ordinary accompaniments of the allegoric style of the author's time, while the vigor of the narrative, and its success in bringing out its moral purpose, are something quite unique.

All that we know of Jonah as a real personage is gathered from II. Kings xiv. 25. By this we see that Jonah flourished about 780 B. C., and was therefore one of the earliest of the prophets. It is clear, however, that this narrative is not written by Jonah himself, nor even by a contemporary. This is shown by the statement in Chapter iii. 2, "Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city." Nineveh fell 606 B. C., and the Canon of the Minor Prophets was closed about 200 B. C. Had the Book of Jonah been written later than that, it would have come under the head of the Haggada or Writings. On the other hand, considerations of language and style, together with the number of echos of, and allusions to other parts of the Old Testament, make it probable that the book is at all events post-exilic, and was written much nearer to the later than the earlier date.

This book nowhere claims to be real history, but offers all the marks of parable or allegory. The absence of precise historical data is one of its distinguishing notes. Then, again, we observe a number of trifling discrepancies due to the license allowed himself by a writer who is telling a tale, not writing a history; and most striking

of all from this point of view is the abrupt close of the narrative at the exact point when the moral becomes obvious.

The purpose of the parable is to illustrate the mission of prophecy to the Gentiles, and to enforce the truth that the Gentiles were capable of repentance. This lesson required to be urgently pressed home to the reluctant and prejudiced people of Israel, who are typified in the parable by the personality of Jonah. It was when Jonah fled from this duty to which he was sent that he was buried in the fish, thus symbolizing the exile of his people—but we shall recur to this point later on. To take the narrative in order, we note firstly that it was not distance nor danger which deterred Jonah from obeying the voice of God, so much as an instinct or a fear that God meant something else than Nineveh's destruction. In Israel, the belief in God's essential grace, and the feeling that sooner or later that grace might reach the heathen, was never far away from the Jewish mind. The secret of this fear was their faith in the love of God, but to the narrow-minded Jewish patriot this foreboding of God's mercy to the heathen was repellent in the extreme. It was to avoid this that Jonah "fled to Tarshish," which is simply a mode of expressing the fact that he tried to get as far as possible from his land and from his God. The contact with the heathen brought about by this voyage is represented as the beginning of his conversion. We note the extreme vividness of the account of the storm, how that the ship "thought that she must break up;" we see the worn-out prophet sleeping like a stowaway while the sailors discuss the situation, and we observe that it is the reverence the heathen feels for his God that at last rouses the better self in the heart of Jonah, and he nobly counsels his own sacrifice. This is unwillingly accepted, and we have a striking description of the generous conflict between heathen and Hebrew.

The glory of the passage lies however in the "conversion" of Jonah and in the way in which he meets the truth from which he was fleeing, and reaches the point when he is willing to lay down his life for those whom he had despised. In these heathen he sees men turning to God, and he gladly becomes their sacrifice. This is the same doctrine that we have in Isaiah liii.—the servant of God becoming a sacrifice for others. God and life are the only postulates we require for revelation.

We now come to the incident of the great fish, and this strikes us at first as grotesque. But we must remember that the popular mythology of the Semite had peopled the sea with great monsters. We must also remember that entombment in a dragon or great fish was a recognized allegorical manner of alluding to the Babylonish captivity. This we see from Jeremiah li. 34, 44, where we have the same nature-myth in an intermediate form. Having now learned through suffering his moral kinship with the heathen, and offered his life for some of them, Jonah, strange to say, again refuses to do the will of God. The first part of the book has no results in the second, and so it was with Israel. After the discipline of the captivity they were no more tolerant of the heathen than before.

We have no description of the prophet's journey to Nineveh, or of the city itself, further than that it is set before us as a seething mass of human beings with just one capacity allowed to them, the primal human power of repentance. This is the real treasure left in Pandora's box—this power to turn from evil, and this is all that our author claims for Nineveh. Jonah's anger at the mercy of the Lord to the great city is frequently attributed to personal pique, because his word was not fulfilled. This would hardly have been strange had it really been so, for it was an accepted rule that prophets were to be judged by the success of their predictions; but we

have no hint of it in the story. Jonah is depicted as being quite above any anxiety about his professional reputation; his distress is caused by the fact that he could not master his conviction that the heathen ought to be destroyed, and he is angry at God's forbearance with them. The one thing that troubled the Jews after the exile was the continued prosperity of the Gentile. The knowledge that God was infinitely haunted their pride.

As for Jonah, so angry and displeased was he at the love of God to Nineveh, that he withdrew and took no further interest in the matter. There is both humor and pathos in the treatment he is made to receive at the hands of Jehovah. A little leaving to himself, a little caustic gentleness, and then comes the half humorous piece of fault finding, "Art thou so *very* angry about the gourd?" And so the story ends with dramatic fitness at the climax of the argument, leaving us with the scene of the vast and pitiful multitude stretching before us, like Christ's parable of the "Ninety and Nine," and suggesting the thought of the joy over the sinner that repented. The high honor of this author is not that he has given us real history, but that he has been, both in the message and in the form of literary art with which he clothes it, the closest forerunner of Christ, and that he leaves with us the picture of the whole world ready to return to God.

MARY ANNE WALLIS.

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#### OLD QUAKER DAYS IN RHODE ISLAND.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Buffum Chace is now in her ninetieth year, and contributes to the "New England Magazine" a very readable and interesting article on "Old Quaker Days in Rhode Island." Her grandfather was a member of the Rhode Island Society for the Gradual Abolition of Slavery, and when his children were young his house was a refuge for fugitive slaves

from New York, slavery having been abolished in Rhode Island.

Mrs. Chace gives us a bright and pleasing sketch of her early childhood, but she says not one of the group of the boys and girls whom she has described is left upon the earth save herself alone.

When I remember all

The friends so linked together,

I've seen around me fall

Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one who treads alone

Some banquet hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,

And all but he departed.

After very graphically describing the conditions of the quiet rural village which ninety years ago was a spot of intellectual, religious and moral life, but which now bears the marks of age in the old-fashioned structure of its buildings, its ample dooryards and its venerable trees. Mrs. Chace gives some early reminiscences of her Quaker days. In those good old times carpets were unknown. Bedsteads were high from the floor, feather beds were in common use, and were covered with patchwork quilts and home-made blankets. The manner of life at the farm was primitive and patriarchal. Mrs. Chace's great-grandmother, Aunt Margaret, was a woman with a strong mind, and tradition relates that this woman whipped everyone of her sons after he was twenty-one years of age. Mrs. Chace says: During my childhood the girl who did the housework in this house was a daughter of my grandfather's sister, who lived in New Hampshire. Two more of her family lived as "hired girls" with two of my uncles. They were not called servants, and were members of the families, eating at table with them. They did an immense amount of work, and did it well. At my grandfather's the girl's day began at 4 o'clock in the morning, and she often had to heat the brick oven to bake for breakfast. Cheese-making, the churning of butter and candle-making were a part of the duties of the hired girl; while the spinning-

wheel stood in the kitchen to be put in motion in any spare moments. As she was an unusually good girl, she was paid a dollar and a half a week.

White flour was used at my grandfather's only to make piecrust, cake and such delicacies. It was bought only in quantities of seven pounds at a time. Rye flour and Indian meal were used to bake the bread which was ordinarily eaten. When the oldest boy was six or seven years of age they used to put a sack of corn across the back of a horse, seat the child firmly in the middle, and send him to the miller, where the horse would stop of his own accord, and the little fellow would cry out: "Somebody come an' take us off!" The miller would take off the child and corn, grind the corn, place the meal in the sack, put it back onto the horse, seat the boy again in the middle, and send him home.

The loaves of rye and Indian bread were baked on oak leaves. The women spread these leaves on a large wooden shovel, took the dough with their hands from the big wooden trough in which with their hands they had mixed it, moulded it into mounds on the leaves, put the shovel into the oven, and dextrously slipped it out again, after depositing dough and leaves upon the oven floor. Indian meal puddings and pies were also baked in the brick oven. It took all night to bake an Indian meal pudding properly. In the autumn the children gathered the oak leaves for baking purposes and strung them on sticks. They called it "going leafing."

When the first grist of meal from the new harvest was brought home in the fall a great quantity of hasty pudding was made, the hired men dressed in their Sunday clothes, and my grandfather's family came out and ate supper with the men in the kitchen.

Our fathers and mothers had a lively interest in the education of their children, and a good school was maintained fifty-two weeks in the year, with no vacations. Our text books were of a very primitive kind. In geography we

had no atlases to use, and I believe the imperfect manner in which I learned localities is the reason why I have never been able to think of places in the right direction.

We did an immense amount of memorizing. In grammar we were obliged to recite every word of Murray's large volume over and over for a long time before we were set to make any practical application of it in the analysis or parsing of a sentence. We must repeat of, to, for, by, with, in, into, within, without, over, under, through, above, below, before, behind, beneath, on or upon, among, after, about, against for months before we were permitted to tell what should be done with the smallest preposition of them all.

When, at twelve years of age, I had recited Murray's grammar through perhaps a dozen times without a word of explanation or application, the master, as I was passing by him to my seat, handed me an open book, and, pointing to a passage, said I might study that for a parsing lesson. Alas, it was no open book to me. The sentences which he indicated read: "Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is a token of growing depravity and future shame." I knew every rule in the grammar, but I did not know how to apply one of them to the first word. I carried the book out at recess, and a more advanced pupil gave me a clue. I put my memory into harness, and soon learned to use the rules of which till then I had had no comprehension.

The master carried in his hand all the time a ruler with a leather strap nailed over the end. If he caught an eye wandering from the book or saw signs of restlessness or heard a whisper, he gave the offender a smart blow, especially if it was his own little motherless boy, to whom he was particularly cruel.

We learned our religion in the old

Quaker meeting-house, where the seats were hard benches and the great beams and rafters had no paint. I think there was no plastering except overhead. The dear old meeting-house was to me an object of great reverence. Our ministers were two women. I remember one spring day when one of them invited a company of the young girls to go with her to clean the meeting-house. We had a jolly time, scrubbing the benches and the floor, and she, our preacher, whitewashed the ceiling and made the affair as pleasant as a picnic.

We were taught to consider ourselves especially privileged in having been born in the Society of Friends. After we had attended meeting on "First-day" morning the afternoon was usually spent in paying or receiving visits. It was not necessary to announce our coming. Whoever stayed at home expected company. No one objected to sewing or knitting on First-day. Unnecessary housework was avoided. It was against our principles to regard one day as holier than another; but this day was regarded as one in which we should put on our best apparel, and of which we should make a day of recreation after a morning meeting.

As I compare the manners and people of that time with those of today, in the same station in life, I think that my grandparents, my uncles and aunts and neighbors were most of them persons of strong mental and moral individuality, and yet narrow-minded in some directions. In this age of associated charities it seems strange that they had no more sympathy with poverty and destitution, no idea of lifting up those lowlier than themselves. Sometimes there was real neglect of cases which now we should feel bound to consider.

At our evening parties, to which we sometimes walked two miles, we had for refreshments fruit or nuts, or both, and often cake and light wine, total

abstinence not having at that time been thought of. When I was fourteen years old I found that when I drank wine it made me dizzy, and I renounced it, without ever thinking or hearing that there was any moral harm in it. Cider was the family dinner drink and I renounced that for the same reason.

The boys and girls walked together going to these parties and returning from them; and the gatherings ended at 9 o'clock. We had our little partialities and preferences and our youthful love affairs; but curiously enough not one of them in that group of boys and girls terminated in matrimony. Perhaps there were too many cousins among us.

There was only one novel in my father's house, Hannah More's "Coelebs in Search of a Wife." In the village library were Miss Burney's novels and a few others, which we were not forbidden to read. We read the "Spectator," the "Rambler" and others of Dr. Johnson's writings, and the British poets, Milton, Young, Pope, Cowper, Montgomery, and Moore, and we read, especially, religious and Quaker books, such as Barclay's "Apology," "Piety Promoted," the "Life of George Fox," "Pilgrims' Progress," and works on female education. Our new schoolmaster soon discovered our literary inclination, and besides introducing some modern improvements into our school he helped us in the cultivation of our taste for reading. He taught school every other Saturday, and on the alternate Saturdays he would start in the morning and walk to Providence, fourteen miles, go to the college library, get a number of books, tie them up in a bandanna handkerchief, bring them home, and distribute them among us, to be read and changed about for the next fortnight, then to be returned and another batch brought out for our delectation. Thus we read the Waverly Novels as they were

issued from the press, while the author was "the Great Unknown." We had also Scott's and Byron's poems and Cooper's novels.

In families the husband and father was the person not only to be held in the highest respect, but to be regarded with awe and a kind of fear by all the women. My mother, who came from Newport, and in whose family there had been more freedom, noticed when she first came into my father's family that even the married daughters when visiting their parents, if they were chatting with their mother and each other, always subsided into silence when their father came into the room—he, my grandfather, being regarded as a sort of god like personage before whom no everyday feminine talk was to be indulged. Yet there was a story handed down which proved that his own daughters did sometimes beard this lion in his den.

On one occasion my grandfather and grandmother went from home on a visit, leaving their daughters, Hannah and Lucy, two lively maidens in their teens, as housekeepers. The girls decided to have a party. They had the windpipes of some chickens which they had dried for such a purpose, and moulded some candles, putting the windpipes filled with gunpowder along the sides of the wicks. They invited their friends and had a nice supper, the table being well lighted with candles. While the supper was going on there was an explosion. Everybody was startled, but nobody was hurt, and the fun was very much enjoyed. When the father and mother came home nothing was said, and everything was cleared away. Somehow the story got told outside, and the overseers of the Friends' monthly meeting heard of it and came to the house to visit the parents of these wild young maidens. The parents were very dignified and highly responsible members of the meeting, and it was a great mortifica-

tion to them to be reprov'd for any disorderly conduct in their house. So when the overseers were gone the father summoned the girls to the sitting room and demanded what this all meant. When the affair was confessed and explained he, walking up and down the room, reproved them very severely for such disgraceful conduct. Lucy, who, I think, was the bolder of the two, said: "Well, father, I'm very sorry." "Sorry for what?" cried the indignant father, as he stopped before her. "Sorry that thee has found it out," she replied.

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