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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. III

LONDON, ONT., NINTH MONTH, 1888.

NO. 9

A HYMN.

Go forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth :
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Thou forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth ;
For noble service 't'ou art here—
Thy brothers help, thy God reverse.

—[Samuel Longfellow.]

HINTS ON CONDUCTING A BIBLE CLASS.

Essay read by Edgar M. Zavitz at the First-day School Conference, at Yarmouth, Ont., 8th Mo., 21, 1888.

Right methods in study will insure success more certainly than talent or genius. The latter make surprising growth at the start, but right methods, when once formed, remain through life, and it is they who hold out to the end that win the race. If this paper will help any one to a clearer conception of the right methods in studying the Bible—that inexhaustible storehouse of knowledge then my trouble, and the time I occupy of this Conference, will not be spent in vain.

It was once said and it has been repeated often, that "there is no royal road to learning." As it is not a Bible expression I trust I may take exception to it without being cannonized as an unbeliever. I have come to think that there is one true way and only one; that there are right methods in acquiring knowledge; that there is a "royal road to learning."

We, as a Society insist on worship through the Spirit, let us insist also on study through the Spirit, for "the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life" in study as well as in worship. I do not mean merely invoking the divine Spirit to our aid. That we already acknowledge is important. He knows the most truly and wisely who lives nearest the great Source of all knowledge, which is God. But I mean here and now an entering into the spirit of the thing we call study. The vain repetition of words by the mouth is of no avail. Unless the fact, or the image, that the words attempted to describe, pass before the mind's vision and leaves its impress stamped thereon, there is no true knowledge acquired. Words at the most are symbols, but are too often tinkling symbols. They are nuts without any meat inside; husks without any kernel; a sound without any soul. These similes very perfectly, and very painfully represent the knowledge we might say of the majority of mankind. What vast opportunities! How very few utilized! How little we really know compared even with what we might know! How then can we move faster? My answer is by moving slower. Be thorough, instead of superficial. Let your companion, blessed with greater genius, fly at a hare's pace, if he will, through the husk of things, but be thyself contented to take the tortoise gait if necessary, but go into the heart of things. It is not profitable to feed the mind on husks any more than the body. The body must have the kernel; the mind must have the image, as the soul must have the Spirit.

"Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you." Except the body eat

and drink that, that God intends for its food; it can have no life in it. *Eating* and *drinking* is the process whereby foreign substances are brought into a state and position where they can be transformed into the nature, the needs, and the life of the body.

Except the *soul* eat and drink it can have no life in it. Eating and drinking represents the process by which that that God intends for the soul's food is transformed into its nature, its needs, its life.

So with the mind Except *it* eat and drink, transform to its very nature, appropriate to its very being, according to its needs, it can have *no life in it*. Eating and drinking is the first step and consequently represents the process of assimilation. And assimilation is the law of life everywhere.

The mind should not act like a sponge that takes in water and ejects it again the same, or discolored by its own impurities; but should act like the amodipeba that takes in foreign particles, transforms them to its own nature, and builds up its own little being, or, like the human body itself. The mind has been called a storehouse of knowledge. It is no more a storehouse than the body is. It is something *more*.

If we are through marvelling how the mind can eat and drink, let us not turn away like some of old, but see how we can apply this process, experimentally, in our Bible Class work. The best way to induce the mind to appropriate anything and make it its own is to demand of that mind a *reproduction*, of the thing. If it can reproduce a thing, that thing has been eaten, digested, assimilated, appropriated, and has been a *part* of the mind. Acting on this theory I ask each one in my class to condense, in a sentence or two of their own, the substance or the leading thought, of the lesson. If they do this, I know that they have not simply studied at the lesson, but that they have mentally eaten and

drank the lesson. It has been, as was promised, *life* to the mind.

I have dwelt on this first hint almost too long to introduce any more. I did so because I felt it was vitally important, and perhaps new to some. I shall but briefly touch upon one or two others. Shall we teach *doctrine*? A great many say, no. It is apt to lead into unprofitable discussions, so they skip all the deeper things in the lesson. It is said of commentators that they explain the easy points, and pass over all the difficult ones. I do not believe in this method nor do I practise it. If there are any dark places in the lesson they are the very ones I pick out, that by directing the aggregate light of the differently constituted and experienced minds of the class into them we might see what there *is* there. A half dozen candles may lighten a dark corner where one cannot penetrate. I fancy the cry against teaching doctrine comes from our timidity. We are afraid our principles will not stand the test. Let us try them. If they will not the sooner they fall the better. *Whatever* they are let them not make cowards of us. But we need not be alarmed. I believe, and the more I see them come in contact with the world the *more* I believe it, that our principles are founded on the everlasting, indestructible truth.

I think moreover that teaching doctrine is not only our *right* but our *duty*. If we refuse to instil unceasingly into the minds of the members of our class the doctrine of the Inner Light, the principle for which our beloved society was called into existence to promulgate before the world, if we insist on shutting this doctrine out, I believe our F. D. Schools would become dead, and our Society itself would die. And this is the *only* doctrine I know of belonging to Quakerism. If any one believes that God communicated by immediate revelation, and *obeys* whatsoever is thus revealed to his soul, it is all that I, and I believe all that Quakerism asks.

And in our classes it is not enough to *proclaim* publicly for this revealing power, but we should be living witnesses of its influence, with our minds ever open to fuller convictions and new truths coming directly from God.

As regards the Lesson Leaves, I think them a great help in *preparing* the lesson. I believe in gaining knowledge from every available source possible. Yet I acknowledge that the best and greatest source, greater than all others together, is directly from God, the origin of all truth and of all knowledge, with Himself as the Teacher of every heart.

But in the class I use the leaves sparingly. Let nothing of an outward nature check the flow when the flood-gates of the Spirit World are opened. Do not let the mind become perplexed, or the eyes grow weary, with looking text after text that should have been done before, but let them look away as it were into the spirit land, and drink in the flood of fresh inspirations of truth and knowledge as it flows down into our souls from the eternal, inexhaustible, life-giving fountain.

For the REVIEW.

GOD'S SUNFLOWER.

"Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled and took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Acts 5, 13th.

Now choose thee a flower from the bloom-spangled earth,

Thy emblem to be,

In whose beauty or graces, or virtue or worth,
Men thy likeness may see.

Wilt thou gather the rose in her freshness of bloom,

From the blush of the morn,

Which in life or in death spread a tender perfume

By the breezes upborne?

Or a bell of the lily flower, fragrant and fair,
Which is purity's crown,

Or sweet Eglantine filling with odours the air,
From on high drooping down?

Or the violet retiring and modest and sweet.

Either purple or white,

Only found by its fragrance to blow at your feet,

Almost hidden from sight?

Wilt thou choose the white Jessamine wet with the dew,

Or the blossom of May,

Or Hyacinth with ringlets of crimson or blue

Or the flower of a day?

Not these quoth my friend, my emblem shall be
The flower of the sun,

I would turn toward the glory that beameth on me

Till the day shall be done.

I would show forth the glory, with countenance bright,

Firm, upright and free,

That men's hearts may rejoice and be glad at the sight

When they gaze upon me.

God's sunflower, receiving all light from His love,

All strength from His power

Absorbing the rays from His spirit above,

While on me He doth pour.

I would boldly reflect all the beams of His grace.

That the world might believe,

There is joy for the souls, who seeking His face

His full blessing receive.

Then think not my choice without wisdom, nor deem,

That irreverent and gay

I would flaunt in God's sunshine and throw back its gleam

Like a trifler at play.

With a heart fully purposed to God would I turn

With joy and delight,

That all who may see me one lesson may learn

To live in the light.

M. FELLOWS.

No one can estimate the value of forming right methods. Z.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN.

At the tender age of nine years, thro' the medium of a much used and much abused Campbell's geography, I made my first acquaintance with Red River. The name being suggestive of many delightful possibilities, I pictured to myself the paradise it would be for any lucky youngster, aged nine, who lived upon its shores. Not that I supposed its waters to be actually red in hue, but I fondly imagined they would be, say a lively pink, something between the color of Aaron's robe in my "Scripture Illustrated," and the ibis on the next page.

If any cobwebs of childish fancy still cling about the dark corners of my mind they were destined to speedy expulsion when I first beheld the river of my early dreams. I first saw it as we entered Winnipeg one rainy morning about a month ago, and of all the brown, muddy streams I ever saw surely it was the brownest and muddiest. It was swollen with late rains, and seemed to have almost a sullen look without a vestige of that cherry sparkle, and song inherent in most rivers. But then the majority of things as well as people look their worst in rainy weather. That same morning I had also my first glimpse of the far-famed Winnipeg mud. Its blackness so impressed me that traces of it still cling to sundry of my garments. But the main streets of this enterprising little city are now well paved; and the mud of early history, consigned, as in all other well-regulated and self-respecting towns, to oblivion and the back streets, Winnipeg is a self-respecting town, very much so. But I was obliged to regret, which I trust I did with a proper sense of the enormity of my mistake in not having arranged otherwise, that I could remain in this "chief factor of westward civilization" only the length of time required to "clean de cawh, sah." This welcome operation over and having meanwhile partaken of Winnipeg hospitality

to the extent of three oranges, for which I tendered the unworthy sum of twenty-five cents, I doffed waterproof and rubbers and betook me to my seat in the car. Those oranges were the smallest I ever saw; yes, and the seediest, but be it understood that in stating these facts I cast no reflection upon Winnipeg, I am aware that that city doesn't aspire to raise its own oranges.

Soon we were steaming westward again, out into the boundless prairie, such miles and miles of it, "as far as eye could see" and a great deal farther! All day long the same monotonous stretch of level plain, and at night when curtained into my tiny corner of creation I peeped out of the window to see a dim vision of straight land stretching away to a horizon which might be near one million miles distant. The morning light broke again to reveal just the same expanse of level, grey-green earth reaching out to the blue dome above. Uninteresting? Let me tell you some of the things I saw on this monotonous prairie journey.

First then, the ineffacable traces which the once reigning king of the prairie has left behind him. "Buffalo tracks" stretching across thousands of acres are plainly to be seen. They are two parallel lines or ruts sometimes very deeply cut into the soil. It is said that so vast was the number of Buffalos in one herd that a single immigrating journey sufficed to cut a track which should stand for ages. Another trace of buffalo is the "wallow," a round hollow or indentation, now for the most part grass-grown, in the plain. Judging from the innumerable hollows of this description one is led to the conclusion that the noble animal must have, as an irreverent fellow-traveller put it, "done no end of wallowing." Here and there a white skull gleams from under the low sage brush or is half hidden in the grass. Often the horns are still attached, and, though somewhat roughened by wind and weather, make with their rich dark tones a striking contrast to the white bone of

the skull. At one time the whole plain was thickly covered with these relics, but they have been gathered, at least in the vicinity of the C. P. R., by the ton to be used for purposes of enriching the land wrested from a banished race. Gone utterly and forever is the buffalo; and in an incredibly short space of time. An old buffalo hunter told me that only a few years ago he traveled through herds of buffalo so large that it has taken him days to pass each herd; and eight years ago this summer a boat on which a friend of mine was coming up the Missouri, was stopped by a herd of buffalo crossing the river. Now, not a buffalo is to be found in the whole Northwest. Even their horns sell for two dollars or more per pair.

We passed a great many lakes on our way, some of them very pretty, over which wild fowl hovered and startled by our approach would fly low, dipping their bright wings in the water. Many of the lakes on the plains, however, are alkaline, most unpleasant to the eye, gray and stagnant, with no green thing venturing near. In one place I saw a fine flock of pelicans wheeling in the sunlight above one of these lakes, they were a beautiful sight, now white and shining like burnished silver in the strong sunshine then black as night silhouetted against the clear sky, as in stately flight they slowly circled away from us. In spite of the fact that our engine invariably stopped at the most barren places in sight I generally managed to secure some of the wild flowers which grow abundantly and in great variety all over the prairie, many of them are beautiful, quite different from our eastern wildflowers and it seemed to me much brighter in coloring. A species of cactus with its gay rose-colored blossoms was conspicuously charming. We caught glimpses of one or two wild animals, and my friends tell me that occasionally even yet an antelope may be seen scudding across the plain. In one of the loneliest spots, hundreds of miles from human

habitation, I saw a little mound of green earth upon a slight elevation with a wooden cross at the head. Some mother's son laid away to rest with the wild prairie winds sweeping for a thousand miles to sing his requiem and the silent stars keep watch by night above his lonely grave!

As we neared Medicine Hat, Indians were occasionally to be seen, sometimes standing or more often squatting about the stations, usually with polished buffalo horns for sale; and sometimes scudding across the country on horseback. They were dressed in their native garments and with their gay moccasins and blankets, ruddy dark skins, and flowing black hair, were exceedingly picturesque. Some of the men were painted red and yellow, and all wore shining ear-rings and ornaments of all sorts. Very well these become them too, and a stalwart Indian in full regalia is a handsome and striking sight. But these, too, like those other monarchs of the plain are fast going. In many parts of the West they are adopting white men's costumes and while this may be in some respects good for them it destroys their individuality and picturqueness. These and many more to me equally interesting things I saw while crossing the prairie. But how shall I describe what I saw beyond it? Better pens than mine have failed in attempting to describe the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, they are indescribable! The plains are but a preface to the mountains and most willingly would I have incurred the fatigue of a much longer prairie journey for my first half-hour among the mountains. My first sight of them came under exceptionally favorable circumstances, in the transfiguring light of a most glorious sunrise, with just enough mist and cloud to brighten the effect. Under the rising sun they were crimson, and gold, and flame-colored and stood like mighty altars with pillars of fire rising before them; while in the shadows where the sunlight could not penetrate they were of deepest blue.

It was to me like a dream or a vision of the city that is within golden gates.

In a few minutes prosaic daylight had banished the crimson and gold, but the mountains remained wonderfully beautiful, lifting their blue, snow-crowned heads far above the drifting clouds that were slowly dissolving before the warm sunshine. Some lofty peaks were suggestive of gigantic cathedrals, with towers reaching to heaven. Indeed one of the finest is called castle mountain, a bare turreted rock with the snow and ice hugging its shoulders. In some places the greenish hues of glacier ice was plainly visible, though so high above that our necks suffered in the attempt to bring it within eye range. At the summit of the Rockies we came upon Kicking Horse River, at first a comparatively small stream, but gathering force and size in its descent between the Rockies and Selkirks. It is a magnificent mountain torrent, surging and foaming and roaring for miles along the C. P. R. track. At first it is of a rich, perfectly transparent, emerald green color, but in the valley, after its tempestuous course, it shows opal tints which are very beautiful, pale green or tortoise blue, and here and there warmer tints, even a flush of pink, caught from the shady rocks that rise high above it, their sharp, slanting edges glistening in the sunlight. The Illycillywaet is another wild stream, which I found very beautiful, winding back and forth under our track and in some places dashing itself furiously against the rocky walls that prison it, and foaming between narrow points where it can be spanned by a log. I greatly enjoyed all the mountain torrents, and did not grow callous to their beauty even though their name was legion. Had my eyes been shut I should have known by the sudden breath of cool, delicious air when we were passing one. From thousands of feet above us on one side it would come tumbling and tearing down to the river, thousands of feet below, on the other side, a stream of purest,

clearest water, or spray rather, for it would be white with the foam of its own wild flight. Nearly all these streams have cut canons for themselves of various depths, and often the sloping sides are clothed with luxuriant green, mossy stones and logs with dainty wild flowers clustering about them. Sometimes the stream itself is almost hidden from sight by the tangle of green things that crowd upon its edges and drink of its waters. Through the kindness of a thoughtful fellow-traveller I also drank from one of these wild mountain torrents. Such a pure, cold, sparkling cup of water, straightway from the cloud-wreathed peak above me. Was it really so much more satisfying and exhilarating than water from the gilded tank in the corner of the car? or had the courtesy by which I received it improved its flavor? Kind acts have a fairy trick of improving the flavor of most things in this world.

Later on in my journey when I passed the Columbia, broad and smooth and majestic, "a mighty river flowing to the sea." I thought how all these tiny streams back in the mountains were gathering melting snow upon a thousand hills and bringing it to feed this great river deep and wide enough to carry ocean steamers upon its breast and how their toiling in the middle places wrought all this expanse of blue water in the open. Several times we were up to snow level and once I even looked down upon a snowbank fifty feet below me. It gave one a curious sensation to be wilting under the almost tropical heat of a railway car and at the same time looking upon a huge bank of snow within a stone's throw, but said snow bank showing no signs of melting, being in fact rather crusty! I meant to tell you about the snowslide, or rather their tracks where tall trees had been mown down like grass; and of the stately firs and cedars and spruces, much finer than ours which clothe the mountains of British Columbia; of the wonderful Caribou

Road winding for hundreds of miles around the mountains, over torrents and under cliffs, bridging rivers and climbing rocky walls; I wanted to tell you about Mount Baker which seventy miles distant shone like silver in the brilliant sun, and of ever so many other things; but I have already overrun my time and space.

Six hundred miles of scenery is too much to be taken at one dose, or given in one telling, and the half has not been told. H.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

There is, perhaps, no spot on this side of the Atlantic ocean that can evoke more legendary lore than the Hudson and its surroundings. While sailing up the river in one of her most elegantly equipped steamers, it seemed as though every wave that lashed our sides was but striking the lyre of the past. The Hudson's charming historian appeared upon the horizon of our thoughts, and as we approached the Catskill Mountains the memory of Rip Van Winkle became so vivid that we saw, or seemed to see him as he trudged up the mountain side with dog and gun.

Through the pen of Irving, our gentle stream has become immortalized, and awakens more interest in the passing traveller because of its undying songs.

A week spent in the Catskill was time profitably utilized. The sublimity of nature, the multitudinous mountains, as they roll one upon another, fill the soul with an unspeakable grandeur.

The Overlook Mountain Tower presents one of the grandest views in the world. From this elevation we can look over an unbroken space of 32 thousand square miles, including the new Albany Capitol and the principal mountains in several states. The road which winds up to this dizzy height, is in places almost perpendicular. But as our horse conveyed us near the top; the unlimited river and

the redolence of the mountain balsam seemed to add our courage until we reached the summit. Our return trip over the other side of the mountain gave us a more extended view of the entire chain. We roamed around in such a circuitous route that the passing traveller would totally fail in keeping the points of the compass. For miles and miles we drove over roads made of broken flag-stones and often over positive rocks, where a native of this country would have pandered long ere he ventured with his light carriage.

Weary and worn we returned to our boarding place where a refreshing sleep restored our shattered nerves and overstrained eyes to their normal condition. Sleep is indeed nature's sweet restorer, and I am not sure but what the mountain air was so conducive to slumber that I might have passed a cycle with "Old Rip."

As the time approaches for our departure we feel a peculiar endearment for those scenes haunted by the poet's song, and it is with mingled feelings that we say farewell.

On my homeward journey I spent an accidental day in Cornwall. A "sister in trouble," like myself, having both of us to wait for evening trains, started off to inspect the town. We wandered up the drive-way leading to the spacious residence of E. P. Roe, the American Novelist, who has since my visit gone to his last home. A little further on we came to the dwelling of Dr. Abbott, the successor in the pulpit to Henry Ward Beecher. So the day passed very agreeably and when evening came I could not but hail it as a partial success.

In order to get the most effective view of a picture, stand back from it a while, and gaze on it from a distance. So with home, take a tour from home and when you return you see it in more glaring colors than you ever saw it before, you can almost feel the enthusiasm of William Tell on his return to Switzerland.

ELLA WEEKS.

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THE CONFERENCE.—There were no changes adopted at the First-day School General Conference that will necessitate or permit any vital deviation from the plan of work now in use. Almost universal approbation was expressed at the manner in which the Lesson Leaves are now conducted, and as nearly all were present who do the work of compiling them they received, no doubt, much encouragement, and will labor on in the future more assured that their task is deeply appreciated, though it may be an arduous and a responsible one. There was a hope expressed by some that we might be able in the near future to prepare our lessons independent of the International Course, and finally to dispense with lesson leaves altogether,

letting each school form its own course. With our present necessity of unifying and confirming the beliefs of widely scattered Friends, and the general sentiment growing in favor of following the International Course, we feel that the reversion will not soon come nor the circumstances soon prevail when such a change will be permitted or such a course advantageous. Very noticeably and encouraging was the interest manifested by the young people. Our esteemed friend L. J. R., speaking of this feature in her letter to the *Intelligencer and Journal* says: "There is an awakening among the young members of this meeting and a willingness to share the duties and responsibilities of its service, that is very promising. No where else, perhaps, within our borders, is this so marked a feature. It recalls the experiences of the olden time, when so many who were young in years were called to the work of the ministry, and gave abundant evidence of divine appointment. That some such revival has had its beginning in the meetings just held, is very apparent; that it may spread throughout our whole heritage, is the prayer that arises from many who, like Simeon of old, are waiting for the consolation of (our) Israel."

But God has still another purpose in view by these international minglings. He is continually binding individual subjects of each nation nearer together by the ties of love and friendly feeling, and although open ruptures may at times appear at the surface yet the under-current of good will must prevail, and potentates, for selfish ends, will fulminate against our mutual peace all in vain.

We hardly feel justified in passing without comment a statement or two by our Friend Louisa J. Roberts in her article in the *Intelligencer and Journal* of 9th mo. 1st., entitled "Friends in Canada." She says, "The social intercourse here, as elsewhere among Friends of the Province of Ontario, indicates a warm feeling

towards "the States," and an earnest desire for closer bonds in civil matters ; some advocating union, and others separate government with reciprocity ; not one, so far as I heard, being in favor of continuing the present relations with Great Britain." That we have a warm feeling towards "the States" is true, as we think we should have for wards all nations and especially to those at our doors. We hope to have this "warm feeling" reciprocated by our American Friends. That there is an earnest desire for closer bonds in civil matters" is true of a very few indeed in Canada. That Canadians wish closer relations in *commercial* matters is, we believe, true of a large majority. The statement that "not one, so far as I heard, being in favor of continuing the present relations with Great Britain" is very misleading, and is likely to leave on the minds of readers very erroneous impressions. If Canada is not in favor of continuing the present relations with Great Britain, it is on account of a desire for *deser* relationship. Our present Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, the Hon. Edward Blake, late leader of the Liberals in the House of Commons, and the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the present leader, and many others of our most noted public men, are strong advocates of closer relationship with Great Britain, in the shape of Imperial Federation, and in this they are supported by the masses. We believe Canadians are loyal to their native land, and to their mother land ; and we think that Canadian Friends are no exception. Canadian thought is at present reaching out in two directions in civil matters towards Imperial Federation—in *commercial* matters towards unrestricted reciprocity with the United States ; and we hope in time to accomplish both.

All communications are thankfully received from an original thought or report of meeting, to an exhaustive essay. Be loyal to our motto. We ask it in behalf of our Society. Its great need is well-fur-

nished and experienced writers. May we come to realize the full value of our inheritance, and see that it suffer, no eclipse in our possession, but receive the further perfecting and added adornments from us that are due to it from each generation.

A CENTENARIAN.

The 100th anniversary of the birth of "Aunt" Peggy Minard, mother of John Minard, widely known among Friends, was celebrated at his residence in Yarmouth on the 13th of last month, she being 100 years o'd on First-day the 12th. It was estimated that twelve hundred people were present. The beautiful grounds seemed to be all in animation, especially under the trees where the tables were set and heaped with luxuries. Aunt Peggy sat in a chair on the portico, and above her waved banners painted with the suggestive mottoes "1788 1888," "100 years," while she shook hands with five generations of her own children, and conversed on matters that happened, and in which she formed a part, almost a century ago. From the portico speeches were delivered by some of the prominent men present, who rehearsed many of the events that have stirred the world in her life time, but which seem to us almost antiquity. The *St. Thomas Journal* gives the following bit of history in connection: "Aunt Peggy was born near St. Catharines, her maiden name being Honsinger. Her grandfather came from Germany, and settled in Rhode Island. Her father fought for King George in the Revolutionary war at Bunker's Hill. After the war, with other U. E. Loyalists, he received a grant of land in Canada. Her mother heard the guns that ushered in the war of the American revolution at Lexington and Bunker's Hill. Sixty-seven years ago she came to within three miles of where she at present resides, and has lived in the locality ever since. Her husband died 23 years ago at the age of 73 years. Of her six children five are still living."

NEWS OF FRIENDS.

I have thought that a little account of one of the smallest and most distant of our monthly meetings might not be amiss.

Battle Creek monthly meeting is all that is left of the once large body of Friends in Michigan. It was held 7th month, 25th, at the house of Joseph Smith, where it has seemed best to adjourn it once a year.

Our two preparative meetings, (Battle Creek and West Unity) are nearly ninety miles apart, and Friends are few and most of them feeble, so the meeting is extremely small. This time a company of nine members met, most of whom had come twenty miles. We greatly enjoyed the social mingling and the meeting. But we could not help remembering our small numbers. The only encouragement was that the few seem anxious to keep up our little meeting, and maintain our testimonies. We do not feel willing to be left with no religious associations and helps, and would gladly help others to find a practical and simple religion, but this outlook is not encouraging. The meeting was as large as usual.

PELHAM HALF-YEAR MEETING.

[Instead of writing up a report of our half-yearly meeting we will let our readers "see ourselves as others see us," by quoting from *Intelligencer and Journal*. Ed.]

Pelham half-year meeting, held at Yarmouth, Ontario, on Eighth month 18th, was an interesting occasion to the many strangers there gathered from various parts of "the States," as well as to the members thereof who so cordially welcomed their "American" friends. The day was unusually pleasant, and this, in addition to the commodious house, most beautifully located in a fine grove of native maple and beech trees, well filled with intelligent, warm-hearted people, was comforting and inspiring.

The public service, in the hour de-

voted to worship, devolved upon Isaac Wilson, of Bloomfield, Ontario, and David B. Bullock, of Salem, N. J. To many present the holding of a large meeting in joint session was a new experience, and the impression left was that of satisfaction and profit. The business was transacted with dignity and the attention was close and earnest. The reading and answering of the queries, with the excellent advices in the beautiful language of their revised Book of Discipline, was very impressive. Minutes were read, one from Green street, Philadelphia, for Louisa J. Roberts, a minister, and one from Shrewsbury, N. J., for Phebe C. Wright, an Elder; these were received with expressions of welcome, which was extended to the many strangers present without minutes, with equal cordiality. The extracts from the late Genesee Yearly Meeting were read in part, and to these, as well as to the searching words of exhortation to diligence in the attendance of meetings, both from L. J. Roberts and Isaac Wilson, those assembled gave earnest heed. The session closed under a feeling of thankfulness for the opportunity granted.

The First day meeting following the H. Y. Meeting was very largely attended; some not being able to obtain seats remained outside in their carriages at the doors. The solemnity of the people was marked, and the opportunity a most favored one. L. J. Roberts opened the meeting by a brief but fervent prayer, which was followed by a clear and living testimony by Serena Minard to the perpetual presence of God and the nearness to us, at all times, of the Heavenly Kingdom. But the discourse of the day was given through Isaac Wilson, who, with great power presented the spirituality and practical character of the religion taught by Jesus Christ. The delivery occupied nearly an hour and baptized the entire assembly. At the close the voice of thankfulness was heard from several full hearts, and the meeting closed in a solemnity felt to be universal. H.

THOUGHTS.

We should be willing all times to do what we know to be our duty if we would be happy.

Is it not time to stop being anxious over the things we "want" and will never receive, and take a grateful view of the blessings we have already with us?

Live the present life up to our highest conceptions, and there need be no regret for having lived, but rather a feeling of gratitude for having been placed here to see, think and do.

It is not ours to be ashamed of such abilities as we have; they are what we have received at the hands of our Creator. In the great future there will be no high, no low, as such.

All we have we received from God, hence we should devote whatever talent He has been pleased to give us to His service. It matters not whether our talent be wealth of gold or wealth of mind or wealth of physical strength we are equally responsible for the right use of them all. H. H. W.

Immediate revelation would throw the sunlight of God's truth into many a dark problem where theologians are searching with the uncertain lamplight of history.

The world has two ways of bringing up its children. Part believe they are born with sin and we must beat it out of them, a few believe they're born pure and we must not beat sin in them. The latter is the more rational, human and Christ like, and becomes better a loving Father.

Thoughts sometimes come to the mind that are as sparkling as dew-drops; but when put on paper they seem dull, like dew drops caught in the hand simply water. But as it is the water and not the sparkle that refreshes the flower, the thought and not wholly the brightness of it that feeds the mind, let us contribute our little though it may seem dull.

I often think that we who live in the country, have pictures and music showered upon us that are wasted for want of eyes to see and ears to hear. When I have been rested and helped by the beauty in cloud and flower and landscape, or the soft notes of birds or bees I have so wished that all might learn to see, hear, and appreciate these free gifts for they do much to compensate for the more active life, and the so called greater privileges of cities and they help us to look from "nature up to nature's God." Z.

Every hand has at some time stretched forth, vainly seeking a new token.

Man can endow a god with only those characteristics and attributes which lie within his own conception.

Our lives, like skeins of yarn, though of different material and texture, are all reeled straight, then why the kinks and snarls and obstructions to the unwinding process. In the first place, some kinds of thread are more naturally inclined to snarl than others, according to the twist given it by the spinner, the material of which it is made, the degree of fineness, the dressing it has had and the whole care it has had preparatory to beginning the unwinding. With care to start aright, round after round, as day after day does it unwind, sometimes quite a while without any tangling, then careful patience adjusting for a little may obviate the difficulty and the thread of life go on again evenly as before, each hinderance forgotten, by the unwinder as soon as over, on, on to the end—the more snarly the thread or disposition the more care and patience is required of the unwinder lest the troubles be multiplied by wrong doing. S.

Among the many grand and noble words that grace our language, I think that few excel that grand word, —*aspiration*. Pointing ever forward with lifted finger, it speaks to us of victories yet unwon, of new acquirements that shall bring new powers and add new beauty and glory to our

nature. There are sweeter, fonder words, as *love, home, friendship, kindness, charity*; there are many virtues—*courage, purity, benevolence, self-control*—which we cannot sufficiently reverence and admire, and, crowning all, *wisdom, righteousness, and holiness*, shine with a lustre that makes pale the stars. Yet all these, at last, only express fixed states of the soul; they are stations, not progress; they are attainments not the striving to attain. Aspiration rests not with the present. It throws a brightness over the future, and fills it with boundless promise. Its past career is nothing compared with that now opening before it. "This," it whispers, "I shall presently seize this, and that. Time and patience, and I shall make all things my own. Knowledge, virtues, graces, all that is worth possessing, are strewn along this onward path. They only await my coming, to yeild themselves up at a word."

Learn a lesson from yon rough, ugly weed by the wayside. It holds up its head to the sun and rain and dew, and strikes its roots deep in the soil, nor cares aught for man's opinion. Conscientious only of its right to existence and that the resources of nature are free to all, it takes a quiet pleasure in spreading wider and higher, and fulfilling the ends for which it was called into being. And who shall say that to great nature it is not as dear as the fairest of her children? Respect your own nature. Prize it higher than your life. Though full of defects, it is your only hope. Only through it can any good come to you. Cling to it, and, as the years go by, you shall strengthen, enlarge, and adorn it, shall make it great and beautiful within and without. Is it indeed a misfortune that you were born imperfect, like the rest of the universe? The full-grown oak does not burst at once from the acorn, or the mighty river from its source in the mountains; but they grow and grow. So do worlds and world systems. So does the human soul. The oak tree is noble in every moment of existence; when it is a

young sprout not as high as your head, no less than when it has grown to be a tall, strong giant. One hour of aspiration to-day is worth as much as an hour in the holiest life. The present fulfilling of the higher will is the true nobility.
W. S. W.

For Young Friends' Review.

Shall we let the light extinguish? came forcibly to my mind while looking over the stanzas in the "thought" column. "There is always work, and tools to work withal for those who will." How often a little encouragement may brighten and rekindle a heavenly spark that is almost obliterated. I believe there are many, who by mere neglect or want of time let these opportunities slip by unnoticed, but if we would take time to write them, however small, more would be added. We should be mindful that we are only to remain here a short time, therefore let us be active, improve the talent that we possess.

BERTHA A. ZAVITZ.

CLASS POEM, 1888.

MACEDON CENTRE, ACADEMY.

The ways of the world are strange,
And the ways of God are wise;
Sunshine and shadows have their way,
And joys and gladness have their day,
And so have tears and sighs.

Life is a wonderful thing
So full of promise and pain.
Hope illumines its path for an hour,
Then sorrow comes with its awful power,
And the brightness seems in vain.

But the human soul has a gift,
The glorious gift "to know,"
And it has the strength of a fearless will
That can bid defiance to many an ill,
And vanquish many a foe.

Yes, vanquish every foe
That stands in the way of success;
While the work handed forth to talent and
time,
E're the mountain of science so hard to climb,
Bring labor only to bless.

And many a day have we wrought
 With a mingling of hope and fear ;
 Wrought and sought for the precious ore,
 The golden sands and light of lore,
 'Within these walls so dear.

All thanks to the cherishing care
 That knowing the needs of our youth,
 And with strength to lead and wisdom to guide
 In ways so pleasant and paths so wide,
 The paths of honor and truth.

Have helped us thus far on our way,
 'Til we've learned how to dig and to climb
 To the depth of the mine, or the mountain
 height,
 How to work in the darkness - 'Til up to the
 light
 We bring the problems of time.

The ways of our future are near
 With duties and mysteries rife ;
 May our virtues be strong and our visions be
 clear,
 As mingled with song or with sighing—we hear
 The deep diapason of life.

Yes, our future lies out like a sea
 Whose surface is just in view ;
 Waiting and wondering each of us stands,
 Ready to grasp the oar in our hands,
 And leave the old for the new.

The old—what say we? the past,
 The beautiful past that was ours ;
 The precious friends so dear and so true—
 No, we'd keep the old though we welcome
 the new,
 The fruits as well as the flowers.

May their ble-sings go with us through time,
 Ere the blessings their counsels have given ;
 And may it be granted to hear as we wait
 In garments of white at the beautiful gate,
 Their welcoming voices in Heaven.

Let us ask for the wisdom we need,
 Let us seek for the way that is right ;
 In the world there's a work He will call us to do,
 The hours hasten on—the laborers are few—
 And the harvest already is white.

And may He who has power over all,
 In His wisdom, forbearance and love,
 Cleanse each heart from its weakness as gold
 from its dross,
 Give us strength 'gainst temptation to take up
 the cross,
 Though we wait for the crowning above.
 A. H. G.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The sixteenth General Conference of the First-day School workers belonging to the seven Yearly Meetings of Friends of America, convened at Sparta in Ontario, Canada, on the 20th and 21st of last month, All the Yearly Meetings were represented except Illinois. There were present six delegates from Indiana Association, three from Ohio, one from Baltimore, eleven from Philadelphia, six from New York, and six from Genesee. Many others, not delegates, were in attendance.

The reports of the Executive and Literature Committees, and of the Associations of the seven Yearly Meetings, together with an essay from each bearing on F. D. School work, with discussions thereon, was outlined as the programme of the Conference.

There were four sessions held in all, of two and a half hours each, and many points of interest in F. D. S. work came up, and were fully and freely discussed. The reports from our several Associations were full of encouragement, and presented forcibly the deep root this important branch of church work has taken in all our Yearly Meetings. The reports of the committees were adopted. Some of the papers read seemed a little foreign to the work, while others caught the spirit of the Conference and were heartily endorsed and appreciated. The spirit in which the work of the Executive and Literature Committees had been done for the past two years received warm approval, and much encouragement was given them in the fulfilment of their arduous tasks. The popular theme for discussion throughout, and the one subject which would "up and out" at every opportunity was the "Lesson Leaves," in all its phases. And no wonder for it is one in which every school is directly interested. This, together with the well known fact, that a difference of opinion had existed as to the propriety of the following, the "International" series of lessons, added interest to the subject.

The previous discussions in the several Associations intensified that interest and at the same time educated all in the excellencies or defects in the two systems proposed, viz., of following the "International" or a series of our own choice. The preponderating opinion in the Conference was, as it had been in nearly all the Associations, for a continuation on the basis of the International lessons. Some still hoped we might adopt a series of our own in time, while others earnestly desired that we might so grow in Spiritual Grace, that a time might come when we would not need lesson leaves of any kind. The opinion seemed universal that we should fearlessly present our views, and give our own interpretation in plain terms in the Lessons. It was generally expressed that our present Lesson Leaves were in the right line, and encouragement was given those who prepared them in the prosecution of their work. The number of members on the Executive Committee was somewhat increased, and they were authorized to call on the several Associations for an amount not to exceed \$1,000 per year to defray expenses. Invitations to hold the next meeting was received from New-York, Baltimore and Indiana, but the feeling was to "go west," and the Conference adjourned to meet in Indiana in the fall of 1890.

The discussions on the various subjects as they came up were full of life and earnestness, yet always tempered with condescension and charity, and the spirit of love prevailed.

One of those side issues which are always forcing themselves to the front at such times, and which are often of great importance, claimed much of the time of one session, viz.: The encouragement of more of a missionary spirit in our Society, and especially in our children. The word missionary was not used in its narrow sense of proselytizing to this or that denomination, but to the Church of Christ, and giving encouragement to a higher, purer, walk

in life, and a thousand ways on every hand were pointed out by which such might be entered into with good results. It was thought by Friends that by enlisting the interest of the children in such work we might solve the problem of keeping our young people with us. It is certain we can only do so by giving them some work adapted to their condition and agreeable to their best wishes. After all some of the best results of these conferences come from the opportunity they afford to the members from distant parts to become acquainted and to be drawn into nearer sympathy and unity with each other. It is wonderful what a widening effect mere international lines have with the ignorant. Canadian Friends have rejoiced to mingle with, and to entertain their American Friends, and I hope that each may be alike loyal to their beloved country and nation, and I believe both have reasons to be without allowing any prejudices of a national character to mar their unity of spirit and love.

S. P. Z.

FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET.

To-day, tired of pouring over books, of tracing and appropriating trains of thoughts originated and developed in the minds of people in whom I have no personal interest, I wander across the meadow, along the ever laughing rippling brooklet and over the foot worn log which spans it. The sunny buttercups and bright-faced field-daisies bid me welcome, and here and there, nestled at the foot of the daisy stalks, or half hidden by the grasses, a group of cheery, upturned faces, those precious little good-luck trios, the clover leaves peep out to wish me good speed. The alternate waves of sunlight and shadow chasing each other over the wind swept meadow; the tall, lithe, delicately graceful grasses, the pretty nodding sedges, thick luxuriant clumps of nettles, broad leaved dock, purple crowned

thistles, thorny brambles, and royal golden rod seem to have won new beauties since my last stroll, and lured on by the woodland shadows, I make my way to the nook at the foot of my favorite elm.

The western wind sweeping across the meadowland could scarcely be called the gentle zephyr of the poets; but safely sheltered by my rugged friend, the patriarch elm, I listen dreamily to nature's melody, while my eyes follow some bits of thistle down idly wondering whence they have come and whither bound, until imagination takes up the theme and traces the summer day wanderings of these fairy bohemians.

A little troupe of airy skirmishers resting so lightly amid the bristling bayonets of their fortress home reflect from a thousand dew-drops shields the first golden arrows that pierce the soft evening gray of the eastern horizon; but 'King Sol' whose rising is heralded by breaking clouds and the lurid glow of advancing artillery, flushing fiery red with rage at being thus trifled with, calls Boreas to his aid, and together they send forth a volley that shatters the dew drops armour, and scatters the airy waifs to the four winds. It is for just such a bohemian existence that they are fitted, these fairy fugitives, and right merrily they flit about borne by the slightest breath of wind; now coquetting with the butter-flies; now frolicing with the daisies; now skimming along the meadow, now sailing higher, and still higher until they seem lost amid the cerulean clouds; now floating gently downward to rest for a moment in the snowy chalice of a stately lily; then wafted on, stopping here to peep in at a farm house window, then making their way through the cool forest shadows, and then whirled on to mingle with the hurry and bustle and rush of the noisy city. But I would follow the wanderers more closely, I would know all that they see and hear during one bright summer's day, I would see all the pictures that they see, and hear all the stories as they might hear them.

First a little cottage half hidden with ivy and honey suckle, and the wandering bits of thistle down wafted through an open lattice, lightly touch the dimpled hands, dream parted lips and sunny curls of what might be the sleeping embodiment of one of Raphael's angels. "Life's rosy dawning" the poets say and is it not a fitting simile? for it would seem that in the snowy brow, the soft round slumber-tinted cheeks, and golden ringlets, nature had reproduced the fleecy, rose-flushed, gold-tipped clouds, and now the white lids tremble through the rising clouds a glimpse of heaven's own blue, and baby hands reach out to catch the floating summer snow flakes, but the very motion of the little hands sends them from him, and next moment they are whirled through the open door, and far out over the summer-scented fields. How often, little hands, during the long and weary day before you, will the adverse wind that bears away the object of your longing, be created by your own undisciplined struggles.

Then, perchance, an embryonic statesman, with bare, brown feet, berry-stained hands and torn straw hat, makes his way in head-long haste to the weather beaten school-house at the foot of the hill, and thistle down stops a moment to peep curiously in at a window. The large desk at one end of the room faces rows of smaller ones with many busy heads bent over them; some deep in the mysteries of that perplexing multiplication table, other small brains are trying to comprehend why CAT doesn't spell dog. First steps in the never ending ladder! Looking on we smile, forgetting our own struggles--forgetting that the first rounds of the ladder are just as far apart as the rest when we are close to them, and that climbing is hard, wearisome work for tender little hands and feet, and as yet 'tis but sunrise with these awakening minds, with many weary hours to come ere they reach the golden noontide. But a sudden gust

of wind catches up my bits of down, and again they are sent straying over broad waving meadows, green hedges, scattered houses, and finally are dropped at the very centre of the bustling city, to be caught up now by this gush, now by that; now in Broadway, now at the wharf; now floating about the grounds and over the roofs of princely mansions, now wandering about dark alleys and squalid courts, What glimpses of joyous brightness! what lights of misery and gloom! what myriad pictures of all the varied moments of life's long day! A wailing child in a gloomy garret, a gambling den, a felons' cell, a group of ragged news boys, eagerly watching chances, a bridal party, an election procession bearing aloft the "chosen of the people" proceeded by the never failing brass band, and followed by an admiring rabble of street urchins. Truly the final reward must be great that carries an aspiring candidate through the multifarious agonies of election day! One of those fitful breezes that whirl unexpectedly around street corners lodges my silvery balloons under the platform, whence the newly elected pours forth a stream of burning eloquence savoring wonderfully of certain inaccidental speeches. Astounding is the fire of patriotism and fraternity kindled on nomination day in the heart of a candidate for political honors, and still more astounding its results as if by magic the haughty, exclusive and even arrogant Mr. Z., is transformed into the genial large hearted brother of workmen, and struggling genius at last of the class of workmen and struggling geniuses who possess a property qualification for a vote when he says "friends," you feel at once that he wants to invite each individual member of his audience home to dinner; "Countrymen" impresses the idea that there is no place like Canada and that there isn't an abler representative in the Dominion than himself. When with outstretched arms he ejaculates "Brethren!" you know before he tells you so that his feelings overpower him; that he never before

felt the fire of patriotic zeal, philanthropy and fraternity so strong within him; and so he dwells upon his ambition for his country, his consciousness of responsibility and his determination to devote himself to the interest of the people, you feel personally aggrieved that he was not long ago given a chance to revolutionize civic affairs.

Possibly thistledown muses sagely that a judicious distribution of the patriotism bottled up for election day would do our country better service than these periodic explosions.

Simplicity in character, in manners, in style; in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

"Churches come and go, creeds are formulated and forgotten; but the heart still ponders the mysteries of life, and hands are always being lifted to the Eternal."

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything—such at least as would carry us further than can easily be imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything and leads us towards perfection.—Locke.

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