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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VII.

LONDON, ONT., SIXTH MONTH, 1892.

NO. 6

THE DUTY OF TO DAY.

"Build a full firm fence of Faith
All about to-day.
Fill it in with useful works
And within it stay,
Look not thro' the sheltering bars
Anxious for to-morrow,
God will help whatever comes,
Be it joy or sorrow."

—Selected.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

For long centuries science and religion have been looked upon as entirely antagonistic to each other. At the present time we are slowly beginning to comprehend that rightly understood the testimonies of science correspond with and illumine with new light the testimony of the Word and of the Book. Ever since Galileo and Copernicus were persecuted for demonstrating some of nature's laws, the world has been slowly waking up to the fact that every great truth which science has uttered only proves more conclusively that God in times past spake his immortal truths to the sons of men in the Scripture records. To prove that science has done *this* I will mention a few instances: For hundreds of years men had held the earth to be flat, and had invented theories of its being supported by a huge tortoise or elephant, and all the time the words of Scripture were saying—to any one who would read and understand—"He sitteth upon the sphere of the earth, and hangeth the earth upon nothing," both of which declarations Astronomy at last gave as scientific facts. The Bible statement that "The sun's going is from the end of the heavens; and his circuit to the ends of it," was long supposed to erroneously infer that the sun

moved about the earth. Science at last declared that the sun obeys the same great law that it enforces on the planets and *does* move in an orbit of its own from one end of the heavens in the constellation Argo to the other in Hercules.

Also, when in the seventeenth century Torricelli discovered that the air had weight the religious world was incredulous, but Job had written long before Christ, 'He giveth the air its weight.'

By giving us the order, in which the wonderful forms of life (vegetable and animal) have appeared Geology has walked side by side with the revelation given to Moses in the first chapter of Genesis. Hugh Miller, one of the most learned and devout men of this century, has shown how wonderfully the two accounts agree, taking the "beginning" mentioned in Genesis as the Archaean time, that is "The beginning time," when as astronomy tells us the earth was once a chaotic ball of fiery matter truly "without form and void," when there was only, as Simmons says: 'An indication of a spirit working unseen and silent through the fiat of law.' The first great day (or more properly age) when the God-given light first penetrated dimly the thick vaporous clouds, which still kept the sun invisible for a season, the second when a part of the oceanic waters were in a state of vapor above, while the rest, as Geology informs us, covered the entire earth, thus the wonderful description in Genesis of the second day's work of the firmament (the atmosphere and its clouds) "dividing the waters from the waters," the third day (or age) when the crust first appeared enough to support vegetable life, extending through

the Paleozoic time until the end of the Carboniferous period, when we know the most wonderful and gigantic plant-life existed, (which formed the coal measures) when only small animal life comparatively was seen, or in the words of Genesis: "God said let the earth bring forth grass the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit, and it was so." The fourth when the sun and moon, which had existed for ages, first became visible in their grandeur, the fifth and sixth ages of winged bird and great sea monsters, and of cattle and beasts of the earth, corresponding exactly with the Mesozoic time, and the first period (the Tertiary) of the Cenozoic time, while Genesis gives the evening of the sixth day as the time when man first appeared, and Geology has proved that man was in existence during the Champlain period of Cenozoic time, and probably in its earlier part before the ice of the Glacial period had disappeared (the Glacial and Champlain belonging to the latter period of the Cenozoic, the Quaternary) thus the two great testimonies of creation agree. Every student of Geology has read of the Glacial phenomena, the marks of which are found in the smooth rounded outlines even of the mountains and when the immense ice fields were melting, when "Boulders as large as ordinary sized houses were tossed about like marbles in the hands of a child" we find the first remains of man in caves of the earth *for protection from the flood*, with the cave bear, and cave hyena, company he would not have chosen except in a vain effort to save his life. I have never seen this thought or heard of it, but I think these scientific facts must throw some light on the Noachian Deluge.

Many authorities of the past have said that it could not be scientifically proved that the nations of the earth came from *one* family, as Genesis declares. The modern science of Ethnology has gone far to prove that God did "Make of one blood all nations."

History long declared that Moses was wrong when he said the Elamites (the ancient Persians) were from Elam the son of Shem, and that the Chaldeans were descended from Ham, but Ethnology has lately shown that the *ancient* Persians were Semitic (the founders of her most ancient cities), and that the most ancient of the four tongues of ancient Chaldea was Hamitic, thus science is throwing new light on the history of the past. Henry Drummond's wonderful declaration that the spiritual nature in inception, growth, and development follows natural principles, thus putting Theology, "The highest of the sciences," on a basis of law, and the great scientific law or "Biogenesis" or "Life only from life," showing there is no spontaneous generation of life proves that the fundamental religious truths are not empty dogmas, but that regeneration is the inception of the spiritual life in man, uplifting him from the human to the Divine, just as the vegetable life has to reach down and uplift the organic. The organic cannot become alive of itself, neither can man take hold of spiritual life, unless Christ work in him, perfecting him and conforming him to the image of the Christ-type, and as the lower forms of life, having a limited environment, are not as fully alive as man, so there is as much difference in the true life of the natural man and the spiritual as there is between a beautiful shell and a crystal; thus the environment of the spiritual man is Christ. "He that hath the son hath life." Plato said: "God is truth and Light His shadow," and the more light the world gets from science, and uses reverently in contemplation and appreciation of God's wonderful works as seen in the physical world the more men will look "From nature unto nature's God," and the more Light Divine that illumines the consciences of men, and the more fully man will be led by that "Inner Guide," the more nearly we shall become like the great "Type" He has given us to follow in

the Divinely illumined pathway which leads to God.

LEMOYNE DILLINGHAM.

A WORD WITH A SKYLARK.

If this be all, for which I've listened long,
O spirit of the dew!
You did not sing to Shelley such a song
As Shelley sang to you.

Yet, with this ruined Old World for a nest,
Worm-eaten through and through,—
This waste of grave-dust stamped with crown
and crest,—

What better could you do?

Ah me! but when the world and I were
young,

There was an apple tree;
There was a voice came in the dawn and sung
The buds awake—ah me!

Oh, Lark of Europe, downward fluttering
near,

Like some spent leaf at best,
You'd never sing again if you could hear
My Blue Bird of the West!

—Mrs. Piatt.

WHAT IS THE GREATEST NEED OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS TO- DAY?

This is the question which is claiming the attention of our Society at this time, as perhaps never before; and it is to be hoped that each succeeding answer may contain a little more of truth.

In considering this question, I shall view it in the light that all things here on earth are but a *means to an end*. It seems to me that in our love for the Society itself, we have often fallen into the error of making the preservation of our organization the *end* of our work, rather than the *means for accomplishing work*.

In the Divine order of things nothing will continue to exist which does not serve some purpose. If the Society is dying out, it is because it is not serving a sufficient purpose in the world. Is it not apparent that our Society at its rise applied itself most marvelously to the world's needs? It

germinated, and grew, and flourished, because it met the dire necessities of human needs at that time. It was an organization in which people could unite and *did unite* in maintaining the right, and opposing the wrong. What right thing did they unite in maintaining? Liberty of conscience and individual responsibility to the Most High. What wrong thing did they unite in opposing? Everything that tended to detract from honest, self respecting manhood and womanhood. Refusing to take oath, or to take off the hat in the presence of so-called superiors, or to pay tithes or to purchase peace at any price, all come under this head. The early history of our Society shows that its members were united as one man in these things.

So the question arises, what important thing are we united in to-day? If there is *one* principle or practice of real worth and value to the race, which no other organization has the light and the power to hold up to the world, and which we can unite in maintaining, we shall most assuredly live.

I am convinced that there are to-day an increasing number of earnest, intelligent minds, who fail to find that which satisfies and sustains their soul's life in the dry bones of creed, and ceremony, and theology offered by the Evangelical churches. Now, if Friends could show to these that our simple and reasonable religion can furnish us to-day with light and power sufficient to *unite* us in *doing*, at any cost, *something* for the help of our fellow creatures, we would have a reason to ask, and to expect, such people to come to us. As it is, what are we *doing* to warrant anyone in coming to us? I emphasize "doing" because, "by their fruits ye shall know them."

So far I have only considered general principles, but now I shall illustrate by mentioning something that waits to be done. The temperance question waits to be settled. We profess to "mind the light," and to have power to do its requireing. If our profession is

not false, the light will assuredly show us what to do in this matter, and give us power to *unite* in doing it.

But it is asked, "How can we unite, when there are so many different opinions?" I answer, "Come, let us reason together." There is but one God, one Good, one Right. We owe it to one another to try to reclaim those that run after strange Gods, or to be reclaimed ourselves.

Shall our Society take the same course in this matter that it took in regard to slavery? We justly take pride in having been foremost to clear ourselves of that crime. But after that was done we failed to work *unitedly* for the suppression of slavery throughout the land; and so we lost an opportunity of giving to the world the grandest reason for the continued existence of our organization. When that opportunity for organized labor was thrown away, the hands of Society were left idle, to engage in the mischief of a separation. Let us see to it that we do not repeat that blunder in the question of to-day.

We stand to-day on the temperance question just where we stood one hundred years ago on the slavery question. To outward appearances we are clear of complicity in the liquor traffic. But the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages is still *legalized* throughout the land, and every year tens of thousands of our fellow creatures are *made drunken according to law*. We can not escape our responsibility for this by silence or inactivity. Every man is directly responsible for this, till he opposes it at the ballot-box, the only place where he can consistently influence legislation. And every religious organization, which professes the name of Him who went about doing good, is responsible for this thing, until it is united in opposing it at the ballot-box—the only place where he can consistently influence legislation. And every religious organization which professes the name of Him who went about doing good, is

responsible for this thing, until it is *united* in opposing it at the ballot-box. I insist on *unity*, because "A house divided against itself can not stand;" neither can it serve two masters.

Think of it, Friends; the most important question in the world to-day is up for settlement, and not a single religious denomination, not a single so-called Christian Church, is *united* to champion the cause. No wonder religion is falling into disrepute, and men like Robert G. Ingersoll are questioning the claims of Christianity. Here is a chance for Friends to prove anew to-day, as they did two hundred years ago, that religion is a striving after God—the good—rather than after gold; and that Christianity is a life of service for the right, rather than for respectability. If the Society will unite in taking up just this one cause, there will be such a flocking to it as has not been known since the days of George Fox.

I am well aware that the foregoing will suggest many criticisms and questions, all of which I shall be glad to answer in the spirit of truth.

JONATHAN C. PIERCE.

Pleasantville, N. Y., 4 mo. 30, 1892.

OUR CANADIAN POETS.

THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

From "Canada."

The spot described in the following poem is situated in the southern part of King's County, P. E. Island,

I stood upon a barren heath,
Where poison shrub and moorland moss
Had thrown their tangled bridge across
The black and oozy soil beneath.

'Twas in the balmy, ha'cyon days,
The days when spring and summer seem
To meet, and, seen as in a dream,
The distant hills loomed through the haze

And, tideless in the noontide heat,
Hemmed in by walls of sedge and mould,
A blot upon the desert wold,
A stagnant mere lay at my feet.

Afar, I heard the wild birds sing,
As from tree-top and swaying limb
They raised their psalms of praise to Him
Whose bounty sends the gladsome Spring.

Anear, the bull-frog's dismal croak,
The speckled toad's discordant cries,
The buzzing of the venom'd flies ;
These sounds alone the silence broke.

O spot accursed of God ! I cried ;
Forsaken both of God and man,
What part hast thou in nature's plan ?
But from the depths no voice replied.

Once more beside that mere I stand ;
And, lo, a wondrous change is wrought,
A change surpassing utmost thought :
For never did enchanter's wand

Or hoar magician's potent rod
Such changes work ; awhile I gaze
Upon the scene in mute amazé,
Then bowing say, Lo, here is God !

Up from the dark and slimy ground,
Through waters black, their snakelike stems
The lilies rear, and, lo, with gems
Of floral grace the lake is crowned.

Huge palm-broad leaves of richest green
Bedeck the bosom of the lake,
And emerald-bued flotillas make,
Where resting gracefully are seen

White flowers whose waxen leaves enfold
(Half-hiding them from outward view,
Yet letting half their warmth burn through
Their pointed spires) rich hearts of gold.

And, borne upon the summer breeze,
Come subtle perfumes, rare and sweet
As are the odorous gales which greet
The voyager on Southern seas.

With emerald wing and throat of gold,
The ruby-breasted humming-bird
Flits to and fro, less seen than heard,
Till, made by admiration bold,

He pauses in his arrowy flight
To fan some lily's blushing cheek,
Then darts away fresh fields to seek ;
He is in truth a lover light.

And hither comes the honey bee
To revel mid these sweet perfumes :
He leaves the garden's cultured blooms,
The myriad flowers that deck the lea,

And in his boat of shinning pearl,
On couch of gold, at anchor lies,
Nor heeds the mimic waves that rise
And round his vessel foam and curl.

Bright butterflies on gaudy wing
Go fluttering from flower to flower,
Enjoying well their life's brief hour,
In idleness and wantoning.

Like lances robed in living light,
The crested dragon-flies are seen
To brush their wings of emerald shaven
Against the lilies, creamy white.

O pearly leaves? O hearts of gold !
O subtle perfumes, rare and sweet !
Here have I found a mercy seat,
A sacred place where I may hold

Communion with the God of love,
Communion with the God of grace,
Who rules in every realm and race,
Whose fitting emblem is the dove.

He calls no spot "accursed ground,"
But where sin hath all beauty slain,
Where basks foul error's reptile train,
There doth his grace the more abound.

Then bloom ye on, ye flowerets fair ;
Bloom on, nor shall your lives be lost ;
Still let your petals, wavelet tossed,
Shake honied perfumes on the air !

For while on your magnificence
I gaze with wonder and delight,
I learn a lesson from the sight
As touching God's omnipotence ;

That not alone from cultured lands,
By churchly rite, and rule walled in,
But oftimes from the wilds of sin,
From moral deserts, barren sands,

From stagnant fens of unbelief,
From Etna heights were passions flame,
From fetid pools of crime and shame,
Spring fragrant flower and verdant leaf,

That in a chaplet fair to see
By angel hands are wreathed and bound
About the Brows with thorns once crowned,
A coronal of victory ;

That forms of faith where seem to meet
The dark, the cold may yet give birth
To Christlike lives, to glad the earth
With beauty and with fragrance sweet ;

That even the vague and mystic creeds
Of Eastern lands, creeds centuries old,
In their dim depths perchance may hold,
Hidden from sight, some precious seeds

Which, quickened by the holy light
Of God's free grace, may germinate,
To gem the floods of strife and hate
With love's pure lilies fair and white ;

That sometimes from the dark abyss
Of pain, all pain, God's grace may bring
The pure and perfect blossoming
Of endless joy and righteousness.

Then bloom ye on, ye flowerets fair ;
Bloom on—your lives shall not be lost !
Still let your petals, wavelet tossed,
Shake honied perfumes on the air !

For while on your magnificence
I gaze with wonder and delight,
I learn a lesson from the sight
As touching God's omnipotence.

—S. H. Sabine, *West Point, P. E. Island.*

FIRST FLOWERS OF SPRING.

Oh! pretty little flowers of spring,
True happiness to us you bring.
Your blossoms laden with perfume,
Scatter all our fear and gloom.
You warn us too, that winter is past,
That things of earth can never last.

Oh! summer is coming, beautiful, sweet;
That makes so many joyous feet.
Oh! blossoms you should happy be,
In bringing light from sea to sea.
What would we do, this many a year,
If the little blossoms were not sent here?

Oh! beautiful flowers, pure and fair,
You teach us faithfulness, so rare.
How many homes you help to cheer,
That by winter's cold, were made so drear
O! lovely flower, may we learn from thee,
Pure, faithful and holy, ever to be.

—*Eunice E. Knowles.*

THE GREATEST NEED OF THE
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A need I perceive in the Society of Friends is to go out and meet the prodigal who is yet afar off. In that Bible parable Jesus gave: "The father went while the son was yet a great way off, went out to meet him and had compassion on him, and kissed him, and ordered the best robe to be brought and put on him, and put a ring on his hand, and ordered the fatted calf to be killed, and that they eat and be merry."

And why all this? Because this son had been fond of gaities, and these had led him into riotous living. But on his return the father meets him, not only out upon the path, but also meets out unto his gay desires, with the best robe and a ring, and at the festal board, when the son who had remained with the father heard, he was angry and would not come in, for he had not wasted his portion nor transgressed the commands of his father, and no kid was ever given him to make merry with his friends.

He had been content heretofore in serving the father, and the father went out to meet him with entreaties, and makes answer: Son thou art always

with me and all that I have is thine.

There had not been the necessity to go out to search for this one that had ever been with him. And while the father did go out in form to meet the wayward son we do not read that he transgressed the true law of principle. But in form he went out so far as to restore to his own household that which was lost from it.

Now, could not the Society of Friends go out in form and meet the prodigal and restore many to these little meetings, numbers of those who are yet a great way off?

We remember days when these same meetings were not so small. When we question this cause of decrease the reply comes: Many fathers and mothers, substantial and influential members of our Society, have been called away from this life, and our meeting sustains their loss. Then where are their families? and the reply comes: Many of them have gone far out into the world, and many have been gathered to some other fold of religion.

Has Society then gone out in their form into the world and tried to restore its own. Or has it set its own house in order, in form and mode of worship, and then sat down and awaited the prodigal's return, which other societies have been gathering into their churches until there has been cause to enlarge, their numbers being so great. If we ask why, they would tell us they had to go out into the world in their form and mode of worship to reach the needs of the people of the present age and the ones they were seeking. And in this way many who were yet a great way off have been gathered into the hosom of the church while their doctrine remains unchanged.

When we see this decrease in the Society of Friends, and mid-week meetings laid down, and some meeting laid down altogether on account of this decrease this thought suggests itself: Are they as a Society going out into the world to meet the prodigal who is yet

a great way off, and is not this one of the needs of the Society? E. E.

TOLSTOI AT HOME,

Count Tolstoi is a firm believer in the maxim that work is a sacred duty. He always devotes four hours of every day to manual labor of some kind, either plowing in the fields or making shoes, and he laughs at the ideas of those who despise toiling with their hands. The village shoemaker is a chosen chum of his, and they are accustomed to work together in the count's house. On his literary labors Tolstoi expends great pains, both from an intellectual and a mechanical standpoint. His manuscript is full of interlineations and erasures, and the handwriting is small, fine and hard to read. The countess transcribes it for the printer, and I know of one instance where she made fifteen copies within a year of one of her husband's books.

So lives Ieo Tolstoi, the mastermind of Russian thought, and one of three or four great thinkers who stand alone in the intellectual record of this century above and beyond all others. Thus he journeys to the goal of life, preaching and practicing the sweet doctrine of man's humanity to man. His bare, rude house is never closed to the hungry or the wanderer. His recent practical efforts in the cause of his starving countrymen have proved, moreover, that he is no mere theorist or dreamer, but that in the teeth of a great emergency he can be a most practical man of action. In person he is of giant frame. His face is a strong one. From beneath a massive wrinkled brow, blue-gray eyes seem to look you through and through, to scan it once your outer and inner man. Powerful flat nostrils just from between high cheek bones. A mouth made for pity is not wholly obscured by the vast gray beard sprawling downward over a mighty chest. He dresses in peasants' clothes of the coarsest homespun, the blouse gathered at the waist by a

leather belt, and his feet are shod in shoes made by his own brown sinewy hands. They are very roughly fashioned footwear, too. When out of doors in stormy weather he wears long boots, into which the ends of his trousers are stuffed

Russia has been blessed in the possession of the Tolstoi family—a fact that has come home to her with peculiar force very recently in the presence of the famine disaster. When the cry of distress arose, a responsive echo of sympathy sounded from the quiet home at Yasnia Poliana; and not only the great recluse himself, but his self-sacrificing wife, daughters and sons went forth without an instant's hesitation to labor amid the suffering peasants in the sweet cause of charity. From what I personally witnessed during my visit to the Tolstois, I can form some idea of their noble work in the famine centers. During a walk through the village, which I was privileged to enjoy in company with the great writer's daughter, I had an excellent opportunity of observing the relations maintained by his family with the villagers. Everywhere we went, whether along the highway or into the interiors of the humble houses, were evident the signs of love and veneration. Not a mujik we met but would raise his hat with intense respect, and murmur a simple benediction on my companion; and when we entered a cottage where anybody was sick, she would tenderly inquire for the patient, either offer assistance on the spot or arrange for its speedy arrival, and in every instance be hailed as a succoring angel. The deeds of this noble family long after they have passed away will smell sweet and blossom in the dust, remaining a precious memory to every Russian heart.—*James Creelman, in Harper's Weekly.*

God's system of government is not to work for man, but to supply him with the means of working for himself.

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Before this issue comes from press Genesee Yearly Meeting will be commenced, and we trust its work of 1892 will be faithfully performed.

The following questions have been sent by a contributor for insertion in the REVIEW. We willingly publish them, and the interesting answers that may be sent in reply. We hope our Young Friends will look them up, study them out, and send them for the benefit of others.—[EDS.

1. Paul presented two fields of labor. The one of command, and the other of permission. What sort of merit does the latter service entitle the laborer? and to what extent is an as-

sembly benefitted by such instruction?

2. What limitation (if any), had Jesus different from the rest of the human family? H. G. M.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

Gleaned from reports in the "Public Ledger."

PUBLIC MEETINGS ON FIRST-DAY.

The attendance at the meetings held at Cherry and at Race streets yesterday morning were unusually large and of special interest. At the Race street meeting John J. Cornell gave an able discourse upon the plan of salvation as taught by this denomination. Isaac Wilson and Levi L. Benson spoke very earnestly at Cherry street meeting.

William M. Way, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and others, spoke at Girard avenue meeting.

The Youth's meeting, at Race street, was very large and interesting. Exercises were opened by reading the Scriptures by Sarah A. Conard. John J. Cornell gave the opening address. Several first-day schools participated.

Levi L. Benson, Isaac Hicks, Ellison Newport and Thomas Sherard spoke at Race street meeting last evening, and John J. Cornell at Fourth and Green.

SECOND-DAY'S SESSIONS OF MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BRANCHES.

The Second-day's session of Friends' Yearly Meeting opened yesterday at 10 o'clock. The subject of the revision of the Book of Discipline occupied the entire morning session. Prior to the business being taken up short sermons were delivered by Ellison Newport, Levi L. Benson and Robert Hatton.

A general feeling of quietness and moderation prevailed, and, after due consideration, the report of the committee favoring a general revision was adopted, and a committee, consisting of three from each quarter, was appointed to unite with a similar com-

mittee of women Friends, to nominate to a future session a suitable committee to consider the revision of the Discipline. Monthly Meetings were also recommended to appoint two Friends to advise with the Committee on Revision.

A prayer by David Newport closed the morning session.

The Afternoon Session.

The committee on the John M. George bequest for a boarding house for Friends' children made a report that since last year they had purchased a portion of the Worth Farm, near Newton, Bucks county; 123 acres were purchased at a cost of \$21,525, contributed by interested Friends and others, and 104 acres additional were purchased at a cost of \$16,475, of which \$12,000 remains on mortgage, to control the neighborhood of the school. The committee of five reported that no additional funds had been received from the executors of John M. George. The report was approved and the committee continued and authorized to expend a sum not exceeding \$100,000 in building and managing the school. It is proposed to erect at once a building to accommodate 100 pupils.

The Joint Committee on Education made a report which showed that systematic visits, conferences, and other helps had been carried on during the year. The report was approved, and the committee continued.

The meeting closed with a short sermon by John J. Cornell, in which he said that "our ideal is high and is only reached by slow and gradual growth. Speaking is not necessary to hold a meeting in the power of God."

In the women's meeting the reading of the opening minute was followed by words of earnest prayer from Abigail R. Paul. Before entering upon the deliberations of the day the clerk read an advice from the minutes of 1885, that those who were in favor of any course of action by the meeting should not be too anxious for its adoption, and those

who were opposed to such action should be willing, after stating their objections, to submit cheerfully to the general sense of the meeting. After a solemn silence the report of the Committee on Discipline was again taken up, and the meeting generally united with the report and approved the appointment of a committee to enter upon the work of a general revision of the Book of Discipline. Men Friends were at once informed of this action.

The reports of the Committees on First-day Schools, Education and the George School were read and approved. At the close of the session Margaretta Walton said: "I desire to express my thankfulness that, during our morning's deliberations, Friends have shown so much patience, forbearance, and regard for each other's feelings. I feel this to be an evidence that the Heavenly Father's love has overshadowed this assembly and entered into our hearts, and has thus brought us into a condition where we may trust His holy hand."

In the afternoon the first three queries were answered.

THIRD-DAY'S SESSION.

The Third-day's session of Friends' Yearly Meeting was held yesterday at Fifteenth and Race streets. John J. Cornell expressed a concern to visit the Women's Meeting, and unity being expressed therein he was set at liberty to do so. Levi S. Benson then offered prayer.

The third query was read, and the following summary was adopted: "There has been a care on the part of many Friends to bring up those under their direction in plainness of speech, behavior and apparel; in frequent reading the Holy Scriptures and to discourage corrupt conversation and the reading of pernicious publications." A very great concern was expressed by David Newport, Walter Laing and others that the young should be guarded from reading pernicious literature. The lack of

suitable literature for the young was also commented upon.

Isaac Wilson said that more care was needed to prevent the pernicious and cheap literature of the day from coming in the hands of the young. That, while having no antagonism to other publications, he thought that the *Friends' Intelligencer* and YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW should be better circulated in the Society. This view was also endorsed by many Friends.

Levi L. Benson thought that the axe should be laid at the foot of the tree, and that all desire for such pernicious literature should be eliminated.

Ezra Fell drew attention to intelligent men and women spending their time at the card table and in reading light literature. Remarks were also made by John Kees and Watson Tomlinson.

WOMEN'S MEETING.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Committee on Temperance.

Soon after the opening of the Women's Meeting John J. Cornell paid a visit in Gospel love. His messages were addressed to various states of mind. He urged those that were afflicted to have more confidence in God, and told of one who, having lost his wife and a dear child by death, exclaimed when his other child became insane: "I have nothing left to live for but to do all the good I can for my fellow men." He assured some of the younger ones who were discouraged and almost ready to leave Friends that there was work waiting for them to do. He enjoined those who were under the preparing hand for public service to wait patiently until they heard the word of command. His parting injunction to all was: "Keep your eye single to the Lord, that your whole body may be full of light and when it is full of light, there will be no room for discouragement."

In connection with the answer to the fourth query, the eleventh annual report of the Committee on Temperance was

read. During the year a number of temperance books have been placed in First day school libraries; Friends' schools have been visited, and in 30 out of 32 under the care of the meeting, scientific temperance instruction is given, and most of the schools have good text books for this purpose; a number of conferences and all-day children's meetings have been held; two Young Friends' temperance literary societies have been organized; an evening house for boys has been opened in Philadelphia; a memorial has been sent to the Columbian Exposition against the sale of intoxicating liquors on the grounds, and a petition forwarded to the Legislature of New Jersey, asking that temperance instruction be made compulsory in their schools. The committee called attention to the necessity for a large and well-kept temperance house in Philadelphia, where Friends and others could be accommodated, and hoped that steps would be taken to supply this need.

This report was received with many expressions of approval, and several Friends felt encouraged at the growing interest manifested by the meeting in active temperance work. Some bore a strong testimony against the drinking and selling of cider, and Margaret Howard hoped that Friends would not use or countenance the use of wine at social gatherings. Attention was called to the excellent extracts for flavoring food, put up without alcohol, that may now be obtained from leading grocers.

The remaining queries were read and answered.

Louisa J. Roberts re-opened a concern expressed in the morning, that the Yearly Meeting should remonstrate against the just-published decision of the Commissioners of the Columbian Exposition, to allow the sale of intoxicating liquors on the grounds. This was very generally united with, and men Friends were informed of this action. The meeting then adjourned until 3 o'clock to-day.

PUBLIC MEETING ON FOURTH-DAY.

Meetings were held in the various meeting houses of Friends yesterday. At Fourth and Green streets Ezra Fell, Elvin T. Haines, Jeremiah Hayhurst, and Francis N. Williams made addresses. Prayer was offered by Rachael Lippincott. At Seventeenth and Girard Avenue John J. Cornell preached. At the Race street end of the house, Fifteenth and Race streets, Walter Lang and Isaac Wilson spoke. Prayer was offered by Allen Flitcraft. At the Cherry street end, same place, Thomas Steward and Levi L. Benson spoke.

The last day's session of Friends' Yearly Meeting opened yesterday at Fifteenth and Race streets, at 10 a. m. The report of the committee appointed last year to consider the subject of Philanthropic Labor was first read. It provided the three Committees on Indian Affairs, Temperance and Colored People of the South should be united and a suitable number of additional Friends appointed. That the concerns to be considered by the committee should be Indians, temperance and tobacco, education of the colored people of the South, improper publications and peace and arbitration, and that they should work through the Philanthropic Union in connection with other Yearly Meetings. The report was united with.

The committee to audit and settle the Treasurer's account reported a balance of \$4576.19, and that Thomas J. Husbands be named as treasurer and Joseph C. Turnpenny and Anne Caley Dorland as correspondents. The report was united with, and those named appointed. The Trustees of the John M. George Trust reported that there was a balance of cash and securities on hand amounting to \$251,515.52, of which \$216,966.61 is principal and the balance income.

WOMEN'S MEETING.

Isaac Wilson visited the meeting for the purpose of giving encouragement

to those who were ready for some humble service but feared lest others might question their fitness for the work. He enjoined them not to let the crowd keep them away from their Master, but to press closer and closer to Him until they could at least touch the hem of His garment and be strengthened.

The last business before the meeting was the reading of the memorial of Catharine B. Foulke, who died Twelfth month 17, 1890, in the 83rd year of her age, and who, since 1847, was a minister in the Society.

The Clerk, in her concluding minute, said the meetings had been very large, and that the few visitors who had been present had cheered and strengthened all hearts. Since last year there had been many losses by death, but armor-bearers would be found to lift up the standards and carry them forward.

CANADA HALF-YEAR'S MEETING.

Our meeting, which we have looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure, has come and passed away once more. It has been an occasion so imprinted upon our memory that time can never erase it. We felt it to be a veritable feast as of old, in which the young and aged equally enjoyed. Expressions of real heartfelt enjoyment came from many lips, and we can lift our hearts in true thankfulness that we were so permitted to gather and enjoy the good things of the Father's kingdom. Seventh-day the 28th the meeting of ministers and elders convened. The writer not in attendance cannot give any report of this meeting, but trust it was equally enjoyed with the others. I have often felt it a loss and perhaps other Young Friends as well as those in more advanced years have felt it the same, that members should be restricted from attending any meeting in connection with our Society. I do not understand why it should be so. It

seems to me if any earnest seeking mind, whether young or old, an elder or not an elder, feels the desire or inclination to attend such meetings, perfect freedom should be extended to them. When reading, not long ago, a report of one of our Western meetings, and learning that there the select meeting was not just for a few chosen ones, but all interested Friends were welcomed, it met such a hearty approval in my own soul that I feel I cannot refrain from giving expression to the above. On the evening of the 28th our usual temperance meeting was held. The attendance was very good and the marked and growing interest in the meeting by young and old and also by those outside of our Society is very encouraging to us.

First-day morning the sky was overcast with gloomy looking clouds, which had a tendency to dampen our spirits a little. Rain began to fall early in the morning and continued until nearly time to gather for First-day school. We enjoyed the presence of a number of visiting Friends with us in our school. The hour for divine worship did not bring much change in the weather, the unfavorableness of it prevented many from attending, consequently our meeting was not large in numbers, but was *large* in the abundance of spiritual food the good Father blessed and brake for His children. Our ministering Friends Isaac Wilson, Richard Widdifield and Cornelius White, were very acceptably with us.

Isaac Wilson arose from the quiet with the words: "I in you, and you in me." He spoke with wisdom, power and earnestness holding the audience in close, watchful attention for some time. Our other ministering Friends followed with words of love and helpfulness. The meeting closed in prayer from Isaac Wilson. No other meeting was appointed for the day owing to a temperance meeting being held in the neighborhood in the afternoon under the auspices of the Royal Templars. It was attended and enjoyed by a

number of Friends. Second-day morning the weather was more favorable, and the day was all that could be desired. The meeting for worship was not as large as on First-day, but a goodly number were present. The silent waiting was broken by Isaac Wilson, he arose with the words: "And a man's foes are those of his own household." He spoke for some length, and was followed by Cornelius White

Before commencing our business session a new feature in connection with our H. Y. M. was entered into. A lunch was provided by friends in the other part of the meeting-house for all to partake of who desired. By the many bright and happy faces, and expressions of approval from the lips of the more advanced in years, we felt we had been more than repaid for trying to do our part towards relieving Friends of that wearied feeling that characterizes all meetings where the business session is lengthy. After all had been refreshed the meeting settled quietly down and the business routine was entered into and disposed of with love and unity. We felt this stage of our meeting to be not the least important part, but one not soon to be forgotten, and I trust it may always live in the memory of those present. We were drawn in very close and tender sympathy with dear Friends who are shortly to enter upon an extended labor of gospel love in distant fields of the Lord's heritage. The meeting closed in an impressive prayer covering all with a sweet, precious feeling that the dear Father is nigh unto all who love him and keep his commandments.

A wish and a desire prevailed among a number of young Friends after the meeting had broken that Friends might gather again in the evening in the capacity of a parlor meeting at the home of Elizabeth Brown. An enjoyable and profitable evening was spent in the Master's presence, which seemed a fitting ending to a day that was *so full* of the richest blessings.

A VISIT TO LURAY CAVE AND
THE NATURAL BRIDGE
IN VIRGINIA.

We left Philadelphia about 8 o'clock in the morning, taking our seats in a parlor car to enjoy the beautiful scenery on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which, for its pleasant accommodations is not excelled in any other section of this splendid State, and I may say, in any other.

The beautiful hills are covered with the richest green, and the farms seem to be in the highest state of cultivation.

The mist of the early morning had given place to the bright sunshine as we sped along—catching a hasty glance at the beautiful stations adorned with flowers at every point.

Thus hill and valley and stream beautify the scene through which we were passing—small patches of tobacco, fields of waving corn, and the cattle upon "a thousand hills," give evidence of the farmer's prosperity. Even the tall sunflowers, with bright, uplifted heads, have followed us all the way from Bayside to the "Natural Bridge" in Virginia, seemingly to give us a welcome. It has been said from time to time that they were a protection against malaria by absorbing the damp moisture from the soil. If that be the case, why then should they not be seen by the poor man's cottage all along the wayside? Our lamented poet has sung of

"The Golden Rod and the Aster in the wood," but none have ventured to praise the sunflower; so I offer this passing tribute to its worth.

We left the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg, retaining the parlor car, and turned our faces directly south after crossing the Susquehanna, passing through Chambersburg, the northernmost city that was laid in ashes during the war—since built up with handsome residences. Afterward we came to Antietam, and its historic ground, where the greatest battle was fought. We saw the headquarters of Gen. Lee,

and the brick house which he occupied.

And there, too, is the National Cemetery, where the remains of friend and foe lie side by side.

The granite statue of a private soldier standing sentinel, keeping guard over the silent dead, is said to be one of the most striking monuments of the kind found in this country. Not far from here, on Sept. 14, 1862, Gen. D. H. Hill, with a Confederate rear guard of 5,000 men, detained Gen. McClellan on his march to Antietam. Every American must feel an interest in this historic spot.

While here I was forcibly reminded of some lines written during the war:

Alas! Virginia, thou "Mother of the States,"
hast thou in this dark hour
Upraised thy traitorous hand; but thou shalt
feel the power
That brings the northern arms upon thy deso-
lated soil,
And "Afric's sons" will soon behold them
as they daily toil.
For thou hast bought and sold thy fellowmen,
and raised them, too, with an unholy
hand!
Thy Washington and Jefferson looked on and
saw with pain
This evil in their native land which they could
not restrain;
But yet their prayers ascended to Him who
reigns supreme above,
That in His own good time, He would the
unholy cause remove.
Thy Randolph, too, statesman of high renown,
When on his death-bed weighed his spirit
down,
"Write on my card Remorse," he quickly
said,
"It grieves me to the soul while on this dying
bed,
To think that Afric's injured sons doth toil
For me and mine, upon my native soil,
Though late I give to them sweet liberty,
this precious boon,
'Twill ease my spirit ere I sink within the
tomb."
Thus said the dying statesman! ere he sank
from earth away;
But at the "eleventh hour" his prayer was
heard, his sins forgiven,
And after "life's fitful scene" was o'er his
soul in calmness took its flight, his
spirit entered heaven.

Far differently do these farms appear, from that scene of war and desolation, with their fields of waving corn and green pastures. Look, too, at the ad-

vancement of the South—their gold mines, their coal mines, their splendid factories, their educational institutions, their extensive railroads, their forests of pine, yielding immense quantities of tar, which is shipped from southern ports to almost the furthestmost parts of the earth—and these all tend to their prosperity and happiness. Arriving at the Luray inn, where every accommodation is afforded to travellers by the gentlemanly proprietor, we found it a delightful resort for persons wishing a healthy and romantic spot to spend the summer. It is said one sunset seen from the tower from this point is worth a trip across the Atlantic.

Our first experience of the cave was one of awe and astonishment. We stood amazed and silent in the "Royal chambers of the King of Nature"—as our thoughts went upward to that Almighty Being, who created this wonderful and magnificent cavern, "this house not made with hands," the very sight of which will remain fresh forever on the tablet of memory. Surely it must have taken untold ages to have made these gigantic formations in such vast quantities, of which no pen is adequate to give a description. It is said to be three miles in extent. We walked on platforms provided by the owners, having electric lights, besides the guides with their candles. It is about 200 feet under the surface of the earth, and was discovered in 1878. Since that time the fame of the cavern has penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth.

A party, sent out from the "Smithsonian Institution," reports that, "comparing this gr. at natural curiosity with others of the same class, it is safe to say that there is probably no other cavern in the world more completely and profusely decorated with stalactitic and stalagmitic ornamentalions than that of Luray."

We then proceeded to the Natural Bridge in Virginia, which ranks among the wonders of the world. It approaches Niagara, it is said, in grand-

eur, and exceeds it in height, and in awful mystery. It is a single block of lime stone, with many shades of color, wide enough to span Broadway in Flushing, and high enough to throw in shadow the turrets on Trinity Church in New York. The story of its building, "not made with hands," has never been told. The first sensation of the beholder is one of double astonishment; first, the sublime spectacle; next, of all the descriptions he has read, and the pictures he has seen, it cannot produce in the mind the faintest idea of the reality.

The Natural Bridge is owned by H. C. Parsons, a gentleman, if I mistake not, who is eminently fitted to possess this vast domain, containing 1,000 acres, it being his intention to beautify and adorn these grounds with a handsome park, which will no doubt be the admiration of future generations long after "his hands are folded upon his bosom, and his eyes closed forever." Of his history I know little, but heard he was a northern man and a soldier serving in the army during the war—having been wounded in defence of his country. This vast domain was given to Thomas Jefferson, by George III., and who is more worthy to possess it now than the soldier that faithfully performed his duty in this time of trial. Surely we may exclaim with the Psalmist, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, oh, Lord God Almighty, just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

ELIZA H. BELL

*"The Master is come and calleth for thee.
Had I heard aright? Was the call for me?
Was it I who was wanted? I listened again.
And my heart incredulous filled with pain
That was keen and bitter and hard to bear
No doubt there were others waiting there
To answer the summons—he good, the strong,
And those who had served the Master long—
Yet it seemed that to me the message came,
For coupled with it I heard my name.
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."
I felt at last that the call was for me,
And timidly answered the darkness through,
"Lord, what wilt thou that I should do."*

REBUKE.

The world is old and the world is cold,
And never a day is fair, I said.
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled above my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

The world is cruel, I said again ;
Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain.
Out of the darkness, sweet and clear
There rippled a tender strain ;

Rippled a song of a bird asleep,
That sang in a dream of the budding wood,
Of shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood,
And the grass where the berries breed.

The world is false, though the world be fair
And never a heart is pure, I said.
And lo ! the clinging of white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
And the lisp of a childish prayer.

—Selected.

THE GREATEST BOON THAT QUAKERISM HAS GIVEN TO THE WORLD.

First, it gave us George Fox, or George Fox gave us Quakerism. It is difficult to tell which way to put it, for, were it not for Quakerism we should have known nothing about George Fox, and were it not for George Fox, we *might* have known nothing about Quakerism.

It has given us martyrs, who lived, and suffered, and died for the truth, causing us to weep in sorrow for their sufferings, in admiration for their valor, and in tender gratitude for the influence they left behind them. It has given migration of beautiful thought and lofty sentiment to a new continent.

It has given a sense of justice, recognizing the rights of all mankind, extending to the wild red man of the woods, as well as to the white man of civilization.

It has given mankind freedom from bondage, in the old continent and the new.

It has given Presidents of great nations and touched the hearts of mighty rulers.

It has given people, who, bowing at

truth's shrine, have been able to set foot upon error, and so rise in the scale of existence, carrying the world with them.

It has given all its labors to relieve human oppression, whether physical or spiritual, and raise the oppressed to an equal footing with the oppressor, that *all* may live together in the light.

It has given the Abolition of War, and the promise of absolute peace, which is like a prophecy of Christ's Kingdom established in all the earth.

But to the greatest boon it has given to the world is "Quakerism," for there is a spirit in it as indestructible as time, and as measureless as eternity.

JULIA M. DUTTON.

IS RELIGION A MYTH?

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS REVIEW.

According to theology as taught in most of the theological colleges I think it is, at least a great part of it. But according to the spirit by which the blessed Jesus was enabled to do his heavenly Father's will, religion is not a mystery. He was led to act and do by kindness and love that others might be benefitted, and thereby at the same time do His heavenly Father's will thus securing his own happiness and also his own everlasting life. He was a bright light for us to follow and be governed by. God is no respecter of persons and has given a portion of this holy spirit of love and kindness unto all to profit by; and all those who do justly, love mercy and walk humbly are accepted by him, and this heavenly love and kindness practiced by us will lead us to do so without any further influence, which is a plain and simple and a very satisfactory way to get along in this life, as also giving us a glorious hope of entering in with just ones when done with time. This is devoid of all mystery, and is eminently practical. By acting in this kind, loving way we will be hastening the time when our heavenly Father's will will be done among us as it is done in heaven; so let us all be influenced

by this spirit of love and kindness as exemplified in the blessed Jesus that all may be well with us here and hereafter, and experience a heaven set up or at least commenced with us now whilst in this state of being.

WM. TYSON, Hankinson N. Da.

5th mo. 22nd, '92.

THE LITTLE LEAVEN.

During the recent session of the Shewsbury and Rahway Half Year meeting, Isaac Wilson, of Canada, who was very acceptably in attendance, had an appointed meeting at the Methodist church at Oceanport. This meeting was well attended, and our friend was much favored in presenting the truth according to the belief of the Society of Friends.

His explanation of the parable of the "little leaven that a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened," seemed particularly to impress itself on my mind. The three measures of meal represents the three fold nature of man, (the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual) in which is hidden the Christ spirit or leavening principle; which, if permitted to do its perfect work, will so permeate our nature that the whole will become leavened or made like unto itself, that is—Christlike. Thus we, like the leavened meal, will become fitted for the work which is given us to do.—M. V.

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