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Young • Friends' • Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VI.

LONDON, ONT., EIGHTH MONTH, 1891.

NO. 8

HAST THOU FORGOT?

When bitter thoughts assail thy mind,
And turn thy day to gloomy night;
When petulance with pride behind
Obscures thy reason's failing sight;
When murmuring loudly at thy lot,
And finding nought to suit thy will,
My little one! hast thou forgot
God loves thee still?

When pining sadly, far away
From one whose presence cheers thee best
Or yearning, longing for the day
That brings thy weary spirit rest;
When clouds of doubt the landscape blot
And fill the air with boding ill,
My darling child! has thou forgot
God loves thee still?

When daily duties claim the time
Which pleasure otherwise would ask;
When life seems but discordant rhyme,
And living seems too hard a task:
When those around thee please thee not,
And envious thoughts thy bosom fill:
Ah, little one, hast thou forgot
God loves thee still?

—[Selected.

SERMON

DELIVERED BY MARGARETTA WALTON
AT COLDSTREAM, ONT., 7TH MO.
15TH, 1891.

I feel, my friends, as I have often felt before, that there is in this silent waiting that has been over us, no loss of time, for in it the heart that is interested and thoughtful about the purpose of thus being gathered, will find that in this silence there is a deepening of feeling and a being drawn into a closer relationship with the divine, that it may hear more clearly the inspired language never heard by the outward ear. Here, indeed, we sit around the communion table of the Lord, where we do experience a communion between the Most High and our individual

natures. In this humble condition, He will not disregard the earnest desire or asking of any heart, but will pour into it something of His own infinite goodness, and love and tenderness, even according to its own capacity and need.

As my spirit has been drawn into this communing condition where I have not only felt that the Heavenly Father's love was overshadowing us, but I have felt that there is an earnest desire among those gathered for the true bread of life, for that that most closely concerns each individual need.

Since I have been among you, I feel that our Heavenly Father has planted a vineyard in this place. It seems indeed a place well chosen. All around are the evidences of abundance. The productiveness of the soil is manifested by the plenteous harvests. Although the Heavenly Father has been kind and generous on His part, yet there is a work for you to perform in order to insure success; there must be diligence in the tilling of the soil, there must be care in the selection of pure seed, there must be wisdom in a proper adaptation of seed to soil, and then there must be a patient waiting and a perfect trusting to our Heavenly Father for the watering, and a thankfulness for the sunlight that is necessary to produce this wonderful growth. This in the outward represents what our Heavenly Father has done in the inward. He has chosen in this place a vineyard for Himself, and ye people, ye dear hearts He has called into his service. Oh that ye may be fruit-bearing vines. Wild vines have no place in the vineyard of the Lord—the wayward life, the wandering branches. But it may be pruned, it may be transplanted, and revived and sustained by the visitations

of His spirit until the heart grows into unison with His divine will, and ye will become fruit-bearing vines in the vineyard of the Lord, ah laden with luscious fruit. If there are some who do not understand, who are not yet prepared to follow the teachings and guidings of the still small voice to which we have been drawn this morning, let them turn more earnestly within, for it is there they must become acquainted with the requirings of divine truth. Others may call us to it, tell us about it, but there is a voice that speaks to everyone, there are impressions made upon every soul; may we realize that it is the voice of our Heavenly Father, only the infant life possibly has not yet known it. Nor do we ever grow beyond the necessity of listening to the still small voice. Whatever our intellectual attainment, whatever our social standing, that that chiefly should concern us comes through our spiritual natures alone. May we know then of that blessed season when we withdraw from the engrossing cares of life into the secret of the closet and let the operations of the holy spirit work upon our hearts. As ye come into this place in this attitude, this silent waiting, desiring earnestly what yestand in need of, with the imagination quiet, the mind bowed in stillness, He will behold the secret tear, the prayer will be answered. None are disappointed that go to his love. How it overshadows you and enters into your very hearts. You may feel, some of you, that life has been hard, but ye dare not say but that God is *only* love. Let us look clearly at it. As we journey along if we step aside we bring upon ourselves these bitter experiences. God is not angry with us for our shortcomings. He stands ready to receive us back, and manifest to us His unabating love. It has been declared that the rain falleth upon the just and unjust, and so those who will not harmonize with the divine love bring sorrow and bitterness upon themselves. God never visits his children with his wrath, but he permits our disappointments and

sorrows to come for neglect of duty. He uses these out of His infinite love and goodness lest we might keep on in the path of error.

I feel there are some of you here who have known of these misfortunes and you may ask why it thus falls upon you. This we do not know, but, we do know that there is a source that ever brings a quieting assurance, that shall give a peace unto our souls that shall find for us a resting place in every time of trial. Though the billows are boisterous about us there is within us a power that can still the tempest. We remember the disciples of old in the vessel. While everything was favorable they called not upon the master, they left him in the hindermost part of the vessel. But when the tempest arose and the waves dashed them to and fro, in their extremity they called upon him and he rebuked the waves and stilled the tempest. This witness for God is present in every soul. But we are too much as these disciples were, we neglect it, we let it become dormant, we do not keep staid on this that can still the tempest. We are too prone to look forward and to fear that the labor of our hands will not be blessed. We look away, we compare our work with others, and become discouraged, and then how troubles thicken, they seem to take advantage of the weakness of our hearts, and we are compelled for very life to call upon the master whom we have permitted to remain in the hindermost part of the ship. I have gone forward in my human strength, in my human nature, and have allowed this divine principle to slumber for want of attention, but I know, and you know, that as we have looked unto it we have never been disappointed, we have never gone away empty, and when we look for the breakers and billows about us they seem to have disappeared. Then beloved people who are accustomed to gather here desiring and seeking that blessed influence, may you know of a renewal of your strength.

These seasons when infinite love and goodness visits your every heart will prove to you cool refreshments in the heat and bustle of life. Come then, whether a word be spoken or not, there will not be lacking that that is sustaining and you will go forth bearing the evidence that you have been with the Father, and that He is governing and controlling your lives and enabling you to overcome all that you may have to meet. You will grow into a more restful nature, not out of indifference, but because you are established upon a firm foundation.

I felt this morning a peculiarly tender loving feeling to you who are of the same household of faith with myself. I rejoice in the evidence that you are believers in our faith not because others have told you of it, not because you have been born into the Society of Friends, but because ye have been born again. There has been an overshadowing of the holy spirit, even as in Mary, and a quickening into life of that that is the Son of God. There has been a struggle with some before they could give up and say as did Mary, "Be it unto me according to thy word." You have had plans and calculations made, and lo there was an arresting, there was a condition arrived at where nothing would do but to give up all and say, "not my will but thine be done, O Lord." In this condition there has been the visitation of the holy ghost, and a new life begat, the evidences of which I have noted among you. This knowlege is not to be obtained at colleges or schools, nor of man, but at the footstool of divine truth. O, dear hearts, may you know an increase. Be humble, be lowly, that the lowly Christ may feed you, and minister unto the life of God in the soul. May ye hold up our blessed testimonies and religious faith that they nor trail in the dust of earth. We are not may not become dimmed or darkened, all, I fear, living bearers of our principles; many are satisfied to let others do the work and bear the burdens. But remember that ye must be thoughtful.

There is no building that can firmly stand and be beautifully complete unless every part, every nail and pin is in its place doing its individual work.

Not all are to be ministers, but every true silent burden bearer has a necessary and a holy mission to which they are called by the same master.

In the outward building we have pillars to support the edifice, so in our religious organization the pillars may be elders. They are chosen on account of their fitness for the work. May ye so control the human and rely upon the divine that ye may be worthy pillars in the church triumphant. May ye watch over the ministry, for they are but human vessels, watch always in love, never in criticism, but under a tender concern of duty which will continue them in sympathy with the ministry and both in unison with the flock.

As the elders rest upon the truth in their own souls they will be brought into closer sympathy with the young, will be enabled to realize the struggle in the young mind, giving the timely word of encouragement or, if need be, of warning, for they have larger experience, and have travelled farther on the journey of life. O ye young people, may you receive every word, treasure it up in the casket of the heavenly jewels, and you will find that it will be to you as refreshing water in a desert place.

And now I come to the overseers of our religious meetings. They have to go down into the investigations of our Society, and see how the queries are observed and lived up to. The first query is of great importance and very rarely can it be reported clearly, for there are nearly always some who do not attend when they might. We do not feel as we ought the importance and value of the blessed service and privilege of meeting with each other and with our Heavenly Father in silent worship. We are so full of the cares of the world we think we cannot spare the time.

Can ye not spare for your heavenly Father two hours a week, in order to

render some offering especially His own. This reasonable service would bring a strength to your meetings that you cannot measure. Do you not see how this report, if it went up full, that we *are* careful to attend our meetings, would be to the larger assemblies. It would come as a stream of pure water into a desert land. Ye are accountable if it goes up not so. And when ye are spoken to for negligence, take it kindly, do not feel that the individual has something against you, but they are constrained in their duty by the love of the Father. If done and received in this love it will be a binding cord binding you all together.

Dear people be faithful, more so than some of you have been, I feel, as I stand here pleading with you. It will bring greater peace, a peace that the world and its glories and allurements cannot give you nor take from you. May you remember these things as you continue to gather here to worship our Father which is in Heaven. And to the young that are here, there is the same desire that you may not stay away, for if you do you keep away something that the older ones have need of. Let young and old join together in true fellowship at the table of the Lord. Be true to our principles and testimonies. And let us work according to our religious faith. Other societies have their ways and we have ours. But may ye not lightly esteem the privilege of being a member of the Society of Friends. I feel that I could almost prophesy that as you are willing to be directed by divine guidance there will come a light and strength out of our principles till the world will recognize and reverence our fundamental belief even the revelation of the most high. In this faithfulness there will be raised up counsellors as of old, and judges as in the beginning. After the overseers and elders there is that glorious service of being called of God to be ministers in our Society. We are all to minister unto each other. But there has been a diffidence, a holding

back, a shrinking when some have been called upon to speak the vocal word. There is this, that Moses felt when he refused to speak because of his stammering tongue, and desired the Lord to choose some other vessel. Yet into that vessel the Lord has chosen, I believe He will pour strength abundantly. Look not outwardly for help, but inwardly for the revealing of his divine will. Our heavenly father is patient, He will give us another call, and, oh dear hearts, when it returns be faithful, be not afraid. As you willingly give the little you have more will be added, and strength will be increased. O, let not doubt enter, nor fear, nor reasoning, nor the tyrant of unbelief. For these are the stormy billows that toss the ship, and the Master, whom the winds and the waves obey, may be asleep in the hindermost part of the vessel.

May ye truly be as hearts qualified unto every service that the heavenly Father calls you unto. He never forces. He shows us the path but never says thou *shalt* walk in it. We are free to choose the other way. But if we do trouble and trials and disappointments will meet us on every hand. If we dwell in the human we are disturbed and restless but in the divine we are sure the heavenly Father will say to the troubling billows, "be still," and all is at rest, and blessed is that heart that has found this heavenly rest, and hears repeated all the way through life "Well done: good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The clergy would have us believe them against our own reason, as the woman would have had her husband against his own eyes. What! will you believe your own eyes before your own sweet wife?—[Selden.

Exact justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens.—[Lowell.

WITH GOD'S PEOPLE

SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY IS IT'S
DEVELOPMENT.

Morning breaketh ! Firstly pray ;
Prayer builds high the wall of faith,
Within its shelter do thou stay
For there is work for thee to-day ;
Strive not o'er its bounds to see
What the morrow may bring forth,
Only good—will surely be
All from God it brings for thee.

God's message boeth nothing ill,
Work, for thy Master standeth by ;
He loves to see thee do His will
Or strive His bidding to fulfil ;
It is enough for Thee to know
This day, this hour, He doth uphold
And strengthen—that He will bestow
Sufficient grace, then forward go.

But ever let God go before,
Attempt not to forerun thy Guide,
He opens many a closed door
And smoothes life's pathway o'er and o'er—
A light, a lamp unto thy feet,
Without Him thou wouldst surely stray,
Thy feeble efforts incomplete,
Cling now to Him for counsel meet.

And for sweet solace do thou cling
In weariness, in want or pain,
To Him all thy petitions bring,
If thou wouldst lack of no good thing ;
Christ is the same as yesterday,
To-day, to-morrow, evermore,
And all-sufficient for each day,
Our guide, our solace and our stay.

MARGARET FELLOWS.

England.

FROM TOLSTOI'S "SPIRIT OF
CHRIST'S TEACHING.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE NOT IN TIME.

THEREFORE A MAN REALLY LIVES
WHEN HE THINKS ONLY OF FUL-
FILLING THE WILL OF THE
FATHER IN THE PRESENT, AND
LEAVES ALL THOUGHT OF THE
PAST AND OF THE FUTURE.

*(Give us now our daily bread, and
forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
them that trespass against us.)*

To the doubts of his disciples, as to
what would be their reward for re-

nouncing the life of the flesh. Jesus answered : " There can be no reward for the man who understands the meaning of my teaching ; firstly, because a man who renounces his relations and those dear to him, and his property, in the name of my teaching, gains a hundred-fold more friends and property ; secondly, because a man who seeks a reward, seeks to have more than others, and that is the thing most contrary to the fulfilment of the will of the Father. In the kingdom of Heaven there are neither greater nor less ; all are equal.

Those who seek a reward for doing good are like workmen who demand a higher payment than what they have agreed for with the master, on the plea that on their own judgment they are worthier than others. Reward and punishment, abasement and exaltation, do not exist for him who understands my teaching.

No one can be greater or of more importance than another, according to the teaching of Christ.

Everyone may fulfil the will of the Father, but by doing so no one becomes superior to, or better than, another. Only kings and those that serve them, think themselves so. According to my teaching, says Jesus, there can be no superiors, because he who wishes to be better than others must be their servant, because my teaching is that life is given a man not for profit of being served, but for devotion of service altogether for the sake of others, and that he who does not follow this teaching, but exalts himself, shall but become lower.

In order not to think of reward and exaltation of self, we must understand what is the real meaning of life. It lies in the fulfilment of the will of the Father, that what He has given should be returned to Him. As the shepherd leaves the whole flock to search for one lost sheep, as a woman turns over everything to find a lost coin, so the Father shows Himself to us as the One who draws back to Himself what has once been His.

We must understand what makes life real. True life appears in this, that what is lost returns to the owner, that that which sleeps is awakened. Men who possess a true life, and who have returned to the cause from which they sprang, cannot, like other men, stay to consider who is better, and who worse, but being sharers in the life of the Father, can only rejoice over the lost one who returns to the Father. If a son, who has lost his way and wandered from the Father, repent, and return to Him, surely the other sons of the Father cannot envy his joy, and can only be glad of the return of a brother. In order to believe in this teaching, to change our lives and fulfil it, no external proofs, no rewards are needed; we require a clear understanding of what true life is. If men think that they are the masters of their own lives, that their lives were given them to be spent in the pleasures of the flesh, naturally every act of self-sacrifice for others will appear to them worthy of reward, and unrecompensed they will give up nothing. If the laborers in a garden, who work them on condition of giving the fruits to the master, having forgotten that agreement, are required to pay according to it, they will, when the chance occurs, kill him who makes the demand. Those who consider themselves to be masters of their own lives, think like the laborers, and do not understand that life is a gift of the spirit, which requires the fulfilment of its will. In order to believe and act, we must understand that man can do nothing of himself, that if he renounces the life of the flesh for the sake of doing good, he does nothing for which he can claim thanks and reward. We must understand that a man, when he does good, does only what he is bound to do, what he cannot but do. It is only by thus understanding his life that a man can so believe as really to be capable of doing good works.

It is this understanding of life which makes the kingdom of Heaven,

which is invisible, and not such as can be shown anywhere. The kingdom of Heaven is in the understanding of men. The world lives as it has always done. Men eat, drink, give in marriage, trade, and die, and all the while apart from these things there lives in men's thoughts this kingdom. The kingdom of Heaven is the understanding of life, like a tree in spring growing of itself.

The true life through the fulfilment of the will of the Father is not the life which is past, is not that which is to come, but the life of the present moment, what each of us must do now. It follows, therefore, that we must never cease in our efforts to carry out this life. Men are appointed to care not for the life of the past, or for that of the future, but for the actual life at any moment, and during that life to fulfil the will of the Father of all men. If they lose their hold of this life through not fulfilling the will of the Father, they cannot again recover it, the watchman appointed to watch through the night does not perform his duty if he fall asleep but for a moment, for in that moment the thief may come. Man therefore must apply all his energies to the present hour, for the fulfilment of the Father's will can be achieved only in the present. The will of the Father is the life and the happiness of all men. Therefore the fulfilment of His will is the good of all men. Only those live who do good—good to men (at the present moment), is life and unites us to the common Father.

Do not shut out with shutters or blinds, the sunshine from your rooms. Neither rooms nor the human body can be long in good condition without abundance of sun light.

Perhaps, most important of all, never sit or sleep very long in a room without some means for changing the air in it—ventilation. Air once breathed is highly poisonous, remember,

OUR VISITING FRIENDS.

"Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plentiful as the morning dew."

As new blessings from above are borne to us day by day, the heart confidently rejoiceth in the love of God, and feels to give expression to its gratefulness; which arises as incense of thanksgiving to the "giver of every good and perfect gift."

The visit of Friend Margaretta Walton and her companion, Martha Dodgson, to Pelham, on Fifth-day, the 9th inst., came as a glad surprise, and Margaretta Walton's ministrations in gospel love, though increasing our responsibility, was very acceptable, and strengthening to the varied spiritual allotments of those assembled.

This additional manifestation of God's overshadowing presence and loving care makes the spirit to bound forth into songs of praise, for his merciful goodness to the children of men.

May we indeed prove ourselves worthy servants of the Lord, and diligently use the added talent of responsibility, so that it bear print abundantly to the honor and glory of His great name.

How closely in life do varied events follow one another—one minute we are listening attentively to the sublime—next to the seemingly ridiculous. After the close of the meeting a man in attendance, not used to Friends' ways, took out his purse and wanted to contribute *of his* for the good he had received, and went away sorrowful because it was not accepted.

May he accept the responsibility of the free gospel message to his soul's salvation, and may a large blessing attend him as he journeys onward. May the seed sown find lodgment in fallow ground, that a rich fruitage result therefrom, is the earnest prayer of humble hearts for the seeking soul.

Let us of our own household see to it; that we impoverish not ourselves by taking all, and giving nothing from our accumulated store. God does not

mean us to be sponge-like—to hold all until squeezed—but he does love a spontaneous overflow of soul. Only a *willing heart*, an *obedient willing mind*, and a *free-will offering* of whatever sort, delighteth the great searcher of hearts.

O, may we be found willing in the day of His power, and ever prove faithful in the performance of even small service when that is the call of the Master. Not many can fill high positions, but we can all meekly and humbly do "Thy will, O God," and

"When we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.
Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage be denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead."

AMELIA R. PAGE.

Ridgeville, 7th mo. 11th, 1891.

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

There are not two kinds of goodness, one for God and another for man.

The whole universe is our Father's house.

Love's whole nature is to restore the lost, to heal, to save.

Justice is stern of face but tender at heart.

By love the miracles of life are wrought.

Deliverance is by conflict.

We must *live* our way into truth through love.—[Geo. S. Merriam in Unity.]

Bacon said: To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and of sleep and of exercise, is the best precept of long lasting.

The system of garbage cremation is as old as Jewish Jerusalem. The crematory outside that city was called Gehenna, and furnished the symbol of final destiny of the wicked.

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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.

The visits and gospel labor of our ministering Friends, Margaretta Walton, and her companion, Martha Dodgson, of Pennsylvania, at the different meetings throughout Genesee Yearly Meeting, are likely to linger long in the memory of all. From different directions come the same satisfactory and grateful reports. The messages of love borne by Margaretta, with her clear and musical voice, giving evidence that they came fresh from the fountain of love, have revived, we doubt not, in many minds a desire for a closer walk with God; and the quiet influence of her worthy companion in meetings, and in the social circle is likely to exert itself scarcely less favorably.

Two favored meetings at West Unity, Ohio, on 7th mo. 18th and 19th, concluded their labors within our limits.

Pelham Half Yearly Meeting of Friends will be held in Yarmouth, Ont., on the 22nd and 23rd inst. Norwich Monthly Meeting at same place on the 21st. Friends coming by train will be met in St. Thomas on the 21st inst.

"Wherein do the principles and practices of the Society of Friends differ from those of the larger denominations of Christians sufficiently to make its existence desirable?"

We ask for articles for publication on the above subject.

Edward Coale, a minister belonging to Illinois Yearly Meeting of Friends, has a prospect of attending the coming Ohio Yearly Meeting, to be held at Salem, Ohio.

IN MEMORIAM.

Isaac Baker died at Macedon Centre on the 28th of June, aged 85 years and two months. He was born in Easton, Washington county, and was identified with the Society of Friends from his boyhood. While still in early youth he moved with his father's family to Erie county, and spent the greater part of his long and useful life in the town of Hamburg, not far from Buffalo; his occupation that of farming and market-gardening. For a few years he was Superintendent of a Friends' School, or in charge of its boarding department, and was greatly interested in educational, temperance and benevolent work through all his life. About fifteen years since he came to Macedon Centre, desiring a home in his advancing age near a religious society of his own choice, and in a community imbued by inheritance with those sound principles of peace and right and love, which seems to have been the especial mission of Friends to establish amid the jarring discords of three centuries. Here he passed his remaining years,

leading a simple, quiet life, his home opening its hospitable doors to guests, to strangers and to teachers; having for all a kind word and a cheerful welcome. For several years he was a trustee of the Academy, and in 1877 President of the Board. As long as age and strength permitted, he was a regular attendant upon the exhibitions and anniversaries, and both students and teachers will long remember his kind words of encouragement. In his religious life there was no wavering or uncertainty. With him the inward light grew brighter and brighter into the perfect day. In his personal care of of this plain, unadorned meeting house, in sunshine and in storm, he exemplified the words of one of old: "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tent of wickedness." Of such a life it has been written, "At evening time there shall be light." So it was with Isaac Baker. Three days before his death he said to the writer, in speaking of his great age, "I have nothing to complain of." A common place remark, yet revealing the peace that floweth like a river. Taken suddenly ill on Saturday afternoon, in twenty-four hours he passed away. Tuesday, after remarks by John Cornell and Margaretta Walton, of Philadelphia, a little informal procession without bell or ritual, moved in silent step to the Friends' Burial Ground of early times, and laid away all that was mortal of the beloved husband, the tender father, the upright citizen, the honest man. After life's long service Isaac Baker rests in the place he had chosen a week before—a fitting associate in these modern times for the pioneer Friends who lie in unknown graves, resting as sweetly under the buttercups and the daisies as those who sleep beneath monumental marble.—[From a local paper.

It has been asserted in the Paris Academy of Medicine that tobacco smoking is the real cause of the depopulation of France.

THE MOTHER.

[By W. W. Campbell, in Harper's Magazine.]

I.

It was April blossoming spring,
They buried me, when the birds did sing;
Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with black, damp girth.

Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.

Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.

For though in the under-grave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white,

Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow.

The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew

The water-ghosts up from lakes below,
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.

Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.

I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.

Though they had buried me dark and low
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,
I was a bride nine months and more,

From throes of pain they buried me low,
For death had finished a mother's woe.

But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.

I dreamed of my babe and I kenned that his
rest
Was broken in wallings-on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling;
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.

When the winds are soft and the blossoms are
red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.

I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead.

Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and
warm.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud :
No stars shone white, no winds were loud ;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call ;

And I kened me a voice, though my lips were
dumb :

Hush, baby, hush ! for mother is come.

I passed the sunset to my husband's home ;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb ;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death,

I listened a space at my chamber door,
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm,
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there !
O come with me from the pain and care !

"O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming
girth,

"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long
And mother will croon you a slumber song,

"A slumber song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth song lies !

"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there."

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast.
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars ;

Dead to its hates, its hope, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on his throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that ' steal from the mur-
muring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

The ground of all great thoughts is
sadness.—[Bailey.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMP-
BELL.

The Canadian public may be relied upon to recognize the merits of its greatest men after their praises have been sounded so loudly in the United States that only the wilfully deaf could fail to hear them. It was not until after the charms of "Among the Millet" had been pointed out at length in the critical department and by the very critical reviewer of *Harper's Magazine*, that Mr. Archibald Lampman began to take his rightful place in the estimation of Canadian readers. The same degree of sleepy-headed-ness is being exemplified in the case of Rev. William Wilfred Campbell. Perhaps never before has the dry skeptic air of this science-smitten age been stirred by a strain of such surpassing sweetness as that contained in his poem of "The Mother," first printed in *Harper's* for April. It must have been a weird seizure of the poet's mind that led to such a wondrously imaginative delineation of a dead mother's longing after her first-born. There is a nameless pulsation and warmth in every verse before which the reader cannot remain unmoved, and a strength of genius in the way the impossible situation is at once idealized and yet made vividly real that has never been excelled. Had this little masterpiece been signed by the name of Tennyson or Swinburne, the fame of its appearing would have gone forth through the civilized world. But it was the work of a Canadian poet, and consequently no Canadian journal, so far as we know (with the exception of the London *Advertiser*), saw anything in it at first glance worthy of even appreciative comment. It was left for the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* to declare that nothing so truly great as "The Mother" has appeared in American literature for many a day, and that it is worthy to be classed among the scant half-dozen immortal poems in the language. Then ensued a great stretching and yawning and rubbing of eyes

among Canadian book noticers. One could almost hear them say, "Yes, it is a real ray of the sun, just as the *Inter-Ocean* says, but that is always such a difficult thing to distinguish from the gleam of a tallow candle."

Is it, indeed, a difficult thing to distinguish? There is rhyme enough in the world—verses, verses all around, and not a word worth reading. And in addition there is a vast amount—a daily increasing amount—of metrical ease and grace and general pleasingness which is generally spoken of as poetry, but which does not haunt the memory, nor stir the imagination, nor touch the heart. The only way is to judge for one's self. Accept no critic's indifference or praise. Read the poem ("The Mother" yourself, and see if you are not thrilled and penetrated by the genius of motherhood's ideal interpreter.

Mr. Campbell's is by no means a new name in our literature. His volume of "Lake Lyrics" contains a large number of exquisite poems, of which "A Canadian Folk Song" is one of our special favorites. The poet's literary work is subordinated to his vocation. He is a Church of England clergyman at Southampton, Bruce county. Last November, in a private parlor, we were privileged to be his sole auditors, while he read page after page from a pile of unpublished poems of unvarying excellence, finishing all with "The Mother," which was read as such a poem deserves to be read. "You will never again be so great as you were when you wrote that," we said, as the "Good-nights" were spoken. That was a memorable evening, and the lasting impression it has left is that those who know not true poetry, though they may have every other form of riches, are poor indeed.—[Wives and Daughters, London, Canada.

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints,

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Back from the forest primeval,
Far from the din and the strife,
Stands the old house of worship
Where the Friends gather newness of life.

Where the well-trained choir of God's song-
sters,
Out in the trees warble forth
Their hymnals of praise and of gladness
For freedom of air and of thought.

The quiet old-house faces wood-ward,
A beautiful outlook indeed,
Inspiring a worshipful silence
Far better than ministering creed.

We sat with the doors wide open,
Just letting the sunlight pour in,
And away on the wings of the breeze
Seemed borne our various sins.

The unpainted floor and the benches,
Indication of heart's purest thought,
In whiteness gleamed forth in the sunlight,
Teaching lessons which man never taught.

A covering of silence settled o'er us,
A silence far stronger than words,
And man thus communed in his soul
With God and the songs of his birds.

There's no sweeter symbol of truth
Than this plain old house in the wood,
Seeming to teach its own freedom,
A freedom not long understood.

The world is gradually coming
To thoughts of a simpler cast,
And creeds will finally be lost
In the great heart of truth at the last.
ELLA WEEKS CLARK.

"ATTENDING PLACES OF AMUSEMENTS."

In persuing last month's REVIEW I was pained at seeing this appear in our paper. Is it true that our young Friends are fast following the example of the world. Can we take the principle we profess in the dancing hall with us, or shall we leave it outside and when we return take it up again? Where is the dividing line; are there no limits to restrict our children? I unite with the former writer on this subject. There are higher enjoyments to be

realized. The sweet communion with our Heavenly Father and peace within the soul, with a full assurance that we are doing our Master's will, performing the little duties required of us, what can bring a happier thought than this?

I speak from my own experience, judging only for myself. I know if I should indulge in the frivolities of this world I should break that harmony with my Heavenly Father and then cause sorrow in my heart

It has been my earnest effort from childhood to do those things that are pleasing in His sight. Though many of us in our youth may have stepped from the path of rectitude; still God with his divine love and the gentle admonition of our parents have restored us again to the fold.

I have not written this with a prejudiced feeling. It is only as a "drop in the bucket," and may assist some young mind in the journey through life.

BERTHA A. POUND

Mulgrove, Ont., 7 Mo. 26th.

FRIENDS' MEETING.

Battle Creek monthly meeting met by adjournment at the home of Hannah Smith, near Canandaigua, Mich., on the 29th.

The attendance was small, and most of the Friends rode twenty miles to be with us, but we felt it to be a pleasant season, and can only hope that such meetings may not soon be discontinued, for though few in numbers and often discouraged, we realize that the promise is to the two or three gathered together in His name.

The few Friends of Battle Creek Monthly Meeting have had a most acceptable and comforting visit from Margaretta Walton, and Martha Dodgson; accompanied by Daniel and Susan Zavitz, and Caroline Cutler.

We are so remote and so few in numbers that such visits are rare and possibly the more prized.

They held a meeting at Battle Creek, Mich., on 7th mo. 17th, one at West

Unity, Ohio, on the 18th, and were at our meeting, near West Unity, on the 19th, where their presence seemed to our little company like a spring in a thirsty land.

We appreciated the love that prompted so great a self-sacrifice, for our helping, and hope to treasure the words of instruction and encouragement.

The social mingling in our homes was also precious, and we think we realize:

"How beautiful, on the mountains, are the feet of them that bring glad tidings."

ELIZABETH S. SMITH.

TO FAINT HEARTS, DISCOURAGED BECAUSE OF THE WAY.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.

Why are ye so fearful and cast down?

Such a condition is not helpful to progress on the King's Highway, which is the way of holiness; are your feet placed therein, and your mind fully determined to follow on. Search now into the cause of your despondency; gather out the stones, and lift up the standard of your King.

Have you not, from childhood, "wanted to be good," as the little ones say, striven after God in the first dawn of your intelligence?

In your youth did you not set before you an ideal of goodness, and prayed unto the Lord, in secret, to help you to live up to it? Have you not striven, with more or less energy and faithfulness, in some degree, or influenced by your nature and surroundings, to be a child of God?

With the increase of years and understanding your ideal has become more exalted, more holy. Perhaps you have reached middle life, and are feeling as mournful as the poet Hood, when he thought himself "further off from heaven than when he was a child."

Remember how you then stretched out your little hands in prayer, unquestioning and unknowing, to your Father in Heaven, and troubled yourself no further, believing He heard and would grant your request—remember how, in youth, it seemed an easy and desirable thing to be on the Lord's side and do the right. You were then earnest and sincere, *even as now*; let not your fuller experience of the ways and allurements of the world, and the weakness of your own heart crush you, nor the sense of your sins, shortcomings and failures. Your ideal has been advancing, and will become more and more perfect. This is the way God leads us on; surely you will not now give up the pursuit! If the retrospect of your life ends only with a cry for mercy from your lips, still look upward! Still believe that the promises of God stand sure, they are yea and amen for evermore, not one shall fail. "They that seek Me shall find Me." "God loves to be longed for; He loves to be sought."

Even now your desire is that you may reach to Him, if only to touch the hem of His garment. Faithful He has ever been to you, and been your Saviour from the first, though you knew Him not. Thank Him that His divine grace has kept your will from departing wholly from its early purpose. Let your backward glances now strengthen your faith, even though they may be very humbling to your self-consciousness. "Hope in God and praise Him evermore."

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped you."

"O, that men *would* praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

Dear Friends, let us not live below our privileges any longer, and let us mind it is Satan's fête day to see the Saints depressed, to hear them murmuring, desponding and faithless.

M. FELLOWS.

LINES

ON THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE "FOX
OAKS" AT FLUSHING, WHICH DIED
DURING THE SUMMER OF
1861

Thou patriarch of the forest! thy boughs are
leafless now,
For death has touched thy vitals, and laid thy
beauty low;
Though thou hast stood for centuries, in all thy
might and power,
And men have worshipped under thee, in some
far distant hour.

What now has caused thy ruin? was it done
by man's device
When he laid "the gases" near thy roots that
sapped thy inner life?
Or was it done by time's own hand, to show
frail man his doom,
To teach him that the "frosts of age," may
ne'er keep him from the tomb.

The companion of thy early life, as well as
later years,
Hath bowed its head unto the dust, and we
bade it adieu with tears;
For centuries ye stood erect, your branches
spreading wide,
And the winds of heaven swept mournfully,
along your leafy side.

But now, the last surviving Oak, in its majes-
tic pride,
Hath gathered up its failing limbs, and with-
ered at its side;
Who now shall sing your requiem? and hold
you up to view,
As monarchs of the forest, that hath stood so
firm and true.

Your infancy commenced 'ere the white man's
foot had trod
Upon the virgin soil, where the Indian wig-
wam stood;
'Tis true that ye have been our idols, for gen-
erations past,
And mementoes have been gathered, which
will your time outlast.

For thousands have beheld you, because of
*him** who tarried there,
Beneath your spreading branches, and raised
his voice in humble prayer;
How many generations have grown be-
neath your shade,
Whose children's children now have watched
your leafy branches fade.
'Tis therefore that we feel regret, that ye have
passed away,
But your memory we'll cherish, while your
stately trunks decay.

—ELIZA H. BELL.

*George Fox.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

No longer lies nature asleep in the root ;
 She blooms in yon bough, lo ! she sets in
 yon fruit,
 Too soon from the bough if the blossom
 should fall,
 No fruit will succeed, the gay blossom is all.
 Think, think, oh my soul, what a lesson for
 thee !
 The bough may bloom fair, but quite barren
 the tree ;
 While planted I am in this garden below,
 Some fruit, if but little, some fruit I must
 show ;
 Lest He that has planted should say with a
 frown :
 The axe to the root, cut the cumberer down ;
 My season for bearing, not long it may last,
 Then, wise let me be ere that season is past ;
 Heaven, heaven is the clime, and once plant
 me but there ;
 Oh ! how will I bloom, and what fruit will I
 bear !
 In the Planter's own garden, beneath his own
 eye,
 My leaf shall not wither, my fruit shall not
 die ;
 By that Fountain of Life I shall flourishing
 stand,
 Which ever shall flow at the Planter's right
 hand.

ANON.

OUR COSY CORNER.

Waterloo, June 22, 1891.

Dear Little People,—I am so glad you came to see me, for, ever since I received the May number of the REVIEW, I feel almost as though your "Hopeful Band" had really visited me, and it afforded me helpful pleasure. What is there more comforting, more devotedly unselfish, than the sympathy of the little ones? What hands are more ready than little hands to undertake any task within their power? What hands are tenderer when sickness overtakes us, to smooth away the pain? What hearts feel more keenly for other's sorrows than little hearts, or more willingly try to assuage them? What hearts more than little hearts rejoice when we are glad? If there be any among my grown up brethren who would put away from him the love of one of these, he is putting far away from him

the kingdom of heaven, and for his pitiable condition my tears do heavy fall. Verily, yea, verily, unless he open his heart to receive what God hath sent him, never will he find peace in life or death; but from such a condition, life will recede, and death follow more swiftly. Let us pray that if such there be, *Light* and *Life* will prevail, and the fullness of joy, in this life and henceforth, *forever*. But why these tears? Surely they are not for the little people? No, oh no! Not unless there may be some who are slighted, then our tears would fall for their fate, but these are not of our Hopeful Band, for joyous and free, and glad are we, no shadow rests over our land. Yet I am afraid you have discovered what I have been trying to hide from you, that cousin Julia is sad to-night, and cannot write cheerily to the little folks. I hardly dared tell you why I had so long delayed writing, lest it should sadden your hearts, yet here you have caught me weepingly wandering through an imaginary valley of shadows, that has not an existence in the known world, at least we hope not. Not anywhere, *no not anywhere!* Even in the homes of squallid misery, they come, these little messengers of light, bringing with them something of peace and joy, something of the kingdom of heaven, and though it may be sometimes to struggle with poverty and pain, yet, still they are angels of God, for which the parents should say, truly, for this Thy gift, we thank Thee, O, Our Father! With this thankful prayer would come the double blessing that was meant, a blessing to the other hearts at home, and to the one that cometh. O, what a priceless treasure is the gift of a human soul, to nurture and fit for eternity! What a sacred thing, what a holy charge! What tender vigilance it requires, what guarded self-denial, *self-control!* And the same applies, whether in the guardianship of ourselves, or of others in keeping! But, dear children, these thoughts can hardly be for you; I had

so many beautiful thoughts for you, that kept coming and coming when I was busy, and then I grew so weary that I never could tell them all to you. Then to our neighbors and friends did sickness come, once, twice, thrice; and the death-angel knocked at the next door twice, once at the very next door to our home, and once next door to our hearts. But though we mourn, the departed do rejoice.

Not for them are these thoughts to-night,
Nor any of their good kin,
For they loved the children with main and
might,
The depths of their hearts within,
And each meets a daughter in realms of
Light,
Where never was thought of sin.

Dear children, I would not have written to-night, but I was afraid if another month went by with no tidings you would think I had surely forgotten you. Come little band, put forth a hand, and lead me out of the shadows into the sunshine of our Cosy Corner.

Cousin JULIA.

[We regret that this article was unintentionally crowded out last month.—Eds.]

THE BOY MOSES IN EGYPT.

Written for the "Little Folks."

A boy, eleven or twelve years old,* stood on the banks of the Nile watching, with sober earnestness, a procession just coming into view at some distance down the river. As it drew nearer he raised his eyes toward heaven, clasped his hands, and his lips might be seen to move in prayer. As the procession approached he stepped aside and gazed with a strange look in his eyes as the priests, in snow-white garments, led the sacred cows by golden chains, followed by a crocodile in a cage-like cart, surrounded by every dainty a crocodile might fancy; still another curious conveyance was occupied by a hawk, some beetles, and the deadly asp. A priest also carried in his hands a beautiful casket, inlaid with precious stones containing—*onions!*

Then followed carts, bearing images, more than I can describe, some of them very horrible, part human, part beast or bird, and with the most hideous features it would seem that man could invent. The procession was followed by a lot of children, but they moved in a quiet, reverent way, although as some grew tired they stopped to gather flowers or to talk together in little groups. At length one group drew near the boy who had watched the procession from a distance, and who had now thrown himself on the grass and lay quietly watching the children. A little girl approached him and said: "Moses, I should think that one as good as thou art would be following the procession." "What is there in the procession that could do me any good?" inquired the youth, as he raised to the little maiden a pair of dark blue eyes, almost black in their earnestness and depth. "Why," she replied, "both of the sacred cows were out to-day." "Oh, yes," chimed in her little brother, "and the crocodile, I couldn't help but bow down to him." Said another child: "I worship the great god Ammon." "Oh, yes," said a large boy, "thou art from Thebes, I worship Phthah." "Well," said a little Ethiopian girl, "none of them are greater than Kneph." Another child liked best the beautiful hawk, while a little girl of four or five summers exclaimed: "O, I do love the holy beetles." At this last remark Moses laughed aloud. While the children looked at him in astonishment and indignation. Then the worshipper of Phthah, a boy of fifteen years, said to Moses: "How darest thou laugh at the sacred gods of Egypt? *thou* a miserable Hebrew!" "Hush," said his sister, "is he not the son of our Princess, who would rather destroy us all than have him offended." Moses' eyes flashed and his hands clenched for a moment, but controlling himself he stood up and, with a look of power, striking in the face of one so young, he addressed his companions: "Do you

not know there is but one God, who made the heavens and the earth, and everything upon the earth," but his voice was stopped by the rising murmur of indignation which, however, he quickly quieted by saying: "Ask your own priests—ask them if Ammon is not to show that God is hidden from our sight, while Phthah teaches us that God will reveal Himself to the faithful; and Kneph," he added, turning to the little Ethiopian girl, "means life or spirit, and is to show us that God is a spirit, and His spirit is the power that gives life to every living creature; and the hawk means light and spirit, and shows that the light which shines in our hearts is from God's spirit. And the moon-gods and the sun-gods, and every god of the Egyptians is only to show some attribute of the one great God, the God of Israel, whom your highest priests dare not deny, who revealed Himself to holy men of old, and," he added, in a lower tone, "He does reveal Himself to His children even now," and turning on his heel he walked rapidly away, leaving the children speechless with amazement, as they knew nothing of the mysteries of their religion, but Moses had been instructed in it all, and more than that he received from his good mother the knowledge of the true God, *our* God, who, even at this time, was teaching His child to obey His voice alone, and preparing him for the great work which, had the Egyptians known of beforehand, how quickly would they have murdered the boy who provoked, while he awed them by his strange words. But God protected His child as He does to-day every boy and girl who tries to do His will, and trusts Him to help them do right. If the boys and girls who read the REVIEW wish to learn what Moses did after he was a man, they will find the account of it in Exodus, commencing with the 2nd chapter.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

*Jewish tradition states that at twelve years of age Moses left the Egyptian Princess, and joined the fortunes of his countrymen.

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