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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., TWELFTH MONTH, 1890.

NO. 12

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFER- ING.

God would never send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light ;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright ;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear ;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of seven-fold heat :
'Tis the only way, believe me.
To keep you close to His feet ;
For 'tis always so easy to wander,
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go ;
Your song may cheer some one behind you,
Whose courage is sinking low—
And—well if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.

—Selected.

AN ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY ELIZABETH POWELL
BOND AT SWARTHMORE, 11TH MO.
30, 1890.

I was glad when they said unto me :
"Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Thus sang David, king, warrior, psalmist, rejoicing in the return of his people to Jerusalem, and to the religious ordinances, which satisfied their souls. He spoke not only for his own people, he voiced the worshipful impulse that seeks expression among all the people of the earth. The "House of the Lord" is a house of many mansions.

Do you recall the glories of the

house which Solomon built? He said "Behold, I build a house to the name of the Lord, my God, to dedicate it to him, and to burn before him sweet incense, and for the continual shew-bread, and for the burnt offerings morning and evening, on the Sabbaths, and on the new moons, and on the solemn feasts of the Lord, our God."

"And the house which I build is great ; for great is our God above all gods."

"But who is able to build him a house, seeing the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain him? Who am I, then, that I should build him a house, save only to burn sacrifice before him?"

"Send me now, therefore, a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson, and blue, and that has skill to grave with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and in Jerusalem, whom David, my father, did provide."

"For the house which I am about to build shall be wonderful great."

"Ah, to build, to build!"

"That is the noblest art of all the arts," cried Michael Angelo, and put his hand to the work of Rome's great house of the Lord. And so through all the centuries the thought of God has sought expression at the builder's hand, in the glories of architectural art. It must be that this "noblest art of all the arts," whose mighty structures stir our minds to reverential thought, has its sanctioned place in the influences that lead and draw men upward toward God.

But the house of the Lord does not wait for wrought stone to be piled toward heaven, nor for the goldsmith's

art to adorn with beaten gold and silver and brass. Was not this Solomon's thought when he exclaimed: "But who is able to build Him a house, seeing the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Him? Who am I, then, that I should build Him a house, save only to burn sacrifice before Him?" And in the progress of the race, the burnt sacrifice has given place to mercy which becomes strength to the weak, and light to those who sit in darkness. Not architecture and not ritual can alone build a house of the Lord. That is the "house of the Lord," wherever sincere souls gather together to seek the divine illumination that lightens every man that cometh into the world.

It is good to quit our daily work for a season, to lay aside the pen or the needle, or the book or the plough, whatever it may be that fills our hours with pressing duties and makes the days seem all too short for the many activities that clamor for our interest. It is good for us all, could we but know it, to meet in this stillness, to hear the lesson chosen to promote the spiritual life, to contribute, it may be, our thought or our aspiration, as seed thought for the silence, and then "the windows of our souls to throw wide open" to the inshining of the Divine light. If the hour have for us no other good than this, that we hold ourselves still, that we observe the decorum of a place set apart for religious contemplation, it is not in vain that we thus assemble. Then, it may be that it is only as seasons appointed for the "calmly gathered thought" that we ever come face to face with ourselves.

Alas for us, if the life of all the other hours of the week leaves us still so barren, so impoverished; that this short hour becomes a time of restless dissatisfaction. Alas for us if the week just past has not had in it enough of sunny hours enough of loving kindnesses received, enough of noble services given, enough of buoyant, physical life, to start in our souls a psalm of

thanksgiving. How has it been with us, since last we sat together here? The work that was ours to do, have we done it "heartily as unto the Lord?" Our pleasures, have we taken them holily? The stinging words that rose to our lips, were we able to keep them unspoken? The gentle courtesy that beautifies all our relations to each other, have we cherished it? And then, there is the *forward look* to engage our thought. There is the new week opening before us, with all its moments fresh and fair from out the infinite store-house of the hereafter, moments waiting to be stamped with our joy or melancholy, our activity or idleness, our nobleness or meanness. Is it not good that we have this pause at its threshold to think of its possibilities; to make ourselves ready for the interesting, beautiful days that lie just ahead of us; to prepare ourselves for this divine service of these other days?

I know it is the fashion of the world to call this hour of church assemblage the hour of "divine service," but to my mind this is not *service*, but should be the hour of preparation for divine service. To-morrow, at this hour, we shall be engaged in divine service if we are doing with mind and might, what is clearly the duty of the hour.

To human fathers and mothers, it is very sweet to receive the words of love and gratitude, that well up in the hearts of their children; but words are easy to speak and they have but little value for fathers and mothers unless they are deeply rooted in that loyalty to parental guidance that makes the daily life a living testimony of love and gratitude.

Believe me, it is not what we say or sing, in this hour of "praises to the Heavenly King," that moves the heart of our Heavenly Father; it is yesterday's life and to-morrow's that is the test and measure of our loyalty to Divine Guidance, the only way permitted us of service for our Heavenly Father. Learn this now, beloved young people, if the lesson has not al-

ready been brought home to you, and life will take on new meaning and new beauty. One week is lifted out of the region of drudgery, our joys are sanctified, if we make each day a day of divine service. There are times when life seems a labyrinth through whose mazes we cannot find our way, but I believe that each human soul is held by an invisible thread to the Divine center, and that each day's faithfulness reveals this guiding thread for the next.

Happy it is for us, if we are able to feel ourselves in the house of the Lord, whenever we are called together for a season of silence. For

"To the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good,
And chiefly its divinest trace
In Him of Nazareth's lovely face;
That to be saved is only this—
Salvation from our selfishness,
From more than elemental fire,
The soul's unsanctified desire,
From sin itself, and not the pain
That warns us of its chafing chain;
That worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy and not sacrifice,
Not proud humilities of sense
And posturing of penitence,
But love's unforced obedience,
That book and church and day are given
For man, not God—for earth, not heaven,
The blessed, means to holiest ends,
Not masters, but benignant friends;
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
The King of some remoter star,
Listening at times, with flattered ear
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, he lives to-day."

We want our friends to take every advantage of our *special offer* to *Isolated Friends*. Remember it only holds good to 1st mo. 15th, 1891. So send in names at once. The terms are those west of the Mississippi River and west of Ontario for 25 cents each a year. Also, if any meeting of Friends in America send us twenty or more names of its *Isolated Members*, we will send to each a copy *one year* for 25 cents per copy.

THE REASONS FOR FRIENDS' VIEWS.

I.

It is our intention, under this heading, to review one after another the tenets of our Society. Our excuse for doing so in the face of all that has been expressed on it by far abler writers in the far and recent past is as follows: We wish to make things so clear, simple and reasonable that our young class of readers may readily comprehend them. Although simplicity and clearness are recommended by our Society, its writings, in general fail, egregiously, to display these virtues. In this task we will apply ourselves more than is customary by our writers, to the reason of things, for we perceive that many among us who are familiar with our principles are yet at a loss for reasons to present for the faith that is in them.

There, no doubt will be some view presented that may be different from those entertained by some of our members. We shall however be loyal to what we believe to be true Quakerism as promulgated by Jesus Christ and George Fox. We hope to be kept from a spirit of denunciation and uncharity towards those entertaining views different from us and we trust we shall be accorded the same charity, or love. For it avileth nothing to speak with the tongues of angels if we have not love.

We will take for our first consideration that that we hold supreme, the doctrine of

THE INNER LIGHT.

The Inner Light, the Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Word, the Son of God, other and expressions found in the Bible, mean to us the same thing—the manifestation of the will of God to the understanding of man.

There was a man in England about two centuries and a-half ago, who might have been often found sitting in a hollow tree, in the solitary woods,

reading and studying the Bible. He was a great thinker, could not be satisfied with shams or anything short of truth, in his search after the meaning and object of life. He felt very uneasy about the salvation of his soul. He consulted his friends, questioned ministers and priests but all in vain. He returned to a further and closer study of the Bible in hopes to find it there but all was as dark and mysterious and hopeless as ever. In this extremity, this doubt and perplexity of mind, this utter anguish of heart, there appeared to shine in his soul a light—a divine light—and this it was that brought satisfaction to his mind and peace to his soul, and unfolded to him the true meaning and object of life. In this he found the key that opened up the mysteries in the scriptures and revealed the truths contained therein. Hence it is that George Fox made the Inner Light the supreme guide of his life, and we as his followers are directed to it and find it experimentally for ourselves paramount to all other means.

Coming to this conclusion we find ample and complete proofs in the divine writing to sustain it. Jesus acknowledged that this was *the* way where he commended Peter on the truth of his answer on a certain occasion, and the source whence he obtained that answer. "Flesh and blood," he says, "hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father, which is in Heaven; and upon this rock I will build my church." Upon this rock (this enduring plan of revelation) is Quakerism avowedly built, and the true Church of Christ everywhere, whether acknowledged to be so or not. This plan is made so plain in Paul's conversion that I cannot conceive how any honest-thinking person can mistake it. On his way to Damascus, in his blind zeal for persecuting the Christians, he was met by the divine illumination and was converted by it and to it, and he testifies to King Agrippe, "I was not disobedient unto this heavenly vision."

Again, Jesus Christ, when about to depart from earth said "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." How are we to know these other things then that the disciples were not capable of understanding, were not worthy of hearing and handing down through the Bible? Jesus answers: "When ye have received the spirit of truth he will guide you into all truth. My Father shall give you another comforter that may abide with you forever, even the spirit of truth." This comforter which is the Holy Ghost or Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, that is in my spirit, manifesting the same spirit that I have manifested, teaching in the same line that I have taught, I say this Holy Spirit shall teach you all things."

Jeremiah makes it plain, and the New Testament repeats Jeremiah's prophecy with undeniable sanction. "After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their mind and write them in their hearts, and I will be their God and their teacher and all shall know me, from the least to the greatest." There are many other passages in the New Testament corroborating this view, in fact no other truth is more clearly or more repeatedly set forth. But truly light is come into the world, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. Whosoever has experienced something of this nature is enabled to endure the doubt of the world, its command, its threats, to defy its dungeons and its fiery stakes. It is the conviction that makes heroes; the power that makes martyrs. For though the world may not have experienced it, that is no evidence that it is not. But if one man knows it to be, it is indisputable proof that it is. And there have been thousands since the days of Jesus, even outside of our Society, who have testified to it. We invite all to come and see for themselves, to turn within, to search their own selves, to look into their inmost souls and see if there is not there a something not themselves, but above themselves, that time after

time, makes them long for a higher and better life, that strives to lead them therein and warns them of danger, that rewards them with peace and a happy feeling for acts of kindness and love ; and on the other hand that brings sorrow and remorse when duty is neglected. This is the very Christ, the Saviour of the soul, the word that is nigh thee, the grace of God that comes thus to all men, the Inner Light, the Son of the living God.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Editors of the Young Friends' Review :

The subject of capital punishment opened in the REVIEW for 12th mo., may be very properly considered under two general heads. 1st. Its moral aspect. 2nd. Its legal grounds. That men, either as individuals or aggregated into "the State," have no moral right to take the life of a fellow being, is a general proposition that admits of no question. "Thou shall not kill," as a mandate of God, is broad enough to include the "State" as well as the individual, for the commandment covered something more than a mere prohibition. It covered, also a state of mind—a spiritual condition—for it is evident that killing comes from some motive founded upon unhallowed passions ; anger, lust, avarice, jealousy, revenge ; and the passions of anger and revenge, if we will analyze the motives which perpetuate capital punishment, will be found to chiefly influence society to maintain and continue the death penalty on our statute books. The acts of men grow out of their spiritual condition ; and the laws of men who are organized into a State, and are exercising the functions of Government, are but the expression of the spiritual condition of society.

A slight examination of the history of punishment for crime will show this clearly. In the ages prior to and immediately following the Christian era, the most horrible tortures were inflicted upon those who were convicted

of crime. Persons so convicted, even for petty crimes, were burned at the stake, boiled to death, broken on the wheel, torn limb from limb, stretched on the rack, crushed under copes of lead, flayed alive, crucified, lacerated with hetchels, torn with hot pincers, and, perhaps more humanly, beheaded or hanged ; nor is this catalogue of tortures by any means complete. Human ingenuity seems to have been exhausted in the invention of tortures to be inflicted as a punishment for crime. These horrible cruelties were but the expression of the spiritual condition of the times in which they prevailed, and can it be doubted that the commandment just quoted applies and was meant to apply to nations as well as to individuals, and was designed to curb and restrain the passions of men aggregated into the State as well as of individuals. Slowly, but surely, the humanizing influences of the teachings of Jesus have operated on the spiritual condition of men, and softened and curbed their passions till now, in the State of New York, only murder in the first degree and treason against the State are punished with death. That those humanizing influences have not ceased in their work, is shown by the fact that three years ago a commission was, by law, appointed to consider of and report to the legislature some more humane method of executing those under sentence of death than that by hanging. The outcome of this movement was the law substituting the electric current in place of the rope as the agent of death. The first victim of this "more humane" agent of death was Kemmler, and the ghastly horror of his taking off has but intensified the feeling against capital punishment in any form. But if capital punishment is not contrary to the law of God why this feeling of repugnance at the method ? Why should not the headsman's axe, the cope of lead, the guillotine, which are certainly quick and effectual in their work, be applied to-day as well as formerly, and to as wide a range of

crimes? The answer is society is surely, if slowly, coming to see that Governments have no right, under the moral law, to take human life for any crime, and that the doctrine of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" is but a relic of barbarism, which must pass away entirely with the efflux of time.

And 2nd.—The legal grounds.

I lay down this proposition as incontrovertible, that no Government of the people, by the people, for the people—and really this is the kind of government that prevails among all English-speaking people—has no right to take the life of any person, unless the safety of society depends thereon, and that the safety of society does so depend must be clearly and unequivocally shown by affirmative evidence, or the right cannot be maintained.

It cannot be maintained by quoting any passages from the Old Testament, however clear those passages may be, for no such quotations prove that the safety of society depends on the existence of the death penalty. This must be shown by experience. It cannot be maintained by quoting precedent, however long the precedent may have existed. For if precedent is proof of nothing except its own existence, and if proof, why is it not also proof that we should kill thieves or any other criminals, as well as murderers, for the precedent is as strong in the one case as in the other. It cannot be maintained unless it be clearly shown that the death penalty deters from the commission of crime, and that no other penalty would. But does it deter? All experience proves clearly that it is not the degree of the penalty, but the certainty of its infliction that deters. As an illustration the following is in print: A few years ago garroting, a peculiar form of assault for the purpose of robbery, was ripe in many of our cities. For some months it prevailed, but as the victim of the assault could clearly see most of his assailants, and could generally identify them when they were

arraigned for trial, conviction pretty certainly followed, and this form of assault and robbery is now almost unknown. It arose and spread rapidly, and as the victim was easily and expeditiously relieved of his valuables, it bid fair to become a general mode of robbery of the person. But it was also peculiarly open to detection, and arrest and punishment almost invariably followed, so garroting fell into disuse as quickly as it arose. It is a recognized fact that society still has a permanent element in its midst—a criminal class—a mass of citizens over whom the police must and do have a constant surveillance. This class is a constant menace to the lives and property of all members of society. They fill our jails, prisons and reformatories, and crowd the dockets of our criminal courts with every conceivable phase of crime. Upon such a class the fear of punishment is not a fear of any particular kind of punishment, but of the certainty of detection. Experience in this State has shown that juries will seize upon every doubt which can be made to tell in favor of the accused, when the penalty is death, will give him the benefit thereof. Our courts charge juries in a manner to encourage them to do this. The well-known doctrine of the law that every one shall be regarded as innocent till he is proven guilty also sustains juries giving the prisoner the benefit of every reasonable doubt in capital offences. Sharp counsellors, in the course of cross-examination, intensify every possible doubt which can be raised, and often courts, in the haste and confusion of a hotly contested trial, rule wrongly as to the admission or exclusion of evidence; and if conviction follows a new trial will be granted; and a new trial, in more than 50 per cent. of the cases, ends in an acquittal, and in many other cases in a disagreement of the jury, or in a verdict for some lesser crime, so that more than 75 per cent. of all those who are tried for murder either escape entirely or suffer only

some mild form of imprisonment for a short term. Legally considered the only ground upon which punishment may be inflicted by the State upon any person, is the ground that the safety of society can be secured in no other way known. So far as the functions of government relate to the protection of life and property its duty is to afford safety to the individual. But the greatest safety comes when the elements of society are imbued with a respect for the lives and property of others. But experience shows that such respect does not exist in all men, hence the duty of society to restrain. Experience also abundantly shows that the harshness of the "extreme penalty" defeats this end. Laxity in the administration of the law tends to diminish the deterrent effect of the penalty, hence continuing the death penalty on our statute books actually tends to diminish the safety of society.

But the burden of proof rests upon those who uphold the death penalty to prove that the safety of society demands its continuance, and not upon the opponents to prove the contrary. Let us for a moment consider the arguments in its support. 1st. The scriptural. Blackstone quotes the mosaic law: "That who so sheddeth the blood of man, by man shall his blood be shed," and quotes this reason for the law, "for the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it (see Blk. com. Bk., iv., chap. xiv). But does this prove that society is safer after killing the criminal than it would have been had he been confined for life? And what becomes of the safety of society in case the murderer is not detected and killed? The blood of the murdered still pollutes the land. All killing in Blackstone's day was not punished with death, and he admits that the Mosaic law was not followed fully, and still less is it followed in our day. And if its observance may be omitted in respect to criminals of certain classes why may it not be omitted with respect to all. The fact is that the common sense of Christian nations

long since rejected the scriptural support of the death penalty as mandatory, and only follows it as a matter of tradition. The second argument is that the fear of death by the hand of the law is a great deterrent of crime. It will be admitted that the fear of death is a passion of much strength in every normally constituted human being, and leads men to shun danger where that danger is present and obvious; but all experience shows that lust, jealousy, avarice, revenge, etc., are stronger passions than the fear of death, where the latter is so remote and obscure as the possible detection and punishment for crime. And it still remains to be shown that the fear of a life sentence to state prison is not quite as effectual a deterrent of crime as the fear of a possible execution. 3rd. The spectacle which the death of the criminal presents to other possible criminals in deterring them from the commission of crime. And the contention is that the *example* is effectual. To be so effectual the punishment should follow quite certainly the detection of the murder. If it does not the force of the "example" is broken, and we have seen that a very small percentage of those accused and tried for capital offences are convicted and executed. So clearly was this fact understood that it was a common saying in the circles of the criminal classes a few years ago, "That hanging for murder was played out in this State." The remarks that has been made before is equally applicable here, that it remains to be proved that the example of a life sentence to state prison would not be equally effectual as an example. We may sum up the argument in a few words. Society has no moral right to interfere with human life, and no legal right, unless supreme necessity requires it, and that necessity must be absolute and obvious, and no other remedy can be substituted. If any other remedy can be used it is the duty of society to take that remedy, and not the harsher one.

S.

Scipioville, N. Y., 11th mo. 27th, '90.

Young Friends' Review

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EDITORIAL STAFF:

S. P. ZAVITZ, Coldstream.
ELIZABETH S. STOVER, M. E. L., Norwich.
EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, B. A., Coldstream.
ISAAC WILSON, Bloomfield.
SERENA MINARD, Sparta.
EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, *Managing Editor.*
S. P. ZAVITZ, *Treas. & Bus. Correspondent.*

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To those who, during the past year or two, have failed to renew, we send copies of this issue as a reminder that we will be pleased to renew old acquaintance.

The appearance and policy of the REVIEW will be much the same as in the recent past. We aim to make it pure, progressive and liberal. We hope to make it useful to our young people; and interesting to both young and old. In fact it is a welcome visitor to many a home whose inmates have passed the meridian of life. Many of the distinctive principles of Friends will be brought to the notice of our readers the coming year, and some needed reforms will receive attention.

Wives and Daughters is the title of a new publication issuing from London, Canada. It is edited and conducted by women, and for women especially, but for all who desire and strive for the elevation of woman to her legitimate demands and inalienable rights, this monthly periodical, judging from the first two numbers, and from what we know of its editors we believe will be exceedingly readable, spicy with nothing exceptional, and will be a leader in the woman's movement towards the higher enlightenment. The price is only 25 cents per annum.

The bulk of subscriptions to YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW expires with this number. Remember no due bills go from this office for subscriptions. If the subscription is not renewed we take it for granted that you do not want the paper. *We ask all our old subscribers to renew NOW* and if possible send us *ONE new name*. In most cases it would be an easy matter, and by so doing you will gladden our hearts and forward the cause. Encourage the young people of our Society by subscribing to their paper. 50 cents a year will do it.

What has become of our "Thought's" column? What calamity has befallen it? Have the pearls so multiplied, or the little strings grown so large that they are no longer admissible here? If so we are glad, but we believe there is no need for our "Thought's Column" being deserted. If some have graduated higher, let others take up the strain. Young Friends, in your ranks, are our new recruits. Think what a large number there are of you who have never sent a word. Pen the smallest thought that is of value; that brings to thy life a ray of light, and send it out to blend with other rays, to make the broad, bright day. Think seriously of it now and see what you can do in the New Year for yourselves and for one another. The more flowers are plucked the more new buds will break forth.

OUR ELDERSHIP.

I wish to call the attention of Friends to some changes in our meetings for ministers and elders, which I have long thought would be beneficial, and which I believe our Society is now ready to take into consideration, and in many meetings to adopt. I have advocated, with approval, in our meeting, a recognition of the fitness of some of our younger members for the position of elder. I fully believe it is a fact that in many cases members have been made elders not because they were eminently fitted for the position but because they seemed of a very suitable age for it, and in other cases friends better fitted for the work were not appointed merely because they were younger. It is time our Society recognized the fact that age, and not religious experience and fitness, has had too much weight in such appointments in the past. This discerning power which discovers the truth, is not confined to the aged alone, neither are they alone the ones who give encouragement or caution to the ministry, and especially to those young in the ministry! I have had young Friends come and sit by me, and quietly breathe into my soul, not into my ears only, but into my soul, words of comfort and encouragement that gave new hope and new life. These are elders, indeed. Yet our Society will not openly recognize them as such merely because they are young *in years*. Their presence would bring new life into our meetings for ministers and elders, and they would do much to encourage those "young in the ministry."

What are we gaining by closing our doors at such meetings to the rest of our membership? Is it that the same spirit which, a few years ago, debarred all but members from attendance at our meetings for business, is still clinging to us? Or is there some higher motive?

These meetings are often favored seasons, and I have gone from them, more than once, regretting deeply that our young people were not with us.

I believe the subject worthy our consideration, and hope to see more of our meetings acting in the line of these suggestions. S P. Z.

DIED.

SCOTT.—In Aylmer, on the 3rd September, 1890, Mary L., wife of Elijah D. Scott, daughter of Amos G. and Elizabeth B. Canby, aged 48 years and 12 days.

OBITUARY.

Sad indeed seems death when the news of it comes to us unexpectedly of some one we have recently seen in apparent health. Unexpected indeed, to us, was the death of Levi Watson, of Galen, son of the late Stephen and Sarah Watson, deceased, aged about 54 years. The funeral was held on Thursday, Nov. 20, at 11 o'clock. The sermon was preached by Sunderland P. Gardner, of Farmington, who, though said to be about 89 years of age, delivered what was said by those who have heard him often in the years gone by, to be the best sermon they ever heard from his lips. For a full hour and a half he held the audience spell-bound, setting forth every point of the discourse in language so clear and beautiful that even the blind might see it, and those who had been deaf might hear the truth. The words seemed to flow forth as with no effort, and only once in all that time did he recall a word and replace it with another, which seems remarkable, as he never uses notes, nor knows beforehand what he shall say. Especially beautiful was the picture he gave of the inner life of the deceased, setting forth his thoughts and motives more clearly, perhaps, than many could who have known him intimately. This power must certainly be comforting to mourning friends, almost seeming as though their loved had spoken. I never saw this so plainly as I have since grandfather died, and Sunderland repeated over his body the same favorite verse of a hymn that he used to chant to me in infancy when I sat upon his knee. It is not likely that

Sunderland ever heard him sing that hymn, as he was a firm Friend, and not at all given to singing; but as he repeated the words those days came back to me, even the low, sweet, reverential intonation of his voice as he chanted that funeral dirge went ringing through memory. So often I ask myself: What is the secret of Sunderland's power, and why is he so beloved and sought after by those who mourn? And then I fall to questioning, is it that he is sent of God to catch the last message of the departing soul and bear it back to earth, to show the inner beauty of the life that might, perhaps, by men be misinterpreted?

Verily, I say, it must be so, and that is why the last thirty years of his life has been spent, as he says, "*among the tombs*"—given up entirely to comforting them that mourn, and leading their minds away from their loss unto things of eternal gain in the Great Kingdom.

JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1890.

MARRIED.

BARTON—BONNELL.—At the home of the bride's parents, Henry S. and Elizabeth W. Bonnell, town of Waterloo, N. Y., on the evening of Oct. 22nd, Ellen C. Bonnell, to Dillwyn Earton, of Galen, Wayne Co., N. Y.

Over one hundred guests were present, mostly relatives. The bride is a grand-daughter of the late Charles and Deanna Bonnell, and the groom is a grandson of the late Joseph and Ruth Watson, all of whom were Friends.

On the evening of Oct. 29th, a reception was held in honor of the bride and groom, at the home of his parents, Archibald and Abby Barton, which was also an enjoyable occasion.

We ask hearty co-operation in our present canvass from old club raisers. The intrinsic value of its contents, and its low price should send it into every Friend's home in America. Now is your time to work. *We give an extra copy* for every club of ten names at 50 cents each.

CHANGE OF MEETINGS IN NEBRASKA.

The Executive meeting now meets at 11 a. m., and there is a meeting every First-day at Lincoln at 11 a. m., and at Bennett every other First-day at 11 a. m.

DANIEL GRIEST.

Ellis, Kas., 11th mo. 26th, 1890.

TO MOTHERS.

Every day's observation teaches us that the old saying, "As the twig is bent so will the tree incline," is as equally true of the infant mind as of the young plant. Early impressions, when stamped upon the yielding nature of a child by the loving hand of a conscientious mother, are like the water mark in a sheet of paper, which may be written over, and seemingly effaced by the dark lines of care and worldliness, yet will ever stand out bright and clear when illuminated by the pure light of early affection.

The memory of the noble precepts instilled in the youthful mind by a loving mother, never entirely fades out in after years, for they are "written upon the heart as upon a rock, with a pen of iron." A child's future path in life, whether for good or evil, is usually determined by the character of the maternal influence it has received; and it is a serious, as well as an inspiring thought, that in the gentle hands of a mother, an all-wise Providence has, in a large measure, placed the future happiness or misery of her offspring.

Intelligence is developed early, and long before it is able to talk, an infant can be made to understand a mother's disapprobation of wrong doing. Even during these baby years she should embrace every opportunity to assist its budding intellect, and endeavor, by gentle and loving ways, to induce the tender affections to cling round her heart, while, with a firm, but gentle hand, she trains the mind to encounter the rude storms of life.

THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I did but dream. I never knew
 What charms our sternest season wore.
 Was never yet the sky so blue,
 Was never earth so white before.
 Till now I never saw the glow
 Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
 And never learned the boughs designs
 Of beauty in its leafless lines.
 Did ever such a morning break

As that my eastern windows see?
 Did ever such a moonlight take
 Wierd photographs of shrub and tree?
 Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
 The music of the winter street?
 Was ever yet a sound by half
 So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?
 O Earth! with gladness ever-fraught

No added charm thy face hath found;
 Within my heart the change is wrought,
 My footsteps make enchanted ground.
 From couch of pain and curtained room
 Forth to thy light and air I come,
 To find in all that meets my eyes
 The freshness of a glad surprise.
 Fair seems these winter days, and soon

Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
 To set the unbound rills in tune,
 And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
 The vale shall laugh in flowers, the woods
 Grow misty green with leafing buds,
 And violets and wind-flowers sway
 Against the throbbing heart of May.
 Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own

The wiser love severely kind;
 Since, richer for its chastening grown,
 I see, whereas I once was blind.
 The world, O Father! hath not wronged
 With loss the life by thee prolonged;
 But still, with every added year,
 More beautiful thy works appear!
 As thou hast made this world without,

Make thou more fair my world within;
 Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
 Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
 Fill, brief or long, my granted span
 Of life with love to thee and man;
 Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
 But let my last days be my best!

SPECIAL OFFER.—To every association of young Friends we will send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW the coming year at the following rates, viz.:

to copies and over, one year, 30 cents.
 20 " " " " " 25 cents.

Money sent in letters come at our risk when registered; not otherwise.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

Regarding the inability of many of you to mingle with us upon this favored occasion, as we believe it to have been, a season from the many searching testimonies handed forth of deep baptism of spirit and dedication of heart, together with the lively interest that was made manifest throughout the whole body, eliciting expressions from all ages present in behalf of the well being of society, and extending to beyond our borders of humanity at large. We have thought the best evidence that could be given, that we were not unmindful of your absence, would be to insert in the published proceedings of our deliberations, a brief resume thereof for your perusal.

Our meetings on First-day were well attended. And First day morning witnessed the assembling of the largest audience ever collected together in our present commodious house, every available space being occupied. The solemnity of the occasion was made manifest by the impress upon the countenances of nearly all assembled, and the words of counsel handed forth, bore evidence from the undivided attention of the audience of the Father's presence amongst us.

The youth's meeting, held on the afternoon of the same day, was thought to be a profitable occasion, bearing ample evidence that this recent organization is having its desired effects and has become a great *nucleus* to the body, by enlisting the young and old alike throughout our borders in the work and welfare of society, and the good seed sown there, implanted has germinated, and is bearing good fruit.

We were told that our Society has yet a work to do, that it's work has not ended, and that there is a work for those who are interested in the amelioration of the condition of mankind, and as our ancestors labored so zealously to secure the freedom of the African, that we should not relax in our efforts,

but labor, if possible, with redoubled energy towards securing the liberation, the equal rights, the elevation to American citizenship of the Indian, the Red Man of the forest.

Interesting meetings of our First-day School Conference and Philanthropic Union gave evidence that the work entrusted to them was in the hands of faithful standard-bearers who are deeply interested in the different branches of labor assigned them.

A forcible and deeply instructive address on Third-day evening by Aaron M. Powell, of New York, on "Social Purity," imparted the information that Friends were not relaxing in their efforts to protect the boys and girls of the land from the baneful influences of the evils that surround them.

The counsel was handed forth that if we so live when we lay our heads upon our pillows at night as though we did not expect to see the light of another day, that all would be well with us.

Upon entering into examination of the state of society, the appended topics were deliberated upon :

The subject of temperance claimed the earnest and serious consideration of the meeting, and the opinion was expressed that while there are those amongst us who are engaged in this giant, this gigantic evil, that if we wish to appear before the world in the light in which we are viewed by all classes and all peoples, as a band of earnest, faithful advocates of all that pertains to the welfare of the human race, that we must labor to extirpate it from our midst, and then, and only then, will our hands be strengthened to appear in the proper light before our legislators, our representatives in Congress, and not omitting the chief executive of the nation, and seek their and his co-operation in effecting its suppression.

Friends were counselled against the use and cultivation of tobacco, and gratitude was expressed that there was so little cultivated by our members.

Love and unity appears to generally prevail amongst us, and the injunction was handed forth, that he who is at variance with his brother, however humiliating it might be, should be willing, if required, to wash his feet in order to effect a reconciliation.

The usual neglect was noted in the attendance of our mid-week meetings, though we are encouraged with the belief that strengthened by the stimulating influences of our First-day schools, that our meetings on First-day are better sustained.

Much interest was manifested by the meeting in regard to the care and oversight of our isolated members, and the thought was suggested that if those who change their location would communicate their place of abode to the correspondent of the monthly meeting, to which they belong, that we could properly place them, and furnish them with such Friend's literature, as would be profitable ; our subordinate meetings were also advised to address them occasional messages of love and unity, evincing to them that though absent they are not forgotten.

Friends were encouraged to frequently read the Scriptures of truth, and the guarded education of our children in the manner sought after appears to be mostly observed.

It was proclaimed that while we are here, while the day lasts it is for us to be deeply concerned for others as well as ourselves.

Our hearts were deeply touched with the information brought before us, of the great depletion in our number during the past year, throughout our own and other borders of society, in the removal by the hand of death, from the scene of action here of so many valued members, and we can but entertain a deep feeling of gratitude that their daily walks in life while here bore ample evidence that they were fully prepared for a higher life beyond, and take consolation from the thought that the links though severed here is only that they may be more firmly united.

banded together, added on, the chain made whole at the other end.

And in saying farewell let us extend our gratitude unto our own (Whittier) for these beautiful and suggestive lines:

There are those who take note that our numbers are small,
New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall;
But the Lord of the seed field takes care of his own,
And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have sown!

EASTON QUARTERLY MEETING.

Those privileged to attend the quarterly meeting held at Easton on the 11th, 12th and 13th of the Eleventh mo., felt it an occasion to be long treasured. The weather was most favorable, so that Friends driving from a distance found good roads and little inconvenience. The word that came late, of Isaac Wilson's intention of being present, brought joy to the hearts of all his numerous friends in that vicinity. After the select meeting on Third-day an evening meeting was held at the home of Job H. Wilbur. Isaac Wilson briefly expressed the pleasure he felt in such a gathering, and opened the way for considerable discussion regarding some of the parables contained in the Bible. The remarks were general, and displayed a lively interest by both young and old, to know more concerning spiritual truths. His communication on Fourth day morning was close and searching, giving the remedy for short comings and holding up a high standard for individual overcoming, each endeavoring to form a component part of a perfect whole. Love being the magical alchemist that will turn all dross in our natures to purest gold. Robert Haviland, who was also present, in a few words endorsed fully what had been said, citing an incident in his own life where the power of love had come in and swept away a bitterness which might have resulted in a life-long enmity.

In the evening a meeting was held at Easton Seminary, under the auspices of the Philanthropic Labor Union. The first subject presented was that of the "Education of the Colored People of the South." A short report of the work being accomplished at both Martha Schofield's school at Aiken, and Abby Munro's at Mount Pleasant, was read by Jane C. Washburn. Some specimens of industry from both institutions were exhibited to show what good work is being accomplished by the little hands so eager to learn how to work. Several who were present gave their expression of the needs of the colored race as coming within their observation in travelling among them. All agreed that education would greatly aid in solving the race problem so threatening at the present time. Robert Haviland followed with an excellent paper on the constitutional amendment, which is to be voted upon in New York State in 4th month. He gave a general summary of the work done in the past in the line of temperance and prohibition in the various States of the Union. He urged all to labor earnestly for the amendment whatever the result might be.

On Fifth-day morning an attentive audience was present to partake of the rich spiritual feast which was spread before the hungering and thirsting souls. Robert Haviland alluded to the pentecostal feast, when all spoke in different tongues, but all were understood, and thought the present occasion was of like character. Isaac Wilson followed, calling attention to the ruler who asked Jesus what he should do to inherit eternal life. The command given him to "sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor," was interpreted to apply to our conditions today as well as to the one formerly. Whatever stands between us and our God we were earnestly entreated to sell—to part with—as we valued our soul's salvation. The peace of mind which we would receive in exchange would richly repay us for any sacrifice we

might be required to make. The meeting, although of considerable length, was a season throughout of deep spiritual baptism.

In the evening an appointed meeting was held at the South Meeting House, which was well attended. "Honor thy father and mother" was the opening message entrusted to our friend, Isaac Wilson. He was drawn to enlarge upon the fatherly love of God as most beautifully described by Jesus in the parable of the prodigal son. No matter how far he may have strayed from the Father's house, the Father's yearning love goes out to meet the wanderer, ready to put upon him the best robe when he is willing to return. The parental love has an undying quality which lives after the loved form has been buried out of sight. If, in their lifetime, we have neglected to show the honor to our parents we should have given them, it is useless to spend time in idle regrets. We may yet honor their memory by yielding to the dictates of that Heavenly Father, whose love is boundless and all sufficient. The appeal came so feelingly to not turn aside the constraining hand that would lead us in paths of peace, that all felt a renewed sense of dedication to His service, whatever it might be.

JANE C. WASHBURN.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

"If I will that he tarry till I come, *what is that to thee, follow thou me.*" If others do not keep the beaten path, what is that to thee, "*follow thou me,*"—taught Jesus.

The completed task, followed by a lovely day, seems to indicate *that peace follows* as a reward from its accomplishment, as indeed it truly does follow any right labor persevered in through difficulties to its end. May there be amongst us such a harvest of manifest growth heavenward, and fruit-bearing, that the yield may prove as from seed sown upon fallow ground thoroughly and fitly prepared by the hand of the

Master Workman. We have had, as it were, a lift by the way—are thereby rested and better able to start on again, having our energy and strength renewed with more boldness to tread firmly along the highway cast up for our feet by Him who doeth all things well—the spirit is lightened and made to rejoice, and, like the rose which has just been washed in a shower, giveth forth sweet perfume—an offering of *thanksgiving*. So doth our hearts ascend in praises to our God, the "giver of every good and perfect gift," for the renewed encouragement and strengthening afforded by the remembrance of yesterday's instruction. How it cheers the lonely-hearted traveler to meet betimes with a fellow pilgrim on the way Zionward, to walk with and commune awhile, about divine things, as did the disciples of old, especially when these meetings are freighted with messages both helpful and needful. *Thanksgiving Day*, some one reminds—well, it seems happily a fitting tribute to pen the communings of spirit. Can I better give thanks for the blessings of the past year? In the language of a hymn, learned in childhood:

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me.

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more,
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door,"

applies both temporarily and spiritually. His loving care so largely extended to me—a weak child—shall I keep silent? Nay! saith my spirit; be thou obedient to the heavenly vision.

What blessings attend my pathway? Praise ye the Lord, O, my soul, for the gift of finding tongues in the trivial round, books in common tasks, sermons in hard things and good everywhere. Life is less lonely.

The quietness of the day has induced my husband to rake the autumn leaves from the yard; though aching to be out with him, household affairs pre-

vented, so I turned inwardly to raking. What, will my heap be nothing but leaves and rubbish? God grant my effort may be crowned as in the outward, at least, with a cleaner and more inviting appearance, that others, seeing the result, may be helped in some little measure to unite in glorifying our "Father, which art in heaven." Many times have I wandered in thought very near to the *Thought Column* in the YOUNG FRIENDS REVIEW, but, without intruding, quietly going round some other direction, waiting patiently to let others have their opportunity. Have any mis-spelled and lost their place? Has the Great Teacher passed the word along for right spelling until my turn has come? Will I blunder and lose my opportunity? God knoweth. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." Jesus used to draw lessons from the every day events of life; why should we close our eyes and ears to these truthful instructions? Having eyes see not, and ears hear not. Let it not be said of us, *ye will not*. From emptying out old used up straw out of a bed I am taught this lesson, that every once in a while we should turn out old, worn-out usages, customs, ideas, prejudices and all stored up feelings of wounded pride, etc., into a heap, as useless and uncomfortable for further use—though once good as new—but now only fit to rot, or be burned to ashes, thus being converted into that which will fertilize a new growth of advanced thought, such as should spring up out of the ashes of the past. Remember the past for the good it taught. Let us, every one, young and old, empty out and re-fill our hearts with sweet fresh feelings; turn over a new leaf and start afresh on a clean page, leaving all the old, musty, crushed and dusty stuffing behind—hastening onward.

"Forget the steps already trod
And onward run thy way to God"

AMELIA R. PAGE.

Pelham, 6th of 11th mo., 1890.

TOLSTOI ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Thus, during my stay in Paris, the sight of a public execution revealed to me the weakness of my superstitious belief in progress. When I saw the head divided from the body, and heard the sound with which they fell separately into the box, I understood, not with my reason, but with my whole being, that no theory of the wisdom of all established things, nor of progress, could justify such an act; and that if all the men in the world from the day of creation, by whatever theory, had found this thing necessary, it was not so; it was a bad thing, and that therefore I must judge of what was right and necessary, not by what men said and did, not by progress, but what I felt to be true in my heart.

Every Friend's home in America should have a Friends' paper. It only costs 50 cents to send the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW to every such home a whole year. Reader, does thee know of any such home where no *Friends'* paper goes. If so please do just enough missionary work in that line to get the REVIEW there. It will pay.

"I envy you," said a young girl to a successful woman. "You have everything—talent, genius, and hosts of friends." "All that I have may be yours," was the reply. Give up pleasure for hard study. Think only of your work while you work, and care carefully for your body. Forget yourself and never forget others. If you only wheel a load of brick, let the load be well placed, well balanced and carefully wheeled. Genius is hard work, painstaking care, honest effort, unflinching patience and perseverance. If you have a task to perform, fit yourself for it in every conceivable manner. Work is divine, glorious, delightful if well done, but an insult to your Creator and humanity if carelessly performed."

THE FIRST SNOW.

"Hurrah for the snow!" shouts a merry boy,
 "Hurrah for the snow, I say!
 To-morrow I'll be on the hill with my sled
 For 'twill be a glorious day."

"Snow so soon!" sighed a shivering child,
 As homeward he quickly sped.
 No blazing fire awaits him there,
 No nourishing supper, no bed.

To one the snow brought joy untold,
 He was well fed and warmly clad.
 To the other 'twas misery and great pain,
 For nothing of comfort he had.

M. V.

We give notice of expiration of subscription by *printed notice on wrapper*. We have been placed in a position, by interesting Friends, to send copies, regularly, into many homes the past year. When these expire we ask the recipients to renew for the paper at once, as they will not otherwise be renewed.

"Every religious literature of the world has this mingling of elements: The gold, tried and tested by experience—the eternal truth; and the baser elements that can stand no test, and must perish and pass away. Let us, then, seek out this gold; and just because we find out that there is silver and brass and iron and clay in it, let us not throw it all away."—[M. J. Savage.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realm of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

"Deity, being unchangeable and impartial, undoubtedly has, from His first teachings to humanity, spoken in the same pure, peaceful, just language to the souls of the people that he did to George Fox and William Penn; but the outward teachings and environments of the early ages had not prepared men to give that interpretation to the impressions that these worthies did."—[Benjamin Hallowell.

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We desire to develop intelligent, upright, honest men, and to this end we aim to surround them with such influences as will bring out their better natures, and inspire a desire for study and improvement. For particulars address, EDWARD N. HARNED, Principal.

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