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# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VII.

LONDON, ONT., ELEVENTH MONTH, 1892.

NO. 11

## AT FOURSORE.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless  
deep  
Turns home again.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.—*Tennyson.*

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise.  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.  
—*Whittier.*

## THE GROWTH OF TEMPERANCE WITHIN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A Paper read by S. P. Zavitz at the second Quarterly Philanthropic Meeting at Coldstream.

All great changes in society, either for good or evil, are accomplished by gradual process. No great reform of any evil has been accomplished in a day. The prophets who foresee the ultimate results of the evil courses, and dare to institute a reform, are always few at first, but of sturdy stuff. The Society of Friends is to-day practically almost free from any direct interest or connection with the liquor traffic, more so than any other organization in Christian lands, whether religious or temperance. We have not been so always. But, as in nearly all other reforms of modern times, we have been the pioneers, and have kept in advance of others in the progress of the movement towards the total prohibition of the use and traffic in alcoholic liquors. It is estimated that 40,000 slaves were liberated by the Friends of America long before the war of the rebellion. In the earlier days of our Society in America many slaves were held by Friends. So, too, in the earlier days the liquor traffic had its roots deeply imbedded in and flourished upon Quaker soil. But concerned minds were early moved by the suffering and woe wrought by the destroying drink, and the subject of its more temperate use became the burthen of many of our meetings.

So early as 1679 Friends in New Jersey and Pennsylvania had their attention arrested by the ravages of strong drink among the Indians, and

Burlington Monthly Meeting made the following minute :

"It is desired that Friends would consider the matter, as touching the selling of rum unto the Indians [whether it] be lawful at all, for Friends professing Truth to be concerned in it."

In 1685 the Yearly Meeting made this record :

"This meeting doth unanimously agree, and give as their judgment, that it is not consistent with the honor of Truth, for any that make profession thereof, to sell rum or other strong liquors to the Indians, because they use them not to moderation, but to excess and drunkenness."

Another Yearly Meeting minute dated 1687 is very striking :

"The practice of selling rum, or other strong liquors, to the Indians, either directly or indirectly, or exchanging rum or other strong liquors for any goods or merchandise with them, considering the abuse they make of it, is a thing contrary to the mind of the Lord, and a great grief and burden to His people, and a great reflection and dishonor to the truth, so far as any professing it are concerned ; and, for the more effectual preventing this evil practice, as aforesaid, we advise that this our testimony be entered in every Monthly Meeting book, and every Friend belonging to said meeting to subscribe the same."

Michener, in his "Retrospect of Early Quakerism," tells us that "Middletown Monthly Meeting has a minute of this kind, signed by forty-nine members. Perhaps the earliest instance of a temperance pledge on record" In 1709 the Yearly Meeting

"Advised that none accustom themselves to vain and idle company, sipping and tipping of drams and strong drink, in inns or elsewhere."

In 1721 the Yearly Meeting refers in a minute to the fact that "peoples being hurt and disguised by strong drink seems to be a prevailing evil."

In 1738

"The proposal of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, respecting the great number of public houses, being considered, it is recommended (by the Yearly Meeting) to such Friends of the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings belonging to this meeting as are magistrates, that they use their endeavors to lessen the number of persons recommended for that service ; and that Friends be careful not to sign petitions to recommend any but such as are proper persons, or where there is a real necessity."

In 1788 a committee of the Yearly Meeting recommended

"That the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings be excited and enjoined early to appoint committees, unitedly to proceed in visiting and treating with our members, individually, who are concerned in importing spirituous liquors from the West India Islands or other places ; . . . and those who purchase and retail such liquors in greater or less quantities ; as also those members who are concerned in the distillation of these liquors from grain or other produce, either in their own families, or encouraging or promoting it in others."

The same committee deemed it expedient to caution Friends as to excess in the medicinal use of spirituous liquors. That it was not spirituous liquors only which caused concern about this time is shown by the public acknowledgment of a member of New Garden Monthly Meeting, that "I, the subscriber, was so unguarded some time ago as to drink cider in public company, to my hurt, and to the reproach of the profession I make."

1792.—"The concern of the body respecting the distillation, dealing in and use of spirituous liquors, appears to have been attended to in the several quarters, and labor extended occasionally by committees of Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, some of the reports being expressive of a degree of encouraging prospects, most of those visited acknowledging the righteous-

ness of Friends' testimony herein, though some in the different meetings appear entangled by apprehensions of a necessity to continue a traffic in this pernicious article. One report expressing that, upon the whole, it does not appear that the concern has gained ground since last year."

1793.—Report was made that committees in some of the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings have visited such professing with us, who are in the practice of dealing in or promoting the unnecessary use of distilled spirituous liquors, some of whom have declined the business, and others acknowledge the righteousness of our testimony, yet greater readiness to relinquish the prospect of gain thro' that channel is still wanting in some. and three of the quarters intimate that they do not apprehend Friends' testimony has gained ground the last year."

A committee appointed to consider the subject made the following report, which being solidly attended to, the same was with much unanimity united with :

"We, the committee appointed to take into consideration the subject of distilled spirituous liquors, having met and weightily deliberated thereon, as also examined former minutes of the Yearly Meeting on the subject, agree to report: That it is our united sense and judgment, it would be expedient for the Yearly Meeting to recommend to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings, to continue their cares in a strict observance of the advices handed down by minutes of 1777 and 1788, and if any should reject the advice of their Friends by continuing the practice of importing or vending distilled spirituous liquors, either on their own account or as agents for others, or distil or retail such liquors, or sell or grind grain for the use of distillation, that such should not be employed in any services in the church; nor their contributions received for the use thereof, and a clear and explicit account of the state of their members, with the care of meet-

ings to such herein be sent up next year. And we further propose, if any should distil spirits out of grain, or retail such liquors, that Monthly Meetings should deal with them as with other offenders, and if they cannot be prevailed upon to desist from such a practice, be at liberty to declare their disunity with them."

1801.—"The subject of spirituous liquors has obtained solid attention and regard in the several meetings, from the accounts whereof it appears that there are fifteen members engaged in distillation, fifty that deal in or retail this article, and several others who frequently use it in the time of harvest or otherwise; several of the Quarters mention that some of their members are concerned in the practice, but do not specify the number, and there are also divers who have their fruit of cider converted into spirits. To nearly all those whose conduct has given occasion of concern and pain on this account, visits have been made and brotherly endeavors used to dissuade them from a practice so repugnant to the advice of the body and their own religious benefit; and tho' a degree of comfort is derived from a prospect of amendment in some places, a few seeming desirous of becoming disentangled from the business, yet, in general, little real advancement in this testimony has been made since last year."

From these extracts, which I have gleaned from articles in *Friends Review* (Philadelphia), we may see that though Friends began early in their testimony against the evils of intoxicating liquors the work towards prohibition was slow. However, within the memory of most of us here there has seldom come to our notice a member of our Society addicted to its use. We may say of the progress of the reform in this line within our Society, as Whittier said in reference to the abolition of slavery in our Society, "there is a perennial value in the example exhibited of the power of truth, urged patiently and in earnest love, to overcome the

difficulties in the way of the eradication of an evil system strengthened by long habit, entangled with all the complex relations of society, and closely allied with the love of power, the pride of family, and the lust of gain."

By the same methods, and in harmony with our principles and testimonies, we should be able to extend a helping hand in the great work of freeing our fellowmen from the thralldom which this great evil enforces.

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### WHITTIER

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(FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.)

Like melting snows; like rivulets, pure and melodious, purling through wooded vales, loitering in pastures and "tented fields," sweeping into rivers and on into the vast ocean; like a dove that soars through the heavens, and, steadying its wings, gradually and beautifully glides to its resting place; like a vessel with its sails carefully furled casting anchor in harbor; like the music of a grand orchestra which, at first gently heard, swells into the full liberty of its strength and gradually softens into beautiful symphonies, and, lingering, faintly dies away into eternity,—so sweetly lived and passed beyond, the gentle, pure, noble and sublime spirit of Whittier. How, in conformity with the fitness of things, his long life of 84 years, so closely in touch with nature, closed in the afternoon of day. It was not morning; it was not lonely night; autumn had not yet tinted its hills; it was in the close of harvest time that eternity gathered in its fully ripened sheaf. Sun and nature, towards the end of toil and day, witnessed the triumphal entry through the portals of the illimitable beyond. What rapture to that soul in the new day-dawn awaited him, we know not, but Thou! O Immortality! has already witnessed how far hath been realized the vision of him who sang,—

"So when Time's veil shall fall asunder  
The soul may know

No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
But with the upward rise, and with the  
vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem  
No new revealing;  
Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
Or pleasant memory of a dream  
The loved and cherished past upon the  
law life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light  
May have its dawning;  
And, as in summer's northern night  
The evening and the dawn unite;  
The sunset hues of Time blend with the  
soul's new morning."

W. G. B.

Toronto.

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### A WHITTIER MEMORIAL DAY.

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The little gathering of Friends at Pickering held a memorial meeting on the 9th of 10 mo. in honor of our revered friend and poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. A number of Friends responded to the invitation to bring some tribute to his memory, and an interesting and profitable hour was enjoyed in listening to the selections chosen from the writings of the departed poet, and different articles read in eulogy of his life. A paper was compiled and read on the "Life of Whittier." The opening selection was the beautiful little poem, "Requirement," which many, or all, have undoubtedly read, yet the excellency and fullness of it, I think, merits a repetition here:

"We live by faith, but faith is not the slave  
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and  
God's  
Nature and Duty's never are at odds.  
What asks our Father of his children save  
Justice and mercy and humility,  
A reasonable service of good deeds,  
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,  
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to  
see  
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?  
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,  
But the calm beauty of an ardent life,  
Whose very breathing is our worded praise!  
A life that stands as all true lives have  
stood—  
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is  
good."

A FRIEND.

## ESSAY.

Compiled and read by a Friend at the Whittier Memorial Meeting held at Pickering.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, was born in Haverhill, Mass., in Essex County, on the 17th of 12 mo., 1807. His parents were Friends and "plain people," farmers living in a modest and frugal way on a farm which had come down to his father from the first ancestor of his family, Whittier, who came to Massachusetts in 1638. The old home, the poet wrote some years ago in a reminiscent article for the press, 'nestled in the valley,' and the dear old landscape of my boyhood days lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings.

Whittier's mother was Abigail Hussey, from New Hampshire, a member of an Irish family which had long been noted among Friends. There were several members of the Whittier family. I will mention one, his younger sister, Elizabeth, who, it is said, was the intimate companion of her brother in his literary work, and is said to have been a person of rare attractions and accomplishments.

Born on a farm, Whittier's first occupations were those of a farmer's boy driving the cows to and from pasture, riding to mill, fetching in wood for the undying kitchen fire, and helping in the lighter labors of haying and harvest. He was thus early brought into that intimate communion of Mother Earth and with Nature, which comes not by mere observation, and which gives such a peculiar charm of picturesque truth to so many of his poems. What he thus learned, and the use he made of it, are visible in many of his poems, which speaks of the manner of life in the old farm-house in the boyhood of the poet himself described in the stories told around the hearth-fire by his parents. His school days were necessarily few. At ten, it may be said, his active life commenced. Of the old

school-house he attended he has given a lively picture in that exquisite and touching poem, "In School Days." The happy and cheerful character of his boyhood life is declared in many places, but especially in "Barefoot Boy," where he sings,

"Oh, for boyhood time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from Fall to Fall;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickeral pond;  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond;  
Mine on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hyperides!  
I was monarch; pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy."

It is said an early occupation, begun when he was 12 years old, was shoe-making. The work at the shoe-maker's bench and the devotion to the muse of poetry began nearly together. Roused by the example of Burns, a copy of whose poems had come into his possession when he was 14 years old, he began to versify. His first published poem was entitled, "The Exile's Departure," which was sent to the office of the Newburyport "*Free Press*" and inserted in the "Poets' Corner" to the unspeakable delight of the farmer boy. Soon other verses came from the same source, until the editor inquired of the postman who it was that was sending letters from East Haverhill? The postman said it was a farmer's son named Whittier, whereupon the editor decided to ride over on horseback, a distance of 15 miles and see his contributor.

The acquaintance then began grew into intimacy. Of the visit Whittier himself says:—"I was called in from hoeing in the cornfield to see him. He encouraged me and urged my father to send me to school. I longed

for an education, but the means to procure it were wanting. Luckily, the young man who worked for us on the farm in the summer eked out his small income by making ladies' shoes and slippers in the winter, and I learned enough of him to earn a sum sufficient to carry me through a term of six months in the Haverhill Academy. Later I ventured upon another expedient for raising money and kept a district school in the adjoining town of Amesbury, thereby enabling me to have another Academy term.'

After this he received an invitation to take charge of the Hartford (Conn.) "Review" in the place of the famous George D. Prentice. He was unwilling to lose the chance of doing something more in accordance with his tastes, and though he felt his unfitness accepted it and remained nearly two years, when he was called home by the illness of his father, who died soon after. He then took charge of the farm--and worked to make both ends meet, and, aided by his mother's and sister's thrift and economy, in some measure succeeded.

His return to the farm may have been helpful rather than otherwise to his poetical genius. The leisure and the close association with nature gave him opportunity to employ the educating processes whose command he had acquired by his trip to the outer world.

In April, 1834, according to the Life of Whittier by W. Sloane Kennedy, the first Anti-Slavery Society was organized in Haverhill, with John G. Whittier, Corresponding-Secretary. At one time he was assailed in the streets with clubs and stones and would unquestionably have been killed had he not obtained refuge in the house of a man named Kent, who, although he was not an abolitionist himself, barred his door and told the mob they should have Whittier only over his dead body. He had become, in 1836, Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and in 1838 he came to Philadelphia to edit a newspaper in the anti-slavery interest,

the "*Pennsylvania Freeman*." The office of the "*Freeman*" was robbed at the time Pennsylvania Hall was burned, and afterwards Whittier returned to Massachusetts, fixing his home at Amesbury, whither also his mother and other members of the family removed. Whittier's verses were the first beacon to many in the anti-slavery campaign. The Northern States were stirred to frenzy by his superb appeals. They responded with almost grasping eagerness. Perhaps he was less the poet of war than Lowell. War was hateful to his Quaker spirit, but not so hateful as slavery, and thus it is that, although he said no word of bloodshed, the soldiers of the North found no more inspiring singer than the man of peace.

In the half century after he settled his home in Amesbury, about 1842, was given mostly to writing. The records of his busy days is chiefly shown in the list of his published books. He recognized his poetic gift to be as much a spiritual gift as that of preaching or of tongues, and every line he wrote was to emancipate and elevate mankind. It is such lives as his that make us know that Christ's religion is true, for great and good as was the writer, greater, deeper and lovelier was the man himself.

Never since the days of Fox, Penn, and Barclay has there been one who more completely voiced in his writings, and presented in his example, the ideal Friend. Living for the brotherhood of man he never forgot the Fatherhood of God, and this enabled him to so order his days that in the end peace crowned all. He dies leaving no descendant to bear his name, so it will stand alone its own monument, to which men can point as to the saints of old inasmuch as he tried faithfully to follow the Master he so loved, and of whom he so reverently says :

" Oh Lord and Master of us all !  
 What'er our name or sign,  
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
 We test our lives by thine.

Our friend, our brother, and our Lord,  
 What may thy service be?  
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
 But simply following thee."

### THE WEATHER.

Perhaps there is no more fruitful source of remark than the weather, with all its changes, threatenings, and prospects; it affords an ever ready theme, wherever men may meet. If the traveller is dull and lonely, the passing cloud, the falling shower, or the long drouth open to him a fund of thought for his silent musings.

Reader! did'st thou ever, in travelling on those rapid cars, whose speed is so swift that people now go as it were on the "wings of the wind" from place to place; but did'st thou ever find thy progress arrested by the falling sleet and driving snow? If thou hast not, then listen to the experience of those who (like myself) for more than nine long hours were placed in a situation to hear all sorts of remarks about the weather as will not soon be forgotten.

The "iron horse" had for once more than a match for his strength, yet bravely did he try to press onward, but all his efforts were powerless in that pitiless storm. Again and again did he strive with all his "steam and smoke" to reach his place of destination; but, alas! his path was slippery, and methought it was comparable to life's journey on the road of time: for, like us, it used its utmost endeavor to press onward until it could reach its desired haven of rest. After many struggles, and when its strength was nearly exhausted, unlike the hungry traveller, we gave it "food and water," when gaining sufficient strength, at length it accomplished its mission.

Could we also, when supplied with food for both body and mind, reach our destined port in safety, after passing thro' the trials incident to life, what an amount of happiness would be in store for mankind. The future would indeed be as a pleasant picture to dwell upon, something to cheer the weary traveller in his onward march towards

the great ocean of eternity. That brave old locomotive might have taught us a lesson of patience at least while we were witnesses of its efforts.

Here, too, was seen the workings of both art and nature, and had it not been for the aid of the former we might have been much longer wrestling with nature, since she lent not a hand to assist us in getting out of such a dilemma. Quietly did she look on and see the "artificial" toiling and struggling for our deliverance. Yet nature was beautiful to look upon, with her flakes of snow falling so gracefully from the fleecy clouds, altho' we could not relish her beauties with as keen a desire as we might otherwise have done, since she was depriving hundreds of travellers of their required food far into the midnight hour.

How prone we are to find fault with the weather, and yet, after an abundant rain when the warming beams of the sun shine out, how rapidly do the buds and blossoms spring into life. Oh! how many flowers might we scatter over the rugged path of life; how many fruits might we dispense to those around us through the wilderness of this world if our hearts were ever open to receive the "descending showers" and the warming beams of the sun of righteousness. How the vapors which rise unseen from the bosom of the earth and ocean return again and water the "furrows of the field" and to refresh the "cattle upon a thousand hills."

These reflections should certainly make us feel thankful for the various changes, since they contribute to our comfort; if it were a continual sunshine upon the earth we should perish for the want of these "refreshing showers." They purify the atmosphere and cause the blessing of health to the human race. Then murmur not when the "rain," the "sleet" and the "storm" shall visit us; they are all given to poor erring man in wisdom—all come from the Father's hand.

ELIZA H. BELL.

# Young Friends' Review

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

We have heard and hear a great deal about the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago, but very little about a more recent organization that grew out of it, and bids fair to eclipse it in importance and lasting good to the world,—the World's Congress Auxiliary. We have had World's Fairs before, and have felt the mighty impetus they have given to the commerce of the world, and have noted the friendlier connections they have wrought between nations, but no past achievement can compare, in this respect with the extraordinary and brilliant effort being arranged for by the World's Congresses and Parliaments of 1893. The time will occupy six months, and will be as full as it is extended.

The outline of the programme is arranged, with the time, and embraces the

following seventeen main divisions, each of which comprises a varied programme of congresses of its own, viz.: Departments of Woman's Progress, of the Public Press, of Medicine, of Temperance, of Moral and Social Reform, of Commerce and Finance, of Music, of Literature, of Education, of Engineering, of Art, of Government, of Science and Philosophy, of Labor, of Religion, of Sunday Rest, of Public Health, of Agriculture, and a General Department.

To show how thorough the undertaking is being prosecuted, we may briefly note the work being done in arrangement for one single branch—the Parliament of Religions. The invitations sent out by John H. Burrows, D.D., the efficient Chairman of Committee on Religious Congresses, was so enthusiastically responded to everywhere by men of all shades of complexion and of religious belief, that the success of the undertaking is already assured.

There is to be a great parliament of all religions, a congress composed of representatives of all branches of Christendom, including the Catholic Church, the Greek and other Oriental churches, and all denominations of Protestantism, and some twenty-five or thirty special congresses of different churches.

The Society of Friends is not forgotten, nor crowded out. A partial list of the Advisory Board to represent our Society is already named, and we trust each one that possibly can will act. Jonathan V. Plummer is chairman of the committee, and its members include representatives of all branches of Friends in England, the United States and Canada.

The scheme opens vast opportunities for diffusing our advanced views over the world, and we hope that our Society will demean itself equal to the august occasion.

Within one short month the world has recently lost two men who deservedly stand among her greatest and best poets of the present century—Whittier

and Tennyson. Readers of English literature will feel in their loss a void which cannot be filled by any living writers. As poet, Tennyson no doubt reached a higher plane; but as prophet and reformer the palm will be conceded to Whittier.

### WHITTIER AND TENNYSON.

[1807-1892.]

[1810-1892.]

#### A COMPARISON.

In this two months two of the greatest poets of the last generation have passed away, Whittier and Tennyson. Both were ripe in years, Whittier 85, and Tennyson 82. Both lived to see their names established in the world and their fame secured. Time will only serve to brighten their glory. Both names are familiar as household words wherever the English language is read. Not a few of their poems have found their way into many a foreign tongue.

A comparison between the two might better have waited till time, the truest critic, had performed the greater part of the judging. But, were it not for the nearness together of the times of their deaths, no other cause perhaps would have associated them together. We, therefore, may be pardoned for embracing this opportunity of making a short and, of necessity, an inadequate comparison of the two great men and poets.

The illustrious saying of Horace "Poeta nascitur, non fit," a poet is born, not made, is accepted to day as a self-evident truth. Neither, perhaps, like Pope, lisped in the cradle, but we see the boy Whittier thrusting a poem stealthily and timidly under the door of Garrison's printing office, and Tennyson, at the same age of nineteen, awarded the Chancellor's medal for a poem in blank verse called "Timbuctoo." Especially does Whittier verify this axiom, for his scholastic education was very limited, while Tennyson's, on the other hand, was very complete. Indeed, these two poets have much more

in contrast than in similarity. While Whittier was contented to be despised because he dared to defend unpopular truths and espouse the cause of the downtrodden of his race, Tennyson basked in the position of "Poet Laureate," pensioned by the Royal family. Tennyson rather enjoyed his honors and titles, while Whittier was happy in the consciousness of doing good.

If the two poets were measured by the square and plummet; if poetry dealt solely with the beautiful, and its object was solely to please, Whittier would have to yield the palm to Tennyson, for Tennyson's poems show faultless workmanship and rich poetic embellishments, but the foundation in places lies in the sand. Whittier dug down to the solid rock. His building rests everywhere upon the eternal truth. He was helped in this by the genius of his religion. He was born into a religion that recognized the workings of God in the soul of man and in the heart of nations. He listens for and obeys the voice of God within, while Tennyson was enticed to wander at times to delight courtiers and catch the flattery of the great.

Whittier's poems are not gems of art, but gems of nature. His poetry, if judged by poetic rules, is often faulty. He used poetry not for the love of poetry, but as a means to an end. Poetry to Whittier was a secondary consideration. His soul was stirred with an intense, almost burning desire to right the wrongs of his fellowmen. He saw millions of his brothers dragging out the base lives of slaves. He resorted to poetry to convince the nation that freedom was the God-given birthright of every being. He sang of peace and arbitration, not for the song's sake, but for the sake of peace, because he was not only a professed but a true follower of the Prince of Peace. Tennyson's "Duke of Wellington" and "Charge of the Light Brigade" are perfect gems of poetic beauty, but that is all. Their effect is

to retard rather than accelerate the happy day when "swords shall be beaten into plow-shares and spears into pruning hooks." Because Whittier was in advance of his times in all moral reforms we do not wish to infer that Tennyson, in this matter, was behind his generation. If we can praise and revere Whittier for the Christlikeness in his living, no one can seriously blame Tennyson for the worldlikeness in his.

In conclusion, if we were driven to bay by the question, "Which of the two were the greater?" we would say that Tennyson was the greater poet and artist; Whittier the greater writer and man.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

### SOWING THE SEED.

An Essay read before a Young People's Meeting.

One of the most common comparisons in the Bible is that of sowing the seed. Several of the prophets have used this figure, and Jesus has given us several beautiful parables containing the same idea.

Let us see what is meant by sowing the seed. Every word and every deed of ours has some effect on those around us. It may appear to pass unnoticed, but yet it has some effect on ourselves, and on others, for either good or evil. Our words and actions, then, are the seed, and the effect they produce is the plant that grows from it and produces fruit. It behooves us, then, to be careful what we say and do, for we are told "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Some other lines, containing somewhat the same idea, come to my mind:

"Boys, flying kites, pull in their white-winged birds;

You can't do that with words.

A thought, unspoken, may fall back dead,  
But God, himself, can't kill it when it's said."

We shall next speak more particularly of sowing good seed, that is, speaking words or doing deeds with

the intention of producing a good result. Let us not neglect to sow the seeds because of the apparently barren or evil nature of the soil, for we are told, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." And in Jesus' parable of the sower we learn that some seed was devoured by the fowls of the air; some was scorched by the hot sun, and some was choked by the thorns, and yet that which fell on good ground brought forth some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, and some thirty fold. Let us not be discouraged by the apparently barren nature of the soil. It was while on the desert road between Jerusalem and Gaza that Philip sowed the seed in the heart of the Ethiopian eunuch, that sprang up and grew till it became the Abyssinian church. The prophet Isaiah speaks in the same strain, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

Again, let us not hesitate to sow because our seed seems so small, because there seems so little for us to say or do. For Jesus, in a beautiful parable, says:—"The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which, indeed, is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." Let us remember, also, that Jesus blessed even the cup of cold water given in His name.

And finally, let none of us despair because we have spent so much of our life in gratifying our own desires and lusts, but let us turn and serve the Lord, who has promised that if we serve Him the wasted time shall be made good. His prophet tells us so in that beautiful figure, "I will restore the years that the locust hath eaten."

Therefore, friends, let us strive,

with God's help, to be more faithful,  
bearing in mind the injunction, 'Cast  
thy bread upon the waters, for thou  
shalt find it after many days.'

Sparta Ont. H. V. H.

IN NOVEMBER.

With loitering step and quiet eye,  
Beneath the low November sky,  
I wandered in the woods, and found  
A clearing where the broken ground  
Was scattered with black stumps and briars,  
And the old wreck of forest fires.  
It was a bleak and sandy spot,  
And all about the vacant plot  
Was peopled and inhabited  
By scores of mulleins long since dead.  
A silent and forsaken brood  
In that mute opening of the wood,  
So shriveled and so thin they were,  
So gray, so haggard, and austere,  
No plants at all they seemed to me,  
But rather some spare company  
Of hermit folk, who long ago,  
Wandering in bodies to and fro,  
Had chanced upon this lonely way,  
And rested thus, till death one day  
Surprised them at their compline prayer,  
And left them standing lifeless there.

There was no sound about the wood  
Save the wind's secret stir. I stood  
Among the mullein stalks as still  
As if myself had grown to be  
One of their somber company,  
A body without wish or will.  
And as I stood, quite suddenly,  
Down from a furrow in the sky  
The sun shone out a little space  
Across that silent sober place,  
Over the sand heaps and brown sod,  
The mulleins and dead golden-rod,  
And passed beyond the thickets gray,  
And lit the fallen leaves that lay,  
Level and deep within the wood,  
A rustling yellow multitude.

And all around me the thin light,  
So serene, so melancholy bright,  
Fell like the half-reflected gleam  
Or shadow of some former dream;  
A moment's golden revery  
Pured out on every plant and tree  
A semblance of weird joy, or less,  
A sort of spectral happiness;  
And I, too, standing idly there,  
With muffled hands in the chill air,  
Felt the warm glow about my feet,  
And shuddering betwixt cold and heat  
Drew my thoughts closer, like a cloak,  
While something in my blood awoke,  
A nameless and unnatural cheer,  
A pleasure secret and austere.

—By Archibald Lampman,  
Ottawa, Canada. *Harper's Magazine.*

FOLLOWERS OF FOX.

FRIENDS IN BALTIMORE.

[A very interesting article in "*The (Baltimore) Sunday Herald*" on the Society of Friends there appeared 10th mo. 9th, from which we take the liberty of clipping the following as likely to be of general interest to our readers. —Eds.]

Two branches of this unique Christian organization exist here. The one which claims to be the orthodox withdrew from the Yearly Meeting of 1828, held in the old Lombard-street Meeting-House and now worships at the corner of Eutaw and Monument streets.

The other, whose congregation is considerably more numerous, asserts itself to be the lineal descendant of the original society in Maryland. It has a spacious meeting-house at the corner of Park avenue and Laurens street, and a membership of more than 600

Its Yearly Meeting embraces the Western shore of the state, neighboring counties in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia. Connected with it, too, are the Friends, who worship in the Old Town Meeting-House, a structure situated at the corner of Aisquith and Fayette streets, and believed to be the most antiquated house, built for religious purposes, in Baltimore.

The ministers of the Friends who preach at the Park-Avenue Meeting-House are: John J. Cornell, William Wood, Miss Martha Townsend, Mrs. Alice C. Robinson, Mrs. Emily B. Canby and Seneca P. Broomell.

The earliest appearance of Quakers in America was remarkable. In July, 1656, two Quakers, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, arrived in Boston. Under the general law against heresy, their books were burned by the hangman, they were searched for signs of witchcraft, imprisoned for five weeks, and then sent away. For irritable offences the Quakers suffered severe punishments and tortures in New England for many years. Beyond all question

the most interesting event in connection with Quakerism in America is the foundation by William Penn of the Colony of Pennsylvania, where he hoped to carry into effect the principles of his sect—to found and govern a colony without armies or military powers: to reduce the Indians by justice and kindness to civilization and Christianity; to administer justice without oaths, and to extend an equal freedom to all persons professing theism—such was the “holy experiment,” as Penn called it.

The Quakers, or, as they call themselves, the Society of Friends, present to the student of ecclesiastical history a curious form of Christianity, widely aberrant from the prevalent types, and as a body of worshippers without creed or liturgy, a priesthood or a sacrament. To the student of social science they are interesting as having given to women an equal place with men in their church organization, and as having attempted to eliminate war, oaths and litigation from their midst.

The rise and progress of the Society in Maryland constitutes an episode rather than an integral part of the State's history.

The rise of the Society in America dates between 1644 and 1648. Toward 1657 Josiah Cole and Thomas Thurston reached Virginia, whence they started on foot to Maryland, and were here joined by Thomas Chapman.

The first settlement of the people from the British Islands was made in Maryland in the year 1628, by William Claiborne, who, with 100 or 200 followers, established a trading post on Kent Island, a large body of land projecting from the eastern shore into the bay, and now a portion of Queen Anne's county. This was then, as now, a beautiful and fertile section. Claiborne and his people went there from the James River settlement, Virginia.

In 1632 George Calvert, an Englishman, who had, by his friend, Charles

I., been raised to the title of Lord Baltimore in Ireland, visited America, and obtained from the King a charter for the whole region, including the colony of Swedes on the Delaware River, amounting to 8,000,000 acres of land. George Calvert died, leaving his son Cecilius then a young man, second Lord Baltimore, heir to Maryland. The latter sent his brother, Leonard Calvert, over with a colony, as lieutenant-governor, in 1634, himself never seeing this country. Protestants, Catholics, men of all and no beliefs, fled to the new colony for liberty and life, and little persecution occurred on account of religious beliefs. Civil and religious toleration was granted. A charter came from the King.

From the earliest settlement many Friends were in Maryland. There were 25 or 30 meetings on the shores of the Chesapeake in the 17th century, and in Baltimore Town they composed a large portion of the population more than a century ago.

In 1777 the Yearly Meeting issued its first testimony prohibiting the holding of human beings in bondage, and by a rule of discipline, adopted soon after, Friends were prohibited from hiring slave labor from owners thereof.

The “General Meeting” of Friends in Maryland was founded in the year 1672, 10 years before the landing of William Penn's colony on the Delaware. This meeting was held at West River and Treadhaven alternately, until June 4, 1783, when, in accordance with a minute of adjournment of the meeting at Thirldhaven, it was, for the first time, held in Baltimore Town, and in the old town Meeting-House four years after its erection.

The Lombard-street house was built in 1805. Its history began when Baltimore had a population of only 30,000 persons. Neither George Fox nor William Penn visited Baltimore, but the former made two visits to Anne Arundel and Talbot counties.

The new Meeting-House of the Baltimore Friends, erected in consequence

of the sale of the Lombard street house—which had become inconveniently situated and undesirably surrounded—is located in the northwestern section, fronting on Park avenue on the corner of Laurens street. The front is 144½ feet, the depth 130 feet, extending back to a 20 foot alley. The situation is high, and the building becomes quite a conspicuous feature of the locality.

The Friends conduct a successful school and kindergarten in the Park-avenue building, while their First-day School, the First day and Afternoon Mission School, the Mission Sewing School, the Free Kindergarten, in the McKim school-building, and the Benevolent Sewing Society are all doing effective work. There is also a literary and social circle, and in the Meeting-House a splendid library containing 2,700 volumes.

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#### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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In taking these two simple words combined, what a depth of meaning they convey to each member of the human family. Their derivation, though simple of itself, is full of meaning, and has a beautiful application to the soul of man. Science, from *Scio* (I know), *encc* (state); religion, from *re* (back), *ligo* (I bind). Thence we have a state of knowledge bound back with the giver of all the powers of knowledge with which the human family are endowed, and the state of this knowledge will be found in accordance with whatever use man has applied these powers that were given him to elevate and lift his soul above just the discernment of the natural eye, and his hearing beyond just the articulate sound that the ear can hear.

While these natural gifts of seeing and hearing are beautiful rich gifts with which man has been adorned, above, far above them, and more precious, are the gifts of sweet communion with the giver of all these. Hearing and understanding each day more of the mysteries as they once seemed, but becom-

ing more simple and more plain through that direct communication with the Father, enabling the heart to say all things are ordered wisely, and he doeth all things well.

This state of knowledge, obtained from the true source of all good knowledge, whose preacher and teacher is God, the one Father over all, will bring us to realize a need of a closer walk and a binding back to him with that chord of love whenever we have transgressed the divine will, or have been using our own knowledge in our own strength.

From no seminary or biblical institute can this science be taught as it is taught in man's own heart. A stream cannot rise above its fountain-head; no more can the children of men rise above their Creator and giver of all these good gifts. While a scholastic education is good and necessary to mental culture and progress and aids in developing these good gifts bestowed on all mankind according to their different measures, we find it taught and studied in an analytical form, showing man's mental perceptibility to comprehend more plainly a thorough knowledge through analysis, which is science—a knowledge worked and obtained by one's own self.

And this is the way God requires his law and works studied. So closely combining science and religion that a true religion cannot be obtained without its science. E. E.

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#### THE CANADIAN BEAVER.

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A substantial gain in the field of Natural History, and especially of Canadian Natural History is "Castorologia," or "The History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver" by Horace T. Martin, F. L. S., (Wm. Drysdale & Co., Montreal, \$2.50.)

The volume, which has been placed upon our table by the author, is a credit to both author and publisher; printed in clear type on heavy paper, and beautifully and liberally illustrated. We bespeak for it a wide circulation.

The *Montreal Witness* further says of it :—

“It is a volume to be appreciated by all lovers of natural history, but especially by those interested in the natural history of Canada. A traditional knowledge of the beaver, Mr. Martin acknowledges, is the birthright of every Canadian. At the same time he evidently holds with Josh Billings that “it is better not to know so much, than to know so much that ain't so,” and, therefore, aims in this volume to carefully separate fact from fancy. The fancy, however, is treated with the respect which the early traditions of any people deserve, the author holding that while much of it seems childish and unworthy of serious reflection, it is of vastly more profit than the fabulous accounts of the beaver which practically constitute the popular range of beaver literature. Coming to the facts of the case he shows that while Canada has been justly called the home of the beaver, the popular idea that it is its only home is very far astray, the animal having been at one time, undoubtedly, very abundant in Europe, only passing from English records as late as 1526, while the Obi river still continues to furnish a few skins for the fur market. Throughout this volume are fully discussed the Canadian beaver's life history and domestic habits: his geographical distribution; his engineering accomplishments; his economic and medical value; his importance in trade, commerce and manufactures; the methods of hunting him, and his rapid extermination; also the experiments made of late years in domesticating him, with a chapter on “Anatomy, osteology and taxidermy,” and one on “The Beaver in Heraldry.” The volume is dedicated to Sir William Dawson, “in grateful recognition of his services to students of Canadian natural history.”

The numerous engravings are by Walker, and the printing by Desbarats & Co.”

## THE DEATH OF TENNYSON.

No moaning of the bar; sail forth, strong  
ship,  
Into that gloom which has God's face for a  
far light;  
Not a dirge but a proud farewell from each  
fond lip,  
And praises, abounding praise, and fame's  
faint starlight  
Lamping thy tuneful soul to that large noon  
Where thou shalt quire with angels.  
Words of woe  
Are for the unfulfilled, not these whose moon  
Of genius sinks full-orbed, glorious aglow.  
No moaning of the bar, musical drifting,  
Of Time's waves, turning to the eternal sea;  
Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas lifting,  
And Christ thy pilot to the peace to be.  
—Edwin Arnold, in *London Telegraph*.

London, Oct. 6.—Lord Tennyson died at 1.15 this morning.

Lord Tennyson was in fair health until the middle of last week. He took moderate exercise and entertained a small party of friends at Aldworth. The first symptom of illness he displayed was a slight cold. On Thursday he became feverish. On Friday Dr. Dobbs, who had been summoned, diagnosed the attack as influenza, complicated with gout, which was attacking the extremities. Sir Andrew Clark was summoned from London, and he, after examining Lord Tennyson, declared that his condition required that the greatest care and watchfulness be exercised. Since Friday Lord Tennyson's appetite had failed, and this had been accompanied by a fever, now slightly lessening and anon heightening. The fever was attended by constantly increasing weakness.

### THE DEATH BED SCENE.

Immediately after the death of Lord Tennyson the representative of the Associated Press had an interview with Sir Andrew Clarke, one of the physicians who attended the poet laureate. Sir Andrew said Lord Tennyson's death was the most glorious he had ever seen. There was no artificial light in the room and the chamber was almost in darkness, save where a broad flood of moonlight poured in

through a western window. The moon's rays fell across the bed upon which the dying man lay, bathing him in their pure pellucid light, and forming a Rembrandt like background to the scene. All was silent, save the sighing of the autumn wind, as it gently played through the foliage which surrounded the house, a fitting requiem for the poet who sung of the love and beauty of nature. Motionless Lord Tennyson lay upon his couch, the tide of his life gently, slowly ebbing out into the ocean of the infinite. No racks of pain or sorrow checked its course or caused a ripple upon the outgoing tide. As peacefully and gently as he had lived, so he died, looking until the end into the eyes of those dear to him. All the members of his family were by the bedside, and Sir Andrew Clarke remained by his side from the moment of his arrival yesterday until he breathed his last. So gentle and painless was his passing away that the family did not know he had gone until Sir Andrew broke the news to Lady Tennyson, who bore the closing scenes of her great trial well in spite of her extremely delicate health.

—*Montreal Witness*

In various comments published, the *Times* calls Tennyson "The English Virgil" on account of his mastery of lofty, graceful and sonorous voice. "Never since Milton," it says, "has England heard as stately blank verse as 'The Idyls of the King.' He had an eye almost as true and loving as Homer for the beautiful side of the trivials of daily life."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "What can I tell you about Tennyson, what can I say? I do not want to talk or think how many there are who have gone I might only say the world has lost a great, good and beautiful poet."

The remains will be interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, where they will lie next to the grave of Browning.

## THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago,  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud.

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!"

—H. W. LONGFELLOW

*How do the human family know God?*  
Mankind know God through revelation,  
ripening the understanding.

*What is God?*

God is the eternal power, not of ourselves,  
that worketh righteousness.

*Whose doctrine did Jesus of Nazareth teach?*

Jesus taught the doctrine of God  
—dutifully occupied in serving our Father.

*What is the gospel of God?*

The gospel of God is the active principle of love—generated in man for the uplifting of the race.

*What is it to be a Christian ?*

To be a Christian is to fellowship with God, and receive His benediction.

*What is salvation ?*

Salvation is preservation ; a self-evident condition found in God.

*What is the sum total of Christianity ?*

The sum total of Christianity is happiness ; for obedience to God creates bliss—known not only to the pulpit orator and Sabbath School teacher, but by the way-farer.

—[H. G. M.

## BIBLE WORSHIP.

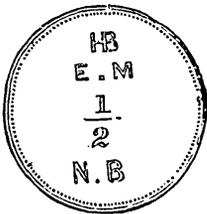
First-day School Teacher—Who was it that swallowed the whale ?

Deacon's Son—Noah.

Teacher—But really do you think a man could swallow a whale ?

Deacon's Son—The Bible says so, therefore it must be so.

JUST PUBLISHED.



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OR,

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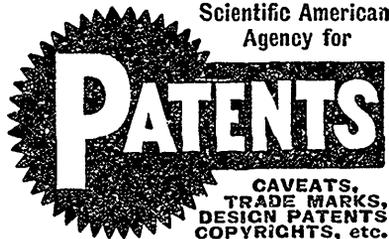
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