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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., EIGHTH MONTH, 1890.

NO. 8

BE WITHOUT FEAR.

"Be thou like the noble ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear ;
Speak ! no matter what betides thee ;
Let them strike ! but make them hear !

Be thou like the first Apostles ;
Be thou like heroic Paul ;
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly ! speak it all !

Face thine enemies, accusers ;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod ;
And if thou has truth to utter,
Speak ! and leave the rest to God."
—Selected.

SOMETHING OF QUAKERISM.

THE CRUSADE OF GEORGE FOX TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—AN EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL—THE PRACTICAL CHARACTER OF HIS PREACHING—HOW QUAKER DOCTRINES WERE VIEWED LONG AGO—BARCLAY'S DEFINITION OF INWARD LIGHT—HEROIC AGE OF QUAKERISM

From the Toronto Globe.

"Probably there is not one Englishman in a thousand who could give an account of Quaker tenets, and not one Englishman in a thousand who is ignorant that from Wm. Penn to John Bright Quakers have been the friends and benefactors of the human race." So says Frederick Storrs Turner, a returned missionary from China, who, finding the historic evidences of Christianity insufficient to satisfy the doubts of his own mind, and to overcome the subtle arguments of Buddhism, was saved from infidelity by the inward light. By this central truth of Quakerism Turner was led to make a historical and critical study, which has been lately published under the name of *The Quakers*. It will scarcely be believed that this sect, so small and so little known to-day, was

in the seventeenth century an aggressive and powerful force, having for its mission nothing less than the revival of primitive Christianity, and constantly asserting, "We are the one true church, and all others are in the apostacy." At the present time the Quakers are known merely by their peculiarities, their refusal to take an oath, their testimony against war, the disuse of the ordinances or sacraments, silent worship, recognition of woman as ministers, and a strong objection to a paid ministry. These are minor peculiarities as the use of "thee" and "thou" in common speech, the numerical names of the days and months, and the absence of outward signs and of "mourning."

But in the history of Quakerism there is nothing of vital importance except the doctrine of the Inward Light, as preached by George Fox more than 200 years ago. The crusade of this young enthusiast against the Protestant churches began, according to his journal, "on a First-day (Sunday) in the morning," at Nottingham, in a steeplehouse, where "all the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in his pulpit above." And he took for his text these words of Peter:—"We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." And he told the people that this was the Scriptures, by which they were to try

ALL DOCTRINES, RELIGIONS AND OPINIONS.

"Now, the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold, but was made to

cry out and say;—'Oh, no, it is not the Scriptures'; but I told them what it was, namely, the Holy Spirit, by which the holy men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions, religions and judgments were to be tried, for it led unto all truth, and so gave the knowledge of all truth. For the Jews had the Scriptures, and yet resisted the Holy Ghost, and rejected Christ, the bright morning star, and persecuted Christ and His apostles, and took upon them to try their doctrines by the Scriptures; but erred in judgment and did not try them aright, because they tried without the Holy Ghost. Now as I spake thus amongst them, the officers came and took me away and put me into a nasty, stinking prison, the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat that it very much annoyed me."

This lengthy extract from George Fox's journal is given because it contains the very secret and essence of early Quakerism. Here was an unknown young man of 24, tall, gaunt, with piercing eyes, long hair, a face pale as with frequent fasting, hurling back in the preacher's teeth the very foundation doctrine of the Protestant faith. "No. It is not the Scriptures. It is the spirit of God." During the next quarter of a century Protestantism was challenged in its stronghold, the reformed churches were denounced as unsparingly as they denounced the Papacy. Of those 25 years, at least six were spent by Fox in some prisons—his only vacations from mob violence. He and his followers frankly disobeyed the injunction of the Divine Master, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye unto another." The Quakers preferred death to flight. Those who did not receive their doctrine raged against it. Imprisonment having no deterrent effect, "the people," says Fox, "fell upon me in great rage and struck me down, and almost stifled and smothered me, and I was cruelly beaten and bruised by them with their hands, bibles and sticks. * * *

And the rude people stoned me out of

the town for preaching the word of life to them. And I was scarce able to go, or well to stand, by reason of the ill usage I had received * * * And that day some people were convinced of the Lord's truth, at which I rejoiced." Death had no terrors for him. To a man who ran at him with a rapier Fox said, "Alack for thee, poor creature! What wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon? It is no more to me than a straw."

As for the preaching of Fox, it was as much concerned about right conduct as about true theology.

IT WAS PRE-EMINENTLY PRACTICAL.

It was not "a theological system which could be popularly construed as a method whereby the absence of morality can be condoned." To him there was no distinction between things secular and things religious. His religion, propagated by purely spiritual means, was, in point of numbers, a great success. Soon after the Restoration, by a careful enumeration of Quakers in prison throughout all England, it was found that the number exceeded four thousand two hundred. In 1700 the whole number in England and Wales is computed as at least sixty thousand. There were also at that time prosperous Quaker churches in Ireland and Scotland, on the Continent and in the plantations of America. They were known as a daring, aggressive, stubborn folk, followers of the light within, scornful of consequences, grotesquely honest, outlandishly just, irreproachable in every walk of life except as their doctrines made them the filth of the world and the scouring of all things in the eyes of the orthodox. The history of early Quakerism is the history of unquenchable zeal triumphant over unnumbered "beatings, bruising, shakings, halings," and the consternation and pious horror of clergy men and dissenting preachers, whose sympathy was too evidently with the fury of the mob. These "Children of the Light" as they were called were universal disturbers of the churches.

walking in and boldly contradicting the preacher in the name of the Lord. No doubt they were too absolute in their identification of their own conceptions with the perfect truth of God, an error into which all are prone to fall. The most tolerant remark made of them by their opponents is that dotted down in Pepy's Dairy, August 7, 1664:—"I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at conventicles. They go like lambs without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform or be more wise and not be caught!" The aged Puritan Roger Williams declared that "the Papists and Quakers' tongues are both spitting and belching out fire from one fire of hell"—rather an emphatic way of expressing difference of opinion on theological topics, but in an age when orthodoxy was deemed an essential condition of salvation, Quakerism was necessarily

REGARDED AS SOUL DESTROYING.

For many years the Quakers labored under the grievous imputation of denying the Word of God, and their vehement protestations against the charge were in vain. Robert Barclay, a clear-headed, logical and scholarly Friend, set forth their position by careful definitions. "The Scriptures," he says, "are only a Declaration of the Fountain, and not the Fountain itself. * * * They are and may be esteemed a secondary rule, subordinate to the spirit, from which they have all their excellency and certainty." The operation of the Spirit of God upon the human heart is taught throughout the Old Testament, and is the special promise in the New. "As to the Papists," says Barclay, "they place their foundation in the judgment of the church and tradition. If we press them to say why they believe as the church doth, their answer is, 'because the church is always led by the infallible spirit,' So here the leading of the spirit is the utmost foundation. Ask the Protestants why they trust in the Scriptures, and

take them to be their rule. Their answer is, 'because we have in them the mind of God, delivered unto us by those to whom these things were inwardly, immediately and objectively revealed by the Spirit of God,' and not because this or that man wrote them, but because the spirit dictated them.' As all Christendom unites in making the revelations of the spirit the foundation of the foundations upon which their own faith is built, therefore the spirit is the ultimate foundation and supreme authority.

If we would know more of this inward light we must turn again to Barclay, whose definition is lucidity itself: "This divine revelation and inward illumination is that which is evident and clear of itself, forcing, by its own evidence and clearness, the well disposed understanding to assent, irresistibly moving the same thereunto, even as the common principles of natural truths do move and incline the mind to a natural assent: as, that the whole is greater than its part; that two contradictories can neither be both true, or both false.' It is defined again as "that secret light which shines in the heart and reproveth unrighteousness." This is indeed the

FOUNDATION OF MORALITY AND RELIGION.

This is the beginning of that practical holiness of life and heart which is the essential thing. In the teeth of popular prejudice William Penn was not afraid to say that "it is not opinion, or speculations, or notions of what is true, or assent to articles or propositions, though never so soundly worded, that makes a man a true believer or a true Christian, but it is the conformity of the mind and practice to the will of God." Though the Quakers believed in historic Christianity, they believed just as strongly that this historic belief was not necessary to salvation.

With the death of its founder the heroic age of Quakerism closed, and then began the century of quietism.

There were no persecutions, no dissensions, no aggressive effort. It was a century of stagnation. And yet, to its credit, it produced John Woolman, whose journal Channing pronounced "the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language." Whittier calls him "the serene and beautiful spirit redeemed of the Lord from all selfishness." Charles Lamb said: "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart" It was said that he loved the negro slave, the Indian savage, the poverty-stricken miners, the factory workers and agricultural laborers of England, not as a professional philanthropist, but because he could not help it; loving them as a mother loves her child.

"Up to the end of the seventeenth century," says F. S. Turner, "the society confidently foretold the conversion of the world to Quakerism. In the eighteenth they were paralysed, almost fossilised. In the nineteenth they sadly calculate the probable date of their extinction." Recent stirrings of new life among them are the result of the influence of modern evangelicalism. The "Orthodox Friends," sometimes called "Progressive Friends," or "Gurneyites," would be as horrified by the public announcement that it is not the Scriptures but the Spirit of God that is the supreme authority as were the congregation in the "steeple house" in Nottingham in 1649. The Hicksite Quakers still maintain the beliefs of George Fox.

THE DYING TESTIMONY

of Elias Hicks was that "the inward manifestation of divine light, which reveals itself in the heart of man against sin and uncleanness, is essential and sufficient to salvation."

If this doctrine be not of God then most assuredly will it come to naught; but there is reason to believe that it holds a satisfying answer to doubters and unbelievers. Christianity is not a creed only, it is a revelation from God to save us from our sins, to bring us into the true life. It is the life of

Christ quickening us into the Christ-like life. Whatever else is doubtful this we know to be true. Agnosticism confounds ignorance of the nature of God with ignorance of His relation to us and our relation to Him. God's will concerning us is not incomprehensible, and it is revealed by the inward light. "That faith," says Professor Huxley, "is not blind but reasonable, which is invariably confirmed by experience, and we have the testimony of believers that the fundamental faith of religion is invariably confirmed by experience. "Christianity," says Turner "is a life; the true life of man: the life of the spirit reigning over all the lusts of the flesh. * * *

God and duty are certainties; purity, love, self-sacrifice are certainties. Conscience is consciousness, is spiritual vision. * * * Not to know the truth about Christ, but to be ourselves in one measure reproductions of Christ, is true Christianity. The children of the light began with conduct, they began with faith. But it was not faith in a wide scheme of doctrine, embracing the universe and eternity; it was faith in a present experience of a very limited range, but of the certainty of which they had full assurance. The secret light shining in the heart to reprove unrighteousness was to them a revelation of God, that is, of His will concerning them. This was in them the faint streak of dawn, beginning of a heavenly day."

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

GOD AND THE LIGHT WITHIN.

III.

From the earliest times mankind have recognized an intelligent and so-called supernatural power in nature. In the ruder ages they have even worshipped natural objects or phenomena that seemed to manifest this power.

While modern development has cast aside much of this superstitious worship; yet, with a change of

methods, we are still looking with ever deepening reverence at the wonders of nature, though we now view them in the intelligent light of scientific investigation.

The essential difference between the two conditions of mind is, that in the earlier state men worshipped the natural object or the occult force within it which they call supernatural; while in the modern attitude of mind we "look through nature up to nature's God."

Yet we have one tendency in common with mankind of all ages: we are prone to look outside of ourselves for the sources of our knowledge of the God we worship. In seeking God through His manifestations of Himself in His works, this tendency is eminently practical; yet in considering the sources and avenues of our knowledge, we must distinguish between the instrument and that upon which the instrument works—the sunlight and that which the sunlight reveals. Unless we had within us the power to recognize God's laws, the outward or inward manifestation of them would not add to our knowledge. The law of gravitation might keep the planets in their orbits, and yet if man had not the faculty to discover this law, this one of the great "thoughts of God" would be unrevealed to us. Or the sun might shine and the grass and the trees might grow and beautify the earth; and yet, if we had not the faculty to perceive cause and effect, another great volume of the "thoughts of God" would be closed to us. Indeed we discover nothing and we recognize nothing except through the faculties which are implanted within us by the Creator; so that whether we consider the thoughts, intuitions and impulses that arise within our minds, or the objects and phenomena that surround us in the outer world, we must still look within to find the source or medium of our knowledge. And this is true whether we consider the revealing light to be immediate revelation, or a ray

from the divine spark that was placed within us at our birth. The source is the same whether immediate or remote in time, and whether with or without an intervening instrumentality.

Moreover the faculty which discovers truth for itself, and that which recognizes the truth when revealed by another instrumentality, must be similar in nature. The cord that is touched by the breeze, and the cord that is awakened by the sound into harmonious vibration, must have been tuned together before either gave forth a sound. So likewise before the truth that is discovered can become ours, it must find within us that with which it harmonizes; it must awaken what is already a part of our nature though never before touched into life. Thus it may require the genius of a Newton to discover the law of gravitation; yet when the law is discovered, all men may know it through a measure of the same reasoning power.

The faculty which creates also, must be similar in nature to those which discover and comprehend, however different it may be in degree of power. It has been said that next to the inspiration that creates a great power is the ability that discovers and comprehends its beauties. The appreciative reader must have some of the poet's creative faculty, in order to re-create the poet's thought from the language employed.

In this sense, though in a widely different degree, the finite may resemble the infinite, the human may partake of the Divine. The intelligence that created gravitation, and the faculty which, even in a small degree, comprehends its operation and the reasons for its creation, must be somewhat similar in nature, must have some sphere of thought in common.

In this sense and in this degree man is the image of God; not in the outward body, not in the carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and other elements composing his physical form, but in those faculties which make him sensible of God's moral and physical forces, and in that

divine illumination which makes him the appreciative reader of God's great poems.

Whether, therefore, we look within or without for the existence of God, or take the broader view of His universal presence; and whether we search for Him in the moral laws within us, or in the physical laws without us, we must perceive that the source or medium of our knowledge of Him is that portion or counterpart of Himself which He has placed within us, and through the possession of which we are made only "a little lower than the angels."

CHARLES M. STABLER.

WHITTIER'S LATEST POEM.

The following poem by John Greenleaf Whittier was read at the Haverhill quarter-millennial celebration:

HAVERHILL, 1640-1890.

O river winding to the sea!
We call the old time back to thee;
From forest paths and water-ways
The century-woven veil we raise.

Gone steeped town and cultured plain,
The wilderness returns again;
The drear, untrodden solitude,
The gloom and mystery of the wood.

Once more the bear and panther prowl,
The wolf repeats his hungry howl,
And, peering through his leafy screen,
The Indian's copper face is seen.

We see, their rude-built huts beside,
Grave men and women anxious eyed,
And wistful youth remembering still
Dear homes in England's Haverhill.

We summon forth to mortal view
Dark Passaquo and Saggahew—
Wild chiefs, who owned the mighty sway
Of Wizard Passaconaway.

Weird memories of the border town,
By old tradition handed down,
In chance and change before us pass,
Like pictures in a magic glass—

The terrors of the midnight raid,
The death-concealing ambuscade,
The winter march through deserts wild
Of captive mother, wife and child.

Oh! bleeding hands alone subdued
The stern and savage solitude,
And every step the settlers trod
With crimson stained the virgin sod.

Slow from the plow the woods withdrew,
Slowly each year the corn lands grew;
Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill
The Saxon energy of will.

And never in the hamlet's bound
Was lack of sturdy manhood found,
And never failed the kindred good
Of brave and helpful womanhood.

That hamlet now a city 'is.
Its log-built huts are palaces,
The cow-path which the founders knew
Is Traffic's brick-walled avenue.

And far and wide it stretches still,
Along its southward sloping hill,
And overlooks on either hand,
A rich and many-watered land.

And gladdening all the landscape, fair
As Pison was to Eden's pair,
Our river to its valley brings
The blessings of its mountain spring.

And nature holds, with narrowing space,
From mart and crowd, her old-time grace,
And guards with fondly jealous arms
The wild growths of outlying farms.

Her son sets on Kenoza fall,
Her Autumn leaves by Saltonstall,
No lavish gold can richer make
Her eloquence of hill and lake.

Wise was the choice which led our sires
To kindle here their thousand fires,
And share the large content of all
Whose lines in pleasant places fall.

More dear, as years on years advance,
We prize the old inheritance,
And feel, as far and wide we roam,
That all we seek we leave at home.

Our palms are pines, our oranges
Are apples on our orchard trees;
Our thrushes are our nightingales,
Our larks the blackbirds of our vales.

No incense which the Orient burns
Is sweeter than our hillside ferns;
What tropic splendor can outvie
Our autumn woods, our sunset sky?

What if the old idyllic ease
Seems lost in keen activities,
And crowded workshops ill replace
The hearth's and farm field's rustic grace?

No dull, mechanic round of toil
Life's morning charm can quite despoil;
And youth and beauty, hand in hand,
Will always find enchanted land.

No task is ill where hand and brain
And skill and strength have equal gain,
And each shall each in honor hold,
And simple manhood outweigh gold.

Earth shall be near to heaven when all
That servers man from man shall fall,
For, here and there, salvation's plan
Alone is love of God and man.

O dwellers by the Merrimac,
The heirs of centuries at your back,
Still reaping where you have not sown.
A broader field is now your own.

Hold fast your Puritan heritage,
But let the free thought of the age
Its flight and hope and sweetness add
To the stern faith the fathers had.

Adrift on Time's relentless tide,
As waves that follow waves, we glide;
God grant we leave upon the shore
Some needed good it lacked before.

Some seed or flower or plant of worth,
Some added beauty to the earth,
Some larger hope, some thought to make
The sad world happier for its sake.

As tenants of uncertain stay,
So may we live our little day
That only grateful hearts shall fill
The homes we leave in Haverhill.

The singer of a farewell rhyme,
Upon whose utmost verge of time
The shades of night are falling down,
I pray, God bless the good old town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

We cannot let the preceding poem pass by without making a short study of it. It is a wonderful production for a mind 82 years old. It presents not a single hint of declining abilities but has the freshness and sprightliness of youth and the vigor and power of his best years. Tennyson, two years younger has fallen dotard; Longfellow, but one year his elder, died several years ago of old age; the unfortunate Poe, born three years later, has been mouldering in the grave more than half the time since, while Whittier sings on, sings to a new generation. True, he does not enter, in behalf of the negro, the fight for freedom. All honor to his mighty pen, there is no need for that now. But he sings as charmingly the strains of peace and contentment and gratitude. There is in the preceding poem thoughts so charmingly clothed that they immediately fasten on our minds with such force as to predict an eternity in the English language. Where is

there of Saxon blood but will quicken when it reads?—

"Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill
The Saxon energy of will."

The figure of personification, and the compound adjective in the last line of the following couplet would stamp the poem as Whittier's without any name subjoined:—

"The cow-path which the founders knew
Is Traffic's brick-walled avenue."

What a charming picture rises to every child of America when he reads:—

"Wise was the choice which led our sires
To kindle here their household fires."

And how true it is, and will be while the world lasts that,—

"No dull, mechanic round of toil
Life's morning charm can quite despoil;
And youth and beauty, hand in hand,
Will always find enchanted land."

And how happily he has summed up the whole of religion, for does it not contain the essence of the law and the prophets as Jesus declared?

"Salvation's plan.
Alone is love of God and man."

ED.

Blindness and selfishness are among the fruits of the natural will of man, when not brought under the control of the Father's love and restraining care. This submission or schooling is of our own freewill to enter, and true peace of mind to enjoy.

J. F.

The religion of the true Christian consists not in form but in substance; and arises not from the activity of human reason, imagination, or opinion. but from a heartfelt sensation of divine love in the light of life. Its foundation is no less than the immediate administration of God's Holy spirit of man. This shows unto man what his thoughts are; what himself and what the Lord is, so far as properly concerns him. It opens the understanding, and directs the duty of the obedient; "for the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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

We prefer that remittances be made by post-office order or by registered letters. If bank drafts are sent from the United States they should be made payable at New York or Chicago. Postage stamps (American or Canadian) are accepted for change.

We are pleased to hear that Joseph W. Baker, of Macedon Center, N. Y., who broke his limb by falling, at the home of his grand-daughter in Rochester, on his way home from Lobo, after attending Genesee Y. M., is comfortable and improving.

John J. Cornell of Mendon Centre, New York, obtained a minute of unity from his Executive Meeting, held 7th mo. 25th, to attend Illinois Yearly Meeting, and to appoint some meetings and visit some of the isolated families within its limits in the States of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, and will be accompanied by his wife.

We would be pleased to publish reports of all Yearly Meetings belonging to our branch and other important meetings and conferences. Not being

acquainted with the members and ability in distant parts we would like it if some young Friend or Friends would make it a point to furnish such notes. Start at it the first opportunity; it will do you good, favor the REVIEW, and benefit the Society.

Nebraska Half-year's Meeting will be held at Genoa on Second day, 8th mo., 25th, at 11 a. m. The meeting of Ministers and Elders, the Seventh day preceding, at 2 p. m. Meetings for worship on First-day at usual hour. The Albion train leaves Columbus for Oconee, Monroe and Genoa at 6.25 a. m., and 2.15 p. m., connecting with East and West trains on the U. P. R. R. Passengers from Lincoln by 9.10 a. m., train to Valley connect; or by the Lincoln & Sioux City at 3.15 p. m. to Oconee only. Friends coming had better notify in time either of the undersigned of the Committee of Arrangements in order that they may be met at the stations and be sure to take receipts from the agent when paying their fare, so as to have the benefit of any reduction on their return.

WM. WEBSTER, Monroe, Platte Co., Neb
ISAAH LIGHTNER, Matson, " " "
WM. E. WALTON, Genoa, Nance, " " "
GEO. S. TRUMAN, " " "

WITH OUR ISOLATED FRIENDS.

III.

My visit with the cousins in the vicinity of Garrison, Neb., was a very pleasant one. Twenty years had elapsed since our home had been in the same neighborhood and we had attended the same meeting. We were just growing out of childhood *then*, and were *now* measuring the responsibilities of manhood, with the cares and anxieties which that involves. Within these twenty years the four brothers, Jacob, Daniel, Eli and Benjamin Shotwell, sons of Zechariah and Margaret Shotwell, of Lobo, the latter my father's sister, have settled with their families in these parts and built up comfortable

homes. Their early training in our Society and the love for its principles have never died out, and they were endeavoring to found a meeting there. Hold one and a Bible Class each First-day at their homes. Daniel had died but a few days previous to my visit, and I had received the sad news just at the close of our meeting in Lincoln. On Fifth-day Edward Coale came on to Garrison in time to attend the meeting appointed for that evening in the village. It was held in the Methodist's place of meeting. The house was quite well filled, and the service, we hope, of some profit. Edward and myself spoke, and were followed by Dr. Harvey, a member of our Society living in Garrison. Next morning we had a religious opportunity at Daniel's widow's home. Were joined by B. Shotwell and wife, Henry Barmore and wife (both coming about seven miles), a neighbor woman, Dr. Harvey and J. Shotwell. Had a remarkably tendering and precious occasion. Religious life in this little community is well sustained. It takes more than ordinary care to hold the children within the fold when thus isolated, and nearly all their associates are of other persuasions. Still, we find here and there parents who are doing it. We might look far, even in our most favored settlements, for a better model of a Friend's family than we found at Jacob Shotwell's, consisting of father, mother and four children. Their influence is being felt there for the good of our Society and for the promotion of Truth. My mind will often return to the different families, so pleasantly situated there, with kind remembrances and sincere desires for their spiritual growth.

On Sixth-day we bade them farewell and turned our faces towards Genoa, hoping to reach there by rail that evening, but found at David City that we could only get to Oconee. To our surprise, when we arrived at Oconee we found Isaiah Lightner and wife waiting with carriage to convey us to their home, a distance of seven or eight

miles. The ride through the valley of the Loupe in the early evening with unexpected and pleasant company was altogether agreeable.

Friends composing the meeting at Genoa were mostly called there by the events during Grant's administration, which placed several of the agencies of Indians in Nebraska under the care of our Society. When, through the course of time, by the removal of the Indians and other causes, Friends were relieved from their various positions in connection therewith, they mostly settled upon farms there, and have built comfortable homes. Isaiah had a large farm with good buildings. The barn, especially, was one of the best we had seen in the West—which, by the way, a Canadian would hardly think was noted for its excellent barns. I missed them, perhaps more than anything, on the farms of the West. After a comfortable night's sleep we enjoyed our ride of a dozen miles next day, as, driven by Isaiah, we called on George S. Truman's, passed their pretty meeting house, on to David Brown's for a few minutes, then to Joseph L. Truman's to dinner. We were to have two meetings in their meeting-house the next day: one at 11 a.m., the other at 3 p.m., and Abel Mills was to be at their meeting in Lincoln. Soon after dinner Isaiah left us to return home, and we remained to enjoy the company and hospitality of J. Truman's and David Brown's, whose wives are sisters, and their maiden name Birdsall, formerly of Virginia. They, with their children, a sister living at Truman's, and an aunt at D. Brown's, make an interesting group of Friends, living about six miles from the meeting-house.

At the time appointed on First-day, early, all the Friends of the neighborhood, and a few others, gathered for worship. Our ride to meeting reminded us of our "randfathers' time, for we rode in a lumber wagon, with chairs for seats. This, enhanced rather than otherwise the pleasure of our drive. The one woman who rode with us had

been a student at Swarthmore College. We had given up the carriage to the other women and children, choosing the more ancient vehicle for our morning's ride.

The two meetings, in their very comfortable and commodious meeting-house that day, were very impressive ones. Words of comfort and encouragement were handed forth, and the Gospel Truth was livingly preached. Lunch baskets were brought, and we remained during the interval between the meetings eating our dinner and holding First-day School. Thus, the day was pretty fully employed.

After the meetings we were conveyed by Joseph Webster's son to their home, six miles distant, where we remained until morning. The house, up the side of the bluff, commands an extended and delightful view of the valley of the Loupe River. The rich bottom lands divided into farms and dotted with grove, spread out before our view to a distance of twenty miles, with here and there intervals where the waters of the Loupe enhanced the scene. The quiet home life, the beautiful view, the interesting experiences which Joseph related of the times of his agency among the Indians, all tended to brighten the closing hours of the last day of our religious work in the West. Our thoughts turned homeward, at six o'clock the next morning Isaiah called with his carriage to take us to Columbus, sixteen miles, in order to reach the 9 o'clock train for Omaha. We shall not soon forget his kindness. I think he drove about seventy miles to accommodate us, unworthy servants. In fact, the kindness and attention shown us by Friends in the West was unstinted. We hope it was all inspired by a love of the Truth and of the kind Father, whom I believe called us amongst them. To Him may all honor be ascribed. At Valley we met Abel, and a little later, at the station in Omaha, Daniel Griest, who had come from his home in Kansas to see further about our transportation and to bid us farewell. Both he

and the Union Pacific Railroad used us munificently. Adjusting our affairs, we took the B. & Q. R. R. train that evening homeward. At daybreak Abel left us and a little further on Edward, and I came on and on towards my Canadian home. Our few weeks' work together, engaged in a common cause for the love of the truth and of our fellow-men, in which we labored in the utmost harmony, bound us together in the closest friendship, which shall endure, we hope, as one has since said. "until death."

I stopped two hours in Chicago and a day in Battle Creek, Mich., to attend their monthly meeting, arriving home before day on the morning of 6th month 29th, filled with gratitude for the preservation of family and self.

There is very much ground amongst Friends of these western parts which we did not cover. This was left for other hands to do. Our path was very clearly marked out, and we felt that we had finished our work there for the present. Others will be called into these parts, for the fields are white unto harvest. "He who tempereth the winds to the shorn lamb" will not leave these scattered ones without encouragement. The question is continually being asked by concerned fathers and mothers, "How shall we hold our children and young people true to our principles where so much of an adverse nature surrounds them?" Friends of the East must help answer that question.

S. P. Z.

AN ADDRESS ON ALCOHOL.

This subject of alcohol and its effects upon the human body and mind is a very broad one indeed. I shall not attempt at this time to take up any particular branch of it or enter into much detail, but shall be content with a few general statements, directed mainly against the notion that "a little is good," for this appears to be the substance of the moderate drinker's argu-

ment, though in practice he is apt to go a step further—"as a little is good, more is better."

Of all the reasons why we should not use alcoholic drinks, I think the simplest, most direct and common-sense reason is, Alcohol is a poison. Whoever uses the word *intoxicate* makes confession of this fact, for *intoxicate* is derived from the Latin *toxicum*, which means "poison." So *intoxicate* means, literally, "to put poison into," and an intoxicated person is one who has had poison introduced into his system. First, let us clearly understand what a poison is. It is a substance which, when brought into contact with the tissues or organs of man, changes them, temporarily or permanently, from their normal or natural state. Note especially the last clause, "*changes them from their natural state.*" It is plain, then, that a poison and the human body in health can never agree. A poison produces this change by virtue of a quality which it has in itself. It is an enemy by nature, and we cannot convert it into a friend merely by reducing the size of the dose. A quart of salt and a single grain of it have precisely the same properties. It is so with alcohol and all substances.

But the drinker is not convinced by this reasoning. He appeals to his own experience, and says, "I drink a glass of whiskey, or beer, or wine occasionally; it don't hurt me. Do I look as if I was injured by it? It stimulates and rouses the whole system into action; it makes me feel strong and bright." Another says, "I always take beer with my meals; it aids digestion; it makes me feel so comfortable after eating." Observe that the drinker's argument is based wholly on his feelings. Here lies the awful deceitfulness of poisons when used in small quantity. It is hard to convince men that what produces agreeable feelings can be injurious. Then the remembrance of past agreeable feelings comes in to lure the judgment astray and tempt the will to repeat the indulgence. In

deed, this is the history of all the sin and evil that is in the world. It is an attempt to gain a present pleasure that is forbidden by the laws which God has implanted in our bodily or soul nature. It appears to work well for a time; but a heavy tax is laid on it, which will surely have to be paid. Arsenic is universally acknowledged to be a deadly poison, yet it can be taken repeatedly in small quantities without destroying life. It has been used by some persons to improve the complexion. With what result? At first it seems a great success; it makes a clear, beautiful skin, with apparently no harmful consequences. Presently, more and more of it is required to produce the desired effect, and if the practice is persisted in, it ends in the shattering of the nervous system—the ruin of the health. Again, we have heard more frequently of the terrible opium habit, which appears to be on the increase, and is, perhaps, of all these bad habits, the hardest to cure. Those who have indulged in it will tell us that nothing is more delightfully soothing and restful than a little opium. But here again it is not the temporary pleasing sensations, but rather the wretched condition afterward experienced, that constitutes the surest test of the effects of the poison. Now, authorities on poisons are agreed that alcohol and tobacco are as truly poisons as arsenic, opium, strychnine, prussic acid, and the like. Even pure brandy, which is only half alcohol, must first be diluted with water before it can be taken; for, undiluted, it would create burning sensations in the mouth and throat, and cause serious injury to the stomach. So in the hope of slipping through his fiery clutches, of cutting off the sweet from the bitter, the pleasure from the pain, and cheating this demon out of his pay, alcohol is largely diluted in ale, and beer, and wines, and porter, and a host of other drinks. But he will not be cheated in this way, for he is a cunning fellow. Men invite him into this house of flesh, this temple of the body; they would bring him in

softly—"Only a little at a time,"—and they ask him to move about tenderly lest he injure the delicate furnishings of the apartments. Like the little girl in the story you have in the library, which, doubtless, some of you younger ones have read "Editha's Burglar,"—they request this burglar to "burgle quietly," lest he rouse up the master of the house. And he obeys them with a knowing smile; he glides silently from room to room; he does his work in the darkness while the master lies dreaming on, till the light of after events reveals the mischief done by his spoiling hands. If men were wiser they would remember the moral of the old fable of the fox and the stork :

'To deceive the deceiver is risky, my friend,
For he will be sure of the laugh in the end.'

Let us examine more closely the claim, so common among drinkers, that a little alcoholic stimulant puts them in a better condition for work or activity of any kind. I think all will admit that when a person says he is in a better condition for using his powers he means that the organs or faculties of body and mind which he wishes to use act more vigorously and with greater precision—that he has them more perfectly at his command. In order to test in some particulars the truth of this claim, a series of carefully-conducted experiments was made by Dr. J. J. Ridge, an account of which, with the conclusions drawn from them, was published in a medical journal in 1882. These experiments were confined to the three senses, sight, touch and weight. The object was to make a comparison between the delicacy of these senses in a person who is free from the influence of alcohol and their delicacy when he is under its influence. The persons selected were, in most instances, abstainers; the quantity of alcohol administered was, in most cases, two drams, or what is equal to a small wineglassful of champagne, or nearly a quarter of a pint of ale, certainly an amount too small for moderate drinkers to consider

hurtful. Vision was tested by noting the distance at which a row of letters could be read with one eye without alcohol, and then the distance at which the same letters, differently arranged, could be read with the same eye after alcohol had been taken. Several experiments were made with the same individual both before and after the alcohol. On the average every one had to approach nearer, after the alcohol, in order to distinguish the letters. Thus it was clearly proved that every individual's power of vision was affected injuriously by the alcohol. The experiments upon the sense of touch and the power of comparing weights gave like testimony. Hence Dr. Ridge concludes that, in small doses as in large, alcohol is a true narcotic, a paralyzer of nerve action, the difference being only in degree, not in kind; and that the highest perfection of the nervous system is possible only with strict total abstinence. Now, when we remember that the nervous system is the engineer that directs and controls all the operations performed by the machinery of the body, that not a muscle can be moved unless the proper nervous influence be sent to it, commanding and controlling the movement, is it probable that acts can be performed better or with greater ease when that system is under the injurious influence of alcohol? True, there does seem to be an increase of a certain sort of activity, but this is overbalanced by a lack of nervous control. Observe the man who has drunk just enough liquor to be noticeably affected. His tongue is loosed, words flow freely; but to what purpose? He has no better control of his mind; he readily forgets what he has just spoken: he is incapable of close and connected thought. If we turn to acts which require strength, he may sometimes, like one under excitement, exhibit an unusual power where suddenly called upon; but when a steady, continued strong muscular effort is needed he is found wanting. Likewise, in deeds of skill, like shooting at a mark, where the

muscles must be controlled with delicate precision, he fails. Thus, all the evidence goes to show that, even under the exhilaration of a moderate quantity of alcohol, a man does not as truly possess himself as does he who, supported by good, nutritious food, the drink which Nature has provided, and sound digestion, has a cool and steady brain to guide his actions, and a muscular tone that insures a vigorous and accurate response to each call to duty.

Then there is that other idea of the drinker—that he is enjoying good health though he drinks. None of us are conscious of the operations that are going on within our bodies. We only discover, often after a long time, by unhappy experience, that some occupation we have chosen, some practice we have followed from day to day, some mode of living we have adopted, has been unhealthful. Sometimes the fact is suddenly revealed to us by a general breaking down or the attack of a dangerous disease; then we see that we had been sowing the seeds of it perhaps for years past. By taking his alcohol a little at a time, the drinker makes its work necessarily a gradual one, and, therefore, the more silent and deceptive. The health he enjoys he may enjoy in spite of it, and the feelings he experiences are thoroughly unreliable and delusive evidence.

As the drinker has appealed to experience, we will appeal to experience, too, and to evidence that, in my judgment, is more sure and conclusive than his. For instance, we have records of mortality from several sources. In England in 1840 a temperance life assurance association was formed for the purpose of insuring the lives of abstainers only; but in 1850 a separate section was added, in which were insured the lives of respectable moderate drinkers—that is, I suppose, drinkers who were very moderate. In a record of seventeen years the figures show that, while in the moderate drinkers' section the actual number of deaths was nearly equal to that which was ex-

pected, in the abstainers' section the number was but seventy per cent. of what was expected. Certainly, this fact indicates that moderate drinking shortens life. There is another British life association that has separate sections for abstainers and drinkers, and there is the beneficial association known as the Rechabites, which admits only abstainers. The records of these tell the same tale, that the death rate of abstainers is lower than that of drinkers. Many interesting facts have been gleaned from various fields by temperance investigators that prove by experience the advantage of total abstinence, but I will not extend these remarks any further.

W. S. WAX.

Philadelphia, Pa.

PRAYER.

— — —
 “And what is prayer when it is prayer indeed? The mighty utterance of a mighty need; The man is praying who does press with might Out of his darkness into God's own light.”

It is a pressing out of darkness—a coming out of self. To me this is one of the best definitions of prayer—that it removes the self or the darkness in us, and admits in its stead Light or Good, or God. Prayer should never attempt to effect a private end; such prayers are selfishness, and bar out the light of the Infinite. But all such as are uplifted to advance and unbar the good in humanity for an entrance for divinity, are eternal. Prayer does not change God, it alters us, for this Power of Love is ever around us; all that is needed is that we become conscious of this nearness.

Of things so sublime none of us can speak precisely, but to me it seems that “Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from their highest point of view. It is the Spirit of God pronouncing his works good. It is a union with the One Great Source of all life. It matters not how we express our consciousness of this union, whether by words, or whether through art or song, or praise or cheerfulness”; the highest

mode of expression is action; it is when we "not only receive this power from the All-Giver, but this reception becomes a giving in its turn, and we feel that we are only this spirit in part, this power in its infancy."

If we practice this kind of prayer it will not be long before our whole life will be so consecrated that we will breathe forth prayer constantly and involuntarily.

With this idea of prayer, it is natural to infer that the more we banish form, the more benefit we shall derive. But if any one can be brought into what seems to him a more prayerful condition through forms, then it is best he should use forms until he can pray without them. Should a man not be able to walk well without crutches, I should say it were best that he use them until he can; and, should a man not be able to pray well without forms to prop him up, I should say it were best that he be propped up until he is able to pray without this support. I think, however, that most of us will admit that forms hinder us, and that we will pray oftener when we feel that we need not kneel to pray. The question arises shall we kneel in prayer at our meetings? Of course each one will answer this question for himself, but I would suggest that we are not any nearer to God at that time than at any other; and, therefore, I do not see reason in the argument so many urge that "they bow because in the presence of God." We realize that we are always in that Presence, although we cannot always bow in body as in spirit. Again, I would say that I think the noise of so many persons "getting down" and "getting up" distracts our attention and makes us physically conscious; in other words, takes us out of the condition in which the prayer may have placed us.

If we do not believe in set forms of prayer, do we believe in set times for prayer? Whilst I think it is a beautiful custom to acknowledge that, waking or sleeping, we are surrounded by infinite love, still we should be careful

not to let it become only a morning and evening consecration. No doubt you have often heard persons say, "I will remember her in my prayer to-night," or "I will pray for her." They are too apt to put it off until a set time. This reminds me of a point of which I should like to speak. Do our prayers for others avail anything? I think they do in this way: if instead of praying *for* a friend we pray *with* her, *i. e.*, "we should intercede with man for God, not with God for man."

In praying for temporal things such as rain, etc., I think we lose sight of the fact that the laws of the universe are unchangeable; that from natural causes result natural effects; and it is surely stupidity, if not selfishness, to suppose that this order would be thrown into confusion to gratify an individual desire.

In making a summary I cannot help recalling what a friend said to me only yesterday, that when she went out on a bright morning and felt strengthened and happy and thankful, she considered this feeling prayer, and so it is. I think that this same enveloping energy or love which gives the beauty to the mountains, the repose in nature which is so grateful to us, and which fills the air with its vivifying power, will inspire us with this same beauty and repose. It is all there, or, I should say, all around us—*here*; what is needed is the eyes to see it, the ears to hear it, and the feeling to comprehend it. When we realize this, I think we can say with Emerson—"That as soon as a man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in *all* action."

ANNA D. ANDREWS.

Baltimore, Md.

DEATHS.

On Thursday, July 4th, there passed from works to records Charity A., wife of Nicholas Clapp, of Mendon, in the sixty-second year of her age. The deceased was a niece of Samuel P. Cornell and cousin to John J. Cornell, of Mendon, the latter of whom, from

sudden illness, was prevented from attending her funeral. She was born near Morristown, N. J., on 8th day of June, 1829. and about the year 1833 removed with her parents, Jesse and Ann Cornell, to Norwich, Oxford county, Ontario, then called Upper Canada. She was one of a family of seven children, of whom Henry Cornell, of Oakfield, Wisconsin, and William Cornell, of Sparta, Ontario, still survive her, the latter of whom was present at the funeral and made brief remarks at the service. In the year 1862 she was united by marriage to Nicholas Clapp, formerly of Rush, but then residing in Victor, to whom she was a most devoted and affectionate wife, and a true helpmeet in all the varied vicissitudes of life. Two children blessed their union, viz.: Esther Clapp Holdridge (now deceased), wife of John Holdridge, and William C. Clapp of this town. To those of us who have known her intimately for a long series of years, she was a most estimable and genial companion, a warm and true friend, a kind and sympathetic neighbor, considerate of the welfare of those about her, a loving and tender parent, and one who looked well to the ways of her household. Of the regard and esteem in which she was held by the community in which she dwelt, the large and sorrowing audience attending her funeral can well testify. The services were held at her late home, where the Rev. S. A. Freeman, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Honeoye Falls delivered a brief, though impressive funeral service, after which they gently and quietly bore her away to Pine Hill Cemetery, in the town of Rush—*From Honeoye Falls Gazette, N. Y.*

Simplicity in character, in manner, in style, in all things—the supreme excellence is simplicity.

—[Longfellow.

The person who does what he knows is wrong is on the surest road to suffering.

—[Serena Minard.

THOUGHTS.

It is not precept but example that leads the world.

—[J. W. Annis, M.A.

What Christianity needs more than anything else is Christians.

—[Pres. Fairbairn.

Which is the coward the one who is afraid to do wrong, or the one who is afraid to do right?

—[Frost's Wm. Penn.

The independence of the husband and wife should be equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations reciprocal.

—[Lucretia Mott.

Life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to those around them.

—[Dominion Illustrated.

It is a solemn moment when the slow moving mind reaches at length the verge of its mental horizon, and, looking over, sees nothing more.

—[Drummond.

When the Spirit requires us to obey him in any direction He always makes it perfectly plain to the willing and obedient soul what he requires at his hands.

—[Selected.

RELIGIOUS GROWTH.—The young must have something in the outward to lead them along until they are prepared for the higher spiritual condition.

—[Louesa J. Roberts.

The Jesus Christ in whom I believe was, in all the stages of His life, a human being. His divinity was the Spirit within Him and the Spirit was God.

—[Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur."

YOUR REWARD.—Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right; give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven and is God within you.

—[F. W. Robinson.

Whoever prays acknowledges that there is a God; that He hears our entreaties; that He answers them. Prayer implies belief, faith, dependence, communion and inspiration. Z.

Let us save the little pearls of thought we pick up along life's pathway. We may not need them at the time, but, stored in the mind, they help to crowd out less worthy thoughts, and when they are needed, will present themselves and be to us more precious than costly pearls.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.—Oh, that we may remain obedient children, ready and willing to be taught by our Heavenly Father through His Son, which is the Christ-Spirit which dwells in the heart of every one of His children.

—[M. A. De Peel, Bennett, Neb.

The soul, in its highest sense, is a vast capacity for God. It is like a curious chamber added on to being, and somehow involving being; a chamber with elastic and contractile walls, which can be expanded, with God as its guest, illimitably, but which without God shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the Divine is gone, and God's image is left without God's Spirit.—[Drummond.

THE INDIANA CONFERENCE AT FALL CREEK.

(From *Intelligencer and Journal*.)

The Meetings of the First-day School General Conference and the Philanthropic Union will be held this year at Fall Creek, Indiana, in Ninth month, commencing immediately after the Quarterly Meeting (Whitewater) held at that place on the 7th of the month. Pendleton, our nearest station, is in Madison Co., twenty-eight miles north east of Indianapolis, fifty miles west of Richmond, and eight miles southwest of Anderson.

These three places are railroad centres and are accessible from many points. Pendleton is on the Indian-

apolis and St. Louis branch. The Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan railroad, extending from Benton Harbor, Mich., to Indianapolis, run their trains on this road from Anderson to Indianapolis. And Indianapolis is so situated that most of the east and west trunk lines run through it.

Any information desired, and those expecting to come, please write to John L. Thomas, Pendleton, Madison, Co., Ind.

One of our exchanges, "The Ladies' Home Journal," Philadelphia, in which we have found some very sensible things and a great deal of push, makes the following announcement:—"An English edition of The Ladies Home Journal is to be brought out in London on a scale never before attempted by an American magazine, and Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, proprietor of the Journal, and Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor, sailed for Europe last week to perfect arrangements."

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