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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IV.

LONDON, ONT., NINTH MONTH, 1889.

NO. 9

CALM AND STORM.

SERMON.

stood one day at the shore
Watching the waves at my feet
Gliding o'er the pebbled sand,
Then back to their ocean retreat,
Murmuring that mystic music
Which mortals cannot define,
And yet it steals o'er the spirit,
Like the sound of a voice divine.

The sun that glamed in the heavens
Shed many a golden ray
Over the face of the waters
And in through the silvery spray.
And as I gazed at the beauty
Of earth, and sky, and sea,
I wondered if the Better Land
Could e'en more glorious be.

But ere I woke from my day dream
Dark clouds had passed o'er the sky,
The wind waxed louder and louder,
Then rushed with an angry cry,
Over the glimmering waters,
In through the silvery spray,
And fierce and long was the battle
'Tween waves and wind that day.

Yet not more fierce than the battle
That's fought in each human soul,
When passion with poisonous arrow
Is quivering to take control.
Who shall come off with the laurels?
Whose shall the victory be?
Shall passion bind as a slave
The soul that's born to be free?

No, no; let it never be said
That the raging storms of sin
Were crushing with merciless power
The heavenly spark within.
Oh, man, be brave; women, be true;
Cast aside the tempter's chain;
Let peace throw its beautiful calm
Over thy spirit again.

—[Emily Sutherland.]

"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him: 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son; make me as an hired servant.'"

This circumstance was one which Jesus made use of to convey the most beautiful and practical illustrations relative to the Kingdom of Heaven.

There is considerable anxiety in the world about Heaven, many earnest desires for happiness, and many inquiries in the mind as to how and when we are to realize that Heaven. Jesus saw the same reasoning in the human mind in that day, and it seemed He was especially desirous of reaching and answering it, as upon one occasion He appealed to His hearers as to what He should liken it unto in order to make it clear to their understanding. He likened it to a little leaven, to a vineyard, to a mustard seed, material things. They are all beautiful, but he used another figure that to my mind claims preference as being more practical to the human family, though not undervaluing the others. This one took human nature itself and traced it from the beginning. It taught every doctrine that was necessary to be taught in order that we might reach the Kingdom of Heaven.

A man had two sons, showing two conditions. The younger son said: "If thou will give me what is to be mine I will manage my own life." If not in these words this was the meaning, for it is said that "actions speak louder than words." He was the younger of the two—less mature, less

in judgment, less wise and prudent. It was granted him, for he was a free agent. We next find him away down in a strange land representing a far off and low condition, feeding upon the husks which the swine would not eat; and it was here that he formed this wise resolution: "I will arise and go to my father." I will address him honestly and tell him just what I have done. Jesus took human nature in its primordial innocency and followed it in all its possible variations. It was the son's own wish, and not the father's. It was individual choice, to satisfy a natural desire. We have already seen the result of separating himself from the father. Yet the father saw him when far from his house representing a condition that we are far from the Father when we form such resolutions. That if we had not done what was contrary to God's law, we need not have been where we are. This is the individual application. But he yet felt there was room in the father's house. He had brought himself just where he was, and when he had resolved to go the father saw him. Did he stand and wait for any confession? No! he did not remain in the door, but he ran out to meet him, and was rejoiced to greet him. Let us see the doctrines involved in this. It shows us the origin of sin. I am a firm believer in original sin, but by no means in inherited sin. It was his own choice, originated in himself, and hence original. I believe that all the sin that I am accountable for originates in me and not in some one else. It was the memory of his father's love that brought him back, and the father had not disinherited him, but welcomed him home. When he repented he made it effectual by a change in his life. It was an individual choice as much so as his departure. Here is the nature of "repentance": "Conversion" and "change of heart."

The father (according to accounts) led him home, and in this there is a most beautiful figure, for when he saw a willingness on the part of the son, he

was willing to take him by the hand and lead him home.

We find there were servants in that house, and they all had their allotted work - one to bring the best robes, one to kill the fatted calf, and another to bring the ring; he never left anything undone.

There was not only original sin, but he had experienced a death, a falling away from his primordial innocence, loss of that oneness with the father. Yet he could not go beyond the father's love; he could not erase that from his nature.

When this resolution was made he was raised into that Christ-like life again. There must be a doing as well as a believing and a persistent faith. He was raised from his low condition and brought back to the father's house, which was the resurrection.

"This my son that was lost and is found, was dead, but is alive again." He did not want anything more than this - no substitution of an innocent life to win his favor, simply amendment of life. There is a spiritual figure in everything that was done. The placing of the ring had a beautiful lesson. The son was willing to be as a servant; he had no anxiety about what he would earn, but was willing to obey the father in everything. The finger represents the least portion of the hand, and the ring being placed upon the finger represents the father's love encircling the least service that could be done. The fatted calf representing something prepared, something always ready in the father's house. The best robes representing the robes of righteousness, charity, love, mercy and justice, and all the virtues of the Christian which hang in the father's wardrobe, spiritually speaking. Those are for this present life as well as that beyond. For heaven is here and now in this world where we are passing through from one mansion to another and so on up to that higher life whence there is no return.

Much has been said of this boy - this bad boy. There has been often a

very important part left out. I am not going to omit it altogether. Another servant was sent out to tell him. When he came within hearing of the merry-making and found what it was for he gave rise to a feeling of jealousy, and we are told that he was angry and would not come in. The father's love was not fully satisfied; he went out and pleaded and reasoned with him. He answered and said to his father: Lo, these many years have I served thee, been a dutiful son, but thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends. And what was the father's reply? Son, thou art always with me, and all that I have is thine. The father would like to have had him come in, but he would not. It was his own choice. He did not appreciate the father's love. We have to leave him there—outside, for the father must return to the merry-making. He had just as much necessity of making an atonement as the younger son, for he alienated himself by choice from the father.

We find all these things portrayed in human nature. Man changes, God is ever and always love—nothing but love even to his erring and wandering children. It is not as is sometimes taught—that God needs to be reconciled to man, but simply and only man reconciled to God. The sacrifice must be in man's heart in the subduing of all that is antagonistic to the love of the Father. This is the at-one-ment—the atonement. When man comes to realize that this is an individual work, that the word is nigh even in the heart and in the mouth, that the Lord stands waiting in love, how easy to return if he only *will*. How do we know of a return? Are we not to judge? I think we may here. By their fruits ye shall know them, whether they are filled with the love of God or not, for the fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, goodness, etc. We need not go outside our own walls to find these things exemplified. I want our palsied hands restored, our eyes opened to see the goodness of

God, and to be up and doing in the day time, which is when the light of divine truth first dawns on the understanding. Who walks in this light shall not stumble. It will enable him to shun his greatest enemies. And they are those of his own household. They are not his brothers and sisters and members of his own family, but the propensities and passions of his own nature. There is nothing outside of man that can condemn or save him. I must turn and look into my own soul and see our Saviour. I love the Bible. Every time I look into it I find that that corroborates with my own experience. The testimonies of Jesus rush into my mind as a train freighted with instruction. I must be baptized, dipped into the spirit of God, then my whole nature must needs be leavened unto the likeness of God. A baptism that does not do that is ineffectual. I cannot look to Calvary but I see shown forth God's universal and unchanging love manifested in Christ's forgiveness to his enemies. He has never entertained any spirit of anger against his children, and he is just as willing to come out and meet us in this day as he was then, and when we have formed a resolution to return home we shall not go many steps before there is a feeling of approval emanating from the love of the Father. He has seen the sacrifice made, and he takes us up higher and still higher until we can say: "Not my will but thine, oh God, be done." The Spirit of God says: "Let there be light," and to that soul that does not resist light comes, and by it man is to work out his own soul's salvation. He asks for man's co-operation in the work; he cannot save man's soul against man's will, nor can man save his soul without the saving principle that comes from God.

Would the woman have been healed if she had not pressed through the crowd? Did Jesus let her go unnoticed? He knew that virtue had gone from him. Her faith, the carry-

ing of it out, and the virtue of Jesus, all three were indispensable in making her whole. Others pressed upon him, but she alone with the earnest touch of faith appealing to his virtue. So it is to-day when men come with faith and live up to it.

I call you as a brother that loves you with a love that knows no partition walls, actuated by the love of God in my own heart to enter upon this individual work of saving your soul. It was because God so loved the world, not on account of his wrath, that he sent his son to be a living witness to the truth and save man from sinning. It was not the physical man Jesus that was the only begotten son of God, but the grace of God, the love of God that emanated from the Father and descended upon him as a dove. It is this dove-like influence that makes in whom it abides sons and daughters in whom he is well pleased. They thus become heirs with God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, giving liberty to call him the elder brother. But we have not this privilege unless we are faithful, giving up all and becoming willing to say: "Be it unto me according to thy word." There will then be experienced that miraculous conception and the begetting in our hearts of the child Christ, upon whose shoulders the government of our lives shall rest. Our mission would then be like that of Jesus, our pattern, who went about doing good and glorifying God. These things, to be of value to us, must be brought down to the present time and conditions. This should not be a vale of tears, looking only to the future for happiness and heaven. This course only robs life of present blessings, which God holds in store for us. The storm is tempered to the shorn lamb. There is no requirement as'ed, but there is given ability to perform it, nor are we required to serve him blindly. He invites us to come that we might reason together. Our reason, then, is for our good; it is not to be abused,

but become an agent, a medium, to be enlightened by God's spirit, that "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

After taking my seat I heard a query arise in some mind: If this be true, I wish he would inform me what effect did the circumstance have or what lesson am I to learn from the resurrection, which is held to be so necessary, and is so much talked about, and the atonement made by the sacrifice upon Mt. Calvary. I believe there is no period in the experience of the life of Jesus, his conception, his life and movements among men his death and resurrection, but what may be experienced spiritually now in the life of every true Christian. I believe in it all, in the reality of it all, if you will allow me my spiritual construction. And what else can you do with such passages as this: "Except ye eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood ye have no life in you." What could he possibly have meant? There were those that stood by him that marvelled at this saying, and he perceived they did not understand it, so he further explains it that they might not mistake his meaning: "The flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." I believe that Jesus in his sayings and in his answers was always immediately inspired by the Father. Seeing that they, even his disciples, persisted in understanding him merely in the outward in the letter, he was compelled to say to them: "It is expedient for you that I go away, for you cannot find true comfort in this outward belief, but if I depart in person you will follow more after me in spirit, and therefore will find greater comfort. He was indeed a most glorious, most perfect, pattern. But, he says: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up the cross, and follow me." It is not

simply an outward thing, this following Christ. It involves self denial. See the struggle Jesus himself passed through before his human nature gave up completely. Three times did he retire alone into the recesses of the mountain and prayed, saying: "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But in this the crisis the Spirit prevailed over the flesh, the Christ over the man, as witnessed in the "nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." He would rather sacrifice life than sacrifice one principle he had set forth. There in the garden of Gethsemane he had completed his work, in the overcoming of self—the overcoming whereunto he calls us in his message to John. He says: "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do" He had set before men a sufficient high and full example that if followed spiritually would save every soul. There is no mystery in it, but to me it must be spiritually felt. I am not there, it must be here, in very contact with my soul whatsoever shall purge it and make it clean. Paul says: "Prove your own selves, know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you." It is not the human that is meant, but the spirit, and in the name of this spiritual Christ I commend you also with myself.

HOME AND ITS INFLUENCE.

"To Adam Paradise was a home; to the good among his descendants home is a paradise." A perfect home on earth is the antetype of a heavenly home in the hereafter. To found such a home here is worthy the best efforts of every young man and woman. Not only that, but 't is the duty of the great masses to do so. That myriads fail is a lamentable fact. Why so many fail is worthy our deepest thought. Two essentials in a perfect home are the fitness for each other of husband and

wife, and a disposition on the part of each to make the best of their circumstances. It is not essential to happiness that riches abound, for loving hearts are more than riches. Yet too often a lack of riches is made an excuse for keeping loving hearts apart. Young people often think they *must* start in life with all the comforts, and very much more of its style, than their parents are enjoying after years of toil and hardship and deprivation. As Joseph Cook says: "They cannot afford to drive a coach and four, they could drive a coach and two, but they wish to drive a coach and six," and because they cannot they ignore life's duties and responsibilities, forgetting that life would be much sweeter to them if they, with manly and womanly hearts, were but willing to begin a little lower, and within their circumstances, and by their own energy and by improving the talents placed in their care for improvement would hew out homes for themselves. The duties and responsibilities which such a life involves is the very best school in which to round out and develop their every faculty, which alone can make home perfect and the parents proper trustees of all that the word parent implies.

This lack of a willingness on the part of young people to enter upon the responsibilities of life is too often induced by a false and unprofitable home influence - a disposition of the part of parents to allow their children to shirk the many little duties and the many and varied ways by which the little hands may be of help to relieve the tired ones. Such help, I believe, may be always made a pleasure to the child, while at the same time it is developing a healthy, strengthening, enduring disposition in the growing child that will make it a blessing to the parents and a useful member in society in its mature years.

S. P. Z.

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

THE TRUE SOURCE.

If Philip had known of a bringing forth in himself and a walking by the light thereof, doing manifest duties and obeying inherent openings, he would have known the Christ, whereas he knew only the physical, causing Jesus to exclaim: "Have I been so long with thee, Philip, and thou dost not know Me?" If we turn from self and seek after spiritual attainment, we come to know after the manner of Jesus, according to our measure, that divine conception regulates the man when we give ear to God, allowing him to do the work in us, becoming kinsman with Jesus and heirs in the celestial life, understanding Jesus' teachings through spirit birth, applying to, receiving and entertaining the Father, who regulates man's acts by the spirit of God in man, as our brother declared was his dependence. He said when He prayed to the Father: "Thou hearest Me always." To be practical with us, our reliance also must be staple and steadfast, and we obedient subjects, knowing of the sacredness of divine intercourse as it is in Jesus. The doctrine of Jesus, "communion of God with man," is so applicable, because of its adaptation to human needs, that many idolize Jesus, calling Him Saviour, when that title belonged to God alone, who saved Him and all mankind, according to the testimony of Himself and of those gone before and after Him. He and the rest of God's servants ever claimed their support to be in the Father, through His immediate presence in them, while Philip knew not the Christ in Him, hence his barrenness. Isaiah, David and John covenant with God and knew the Saviour, as is the privilege of God's household the world over. God's process of caring for His children has always been the one and only way—a covenanting with all who give Him a place in the inn. These obedient ones were instrumental in calling the children of men immediately

to the Lawgiver *in* man, there to witness God presiding over His own household in person. Knowledge based upon solvable problems bringeth practical results. Where is this rule to be obtained? In mankind every where. If earnestly and diligently sought for it will be found, when the recipient may testify from inherent knowledge inspiring him or her to proclaim from the school of Christ with the same authority as those gone before in that God moveth the instrument to action, so that others may see it and glorify God for His impartial dealings with His subjects, divinely learning that "the things of God knoweth no man but by the spirit of God" that is in him, hence salvation. All have access to this fountain to partake from and live, regardless of the so-called religions, with their dogmas and creeds. Isaiah said: "Let us walk in the light of the Lord." "Out of Zion shall go forth the law, the word of the Lord rebuking many people" "I rejoice in the Lord, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation." Here intuitively learning that to here's or to there's is not the way to the eternal city. But, "Father, on Time with childlike trust I call, in self-abasement at Thy footstool fall, asking to know but Thee, and find Thee all" And Jesus thanked the Giver for abundantly furnishing Him, calling His hearers to enter the closet and pray to the same Head for like supplies, and personally know of this spiritual growth by handling and testing the fruits thereof, for God alone giveth the increase, and while we may be instrumental in helping each other, it is by the gift of God only that His children know each other, and by this gift, learning the doctrine and distinguishing between that which is of man and that which is of God. Duties to the Father are recognized by hosts of His subjects, and commandments daily given to the children of men from the supreme Head are received and faithfully per-

formed by them, as in any previous period of the world's history, receiving their reward in peace as they journey homeward, and because of these faithful, the unfaithful are often brought to a knowledge of their waywardness, and are reclaimed. H. G. M.

Sing Sing, N.Y.

ADDIE AND ANNIE—ONE LEFT,
ONE TAKEN.

[Annie, infant daughter of Davis and Alice Barker, of Mace-lon, N.Y., departed this life Seventh mo., 21st, 1889, aged two years and four months. She leaves a twin sister her very counterpart.]

Twin rose buds bloomed on a parent stem ;
They were just as sweet as a rose could be,
And the saints who touche'd Christ's garment
hem
Were not more pure, nor more fair to see.

It filled our hearts with a glad surprise
That flowers of such a heavenly hue
Could bloom beneath earth's changing skies,
Of sun, and cloud, and falling dew.

To look into each unfolding heart,
Filled us with thoughts of our Father's love ;
For we seemed to see in each perfect part,
Glimpses from gardens bright above.

We could almost hear the Saviour speak,
As He spoke when He walked earth's
tangled wild ;
" *The Kingdom of Heaven—disciples meek—
Is like the heart of a little child* "

Yes, these fair buds grew in such gentle grace,
Heaven's truth shone out in the soul lit eyes,
And blossomed into each rosy face,
Like the beautiful flowers of Paradise.

But it came to pass on a solemn day,
That the keeper of all these earthly flowers,
Sent an angel out for a bright bouquet,
To grace with fragrance immortal bowers.

When he reached the spot where these twin
buds grew
He paused to gather a souvenir,
And one he plucked from the stem so true,
And one he left for the earth-home here.

Yet one sweet thought must for aye console
The hearts that were broken with this frail
stem ;
On our Father's breast 'tis a perfect whole,
And He wears it to show that *He loveth
them.*
—Julia M. Dutton.
Waterloo, N. Y.

EXTRACT

FROM THE LETTERS OF NICHOLAS HER-
MANN, OF LORRAINE.

God has infinite treasures to bestow. When He finds a soul penetrated with a lively faith He pours into it His graces and favors plentifully ; there they flow like a torrent. Yet, blind that we are, we often obstruct this torrent by the little value we set upon it. Let us hinder it no longer ; let us enter into ourselves and break down the bank that hinders it ; let us make way for God.

There is no time for delay ; our souls are at stake. Not to advance in the spiritual life is to go back. But those who have the gale of the Holy Spirit go forward even in sleep. If the vessel of the soul be tossed with winds and storms, let us awake the Lord, who reposes in it, He will quickly calm the sea.

THOUGHTS.

One of the strongest forces of personal association is the unconscious influence of a man's secret opinions or unavowed principles upon undeveloped characters with which he comes in contact.

What a man is within himself, the nature of the hidden springs of his character determines both the power and nature of his influence over others.
E. S. S.

God communicates with every soul that He has created, and is Judge for it of right and wrong ; visiting it with the blessing of peace if it does the right, and with a sense of condemnation if it does the wrong. Salvation depends upon obedience.
Z.

The way to be happy is to live according to nature—in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed.—[Johnson's Rasselas.

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

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

"I have been trying to find out what you Friends believed, and I perceive that you differ in your views as much as members of other denominations." These words were addressed me lately, and my answer was: "I think we differ even more." Perhaps I am of this opinion because I am better acquainted with the views of our members than with those of other denominations, for the more I become acquainted with the views of different members of our Society the farther, I perceive, they differ.

Edward H. Magill, in one of his lectures in Canada on his tour a few summers ago, said that "there is as wide a divergency in the views of our

members as there is between all other societies."

Whether this be hyperbole or literally true I am not qualified to say. It is rather a startling statement, and the more so to those who have had the least opportunity for observing. What is the cause of this divergency, and what does it indicate? The cause, paradoxical as it seems, may be found in the two extremes—ignorance and intelligence. Ignorance of what our brother thinks on this or that subject, through want of interchange of thought, has been a source of different views in the past. But this cause is becoming removed to a great extent through the means of the First Day School. Then, it will be said the divergency will still remain and be as great, for the F. D. S. will enlighten just as much as it dispells ignorance. What it curtails from the one source it adds to the other. Have we gained nothing, then? I think we have. An intelligent variance is certainly better than an ignorant variance. Yes, better even than an ignorant conformity. It is better for people to think, though they may differ, than to believe alike without thinking. A divergency of opinion is a mark of an enlightened people. Is this all, then, or is there one step higher? Is there an intelligent conformity higher yet in both essentials and non-essentials? We will leave this question open for thought and for contributions, should any choose to take it up.

If our readers who have Friends, members of our Society, or others likely to be interested in reading the REVIEW living west of Ontario in Canada or west of the Mississippi River in the United States will send us lists of the same, with addresses plainly written, we will consider it a favor, and we may be in a position to benefit them also.

SPECIAL OFFER. - With the object of introducing the REVIEW into *new* homes, we will send it to any address

in Canada or the United States the remaining *three months* of this year for *10 cents*. When once introduced the REVIEW almost invariably becomes a constant visitor. Our Friends can therefore help us very much by aiding us in making this special offer known outside our present circle of subscribers. All such subscriptions should be sent in on or before the 1st of 10th month.

We are glad to learn and inform our readers that Sunderland P. Gardner arrived home safely, and is improving in health.

MARRIED.

GAGE-FRITTS—At the home of the bride's mother, Macedon, N. Y., on Eighth mo., 6th, 1889, by Friends' ceremony, Frank Gage, of Rochester, N. Y., and Elizabeth Fritts, daughter of Maria B. and the late George O. Fritts.

We wish them the happiness that comes to all rightly appointed unions.

OBITUARY.

PLAYTER—At the family residence, Pittsburg, Kansas, 3rd, Seventh mo., 1889, Minnie E. Playter, wife of Frank Playter, and daughter of Ira B. and Susan Carpenter, of Pickering.

Mr. Frank Playter married his wife in Canada twenty years ago, when she was nineteen years old. They came to Girard, had four children born to them, two of which gave up life, and now lay with their mother in the tomb.

Mrs. Playter was an extraordinary woman. There is scarcely a trait that goes to make a beautiful character that she did not possess and develop for the good of human kind. She was one of the noblest women God ever allowed to live in this calculating world, and we feel that a greater grief never fell upon our city than when she died. For two years we had the privilege of being her neighbor and friend. We know somewhat of her sweet disposition and refinement; her exquisite sense of what was right and just; her utter self-abne-

gation and her charity. She had a cultured mind, and loved that which was beautiful in art in sentiment; loved the children, she being one with them in purity of thought and innocence. Idealize a woman, giving to her that which is best, brightest and purest, and you have our conception of the life of Minnie E. Playter as she lived it. —Taken from the Pittsburg Smelter.

We, her Canadian relatives and friends, know her to have been one of the noblest of women. Our hearts are baptised in deep sorrow at news of her death, and go out in sympathy to the bereaved family and friends. May they seek solace for their grief at that fountain from which none are turned away empty, and from which the departed soul drew fresh supplies, not only for every need of her own, but also handed forth to others.

For the REVIEW.

PRESENTATION.

On Friday evening, the 23rd, a number of the friends, old and young, of Bertie Wilson gave her a pleasant surprise at her father's residence, in Bloomfield. Tables were spread on the beautiful lawn, and after supper the following address was read, with the presentation of a beautifully bound volume of Longfellow's poems:

Bertie Wilson, dear friend and teacher,—

It is with feelings of sorrow and pleasure we address you this evening—sorrow, because the occasion of this gathering is your removal from among us; pleasure, because it affords us an opportunity for the expression of our good will. It is sad to part with friends, sad for those who go, and often sadder for those who remain, and it is doubly so when we lose a friend endeared to us through individual efforts in a good cause. We do not attempt to reward you for your performance of duty in our First-day School, but we

cannot let this occasion pass without giving expression to the feelings of friendship and esteem in which we hold you. We now offer for your acceptance this small token of our affection for you. You are about to leave us, but you will be accompanied by our sincere wishes for your welfare in your future dwelling place. We hope you may be eminently successful in the object you have in view, and should you in the course of providence return to us after a time you will be cordially welcomed back as a friend and sister.

Reiterating our best wishes for yourself, we subscribe ourselves, yours in affection, on behalf of the pupils of Bloomfield First-day School.

STEWART BROWN,
LOTTIE TALCOTT,
REUBEN NOXON,
J. WEBSTER TALCOTT.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTH-DAY OF PHEBE W. CORNELL BY
C. W. COCKS.

Her form's erect, her voice is strong,
Her sight, alas! her sight is gone;
Her face is wreathed 'n smiles so sweet
When e'er a friend she chance to meet.
Her spirit yearns to do some good
To suffering ones in need of food,
And so she sits alone and plans
Some way to work with her own hands
To serve the needs and wants of those
In making children's plainest clothes.
It is indeed a wondrous sight
To see her spirit always bright
And radiant with a glow of love
From the all inspiring source above.
Tis plain to see that God is near
To aid her in a moment's fear;
And when our meeting days arrive
We find her there, though eighty-five,
Sitting with her friends and neighbors
Working in those silent labors
With a heart that's timely tuned
To sweetest notes by heaven illumed.
So may we learn our min's to bend
And imitate this noble Friend,
In resignation's calm retreat
Low sitting by her Master's feet

—Mendon Centre, N. Y.

PELHAM HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

ING.

Norwich Monthly Meeting is held in 8th mo., on the day previous to the Half-Yearly Meeting, coming this year on the 23rd.

We of Lobo, therefore, about forty in number, started on the morning of the 22nd, mostly in our own conveyances. The day was hot and the roads extremely dusty, and we were unfortunate enough to have to travel with the dust much of the way. We found the thirty five or forty miles a sufficiently long journey for one such day. However, with the kindly greeting of Friends, the refreshing effects of water applied, and the benefit from a good meal, we soon forgot our baptism of dust.

Select Preparative Meeting met at 9.30 on the morning of the 23rd. Monthly Meeting at 11 a.m., and the Half-Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders at 3 p.m. Friends belonging to Pelham and Norwich Monthly Meeting were in attendance. None from Battle Creek, Mich.

Sunderland P. Gardener had come to be with us at our Half-Yearly Meeting, accompanied by his son Anson L. They attended the Monthly Meeting, when Sunderland spoke with his usual clearness and power. At the close of the first meeting, becoming ill, he was obliged to leave, and was unable to attend the sessions of the Half-Yearly Meeting, much to the regret of those in attendance. The spirit was indeed willing, but the flesh was weak. Hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery. But a man at 87 has lost to a large extent his recuperative powers.

The Monthly and Half-Yearly Meetings of business were not above their usual size, nor was there much business out of the ordinary line transacted, but the house on First Day was filled to overflowing. Nearly a thousand and people must have gathered. The

meeting was orderly and interesting. The speakers were William Cornell, Samuel P. Zavitz and Serena Minard, closing with prayer by S. P. Zavitz. Serena spoke long and to great satisfaction. Many had come, no doubt, in the hopes of hearing Sunderland, and in that were disappointed, but it was felt that the meeting had been one of unusual favor, and many expressions to that effect were afterwards heard. The exercises all tended to draw the hearers to the indwelling Word as the great teacher and guide in spiritual things.

A RESPECT FOR AGE.

Friends are generally taught to cherish as things holy the faded flowers of the household. But we regret to see a remissness on the part of the world at large in the treatment of the elders of the family. The young people too often forget the once important position that these grey heads may have held in the affairs of life. Sitting by the old grandma and questioning her about her past, we often gather the most charming romance, and then, too, note how the dim eyes will take on a peculiar light, as if her growing old was but a dream after all.

It is our solemn duty to try and bring the aged out from the chimney corner. We are then simply returning in *part* what they have done for us in our childhood.

The red man is far beyond the common race of men in his great veneration for grey hairs. He oftentimes neglects his young that age may sit at his fireside in perfect ease.

Some of my happiest moments have been spent with those along in years. My peculiar liking may have been attributed to an insatiable thirst for stories of the past, but, however the case may be, I know I love that face which tells its own story of years, of struggle and final peace.

Let us always honor age and en-

deavor to make happiness creep along the weedy path of years.

ELLA WEEKS.

Chappaqua, N.Y.

A VISIT TO PARIS.

A SAUNTER THROUGH THE EXHIBITION BUILDING AND A LOOK FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

(Special correspondence of the Montreal Witness.)

In my last letter I spoke of the probability that my next communication would be dated from Paris, and, perhaps, from the top of the Eiffel Tower. Well, I have been to Paris, and have mounted the tower more than once; but never an opportunity has there been for a quiet hour of letter writing. Rush and stir; whirl and hurry and drive; push and struggle and scramble; these have been the characteristics of the fortnight I spent in the gay city. Surely, never more gay or more crowded than now. The crowd pervades all Paris, not simply the Exhibition. Foreigners are, of course, abundant, chief amongst them the English and Americans, but the great staple of the crowd is the rural French peasant and workman, who, with his wife and children, is amongst the most interesting exhibits in the great show. Unprecedented numbers of strangers certainly; but these almost lost in the native multitude. Myriads of the one, but millions of the other. Indeed, all the talk is of millions; in seven weeks of the great show more than seven millions of people visited it. And these figures make clear the enormous space covered by the Exhibition. The third part of a million of people have been within the gates in one single day. And they have found room to circulate, except in the narrow throat of the grounds adjacent to the illuminated fountains, where on one occasion my party got into what might easily have become a most deadly crush. But the officials were equal to the occasion.

Ladies were lifted over the barriers, the sacred grass plots were opened to the foot of the crowd, ways of escape were pointed out, and after a critical five minutes once more there was safety. But what are my impressions of the

EXHIBITION ITSELF?

Well, there is abundance, variety and excellence of almost all things under the sun, and in these respects the French Exposition of '89 has probably never been surpassed; but the greatest impression made on my own mind was of the wonderful taste and effectiveness with which everything is shown. There is nothing of the mere shed or shanty character in the whole of the grounds. For instance, a long narrow building on the Seine bank is erected for the display of preserved and bottled food products—not a very attractive subject. But the building itself wears the aspect of an enormously prolonged fairy palace in ornamental white marble. Another enormous and dignified structure is devoted to prosaic matters of hygiene, where sewers and water supply are the chief things on show. Turn where one will in the grounds there is visible a lavish wealth of architectural display of the most wonderfully varied and tasteful character. Beauty of form, color and ornament everywhere; the prosaic, and merely useful nowhere. This is the grand external characteristic of the Exposition. Palaces, domes, minarets, towers, castles, temples, joss houses, what you will, but no railway station order of architecture except the great gallery of machinery in the extreme rear of everything else, and, therefore, not visible externally. To all this architectural beauty and brightness must be added a wealth of floral display, of fresh green turf and dazzling blooms, which connects and harmonizes all. And now add the imperial and imperious

TOUR D'EIFFEL

to crown and dominate the whole, to give its own supremacy of unique,

grand beauty, to harmonize with its plain, dull red, towering high in the heavens; all tones of green turf and gravel walk, of white walls and gilded domes, of parti-colored roofs and flower parterres, of blue sky above and flashing fountains below. Eye and heart are saturated and almost sickened with the beauty of the scene. An English friend with me said that he now realized for the first time the feelings of the Queen of Sheba when she was introduced to the glories of Solomon's court—"There was no heart left in her." And what shall I say of the Eiffel Tower itself? Some people go so far as to say that the tower is the Exhibition. Without going quite so far as this, I may say that it is certainly the most important feature of the whole show. Beautiful to look at—beautiful to look from. Of its form I shall say nothing. Everybody has seen its picture; Everybody will soon see it, as it is to be seen now in Paris, on pins and brooches on pipes, paper knives and pincushions, on stationery and confectionery. In itself only a big iron girder stuck up on end. That is one way of describing it. But the big iron girder (and oh! how big it is!) has been "invented with artistic merit, and is as much more than a girder as a cathedral is more than a pile of stones." "A poem" in iron; the nobly ductile metal patterned into a lace-work which, in spite of its lightness, gives the needful sense of strength and stability to the mighty structure. For myself, I have no adverse criticism of the Eiffel to offer. It *satisfies* me. And closer renewed inspection does not modify this feeling. To stand beneath it is to feel one's littleness. To begin to ascend it is to lose sight of one's self altogether in admiration of the ingenuity, skill and daring of one's fellow men. To go on and on till the top is reached, to find one's self one only of several hundred people moving about on that apparently tiny square shelf, is at last to understand how great

athing this tower really is. The elevators deserve more than a word, which, however, is all I can give them. I tried the different systems at different times, and was best pleased with the "Otis," or American lift, which raises one at once to the second gallery in about two minutes. I was not conscious of any feeling of insecurity either in ascending or in standing on the "giddy height" of the top gallery. True, the people on the ground only looked like little crawling black insects, but about and beyond them was the glorious panorama, not of Paris only, but of a radius of sixty miles beyond. The city itself was but a toy village, a thing to be picked up piece by piece and put in a box, but with the great wide country beyond, away to the circling hills, it made a picture worth all the francs it had cost for seats in the elevator, and worth the hour of waiting *en queue* for the opportunity and privilege of paying the said francs. I shall make no attempt now to speak of any of the items of the great show, for, as I said, the great thing is the Exhibition itself. And of this it may, indeed, be said that all Paris forms a part of it. The city seems permanently *en fete*, and everything seems related and subordinated to the Exposition. The great ones of the earth who are in Paris are there for the Exposition, and are all unconsciously making part of it. The rush over yonder is to see Queen Isabella of Spain effusively bid good-bye to some leading official, while the stampede in another direction is to get a view of the dusky King Dinah and his duskier wives. Yonder goes President Carnot, personally popular and universally gracious. How many common dukes and earls one rubs shoulders with it would be impossible to say. One thing certain is that many folks who are very great at home are feeling themselves very small here in presence of the mighty democratic crowd. For this is essentially an exposition of the people. It is their

show, and they "boss" it. And I find myself more frequently watching the people and trying to understand their feelings and their condition than I do looking at the inanimate things which are on show. One thing I note with interest: The priests, who are everywhere *en evidence*, pass amongst the people without the slightest notice being taken of them or the least attention being paid them. They seem to be simply disregarded. How far this is a token for good or for ill it is not for me to decide; I simply note the fact. Another fact, altogether bad, is the great increase of drinking. Drinking everywhere, and very much boozy drunkenness. Drunken riots, drunken murders, every day. Since I have been in Paris a wife, a father and a mother have been slain through drink, not to speak of stabbings and slaughter of friends or strangers through the same unhappy cause. Bright as Paris is on the outside, there is a darker side beneath.

V. V.

THE COMING OF THE LIGHT.

During the last days of the eighteenth century a lovely young English girl, living in one of the stately homes of her native land, surrounded by the endearments and the refinements of life, thus writes in the pages of her diary:

"For a few days past I have been in a worldly state, dissipated, a want of thought, idle, relaxed and stupid, all outside, no inside. I feel I am a contemptible fine lady. May I be preserved from continuing so, is the ardent prayer of my *good* man, but my *evil* man tells me I shall pray in vain. I will try. I fear for myself. I feel in the course of a little time I shall be all outside frippery, vain, proud, conceited. I could use improper words at myself, but my *good* man will not let me. But I am good in something; it is wicked to despair of myself; it is the way to make me what I desire not to be. I

hope I shall always be virtuous ; can I be really wicked ? I may be so, if I do not overcome my first weak inclinations. I wish I had more solidity and less fluidity in my disposition. I feel my own weakness and insufficiency to bear the evils and rubs of life. I must try by every stimulus in my power to strengthen myself both bodily and mentally ; it can only be done by activity and perseverance.'

Elizabeth Fry, then in her 18th year, thus records the inner conflict which preceded her deliberate stepping forth into that life of religious dedication which was even then opening before her. One of her sisters describes the event which marked the full awakening of her life to its true mission:

"On that day (February 4, 1798) we seven sisters sat, as usual, in a row under the gallery at meeting ; I sat by Betsey. William Savery was there ; we liked having Yearly Meeting Friends come to preach ; it was a little change. Betsey was generally rather restless at meeting ; and on this day I remember her very smart boots were a great amusement to me ; they were purple, laced with scarlet. At last William Savery began to preach. His voice and manner were arresting, and we all liked the sound. Her attention became fixed. At last I saw her begin to weep, and she became a good deal agitated. As soon as meeting was over, I have a remembrance of her making her way to the men's side of the meeting, and having reached my father, she asked him if she might dine with Mr. Savery at the Grove (the residence of an uncle), to which he soon consented, though rather surprised by the request. We went home as usual, and, for a wonder, wished to go again in the afternoon. I have not the same clear remembrance of this meeting, but the next scene that has fastened itself on my memory is our return home in the carriage. Betsey sat in the middle and astonished us all by the feeling she showed. She wept most of the way

home. The next morning William Savery came to breakfast, prophesying of the high and important calling she would be led into. What she went through in her own mind I cannot say, but the results were most powerful and most evident. From that day her love of pleasure and of the world seemed gone.'

Her own record of the same circumstances is as follows : "This morning I went to meeting, though but poorly, because I wished to hear an American Friend named Savery. Much passed there of a very interesting nature. I have had a faint light spread over my mind, at least I think it is something of that kind, owing to having been much with, and heard much excellence from one who appears to me a true Christian. It has caused me to feel a little religion. My imagination has been worked upon and I fear all that I felt will go off. I *fear* it now, though at first I was frightened that a plain Quaker should have made so deep an impression on me ; but how truly prejudiced in one to think that because good came from a Quaker I should be led away by enthusiasm and folly. But I hope I am now free from such fears. I wish the state of enthusiasm I am in may last, for to-day I have felt *that there is a God* ; I have been devotional, and my mind has been led away from the follies that it is mostly wrapped up in. We had much serious conversation ; in short what he said and what I felt was like a refreshing shower falling upon earth that had been dried up for ages. It has not made me unhappy ; I have felt ever since humble. I have longed for virtue I hope to be truly virtuous ; to let sophistry fly from my mind ; not to be enthusiastic and foolish, but only to be so far religious as will lead to virtue."

The next month Elizabeth visited London, and spent several weeks in the gaities of that great capital, enduring a crucial test of the rival claims of the World and Religion. It is to be

noted that after fully tasting once more of the pleasures of gay fashionable life she remained unimpaired, the religious impressions William Savery had made on her pure young heart. She again meets her evangelist in London, and returns joyfully to her country home, after her ordeal. The "World" has nothing so sweet to offer that it can tempt her from the green pastures and the still waters by which the Spirit of the Highest was conducting her. The blessing of the divine anointing was coming upon her, and she was under the gentle preparing hand which was fitting her for her mission of mercy and love - for the saving of the fallen. As did the Blessed Prototype of all the children and servants of God, she clothed the naked, visited the despised convict in the prison house, comforted the despairing with hope in the love and mercy of the Heavenly Father, and rescued the little child from the dismal pathway of sin, and set his feet upon the safe highway to the life eternal.

But her Memoir makes but passing mention of the instrument employed in this wondrous transformation of what she designates "a contemptible fine lady" into a heroic advocate of the cause of the oppressed and the despised, and a model of every Christian virtue. He must have been at this time forty eight years of age, and was now near the close of a most memorable religious visit to Germany, France, and the British Isles. He had borne witness to the Truth in the palaces of princes and in the courts of kings; had poured out the wine of the divine consolations in the lowliest places, comforting and reviving many desolate ones. He had sown the seed of the Kingdom among the Indians of his own country, and also among the poor slaves then toiling under taskmasters in the Southern States of America.

In all simplicity, keeping his eye single to the light, he had journeyed with his friends from land to land,

handing forth the bread of life in faith, not knowing whose were the hungering souls to be fed. Preaching the simple truths of primitive Christianity of which the key note is "Peace on earth and good-will to men," he had traversed the countries already shuddering with premonitions of the coming desolations of war. It was not strange to the German lands, for dread conflicts of battle and slaughter had often swept over her fields and desolated her ancient cities. The thrones of her princes were planted upon the graves of men who were trampled down like the grass of the field by ruthless conquerors. Costly array, splendid equipages, park and palace, were the lot of the ruler, while dire poverty, incessant toil and deprivation of all right except the right to serve and to suffer were the portion of the ruled. But these apostolic men had only the message of the love of God to offer. Many were led to feel that God was indeed with them and had sent them thither, and with the Friends of God, a religious body similar to the Society of Friends, they had found true fellowship. Through famous old Hanse towns, through capital city of king and kaiser, they journeyed, doing just such work as their hands found to do. Everywhere they found religious and awakened people, and almost everywhere they were permitted to bring consolation to earnest and tried spirits.

Passing through Holland, they entered France, which was yet quivering from the agony of the Reign of Terror, and awakening to the new life of the established Republic. Every old institution, both of Church and State, had been overturned, and the American Friends found it a matter of deep interest to visit their brethren in faith in the South of France. With these they clasped hands or changed greetings, joined in solemn worship, spake words of love and faith, and then parted in tender affection, never to meet again on earth.

How blind seem these evangelists to the mighty political changes here in process, and to the portentous future which was the logical outcome of what was then passing in this beautiful land! They drove over 1,400 miles in France, seeing and feeling the state of the people, in a religious sense and otherwise, and to them it seemed that the French were open-hearted, unsuspecting people. Always kind and polite, dwelling in a pleasant land, fruitful and abounding, courteous to travelers, tolerant of differences of opinion, yet these pure-hearted disciples of Christ can find little apparent service among them.

From France they have come into the dear fatherland of England, where they found a kindred people, and where they can do their work without embarrassment. Diligently, did they traverse the land, preaching the word and ministering to all of that which they had to give. They passed through the historic spots where the first confessors of the Society of Friends bore witness to the truth; traversed Scotland and Ireland; and, returning in the later days of winter to England, clasped hands with Hannah More and with Wilberforce, and rode through Windsor Forest.

In William Savery's note-book was jotted down this item:

"Second month, 3rd, 1798. Went in a post-chaise for Norwich, and reached a Friend's house about half a mile out of town."

This Friend's house was doubtless "The Grove," the residence of Elizabeth Gurney's uncle, and here she dined with him the next day. It is of interest to observe the brief mention of the meeting, so precious to one young seeking soul, which is in his journal:

"First-day, 4th of the month.—Attended their meeting; some, not members, stepped in, and there were about 200 under our name; very few middle-aged or young persons who had a consistent appearance in their dress; indeed, I thought it the gayest meeting

of Friends I ever sat in, and was grieved to see it. I expected to pass the meeting in silent suffering, but at length believed it most for my peace to express a little, and through gracious condescension was favored to relieve my mind, and many were tendered. Had a meeting in the evening, in a large meeting-house in another part of the town. There seems to be but few upright standard-bearers left among the members in this place, yet they are not entirely removed. Attended the public meeting, and the house, though very large, could not contain the people by several hundreds; but, considering their crowded situation, many being obliged to stand, they soon became settled, and through mercy it proved a remarkably open, satisfactory meeting, ending in prayer and praise to the Author of every blessing. The marks of wealth and grandeur are too obvious in several families of Friends in this place, which made me sorrowful, yet saw but little opening to relieve my mind; several of the younger branches, though they are enabled through Divine grace to see what the truth leads to, yet it is uncertain whether, with all the alluring things of this world around them, they will choose the simple, safe path of self-denial."

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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