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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., SEVENTH MONTH, 1890.

NO. 7

EVENING.

How sweet the evening hour when toil and
care
Have ceased; and we can sit with folded
hands,
And looking back can see our day's work done,
And diligently done, while yet 'twas day;
So that when night came down we could enjoy
The rest well earned by tasks wrought faithfully.

May we through our brief lives devote our-
selves
So closely to the work which God gives us,
That when our sun shall set and night draw
near
Wherein no man can work, we may lie down
To that sweet peace and rest which God will
give
To those, His servants, who have toiled all
day,
And now are worthy of the rich reward—
"Well done!"

M. V.

NOTES OF A SERMON DELIVERED BY JOHN J. CORNELL.

AT GENESSEE YEARLY MEETING, SPARTA,
ONT., SIXTH MONTH EIGHTH, 1890.

I have been impressed with the fact that not a few who are gathered here are earnest, thoughtful, seeking minds, hungering for what is called the bread of life, asking, earnestly asking: "what shall I do to be saved?" I feel myself in the condition of a little lad of old who had the few loaves and fishes. I give freely my little store for the Master to break among you to satisfy these hungering souls.

There have been many theories formulated to solve this question which do not bring conviction and entire satisfaction to the mind.

In the presentation of my thought I

wish to be clearly understood, because it may seem to antagonize some pre-conceived ideas you may have. I give the convictions of my own mind, the results of impressions made upon it by divine truth.

In the solution of this question, what do we mean by being saved? The attention of the human family has been directed to something to be obtained after we get through with this state of existence; that can only be experienced after death, associated with and looking towards a constant and eternal torment. It is taught that this salvation is the result of the sacrifice made by Jesus, whereby we gain permission to enter Heaven.

This does not satisfy me. I do not find myself different or more favored than others.

Our first need in this matter is a preservation from the commission of sin. But the attention of the world has been called away from this to a pardon to be received. This theory is based upon the belief that all men are sinners and are so because of the transgression of our first parents. But, my friends, if we are preserved from breaking the laws of God, it naturally follows that there will be no sin to be absolved from. This view appeals to reason, to common sense. We are endowed with appetites and propensities which are all good and proper in their places. But when they are unduly gratified they bring disorder and disaster. All vice, all wrongs are the undue or improper use of some good. It is a mistake to think that evil and sin is the work of a being outside of man and beyond his control. All I have ever experienced originates simply within myself, in my human

nature. I have concluded that the Apostle James was about correct when he says, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God! for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." By lust I do not think he meant it in its lowest meaning, but the improper use of some natural passion. "Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

For instance, if we indulge the appetite to too much food, it results in an injury to health. Indulgence to thirst gives rise to the greatest evil among mankind to-day. So with pride, avarice, ambition, etc.; they all originate within us. Hence the work of Salvation is but to control, then the power that says, "Thus far and no farther."

It is our first duty to find out what we need to be saved from. What is there that destroys our peace, that renders us unhappy, that brings sorrow and sadness into our private or home life. Let us study our own natures. Let us find out our besetting sins and overcome; conquer these first. If its a liking for intoxicants, let him acknowledge this influence. If he become a total abstainer he will be preserved from this sin. This is likewise true of every sin. Putting a check upon the undue indulgence of any natural propensity that may need it, and allowing each its legitimate bounds and work, will keep us in harmony with the will of God.

This is the very work of the Christian religion—to control the passions and powers in the natural man. When this is done he is pure in the sight of God.

Let us see more fully how this condition is attained. Is man's reason able to do it? Is his will strong enough? Is reason the highest gift of God to man? I think not. Reason is the faculty by which we receive evidence of material things. But it has not the power nor authority of itself to guide

man's actions. Neither has the will. But back of the will, and acting through it, is some impelling force more powerful than the desires of man. It comes from his Spiritual nature, and we call it Christ, the power of God, the light of God. Thus it is, acting through man's reason, reveals to his consciousness the will of God. It is by obedience to this revelation of God or Christ in the soul that man is saved, hence it becomes his Saviour.

There is nothing without us on which we can safely rest our hope. No outward sacrifice can accomplish this work for us; the sacrifice must be made within, the rendering of the natural will to the will of God.

There is no need of an intercession to appease the wrath of the Father. He never had any wrath to appease. He has nothing but love, which is open constantly to all the children of men everywhere. Not only in preserving man from sin, but also in restoring man when fallen is the mission of Christ. I have no faith in the doctrine of the atonement as commonly taught. It seems to me it is a state of oneness, a practical co-operation with the Heavenly Father. All may live, if they will, a life without sin. In this we are called to follow Him, our spotless pattern.

When we transgress against a law, which is sin, there is no salvation for us until there is first a restoration, a ceasing to do evil and learning to do right. We heard the "saving sinners," "so many sinners were saved," etc. Now this is impossible. The Lord himself cannot save a sinner. Man is a free agent; if he does wrong he cannot be saved until he turns, repents and is restored. I do not use the word redeemed, because that implies a price paid, which theory is entirely contrary to all human experience. It is also beautifully and faithfully portrayed in the parable of the Prodigal son, how the restoration is accomplished. The son we find in the father's house. He becomes restless, departs, sinks into the lowest depths of iniquity that man pos-

sibly can, into dissipation and licentiousness, a feeder of swine—that despised animal of the Jews—and himself fed upon the husks. But lo, he remembers the good things in the father's house. This remembrance the Christ Spirit wrought in him. He repents of of his present condition; he resolves to return; he carries it out in act. The Father meets him, embraces him, receives him back home again. He is willing to be simply as an hired servant. The hired servant has no will of his own in what he has to do, but he carries out the will of another. Man is to do the will of his heavenly Father in all.

You will notice in the case of the Prodigal son there was no intercession, no mediation, but simply ceasing to do evil and learning to do well. But Christ, the Spirit of God in the soul, performed its mission in the heart of the prodigal, as witness and assurance of the things that were and might be again, if he would but turn. This is the simple religion of Jesus. The Apostles even did not fully comprehend its simplicity and its efficacy. They dwelt more upon the shadow. They called for a credulity, a belief in something they cannot understand nor explain. We are counseled to "examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith, prove your own selves." "Prove allthings, hold fast that which is good."

It is also a mistaken idea to think our God a God of wrath. God has never any angry feelings towards any, even the most vile of humanity, He has nothing but pity and love—an all-embracing love. He desires the good of all, and unceasingly pours his love towards them for that purpose. May we ever be on the watch and stray not in the least, for the limit of our probation is uncertain. The summons may come at any time. In the twinkling of an eye we may be ushered into the life beyond. May we as we pass along this life feel conscious of doing our work, have the sweet assurance that when the veil does fall behind we will find ourselves in the Heaven of rest, a

place of peace, where temptations do not trouble, where sorrows never come, and where partings are unknown.

GENESEE YEARLY MEETING OF 1890.

The various sessions of this body held from the 7th to the 12th inclusive.

On Seventh day the meeting for ministers and elders convened. There was no business come up at this time that was deemed worthy of claiming the attention of the general Y. M.

On First-day morning a public meeting was held, which was largely attended, the house being full and many remaining outside. Very impressive discourses were made by Louisa J. Roberts and John J. Cornell. (For John J.'s, see first page of this paper.)

L. J. R. said, in substance:—The age in which Jesus lived was similar to our own. The people were as sheep without a shepherd. His mission was to call them to the spiritual shepherd within them. There was no rest for him outside of coming to what his Heavenly Father designed him for. Nor is there for us. We must turn and learn of Christ within, our hope of glory. It is found within every heart; it is that that makes known to us right and duty. Thus we become at-one with God, and are willing to say, "Not my will but thine be done, O Lord!" I invite you all to mind the Light, to come to this witness for truth in your own souls.

Isaac Wilson appeared in supplication, and under a sweet covering the meeting closed.

At the First-day afternoon meeting Isaac Wilson, Louisa J. Roberts and John J. Cornell spoke.

I. W.'s sermon, which occupied the most time, we hope to be able to publish, in substance, next month.

L. J. R. said it was through obedience that we grow in favor with God and with man. Let obedience be the chief motive of our acts, the one thing of our lives. Let us ask how would Jesus have done if he were in my circum-

stances? What says that divine law written in our souls? Let us think not of Jesus as God, but as a young man in the fervor of youth, working as you work, but obedient to the divine law written in his soul, and therefore without sin, and consequently a perfect pattern for us to follow; making righteousness plain, because he lived it; being our Saviour, because, if we obey God's voice speaking in our own souls as he obeyed it, we, too, will be without sin. And, as the climax of his life, he suffered death on the cross rather than be faithless to his principles and precepts, sealing them, which form the new covenant, as it were, with his blood.

J. J. C. said some minds are still unsatisfied, and are querying: "Where is heaven? And how shall I get there?" They are wont to look for a heaven beyond time. There has grown in the public mind the idea that heaven is a located place, with gates of jasper and streets of gold, where there is rest from all sorts of labor. But this is merely a figure, a simile, a conjecture. Of what there is beyond time we know nothing. It is a mere belief, not knowledge. But there is a heaven we can experience and know, and that heaven is within us. It consists in a state of mind resulting from obedience to the Divine law. Where God reigns there is heaven. If He reigns in the heart there is heaven, and we are with Him in heaven. With Him we live, and move, and have our being. Hell is a state of suffering, and is the result of disobedience. The office of Christ is twofold—to keep us in heaven, if we will; and, if we wander, as we might, being free agents to bring us back, if we will. God has provided a way of salvation, yet it all rests with our free choice. And if we make that choice now we can bid adieu to earthly fears and anxieties, for we have an assurance that He will place us in the condition of the highest enjoyment the soul can know in the world to come.

In the evening a meeting was held in

the Methodist house, in Sparta, where J. J. C., and I. W. and Sarah Bearse spoke.

John J. spoke from the words "God is love." We hope to reproduce this sermon also for our readers at some future time.

I. W. raised the query, "Whence cometh evil?" "Who created the devil?" He went on to explain that all evil in man originated there. There is a nature in man, the gratification of which results in evil. I believe in original sin, *i. e.* that all the sin I am accountable for originates in me. The devil comes to us disguised under different garbs and different names. These little jealousies, little deceptions, little unkindnesses, little omissions of duties—these are our devils.

SECOND DAY MORNING.

Samuel P. Zavitz exhorted us to individual faithfulness, both old and young, to the impressions of duty made manifest to us during the various sessions of this Yearly Meeting.

Serena A. Minard urged us to perform the little duties. Thereby one will grow up in divine life and fill the places for which we are designed.

Edgar Haight felt the Yearly Meeting had been opened in the power of God, and hoped that each might be faithful to the light that shines in the heart.

L. J. R. gave utterance to the great longing that arose in her heart to share with us this annual feast. She was anxious for the Society to take a worthy place in the new century which is soon to open. What a power it might wield for the betterance of humanity. Go forward and carry the beautiful eternal truths that characterize our Society, and show the world that they are living truths.

Louisa J. Roberts, from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and Rhoda Corbin, from New York Yearly Meeting, were present, and, although without minutes, were very warmly welcomed and invited to participate in the exercises of the various sessions.

The absence of our esteemed Friend Sunderland P. Gardner, caused by infirmities of age, left a vacancy that re-

peatedly and sadly impressed itself throughout the Yearly Meeting.

Statistical reports of the membership of the subordinate meetings that form this Yearly Meeting were read, from which it appears that the Genesee Y. M. contains 1535 members, of whom 494 belong to Farmington Quarterly, 202 to Scipio, 399 to Canada Half Yearly, and 440 to Pelham H. Y. M.

A part of the Epistles received from the other Yearly Meetings was presented at this time, the reading of which touched tender and responsive chords in our individual hearts, and caused us to rejoice that other parts of our religious fold were alive to the necessities of the times, ameliorating the condition of unfortunate humanity, zealous for our Society and the spread of its holy principles in the world, rendering acceptable aid to the cause of righteousness among mankind.

After appointing committees to essay replies to the epistles, to collect the exercises of the Y. M., and other routine business, this meeting adjourned.

Lunch was now provided in the spacious room back of the main body of the house, and seemed to be entered into with earnestness and enjoyed by old and young. Similar repasts were prepared for the two days following. This course proved more satisfactory than the old way of dining at Friends' homes, for in Yarmouth they are widely separated.

After which the First-day School held a very interesting session, in which the important work of teaching the young was dwelt upon. Early impressions are the most lasting. We should present truth in its full beauty, and above all in its simplicity. It has been said that we were forced to take up the First-day School work by the pressure of the times. May we accept it as the ordering of Divine Providence and carry it on to the glory of our Society and of God. Some that would have been lost to our Society were it not for the First-day School, are to day among the most active members in it, and

most able sustainers of its principles. It was thought, because the youthful minds in our Society to-day were seeking more than usual to know the reasons of Friends' principles, that the F. D. S. were not performing their full mission. To others this was evidence that the F. D. S. were doing a noble work, by stirring up the youthful mind to seek and desire to know the why. This condition is the first stage of wisdom. To such inquiring minds the ever present witness for God in the heart will unfailingly give the soul satisfying answer to their unanswered why. Let us continue to sow the seed of divine truth in the youthful minds. "Cast forth thy act, thy word into the ever-living, ever-working universe: it is the seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day it will be found flourishing as a Banyan grove after a thousand years."

THIRD-DAY MORNING.

The remaining Epistles were read, and called forth expressions of appreciative gratitude.

The state of society was then entered into by the reading and answering of the queries. In connection with the first, L. J. R. entreated us to be diligent in the attendance of all our religious meetings—even our little midweek meetings. Neglecting these would beget a habit of neglect that would affect all our religious and social duties. Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all things necessary for our happiness will be added. Let the family relations also be pure and holy, each sharing the cares and responsibilities, never forgetting our espousals to one another and to the great bridegroom of our souls.

Samuel P. Zavitz thought we should encourage our little meetings, encourage them to hold fast to the faith. William Cornell united with the proposition to encourage the weaker meetings. If we allow these little rivulets to be cut off, what would become of these our annual gatherings.

J. J. C. asked what our object was in

attending meeting. He believed it should not merely be to hear the vocal word spoken. It should be a social mingling together, giving mutual aid by the silent travel of the heart for the welfare of each and all. I. W. said that he had perceived that there was a medium between mind and mind, between life and life, between soul and soul, an avenue through which we can give and receive spiritual strength and blessings, and thus we may become ministering angels to each other, and all be blessed together.

In explaining the scope of the second query, I. W. thought that the love there queried after would cause us to visit the dwindling meetings and the isolated friends, not only with words of encouragement, but, like the good Samaritan, we would put our hand down into the pocket, which act would be carrying out practically divine love for our fellowmen.

On the subject of Capital Punishment, though little has been done by the committee the past year, we believe the people are waking up to its unjustifiableness in the sight of God, and we were requested to continue to exert individual influence towards its abolition.

AFTERNOON.

The cause of temperance occupied our earnest attention. In the reform of an evil so gigantic; so closely interwoven, by heredity, into human nature; so firmly entrenched behind the two greatest passions of man, avarice and appetite; so fortified by such enormous sums of wealth; so, unfortunately, prolonged by blind partyism, loving self first; there is naturally seasons of discouragement, movements and counter-movements, advances and retreats; yet we should not be disheartened, but hope on, struggle on, for its overthrow will come, must come, as sure as God is omnipotent and mankind the objects of His care and love.

It behooves us to expose the evils of the treating system, and the danger of associations so demoralizing in their tendencies, that so imperceptibly blunt the finer susceptibilities of our natures, feeding a propensity that may, in time,

master the will and lead down to destruction. We should sympathize with those already caught in this maelstrom, and lend a kindly helping hand for their recovery.

FOURTH-DAY MORNING.

Isaac Wilson spoke on the text: "No greater love hath any man than that he lay down his life for his friends." He considered it spiritually, and claimed that the laying down of our lives should be a daily experience. There are a great many ways that it can be verified. It is the subjugation of our wills in everything to the will of the Father. Thus cultured into harmony with the divine, it will be diffused in our home life—our family life, and spread out into our neighborhoods out into society on and out into the world. This denying self, this dying daily with Christ, this practical righteousness; these are the good fruits by which we shall be judged and known. Crying "Lord, Lord!" will avail nothing.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem
he born,
If he is not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn

J. J. C. said, in substance, that the life of Peter represents the condition of many. May we not use any violence to defend our principles, neither deny them in the hour of trial. May we not narrow-mindedly despise those outside our own religious fold, but realize the universality of Divine love, the broadness of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

FOURTH-DAY AFTERNOON.

The First-day School held its last session. It was decided to have three sessions next year, instead of two, in order that an opportunity may be given for the children and young people to carry out exercises in line of the First-day School work. The epistles and an essay were read, and elicited commendable remarks.

"The Young People's Meeting" followed immediately after, and many of that class took part vocally. These meetings, which were started but a few years ago by some faithful hearts, instruments, we believe, in the Master

hands, have come to be almost an established thing, and we can testify of their value, for we younger ones feel in them more than in other meetings the responsibility resting more particularly upon us, and we have known the Spirit of God to have been poured out in them as abundantly as we have ever been privileged to witness. It is a time when many a youthful heart is touched with a sacred unforgetfulness.

FIFTH-DAY MORNING.

The report of the Committee on Indian Affairs was presented. It was decided to contribute \$18.00 to help pay the salary of a matron at the Santee Agency.

To avoid strangers making mistakes when coming to meeting at this place, it was decided to change the name from Yarmouth, Ont., to Sparta, Ont.

The Meeting recommended its Half-Yearly and Quarterly Meetings to appoint committees to visit the smaller meetings and isolated members within their respective limits. The Yearly Meeting also authorized the publishers of the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to send copies of that paper, for one year, to such of our isolated members as do not take it at present.

After a week of exceptionally favorable weather, spent in social mingling and religious devotions, after tender hand clasps and sad farewells, we separated to meet next year, if so privileged, at Bloomfield, Ont. ED. M. ZAVITZ.

KEEP THYSELF IN WORKING ORDER.

When the Fisherman is not at sea engaged in actual fishing, he still keeps his boats and his nets in order. This is a point upon which Christian workers should be more concerned than, as a rule, they are. As the man is such will his service be. It is of the utmost importance that we should be in good working order, as men who wait their master's orders, and are ready to obey them at once.

What is good working order? Surely

we must be deeply serious about divine things, and have left trifling to worldlings and children.

We must feel the solemnity of life, and our breath must be healthily earnest. Within this seriousness must burn the fire of love to God and then love to men for His dear sake. Feeling the nearness of eternity, and the worth of men's souls, and anxious to glorify God by the salvation of the guilty, we must have our hearts upwards, our eyes open, and all our faculties consecrated. We need over all this the unction of the Holy Spirit, the quickening of his indwelling, and the faith in God which will be the first fruit of this heavenly energy.

Think of how you would wish to be if you had to die to-night, and you will come near to the idea of what you ought to be in order to live well to-day. Live in eternity. Dwell in the light of the throne. Let God dwell in you, and His Holy Spirit fill you. Then will your fisher's boat be fit for launching, and the nets be ready to surround the shoals at any moment.

During life we are like a net, gathering at every moment. Our characters are being filled up from hour to hour. Soon it will be drawn to shore, and stock will be taken of the contents. Will there be found in us love of God and hope in his word? Will the net be full of the living fish of Holy works and earnest prayers and sincere obedience?

What comes into the net in the sea of life will be found in it when it is drawn upon the shores of eternity. What are you gathering just now? Are you amassing the mere seaweed of wealth, or the seafoam of honor; or are you being filled with the graces of the Holy Spirit? There will be no living this life over again. What thou doest do well, for thou doest it for eternity. Trifle not, for on each hour hangs thy destiny—its woe or its blessedness. God give to thee and make a peaceful end.

NOTE—Essay read by Anna Fothergill, at Yarmouth First-day School, 6th month, 13th.

Young Friends' Review

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published in the interest of the Society of
Friends at

LONDON AND COLDSTREAM
ONTARIO, CANADA.

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TERMS:—Per Year, 50c. Single Numbers 5c.

Matter for publication should be addressed to Edgar M. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ont., and should be in by the 1st of the month. Business letters to the Treasurer, Coldstream, Ont. The name of an author must accompany the article sent for publication, as a guarantee of good faith.

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

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

Pelham Half Yearly Meeting is held this year in Lobo, in 8th month. Business meeting on 7th day, 8th month 23rd, with public meeting on 1st day, the 24th. Trains will be met at Komoka, ten miles west of the City of London, on Grand Trunk Railroad. If further information is required address, S. P. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ont.

Genesee Yearly Meeting, at its late session, took advantage of our special offer, and is sending the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to its isolated members for one year, at 25c. each. We would like to see other Meetings thus interested in their scattered members. Our offer will hold good but a few months longer. We believe the time demands, from our Society, some earnest and loving work in the interest of our scattered members, our lukewarm members, and our little Meetings.

WITH OUR ISOLATED FRIENDS.

II

We had three meetings in Ellis, Kansas, two on First-day in the Congregational Church, and one in the Baptists' place of meeting, on Fifth-day evening. All well-attended and satisfactory seasons. I quote from notes of our first meeting: "The room was about two-thirds full, perhaps an hundred there, and the meeting was remarkably quiet and satisfactory. Abel Mills, in a few words, spoke of our practice of silent waiting in order to prepare for true worship. In a few minutes I was impressed with the Scripture, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another,' and in my little way relieved my mind. Edward Coale soon after arose with the words 'What is truth?' and occupied most of the time to good satisfaction. A few more words from Abel, and a prayer from me, closed the exercises." In the afternoon we attended their Sabbath School and took part. Quoting again concerning our evening meeting, both of which were precious opportunities, "Abel spoke for some time, then Edward spoke earnestly for a few minutes, and I had a little to say to the children and young people, and the meeting closed with prayer by Edward." There is an opening here for our testimonies, and a hungering which calls for work. Had an appointed meeting on Second-day evening, 5th mo. 12th, at a school-house four miles from Ellis. Arrived about dark. We found no one there, and the house locked. It was in a lonely place, with only an occasional dwelling to be seen in the distance. The thought came: "Can any good thing come from this?" Soon a few boys arrived. We entered and lit a lamp. The neighbors kept dropping in, and the fire of Divine love kindled in our hearts towards them, and as we spoke of the way of Life and Light, and of the blessedness of true living, we became baptized into the one spirit, and said in our hearts surely it is

good to be here. The meeting was a profitable one.

On Fourth-day evening had a religious opportunity with the family of Daniel and Rose Griest, the hospitality of whose home we had shared during our stay in Ellis. They are members of our Society, and though they have been deprived of the privilege of mingling with Friends much for years, or of attending our meetings, yet the love for the Society seemed strong, and their desire to help build up a meeting in their midst seemed earnest and sincere. Our sympathies went out to them in their isolated condition, and our prayers, that they might realize their desire to build up the walls of our Zion in their family and in their neighborhood, were not withheld.

On 5th-day evening our last meeting in Ellis was held in the Baptist church. The people listened attentively as the truth, as we understood it, was presented freely—without money and without price. We have some reason to believe that our presentation of the religion of Jesus-Christ as being a practical religion and a religion of love, not of envy or hatred, to our fellowmen and to other religious organizations, will have some good results.

We spent the days in viewing the country, and in estimating its possibilities for farming purposes, and its desirability as a place of settlement for Friends. The result of which has been published in 6th-month's number of the REVIEW.

Our time for departure had come. We were to take the 8 a. m. train, on 6th-day, on our return to Lincoln, Neb. We ate our last breakfast almost in silence—and in tears. The deft hands which twine the cords that bind human hearts in near friendship had been busily at work during our short stay—even more busily than we had thought until the parting came.

At eight o'clock, accompanied by Daniel's, we took train for Nebraska. All day long we traversed the beautiful prairie, retracing our steps homeward.

At Beatrice, Neb., Abel and Edward stopped off for the night, to rejoin us in Lincoln in time for meeting, at eleven next day. Daniel and I reached Lincoln at 9.30 p. m., and were met at station by Russell Lownes. Soon found we were in good hands, though we had a ride of seven miles before us to his home. We made it in an hour, and found comfortable quarters for the night. Met Edward and Abel at station next morning, and attended the meeting in Lincoln. They have very pleasant and commodious rooms, and the Friends in and around the city generally attended. To me the meeting was above the average in interest. To such meetings as at Lincoln and Genoa, the Friends of Nebraska and Kansas are looking for inspiration. If they fail to be a bright and shining light how shall the weaker communities survive? While in their midst I felt the importance of their being faithful to their religious duties, and was more than usually favored in urging them to an earnest dedication of heart in the performance of the charge placed in their care. After meeting, took dinner at R. Lownes'. Lincoln is a beautiful city of 50,000 people, worthy of being the capital of a State. The Capitol building itself, though inferior to that of Iowa at Des Moines, is an imposing building in the midst of the city. The electric lights in the tower which may be seen each evening for miles around, are in themselves a pleasing attraction. At Bennett, which is 18 miles from Lincoln, we had two meetings appointed for the next day, which was first-day—one at No. 60 schoolhouse and the other in the Presbyterian place of meeting in the village. So, leaving about 4 p. m. Seventh day, Edward and Abel with Samuel Coale, and the writer with Michael De Peel, we reach Bennet that evening. Though somewhat disappointed in not finding my cousin Catharine De Peel at home, she having gone to Iowa on a visit, yet I felt quite at home and had a good rest the two

nights I remained with them.

Our meetings on first-day were, we felt, profitable seasons. The school-house was well filled in the morning, and the people quiet and attentive. Abel and Edward were both favored to portray with clearness the distinctive feature of our religious principles, and I felt drawn to address the children and young people, so many of whom were seated before us. At the afternoon meeting the Presbyterian Church was well filled. Both E. and A. had much to offer. A United Brethren minister endorsed what was said and spoke some minutes in a kindly and Christian spirit, and was followed by a stranger in the same friendly spirit. It was a Pentecostal season; and I was willing to publicly acknowledge it as such. Such occasions go far to pull down sectarian walls. On 2nd day I started for a few days' visit with my cousins, the Shotwells, at Garrison, while E. and A. remained to attend another meeting at No. 60 schoolhouse that evening, then to go south to Fairbury, and near the Kansas line to visit Friends and attend one or two meetings.

S. P. Z.

(Concluded next month.)

GOD AND THE LIGHT WITHIN.

II.

To grasp more clearly through the imagination the fact that God may exist, and His character be, in a measure, revealed to us though His form is invisible and even beyond the power of imagination to conceive, we may again resort to suggestive analogies. Even a childlike playfulness of imagination may be used for this purpose, and it may be that the greater the playfulness the clearer will the truth appear.

There was once a little rosebush that belonged to our good and gentle Friend Margaret. She was a Friend, not only in name but in feeling, for there was nothing around her or above her that she did not love; and among her special pets was our little rosebush.

In winter she found for it a warm, sunshiny corner indoors, and in summer she placed it out in the open air where it could enjoy the rains and the alternate sunshine and shadow. Possibly from long association with good Friend Margaret, our little rosebush had become almost human; and though it could not see or hear, yet it could feel; and sometimes, strange to say, it fell to thinking in a quiet way to itself. One bright morning in July it began to guess at some of the mysteries that surrounded it, and this is what it thought in its curious rosebush fashion:—"I don't know how I came to be a rosebush, but that's what I am. I know that much, but to tell the truth I believe that is about all I do know. I wonder why I am so terribly ignorant. So far as my senses can tell me, I am the highest form of creation. Sometimes I imagine there may be something greater than rosebushes; and yet I don't see how there can be after all. It may be there are higher grades than I belong to, but I cannot imagine how such things can exist unless they are rosebushes of some kind, or something of the same nature. They couldn't live without air and water and earth. And how could they breathe the air without leaves, or take up the earth and water without roots? This seems logical. And yet I must admit that the most miraculous rosebush imaginable couldn't do the things that happen to me. Why, a little while ago I had long branches, and a great many of them; but just as I was beginning to feel proud of them, something cut them off, and reduced me to a mere nothing. What kind of a rosebush could do that? Well, at first I thought a terrible calamity had come upon me, and that I might as well die. But before long I began to feel twice as strong as I ever felt before. This was wonderful enough, but the strangest thing of all was how this something-or-other knew that I had too many branches. But this is only the beginning of the story. Why, many and many a time, when my roots have

been dry, they have been refreshed by cool water that came trickling down over them without wetting my leaves. Rain alway touches my leaves first ; so where did this water come from, and how did it get there? Something must have brought it to me, and that something must have known my roots were dry as well as I knew it myself. Then again, every once in a while the earth around my roots is loosened and made comfortable. At other times the dead leaves are pulled off. But the strangest of all is that I frequently find myself in a new place. How it happens I cannot imagine ; but it does happen ; of that I am positive. Once I was so cold that I thought I should freeze. But just as I was beginning to grow numb, I felt something cutting off the tip ends of my roots in a kind of a circle all around me ; and then almost before I knew it, I was in the warmest, most delightful atmosphere that any rosebush could desire. This has happened several times. But how? And what does it? These are questions that I'll confess are more easily asked than answered. It is evident there are some things that even a rosebush cannot understand. But yet, though I cannot imagine what it is that does all these things for me, I think I discover several points in which it resembles a rosebush. It seems to know all the things I like and dislike, so it must think and feel as I do. It knows about water and warm air, and earth, and roots and leaves, and flowers, and even a great many things that I don't know myself. It seems to love all these things that are good for me. Then, too, it dislikes leaves with holes in them, and dead leaves, and dead branches, and it seems to know just when they ought to be taken off. Indeed, it must love a rosebush more than I can imagine ; and even though it does do so many things that I cannot understand, yet I feel that it must have much in common with me, in so far at least as the best that I am in character can resemble a being of a totally differ-

ent form. How pleasant it is to know that I have even a remote resemblance to what must be such a superior being ; and, more than all, that it loves and cares for a helpless rosebush." Having reached this comforting and reasonable conclusion, the rosebush was soon soothed into slumbers by the warm sunlight.

To point the moral of the tale, we find that our little rosebush had a very inadequate conception of the nature, form, and character of good Friend Margaret ; but yet its most accurate guesses were suggested by what was best and highest in its own nature.

CHARLES M. STABLER.

REFLECTION.

Word comes to me of the spiritual feast enjoyed by those who were privileged to attend our late Yearly Meeting held at Sparta, Ontario, and I know by past minglings in those gatherings the truth of the word "feast." How it does bring us in closer feeling and bind us stronger together by thus feasting in a social and spiritual manner.

My thoughts have more particularly arrested themselves on the youths' or parlor meeting held during the week, that has called forth this reflection to those who attended and gave vocal expression to their feelings. Few of these meetings I have attended, and received thereby strength, and, I believe, strength and comfort often comes more forcibly to us in the younger walks of life, because of the evidence there expressed from those journeying with us and just in advance.

Ah, my dear young Friends, I believe there is a vast difference between a natural impulse that lies very close to the feelings of the heart, and easily wrought upon by its surroundings, and the Divine evidence that comes in the quiet hour of watchfulness and trust in His abiding care. When this preparation ; this dedication of soul to the Master's work has become yours to

make—ah, then, I believe, your words will abide with His people.

It is not in any wish of censure I pen these few lines, but that we may reflect and look close home within ourselves, become still, and know that I am God. Oh, watch these bubblings that have come forth, perhaps for the first time, in broken utterance. If humility is yours to be taught as He leads; if the will is in a way for Divine influence and culture, I trust again they will honestly press for utterance if not smothered. Cherish these feelings, and in the hour of quiet reflection thou wilt find the Master's will concerning them. I do not believe these promptings for utterance will always come in the larger gatherings, or meetings set apart for the younger members of Society. It seems to me the vessel will be filled to overflowing in these smaller meetings at home. Someone may be standing there in those little meetings just behind thee (so to speak) waiting for a vocal manifestation of thy faith and sweet assurance in the Fathers' work. May watchfulness and reflection be ours, and vocal expression be from the heart, corresponding with a desire to be always in the lessons of experience from what the mouth utters. Then, I believe will peace of mind follow you, which the world cannot take away, having always the comfort that you are about the Master's work in the example to the world and precept by His holy promptings.

JOSEPH FRITTS.

Macedon, N. Y., 6, 24, '90.

THE OLD KITCHEN FLOOR.

(Selected by M. A. C. for the Young Friends' Review.)
Back in my wanderings my thoughts have been
cast
To the Cot where the hours of my childhood
were past;

I love all its rooms to its pantry and hall,
But the blessed old kitchen is dearer than all.
Its chairs and its tables none brighter can be,
And all its surroundings were sacred to me,
From the nail in the ceiling to the latch on
the door,
I love every crack on that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fire-place, with mouth high
and wide,
And the old-fashioned oven that stood by the
side,
Out of which each Thanksgiving come pudding
and pies,
Which fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes.
And old St. Nicholas as, so shy and still,
Come down every Christmas our stockings to
fill;
But the dearest memories laid up in store,
Are, dear mother, for thee on that old kitchen
floor.

To-night those old visions come back at their
will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still;
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mouldering
in clay.

But the sacred old hearth lies in vision as then,
And the voices of children sing out there again,
And the sun through the window shines out
as of yore,

But it sees other feet on that old kitchen floor.

I ask not for treasures, but this I would crave,
That when other lips speaking are closed in
the grave

The children would gather round thus by the
side,

And tell them of a mother that long ago died.
It would be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Then inscription on marble or granite could
be;

To know they tell often, as I did of you,
Of a mother they loved on that old kitchen
floor.

A HELPING HAND

There seems to be given a command
to each and every one of us, to lend a
helping hand and do what we can,
never faltering because the task is
small at first but do what we can and
do it the best we can.

Throw off the cloak of fear for man's
criticism for we need not be afraid of
being laughed at if we do our duty,
then ask of Him and He will gladly
show us what to do, it may simply be
to speak a kind word which will be as
a cup of cold water given or only to
live up to something known to be our
duty.

It may be to hand out bread to the
hungry soul, but it matters not what it
may be, only put our whole trust in
Him and He will guide and direct us.
It matters not how small the deed or

how poorly done if we have done the best we can, if we have done it to the honor and glory of our Heavenly Father, for He will give us strength as more is required of us, but we must be watchful and let no opportunity pass unimproved, Let no talents be lost, neither wrapped up and hid away, but put them all to the best use, so that the Master can have His own when he calls for it at our hands.

We can see by the blessed example of Jesus as one who was perfect even as we may be if we are only watchful, and we can see that He was ever ready to lend a helping hand in some way, even unto death. Its a great help to the weaker ones to see a cheerful forgiving spirit, especially in the hour of trial, and such was the spirit of the One that was nailed on the cross, for he could forgive those that persecuted Him, and by faith we may have that spirit as a part with us.

He did many wonderous miracles in His day and is still doing them in our day. His disciples, through faith in Him and a willingness to lend a helping hand, performed many also, and if we are willing to be His disciples, being led and guided by Him, we will be enabled to perform many little acts of kindness which may seem very small in themselves but prove as miracles to the benefited ones, who perhaps would have been buried, as it were, had it not been for a willing, helping hand.

A. G. F.

PICKERING HALF YEARLY MEETING.

Pickering Half Yearly Meeting of Friends was held on the 24, 25 and 26 of Fifth month.

The meeting of ministers and elders convened on Seventh day afternoon.

On the evening of the 24th, a Temperance Meeting was held in connection with our H. Y. M. A programme consisting of readings, recitations and speeches was listened to by an attentive and appreciative audience, who

were one in mind towards abolishing the gigantic evil of intemperence

The little ones deserve great credit for the active part they took in the programme, showing plainly the trend of their youthful minds in this work.

First-day morning the house was comfortably filled with Friends and friendly people. A number of young people were present, all seemingly anxious and with minds ready to partake of that bread, "Which cometh down from Heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die." The presence of our valued friend, Isaac Wilson being with us at this time was very acceptable. He arose from the quiet with the words, "Before Abraham was I am." His discourse throughout claimed the close attention of the audience. He closed the meeting in a fervent supplication.

At three o'clock an audience not so large again gathered into the quiet, our friend, feeling deeply exercised, broke the silence with the words of Jesus, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Speaking with much deep feeling and thought, making his testimonies strong and convincing.

On First-day evening a parlor meeting was held at the home of Joseph Webster—Friends were cordially invited to attend, and many availed themselves of the opportunity. The way was open for free expression and comparison of views. It proved to be an interesting occasion, and all seemed to leave with the feeling that it was good to be there, and it was felt to be a precious ending of a highly-favored day.

Second-day morning after the usual hour of worship, during which another impressive testimony was borne by J. W., the ordinary routine of business was entered upon—the answers to the queries coming up in most respects clear. Near the close I. W. again arose, and with much earnestness expressed that although the answers to the queries had come up with a fair showing, it was

of far greater importance that the state of society they portrayed should be true in reality, than that it should so appear upon paper. He dwelt upon the necessity that we bridle the tongue lest by its unguarded and evil use we do great and irreparable injury to others. His remarks were pertinent, practical, and altogether seasonable.

The meeting closed with a feeling of deep thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the privilege of mingling together both spiritually and socially, so strengthening the bond of true Christian fellowship.

ALBERTA WEBSTER.

OUR PICNIC.

And what I mean by *our* picnic is of course the one that for three years has been held by the Lobo and Arkona First-day Schools.

The two Meetings are about twenty miles apart and each having a First-day School, and each wanting a picnic, we conceived the idea of meeting together somewhere. We found a very desirable grove of stately maples, midway, which, for convenience, I will for the present call "Quaker Grove." So for three years, as near "Dominion Day" as we conveniently could, we have gathered the little ones and the older ones together from each school and have met at Quaker Grove. Dominion Day is the "First of July," and since 1867 has been celebrated as the birth-day of our new nationality, "the Dominion of Canada," by which we became the peaceable possessors of half a continent. The morning of the First, this year, found our neighborhood early awake with the little ones trying to rub their eyes open and crawling out of their little beds much too early for ordinary times, but with a determination not to be left out of the day's enjoyment. With what eagerness the little ones look forward to the pleasures of the picnic day, and especially those to whom it is the one day in the year devoted to such enjoyment.

And then the anxiety in the minds of the little ones about the weather—"What if it rains?" "I wonder if it will rain!" For little ones have their troubles, too, and I suppose these help to strengthen, round out, and develop their characters, even as they tend to purify and make Christ-like the lives of older men and women.

By eight o'clock our loads were mostly collected and our faces turned toward Quaker Grove. The clouds looked a little threatening, but after the hot days which had preceded, the cooler morning was invigorating.

The ride was delightful. The merry voices of the children, the singing of the birds, the waving fields of growing grain, the sweet scent of the clover, the occasion all tended to brighten the way and lighten the heart.

The day was delightful. The distant thunder kept afar, the surrounding showers reached us not, the glare and the heat of the sun was tempered by the friendly clouds.

Then there was the meeting of old and young from the two neighborhoods, and the mingling, the putting up of swings in the tall trees, the hanging of the hammocks for the little ones, and the grand-fathers and grand-mothers to swing them, the placing of the croquet wires, the planting of bases for games of ball, the spreading of the tables, and the day's enjoyment was thoroughly begun. Nothing marred the day's pleasures. Wherever one might go among the two hundred or three hundred there, the same good natured happy spirit reigned.

We thought, can we make these occasions in any way more helpful to our schools? Why not intersperse the pleasures with a short programme. Perhaps we might think over this before we meet again a year hence.

S. P. Z.

Coldstream, 7th mo., 2.

"Strike while the iron is hot," but never while the temper is hot.

M. V.

TO DREAMERS.

Dreamer, cease from idly musing,
Gird thee to life's sturdy fight;
Shrink not from the task of choosing,
Pray that thou may'st choose the right.

When a friend has loved thee well,
Stand by him through every test;
Life's experience this shall tell—
Loves first conquest is its best.

Dream no future, grandly high,
Grandeur is in little things;
Angels, looked for in the sky,
Walk the earth with folded wings.

Do some little good each hour,
Hope that it may greater be;
One small dew drop on a flower,
Shames a thousand in the sea.

Dreamer, life has thorny ways,
Faint not in its scorching sun;
Struggle on—nor ask for praise,
Till thy toilsome journey's done.
—[A. B., in *Strathroy Age*.

ABRAHAM.

Let us leave for a time the busy present and see what lesson we may glean from the ages long past. If we go back 2,000 years B. C., we see Egypt, that country so rich in historic interest, just rising to the height of power and splendor before the invasion of the Hyksos or Shepherd kings.

In the East we see the great conqueror Chedor-Laomer, so familiar to us in Scripture, occupying not only the Empire founded by Nimrod, but extending his dominion over all the surrounding regions, and in his haughty pride continuing his march into Palestine, with what disastrous result we know. At this time also we find in the mountains of Media the nucleus of that great power, afterwards known as the "Medes and Persians."

And under all the governments thus represented, idolatry reigned supreme; idolatry in some places of the grossest kind. When the heads of nations worship idols, and the children of the people are taught to do the same, where can we look for light?

But even in that dark time light was to be found.

In his father's home in "Ur of the Chaldees" was a boy who, strange as it may seem to those who know the unchanging customs of the East, refused to worship the gods of his fathers. All the trials and persecutions of his early life we may not know, for trials deep and dreadful he must have had, but this we do know that throughout them all he was never deserted by the loving Father, in obedience to whose voice he afterwards left home and kindred to journey to the land which God had promised him.

We need not follow him in his long and often eventful journeying, until at last he was able to settle in Canaan as his home; but we may pause to contemplate that sublime faith in God, to whose voice he was ever so obedient, that it did indeed direct him in all his ways and in every event of his life.

Ah! call not new the doctrine the Friends brought to light by George Fox after being buried for centuries under the rubbish of superstition. The corner stone of that doctrine, direct divine guidance, was what faithful Abraham followed; the rock of the wandering Israelites; the Word which afterwards "took flesh and dwelt among men," the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, which, if we will but listen to and obey its teachings as faithfully as Abraham did, will be our guide forever. We now see Abraham in his domestic life, young Ishmael is beside him, and so fondly does the father's heart turn towards him, he has come perhaps to regard him as the child of promise. But no, it is now made known to him that the time is at hand when that promise is to be fulfilled; but with all a father's yearning love he cries unto his God: "O, that Ishmael might live before Thee." Do we not see an answer to that prayer when 2,600 years later Mohammond, though his doctrines were full of error, yet led his followers, the descendants of Ishmael, away from their idols to serve the God of Abraham.

And now Isaac the child of promise is born, who cannot imagine the heart-rending jealousies of the two mother's, both victims of that curse of the East, polygamy, in this case combined with slavery. Sarah's cruel control over her slave. Hagar, in her proud, passionate nature, daring to insult her mistress whose control over her slave was absolute. Who knows through how many years this cruelty and insult had been continued? It must have been so, at least since Ishmael's birth, for before that time Hagar had once fled from her mistress in anger, but, divinely directed by God, had returned to her. She had now, however, become so obnoxious to Sarah she was no longer willing to look upon her face, and she demanded of Abraham that the bondwoman and her son be cast out. Second only to the sacrifice of Isaac, afterward demanded of him, must have been this trial to Abraham. His love for his first-born had grown with the fifteen years of the boy's life and it was hard indeed to send him from his presence forever. But, as in that later trial when told to offer up Isaac, in whom all his hopes then centered, he consults not his own feelings, but God's guidance and when he knows it is indeed God's will that Hagar and Ishmael should go, he hesitates no longer, but rises early in the morning that the task may be got through with as quickly as possible.

And now we see the Egyptian bondmaid and her child alone in the dreadful desert. Faint from want of water the boy seems at last ready to perish. Who can tell all the anguish of that lonely mother's heart as she leaves her child alone, unable to see him die.

But He who takes note of each sparrow as it falls looked down with infinite love and pity on the poor forsaken creature who was none the less His child. She is guided to a well of water which thoroughly revives the fainting boy who is to become the father of a mighty race.

We are called again to witness the

grief of Abraham as he bows by the dead form of his loved wife; but through all his trials and also in his days of prosperity we never see him depart from his Divine Guide. So faithful was he that the title was given him of the "Friend of God." May we be so faithful in following the same Guide, that the name of our society, Friends—may become as a light to those around us, a term synonymous with the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. Even, as in that dark age, the "Friend of God" stood an example and light not only to those around him, but to us and to those of all future time.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

The day laborer, who earns, with horny hand and the sweat of his face, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised by this generous motive to true dignity, and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

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