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Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. VIII.

LONDON, ONT., FOURTH MONTH, 1893.

NO. 4.

IN THINE OWN HEART.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.
The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole.

Whate'er thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God,
Dust, if thou lovest dust.
Go out, God will go in,
Die thou and let him live,
Be not, and he will be,
Wait, and he'll all things give.

To bring thee to thy God,
Love take the shortest route;
The way which knowledge leads
Is but a round-about.
Drive out from thee the world,
And then like God thou'lt be,
A heaven within thyself
In calm eternity.

Let but thy heart, O man,
Become a valley low,
And God shall rain on it,
Till it will overflow.
Oh, shame! The silk worm works
And spins till it can fly,
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On thine old earth-clod lie?

Man, if the time on earth
Should seem too long for thee,
Turn thou to God and live,
Time free eternally.

—*Angelus Silesius (1624).*

LETTER FROM ISAAC WILSON.

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

I scarce remember where my last letter left me, but felt that our many Friends might be interested to know somewhat of our movements. I am willing to pen a few lines.

I think I wrote soon after attending Buck's Quarterly Meeting at Wrightstown, Pa., from where we went to

Newtown, attended a meeting appointed at 2 p. m., after which we were driven to see the George School site that we had read so much of, and think it a beautiful situation, and promises to be an attractive, and we have no doubt a useful, institution.

Our kind Friends, Isaac Ayres and wife, who are very actively interested in its advancement, were our host and hostess for the night, and a Parlor Meeting being arranged at their home, a good number gathered, and the evening was spent to much satisfaction.

On 7th day we attended a meeting at Yardley, and 1st day at Langhorne at 11 a. m., Bristol at 3 p. m., and Race St., Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m., all of which were large and favored meetings. On 2nd day we went to Mt. Holly to attend Burlington Quarterly Meeting, which, with an appointment in the evening, were felt to be especially favored seasons.

We then went to Trenton to a Meeting at 7.30, 3rd day evening, but being a rainy night, and the notice but short, it was not large, but favored.

We then spent a day or two at Shrewsbury, attending some meetings, and returning to New York, where my wife joined me, and we attended the Meeting at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m., a temperance meeting in the evening. Then on 2nd day went for a social visit to our esteemed Friends, Daniel and Catherine Underhill, of Jericho, Long Island; found him somewhat enfeebled by the protracted winter weather, but the hospitality of his household is not lessened, and we find a perfect rest from active religious service that the physical seems to require.

Returning on third day to the city, we proceed by Philadelphia to Woods-

town, N. J., in time to attend the Select Meeting preceding Salem Quarterly. The weather and roads were quite unfavorable, yet it was felt to be a favored season, and on 6th day we attended a meeting appointed at Hancock's Bridge in the a. m., and at Salem in the evening, and on 7th day were driven to Mullicahill to an appointment at 11 a. m., and to Upper Greenwich at 3 p. m., and all four seemed in an especial manner to be blessed by the Master's presence, and while we found much labor, the comforting language from other hearts, of its fitness to the people, added to the assurance already realized, of the correctness of our travel.

After the meeting last mentioned, we went again to Philadelphia, meeting our daughter, who had come from Washington to spend 1st day with us. And 1st day a. m. we go to Chester to Meeting, returning in the evening to Girard Avenue Meeting, where a very large company convened, and as in the a. m., the spoken word was freely given to an attentive audience, but time nor space will not permit of a detailed account of each occasion. On 2nd day we ride out of the city, about forty miles I think, to visit our mutual Friend, Margretta Walton, who we are pleased to find measurably recovered from a protracted illness, that gave little hope for some time of her remaining with us. Our brief stay in her home was exceedingly pleasant, and before retiring for the night a solemn quiet crept over the minds, and thanksgiving and praise were rendered to the all-wise Father for the guidings of life that lead us into such pleasant places.

On 3rd day a. m. we return to Philadelphia to meet on that solemn and impressive occasion when the lifeless remains of our dear Friend and sister, Louisa J. Roberts, lay before us, and sad as it was to know that as a worker we could have her companionship no more, yet we shall ever feel that we are better able to live aright because she had lived.

Fourth day a. m. we attended Meeting at Race St., where nearly 1,200 children came in from the school, and it was an inspiration to the soul, and we felt it was good for us to be there.

In the afternoon we go to Moorestown, where a meeting is appointed for the evening, and that, with the Quarterly Meeting next day, were favored opportunities, and at 6 p. m. our host and hostess, Wm Dunn Rogers, were surprised by the rushing in of between 80 and 90 of their friends and relatives to celebrate the 40th anniversary of their marriage, and after the social mingling and partaking of a sumptuous repast, their marriage certificate was read, and the company left their names on record. Then a season of silence, followed by some appropriate remarks, the company dispersed from an occasion not soon to be forgotten.

From Moorestown we go to Trenton, where we had been two weeks before, but felt our labor incomplete there, and were blessed in the return with a well attended, and we think satisfactory, Meeting.

On 7th day a. m., through the kindness of our Friends, Henry Fell and wife, we were taken to the Willets' pottery, and one of the Brothers very kindly showed us the whole operation from the clay in its natural state to the finest ware produced in America, and we would gladly give a more detailed account of it if time and space would permit, but suffice it to say that we do not wonder at the beautiful figure of the Christian life necessarily being as clay in the hands of the potter.

We bid our Trenton Friends adieu at noon, going to Plainfield, where we attend meeting on 1st day a. m., feeling well satisfied with the attendance and interest manifested, and proceeded in the afternoon to New York, spending 2nd day with our son and some others in social mingling; going on 3rd day to Chappaqua, enjoying the hospitality of our Friend Joshua Washburn's home, and attended an appoint-

ed meeting on 4th day at 11 a. m. ; we go on to Albany, en route for Granville, where we spend 7th and 1st days to the apparent satisfaction of all.

Second day a. m., 3d month 27th, we turn our faces homeward, where, after making some stops, we arrive safely on 4th day p. m., finding all well and truly grateful for the protecting and preserving love that we enjoy in the many weeks of travel and active service, that we trust may be enjoyed as much by the visited as the visitors.

But we must not trespass more upon your limited space this time.

I. WILSON.

Bloomfield, 3rd mo. 30, 1893.

TOBACCO.

Paper read by Chas. E. Wilbur before the Philanthropic meeting held at Easton, N. Y., 2nd mo. 15, 1893.

Tobacco, familiarly known as "the weed," is an annual plant, and is said to be a native of America.

It grows to the height of several feet, and the leaves of which, when dried, are made into cigars, chewing tobacco, and snuff, which are extensively used throughout the civilized world. Tobacco is a poison to the young, and is far more hurtful to the adult than is generally supposed, and it may be stated as a rule that there are very few persons who use it habitually that do not suffer injury from it. The injury is mainly caused by what is known as "nicotine," one of the narcotic poisons, which is particularly prominent in tobacco, and so powerful is it, that it is said that one drop upon the tongue of a dog is sufficient to produce death. A distinguished physician of Florence, Italy, Professor Man-te-ga za, testifies that "tobacco is never necessary ; it is always hurtful to boys and young men, to weak people and those disposed to consumption."

The naval and military academies of this country understand this matter, and are very decided against it, on the ground that its use is attended with serious damage to health ; it also causes

a tremor of the muscles, which is very noticeable in the drawings and fine work of the cadets. But it is not to the Government institutions alone to merit all the credit of prohibiting its use ; other schools are seeing the necessity of it, and our own beloved Swarthmore goes so far as to expel a student who persists in using the vile weed.

Athletes and other persons engaged in feats of strength are not allowed to use either alcohol or tobacco while in training, because their use interferes with the fullest development of muscular activity.

Of tobacco, Franklin said that he could not think it had ever done much good in the world, since he never knew a person who used it habitually who would recommend another to do the same.

A person who has formed the appetite for tobacco and wants to stop its use, is to be pitied, for on all sides, and in all places where he may choose to go, he is surrounded by a fog, which, instead of alleviating the difficulty, tends to increase the desire for the poison. Another form of taking tobacco, which I am glad to see is becoming less prevalent, is the use of snuff. At one time the majority of the women of this land took the weed in this form, but whether from a truer sense of womanhood, which acknowledges the wrong and endeavors to rectify it, or whether from the possession of a stronger will power, which enables her to break the habit and withstand the temptations, she has far outstripped her brother man in this respect.

But the worst feature of the tobacco habit is yet to come. All of you have seen the little roll of tobacco, about two inches long and as large as a lead pencil, wrapped in white paper, on which "Uncle Sam" collected an internal revenue tax last year of about fifteen millions of dollars, called a *cigarette*. Of all the forms of using tobacco, this is the worst. First, the construction of the cigarette is such that the smoker takes into his lungs a

large amount of smoke, and with it that hurtful element, carbonic oxide, which works upon the air cells of the lungs and produces a very injurious effect ; secondly, the tobacco of which cigarettes are made is adulterated with opium, which is a powerful opiate, and creates an appetite which beggars description ; it is even worse than the appetite which is caused by alcoholic stimulants, and the greater harm comes when we know that the bulk of cigarettes are smoked by boys under sixteen years of age. There is a law which plainly says that no cigarette shall be sold or given to any person under that age, but it is grossly violated, and I think we, of the Society of Friends, should try and put a stop to the general invasion of tobacco, which threatens to involve the whole of America in a dense cloud of smoke, which poisons even those who do not use it.

DRIFTING.

A little volume of poems by Margaret M. Haviland, printed for private distribution by a New York Friend, has lately reached us. The author, formerly an occasional contributor to the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW, was an estimable young Friend living in Brooklyn, N. Y., who died nearly two years ago. One of the poems in the volume, "Cupid in the Lily," was contributed by the author to the REVIEW, and appeared in 10th mo. number, 1888. The following is taken from among the poems just published :

DRIFTING.

Drifting onward with the tide—
 Drifting, where ?
 Land they see not ; sound they hear not—
 Nor do care.

See, the sun has gone to rest !
 'Tis twilight hour,
 And the gentle evening dew
 Greets the flower.

Peace is in the very air—
 'Tis time to woo ;
 Resting, drifting with the tide,
 Loving, two.

She is gazing on the past ;
 Will life change ?
 He, upon her gentle face,
 New and strange,

E'en the plashing water's sound
 Is not heard,
 Nor the last soft farewell note
 Of a bird.

Only dreaming, happy, loving,
 Heeding not ;
 Sweetly trusting in their love,
 Shrinking not.

Drifting onward with the tide,
 Loving two ;
 May Love's guardian angels ever
 Drift with you.

7 mo., 1888.

THE ART OF SUCCESSFUL TEACHING.

Essay by Edgar M. Zavitz, Visitor of First-day Schools for the Township of Lobo, read at the F. D. S. Convention, at Vanneck, 2nd mo. 28, 1893.

In the discharge of my duty as "Visitor of Schools" I found the means, and also the needs, of offering some advice on this subject. I have rejoiced to see in some places that the teacher had found the true art of teaching. I grieved to find in other places that the teacher was not so happily proficient. It is with a desire to benefit and encourage all, that I leave with you some thoughts on this subject before yielding up the badges of office.

An ancient Latin writer has said that, "The poet is born, not made." This may be as aptly said of the successful teacher,—he must be *born* one. And I would have you to understand here by the word "born" what Jesus meant to imply by it when he said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." He must first *know* of the things of the kingdom before he can hope to lead others to a knowledge of them. The teacher, as well as the minister, must be a man or woman whose soul, whose mind, whose life, has been and is continually consecrated to the service of the living God.

A high requirement, you say. Where will we find them? Well, I believe

there are plenty of them all around us. I am not a pessimist. I have not lost faith in human goodness. In my meeting and mingling with the Sabbath-school teachers of Lobo, I rejoice to find them an earnest, devoted, dedicated band of workers. If I may suggest any improvement it is prompted by a desire to make you still more efficient, to make you to realize more and more your holy responsibility. In your hands more than in the hands of any other organization rests the destiny of our Township. Next to the parents, the teacher has the most influence in moulding the character of our youth.

In teaching, be thorough, in fact, be thorough in everything. Superficiality, that great bane in every other department of life, is a hindrance to successful teaching, "Except ye *eat* the flesh and *drink* the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you." There was nothing superficial in the precepts and practice of our divine pattern. The same law that Jesus uttered concerning the spiritual life and that we know to be true of the physical, except we eat and drink these bodies can have no life in them, is also true of the mental. Except our mind eat and drink, it cannot grow or live. If we are through marvelling how the mind can eat and drink, let us not turn away like some of old, but see how we can apply this process experimentally in our teaching. The best way to induce the mind to appropriate anything and make it its own is to demand of that mind a reproduction of that thing. Acting on this theory I have sometimes asked my class to condense in a sentence or two of their own the substance or the leading thought of the lesson. If they do this, I know that they have not simply studied *at* the lesson, but that they have mentally eaten and drank the lesson. It has been, as was promised, *life* to the mind.

But failure in successful teaching lies chiefly, I apprehend, in the fact that the teacher does not understand the nature of the human soul. He

looks upon it as an empty jug, and thinks that knowledge can be poured from one vessel into another. He proceeds to transplant his facts and his truths, and utterly fails to recognize the soul as embryonic, needing only development. The mind does not increase as the building, one brick upon another, but it grows as the tree, by development. Here lies the secret of successful teaching. The true teacher is an accoucheur of ideas. He but aids the birth of thought. The child mind is the chrysalis of the mind matured. The oak may be traced in the germ of the acorn, so in the infant brain is folded up the capabilities and the possibilities of the man or woman. And what renders the teacher's task so profoundly responsible is the great danger of dwarfing or marring the tender life. If he or she does not seek to develop according to the genius of that individual soul what God has implanted therein they may be guilty of diverting that life out of the line of God's purpose. This process of natural development becomes the *art* of successful teaching. Now, an art is no good unless we can apply it. How then can we put this into weekly practice? In my visiting I found some good people, I will not say good teachers, who thought that they must do all the talking and explaining. I presume it had come to be a necessity both with them and with the pupils, for the teacher would, by that method, come in time to do all the thinking also. Now, this is all wrong. We want the class to do nearly all the talking and a fair share of the thinking. Knowledge will be but little good to them if they lose the habit of speech, and no good whatever, if they lose the power of thinking. By questions we can invariably induce them to talk, and by a skilful manipulation of them, we can, in most cases, induce them to think. If we are familiar with our lesson we will find that the facts are associated with each other in such a way that if we start with some certain question or questions the an-

swers by the class will readily suggest another question, and so on over the whole ground, thus making the class do their share of the thinking, and receive their share of the benefit.

Mozoomdar, in his "Oriental Christ," divides teachers into two classes: "There is the teacher who teacheth many things,—every rule of life and every detail of conduct. There is also the teacher who saith little, teaching only *that* by learning which a man may instinctively do what is right and good. The mission of the true teacher is, therefore to teach only what kindles the spirit in man, and leave everything else to the man himself!" The most we can do is to get them interested in their own welfare, in their own salvation, and God will provide for the rest.

OUR HOME MEETINGS.

I was glad to notice in the last REVIEW a request for articles on "How to keep up or increase the interest in our home meetings." It is a practical theme and one that needs not only thought and sentiment, but action. Others may visit us and leave good impressions but the real work, if we are ever to experience a growth in numbers and spiritual power, must necessarily come from home talent. As a society we need rousing badly, that is as to our methods. It is an almost unheard of circumstance for a minister to have much of a concern to visit the members of his own particular meeting—but will he away a few hundred miles and visit all the families, hold two to six meetings a week, and be earnest and active. It is often said of individuals in their private walk, "What is their life at home? Are they the same in earnestness and activity?" Might not the same rule be applied to ministers? I have but little faith in ministers who spend much of their time from home, unless their home meeting is earnest and active. They had better stay at home and get the beam out of their own eye. Get their meeting healthy and strong, full of

spiritual vigor, then they can send out a minister that *can* do something.

But that is not how to increase the interest in our home meetings. We naturally disagree here, but there is certainly some truth in all our honest convictions. Literary exercises will not do it. An enforced attendance at all our meetings will not do it. Appointment on committees or plainness of speech, deportment and apparel will not do it—but the exemplification of the first commandment with the second, which is "like unto it," will do it—"for on these two hang all the law and the prophets." It is not only the spoken word from this stand point, but every act of our lives influencing another which will tend to raise up the Christ of God, which is the Saviour of men, in our own lives. This will make us an unconscious drawing power.

Was there ever more need for action than now—and was there ever a more open field? Hungry men, women and children are reaching forth their hands for bread. Let the earnest desire of each be to faithfully perform the small duties that lie nearest us. Thus we will again see a flocking to our plain simple practical standard.

EDWARD COALE, Holder, Illinois.

HAPPINESS.

Essay read by Annie L. Cutler at the "Olio," held at Isaac Zavitz's, on the evening of 2nd mo., 24th, 1893.

There are two sources from which we derive what we call happiness. That which comes from external circumstances and that which springs from within. We will first take up the external sources, such as wealth, beauty, genius, grandeur of scenery, fine furniture and apparel. These can please us for a time, but we soon tire of them, and our happiness departs. But yet we need not say like Goldsmith:

"Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope
at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest."

The man who stands around waiting for happiness to come to him will be no nearer to it next year than this.

I have heard some say: "If I could have just what I want I would be perfectly happy." But I am afraid they would be like 'King Midas'—worse off than before.

Too many are looking outward instead of inward, downward instead of upward. Happiness is in the heart and there we must look for it, and if we do not find it something is wrong, and it is our duty to seek out the loose spring. If anything is the matter with our lives we should first examine our selves closely, and we will rarely need to look further. We were placed in this world by a kind and loving Father, who designed that we should be happy and enjoy life. It was for that purpose that He placed so many beautiful things about us for our use. He gave us powers of enjoyment, and he gave us nothing but what he expected us to use.

One of the sources of happiness is contentment and satisfaction with oneself. A duty well and faithfully performed will bring satisfaction to the soul that no circumstances can remove.

"True happiness on earth thou canst not find,
Save that its growth is in the virtuous mind,
And trusting wisdom watchfully is there
To give the culture, and to guard with care
A blessing nothing earthly can destroy,—
Heaven's highest gift—an everlasting joy."

A kindly act performed, the doing to a brother as we would have him do to us, these will bring the happiness that depends not on wealth or station. We should cultivate a contented, cheerful disposition and make the best of what we have and of what comes under our care. Circumstances have little to do with our happiness. Some are happy in adversity, others are unhappy in prosperity.

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Exalts the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave."

So, no matter whether it be cold or hot, summer or winter, night or day, we still may be happy if we will.

A SMILE AND A FROWN.

Only a frown! yet it pressed a sting
Into the day which had been so glad;
The red rose turned to a scentless thing,
The bird song ceased with discordant ring,
And a heart was heavy and sad.

Only a smile! yet it cast a spell
Over the sky which had been so grey;
The rain made music wherever it fell,
The wind sung the song of a marriage bell,
And a heart was light and gay.

—Emma C. Dowd, in *Frank Leslie's*.

BIRD OF SUMMER.

Come birdie, O come, from the tree top,
And sing me the songs you sing there,
That I may breathe in the sweet carols
Which seem to float out in the air.

O sing of the hills and the mountains
Of your far-away home in the south,
Or sing of yon sparkling fountain
That is rolling your voice to the south.

Your notes burst forth in the morning,
Like an anthem of tribute and praise,
To the Father in glory above you,
For his love in his wonderful ways.

And all through the busy noon-day
Your cadence of music goes forth
In varied snatches of music
Such as on y the Master knoweth.

One strain like a cheery welcome,
One like a mournful note,
One like a grateful feeling,
Which out from the forest broke.

Your songs, they seem for the mournful,
They also seem for the gay,
And you sing for the wearied workmen
Who are toiling the live-long day.

But methinks in the hour of twilight
When the busy day is done,
When the calm of evening's about us
That that song is your sweetest one.

For your first seems a song of conflicts,
Then you sing of conquests won,
And then you sum them together
And put your whole song in one.

And out from the hush of the night-fall
Your soul stirring voice may be heard,
And the toilers of day are found listening,
To the thanksgiving notes of the bird,

—Mystic.

Young Friends' Review

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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.

The last "Olio" of the season held at Daniel Zavitz's on the 24th ult. was pronounced one of the best ever held during the eighteen winters of its existence. We adjourned with officers appointed for the commencement of next winter, and with the prayer, "Long Live the Olios" in our hearts.

BORN.

ROUND—On 24th of 3rd mo., to Bertha A. and Milton S. Round, a daughter, Esther Hazel.

DIED.

HARTLEY.—Died near Wes' Branch, Iowa, 3rd mo., 1, 1893. Harry Hartley, son of F. T. and Hattie H. Hartley, aged 1 year and 8 months. None could see him but to love him.

OBITUARY.

EDITED BY THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW:

A reminder of the loss which communities have at times sustained by the removal of loved ones from their midst could not do otherwise than recall to memory the good deeds, the kindly acts performed, the generous hospitality rendered while in this life. And it would seem that in reviewing the life of Samuel M. Price, more than a passing notice of his removal to a higher life is called for at our hands.

He departed this life, as previously noticed in the *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*, on the third of third month, 1893 in the 79th year of his age. His funeral took place from Friends' Meeting House, at Gunpowder, Maryland, on the sixth. A large concourse of relatives and friends congregated there to pay the last tribute of respect to a departed relative and friend. Relative not only in name, but in thought, feeling and action, and a true friend indeed to many in need. A large number of colored people were also present, which was an unusual occurrence amongst us, but it only showed the just mark of esteem in which they held him, and a true appreciation of one who had been to them a benefactor, a friend, and who had administered to their necessities when others would not; one, too, who was deeply interested in their temporal, moral and spiritual welfare.

Feeling tributes were paid to his memory by those who had known him long and well, as a loving and devoted husband, an indulgent and affectionate father, a kind brother and uncle, a father to the fatherless, whom he took under his protecting care, and they were made to feel that his home was their home; a good citizen, interested in all that pertained to the welfare of those around him, irrespective of their station in life. And in his various ministrations of duty he let not his left hand know what his right hand did. Occupying the responsible positions of

Overseer and Elder in the Meeting to which he belonged, and to which he was so deeply and tenderly attached and so long and creditably associated. The generous and unbounded hospitality of his home, which was handed forth to all who came, (not refusing even the wayfarer, he, too, being accorded a warm welcome) has been appreciated by many far and near. This hospitality and cordial greeting, which was handed down by his loving parents, John and Mary Price, (familarly known as "Uncle John" and "Aunt Polly" to many who knew and loved them) was well sustained by the son who survived them and upon whom the mantle wisely fell. It could not be said of this home, "I was a stranger and ye took me not in," or, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat," etc.

Those who have travelled in the ministry could testify with hearts overflowing with gratitude to the many acts of kindness that they had been the recipients of, and received at his hands. In entertaining them at his hospitable home, where there was always found the wife of his bosom the companion of his heart, ever ready to perform her part in extending a warm welcome, a cheerful greeting, and making their stay pleasant while there. They could all testify to the encouragement given them, and aid rendered in conveying them with his horses and carriages to and from their different appointments, frequently adding that "He would hold the ribbons if they would promise to do the preaching," and in these little ministrations of duty, distance did not seem too great. Faithful in the attendance upon all of his Meetings, with the exception of during the period of his last illness, he rarely failed to occupy his accustomed seat in meeting twice a week, and Friends in the neighborhood where the various Quarterly Meetings are held can testify to his faithful attendance upon them. He went too, at times when the flesh was weak, though the heart was always willing, in order that

his meeting night be properly represented, or rather that it might not fail in representation. Such men as Samuel M. Price are rarely found in any community. He was the friend of all, the enemy of none. One striking illustration of his interest in those around him, which interest extended throughout the whole community, and not unfrequently too, while laboring under the most intense suffering and pain, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, in extending to them words of counsel, and advising with them as to the best course to pursue for their individual welfare, not forgetting those who may live after them, and whose deep interest in them and faithful attention to their demands that they should be properly provided for.

And as we conclude we need but add that those who knew him best can fully testify to the simplicity of his character, the kindness and tenderness of his heart, the generosity of his nature, and the wisdom of his counsel.

M. O. T., Baltimore, Maryland.
3rd mo. 27th, 1893.

TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin—
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed—
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself—
Just for to-day.

Cleanse and receive my parting soul;
Be Thou my stay;
Oh, bid me if to-day I die—
Go Home to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord—
Just for to-day.

—Selected.

A LETTER.

An answer to some children who accused their father of not believing in the divinity of Jesus Christ.

HANKINSON, N. Dak.,

10 mo. 2nd, 1892.

Your kind letter of 24th inst., is duly at hand, and I am very glad to be informed of your good health and contentment in your present situation, in which I hope you may be the instrument of doing much good, as I think in such a growing place as where you are situated that it must be a good field to work in and it does my heart good to be assured that your hearts are filled with the purest of love, as exemplified by the blessed Jesus, which if obeyed leads us into paths of pleasantness and peace and heavenly places to our own joy and our Heavenly Father's glory, and to do such work as may be directed by its (this divine love) teaching, and consequently receive his approval and you receive the welcome approval of "Well done, good and faithful ones, enter into the joy of thy Lord" I thank you for your thoughtfulness of me, and you are quite mistaken, I am glad to say relative to my not believing in the divinity of the blessed Jesus, as I not only believe in his divinity, but believe also that I have graciously given unto even me a spark of the same heavenly divinity as also that you (blessed be His holy name and power) have also given unto you the same heavenly spark, and in fact all of our Heavenly Father's children, as rational creatures, are endowed with a spark of the same heavenly divinity; as our God is no respecter of persons, and all that will come, may come unto Him and drink of the waters of divine life freely. It does seem to me that we, from some cause or other, do not make use of our blessed privilege of coming under the influence of this Heavenly attribute of divine life (as was fully exemplified in the blessed Jesus,) as we should; or we would show ourselves to be more of the children of our Heavenly Father than we do: for as He, our elder

brother, the Son, partook of the divinity of His Heavenly Father, and is called the vine, so those who are influenced by the same life giving principle as the vine, are called the branches. All growing together without jar or schism, produce the delicious fruits of the divine life, which is so much relished. provided the little foxes do not prevent the maturing of this fruit. This is what may be called coming to Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me, but ye will not come unto Me, (My power of love to rule all your actions) that ye may have life and have it more abundantly." Why is it you leave out this latter part? Can't you receive and practice this inward Christ, love within, the hope of glory, a present helper in every time of need.

We have been saying the Lord's Prayer for years, praying that His kingdom come and will be done in earth as it is done in Heaven, and I can't see that the advancement in that direction is much more now than when I first heard it. Now, why is this, do we think that the good Lord is going to bring this heavenly state about without some exertion on our part that it should be done? If so, I am persuaded that it will be delayed just so long as we hold ourselves aloof from endeavoring to assist and be instrumental in His hands to do so, but when we become willing and desirous that His kingdom come and will be done in earth as it is in Heaven, then the much desired and heavenly state will be consummated and righteousness cover the earth as the waters do the sea.

Now, how is this very desirable state to be brought about?

I answer by a way so simple that even a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err. Well, what way is that? By simply minding the spark of divinity or heavenly love, as exemplified by the great law giver, and given to us in order (as it is minded) that we may

serve our Creator in truth and holiness, and it works by love to the pulling down the strongholds of sin and iniquity, thereby bringing about that heavenly state so much desired and prayed for so long.

It is for us to choose or refuse in this good work, no force work about it. "The spirit and the bride say come, and all that will come, may come, and drink of the waters of life freely without money and without price." Is not that a blessed free gift? Let us be willing to let the blessed spirit in the heavenly dove, the love dove, don't let us keep it out any longer, starving, shivering and cold and wet. don't let us be so hard-hearted, but let it in and nourish and care for it, that we may rejoice with it and it with us, and receive the welcome salutation of "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over more."

Let us not cavil about trifles, but endeavor to put on "the breastplate of righteousness and the helmet of salvation and endeavor to go hand-in-hand heavenward with joy and with peace, enabled to say 'Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace and good will to men,'" which we will be able to say in truth if our minds are staid on His (God's) law of love and kindness as exemplified in the blessed Jesus, a portion of which power divine, as stated above is given unto all, to enable them to work out their own salvation (from sin) in a godly fear and trembling. This is what I call God manifest in the flesh, as "God is love, and they who live in love, live in God. He in them and they in Him," and a living power and Saviour raised from the dead and made manifest to all those who obey His voice of love and guided thereby in all of their actions, and is not an outward Saviour but an inward indwelling power of God (love) and they who dwell or live in love (as stated above) live in God, He in them, and they in Him."

WM. TYSON.

Written for THE REVIEW.

YOUTH AND AGE.

IN MEMORY.

We bow as we walk with reverent tread
These corridors sublime,
And the tears will fall for our honored dead,
As we note the marks of time.

Two rivers, one from the fount of youth,
And one from the fount of age,
Fall into one, and a living truth
Shines out on life's unsoiled page.

On through unbroken tablets of thought
That river is ploughing now;
We see a wreath for the young head brought,
And a crown for the aged brow.

"Consider the Lilies" a wreath of light
That grew for the fair young head,
And a crown, than the glittering gems more
bright,
For the aged we once called dead.

They are living forms that journey yet
By the river's lifeless tide;
No seal of death on their foreheads set,
Those two whom we thought had died.

May we, henceforth, go hand in hand
In the paths our best have trod;
A Way there is in a Sunny Land
That basks in the smile of God.

No sundering there of earthly ties,
No requiems full and deep;
All will be joyous in His eyes
Who doth his children keep.

Press onward, friends, o'er life's fair sand,
With steps that do not err,
We'll find a Way in the Sunny Land
That loves our own Gardner.

Julia M. Dutton.

Waterloo, N. Y.

TO THE YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW :

After the business portion of our Quarterly Meeting held at Easton 2nd month 15th, 1893, a lunch was served in the meeting house, after which a philanthropic meeting was held, at which time a paper on "Tobacco," prepared by Charles E. Wilbur, was read, and a general discussion followed. Then an article on "Purity in Home Training," from the Philanthropic report of 1890, was read and discussed.

Our friend Isaac Wilson, of Canada, was with us and gave us an intellectual feast that was appreciated by all who heard him.

HOME RULE OF PARENTS.

PARENTS SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO MISCONSTRUE THE ACTIONS OF THEIR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN—LOOK BACK AT YOUR OWN CHILDHOOD—AN EPISODE IN POINT.

So much has been said about the management of children that mothers begin to weary of it all, and yet of children I wish to speak. Would that my voice could reach every woman's heart, whether mother, sister or teacher. First, I wish to lead you back to your own childhood. Did you ever begin to do some odd job that you had not been told to do, but that you supposed yourself fully capable of performing, expecting to be thanked for kindly helping, only to find that you had done the worst piece of mischief that you possibly could, and, more than all, were told that you had done it out of pure mischievousness?

If you never had such an experience it must have been because servants were so plentiful that nothing was left to do, or that you were too indolent to exert yourself. A friend that I was visiting had a bright boy of six years, with a loving disposition, always willing to help every one, but apparently the most mischievous of children. His mother was in despair. She confided her trouble to me, and I resolved to watch him, and see if I could not find out the reason he had won such a name as "Little Mischief."

The next morning at the table, my friend remarked that the weather was so beautiful that she would remove her plants from the sunny window they occupied to the verandah: but, she added, "I do dread to do it; it is so tedious, and it tires me so."

WANTED TO HELP MOTHER.

I noticed how the little eyes sparkled, and knew as well as if he had told me that the little fellow had heard what she said, and would try to do the much dreaded job for her. Not long

after she ran over to Mrs. A's, and no sooner did the gate shut than Harry was active. The flower stand was already in its accustomed place, waiting for the plants. One by one, carefully, he lifted the heavy pots, and, without breaking a leaf, transferred them to their summer quarters. Sometimes he paused a moment to rest, then went bravely to work again. His face was the picture of happiness. He was helping his mamma.

I watched and wondered if this would also be laid to his mischievous propensities. My friend was gone rather longer than she expected, for, as she told me afterward, Mrs. A. had a love of a bonnet that she must see, as well as several costly additions to her parlor furniture. Ah! there lay the secret of her discontented looks, for she had told me that owing to several losses she would not be able to expend much money on her summer outfit. As she came in the gate her face passed through all the phases of surprise, dismay, and finally anger.

"Harry come here this instant. What have you been doing? How dare you touch my plants?"

Stinging blows fell on the hands that had toiled so thanklessly.

"You are always into some mischief!" she exclaimed.

I watched the child; he was heart-broken. His bosom heaved, and his sobs were pitiful

"Go to your room and stay the rest of the morning." He obeyed.

"There! What did I tell you? How can I manage such a boy?"

"By simply understanding him," I replied.

"What do you mean?"

"This. Your little boy wanted to help you; I read it in his face. His motives were the best. You said it tired you so, and he generously did the disagreeable task for you."

"But if he had dropped one?"

"He did not, and if he had a broken plant is better than a broken heart. I tell you candidly, if you do

not act differently with that boy he is ruined." They were harsh words, but I knew the mother heart would in time forgive them.

"What can I do?"

"Put yourself in his place. Find out his motive if you can, and, believe me, ten times out of twelve what passes for mischief is only a wish to lighten your burdens; a desire of the loving heart to help you."

She went with me to the verandah. We rearranged the plants, and I called her attention to the heavy pots, and then to the little aching arms and back, and after she had acknowledged she was glad they were moved, I begged her to tell her little boy the same.

"What! acknowledge that I did wrong to punish him? I would lose all control over him if I did that."

"Try this time and see," I urged. And she did.

WHEN SHE UNDERSTOOD HIM.

When she entered Harry's room he sat on a chair by the window, quietly watching the floating clouds. Still smarting from a sense of injustice, he did not look around or smile.

"Harry, come here." He obeyed. "Why did you move the plants? Tell me the exact truth."

He looked up to her face, and reading encouragement there simply said:

"Because you said it tired you so. I am most a man now. I can help you lots. I did not break one, not one, mamma, and they were heavy. Are you glad now I did it mamma?"

"Yes, yes, Harry, and I was cross and hurt your hand. I am sorry."

"Oh, it does not hurt any more now. Next time I'll wait till you tell me."

They came back together, and I saw by the looks of my friend that she had learned a lesson not soon to be forgotten. That was six years ago. They called while passing through our town this winter, and a more gentlemanly, helpful boy would be hard to find. She said: "I have you to thank. From

the day of the much needed lesson I watched and looked into the motives of my child, and always found that the so-called mischief arose from a desire to be useful. I soon got acquainted with my boy, and had no more trouble with him. He is now my greatest comfort."

Mothers, fathers, all that have charge of precious souls, beware how you misconstrue their motives! Though they may perhaps seem to do things out of pure mischief, be sure it is so before you punish them, lest they cease to care, and as they have the name, only wish to make it fact. Oh, the men and women that have gone to destruction from having their motives mistaken, their actions misconstrued! Be sure none of these sins are laid to your charge.—*Dudley Dorn in Housekeeper.*

THE CHILDREN'S LAND.

I know a land, a beautiful land.

Fairer than isles of the east,
Where the farthest hills are rainbow-spanned,
And mirth holds an endless feast;
Where tears are dried like the morning dew,
And joys are many, and griefs are few;
Where the old each day grows glad and new,
And life rings clear as a bell:
Oh! the land where the chimes speak sweet
and true

Is the land where the children dwell!

There are beautiful lands where the rivers
flow

Through valleys of ripened grain;
There are lands where armies of worshippers
know

No God but the God of Gain.
The chink of gold is the song they sing,
And all their life-time harvesting
Are the glittering joys that gold may bring,
In measures they buy and sell;
But the land where love is the coin and king
Is the land where the children dwell.

They romp in troops through this beautiful
land

From morning till set of sun.
And the Drowsy Fairies have sweet dreams
planned

When the little tasks are done.
Here are no strivings for power and place,
The last are first in the mimic race,
All hearts are trusted, all life is grace,
And Peace sings "All goes well"—
For God walks daily with unveiled face
In the land where the children dwell.

A NOTED QUAKER.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE
SUNDERLAND P. GARDNER.

(Correspondence of the Democrat and Chronicle.)

Canandaigua, Feb 15.—The death of the noted Quaker preacher, Sunderland P. Gardner, at his home in Farmington, at the age of 91 years, brings to mind many interesting reminiscences in connection with the life of this man, whose influence and religious teachings were so wide-spread and potent for the many years in which his remarkable personality and energetic, determined characteristics rendered him a conspicuous figure in the sphere of ecclesiastical work. The subject of the sketch was of English descent, and was born in the city of Albany, July 4, 1802. With his parents he removed to Ontario county, in the year 1810. His father, upon arriving at Farmington, settled upon the farm which he continued to occupy until his death, and which has since been occupied by Sunderland P. Gardner. Mr. Gardner's education was limited to what training was obtainable in the country schools of the period, but his thirst for intellectual development was so great as to lead him into the closest investigation of religious and spiritual questions, and he cultivated a liberal thought, coming to be recognized as a person of remarkable conception and extensive learning. His family were ardent believers in the religious teaching of the sect to which he afterward belonged, and although the son was raised as a farmer, upon reaching years of maturity, his intellectual culture and thoughtful qualities lead him to enter the ministry and he determined to devote his life to evangelical work and the teaching of the scriptures. Without having had the opportunity for theological training, he devoted himself to the pursuit of his mission, and soon obtained a familiarity with the gospels which became a matter of

wide comment, and brought him prominently before the public as a preacher of extraordinary ability. His eloquence rendered him a conspicuous character in another light and he came in a few years to be known as the ablest and most prominent preacher in the order of Friends in the United States, a position which he maintained undisputedly for many years. At the annual assemblies of the Friends he was the ruling influence in all deliberations pertaining to church matters and declarations of creed, and travelled in the interest of the belief over his own country and Canada, and visited various sections of North America as a missionary. He was known as an extempore speaker almost exclusively, never confining himself to notes, and delivering his address under the inspiration, as he said of divine direction endeavoring to please and influence the heart rather than delight the ear. Many of his sermons have been published and widely circulated, gaining great public favor. He was also an occasional contributor upon religious and philosophical subjects to the press. During the exciting period of the civil conflicts, Mr. Gardner was an active worker in the cause of freedom, the tenets of his faith making him a fine abolitionist. It is narrated that his conscientious dread and opposition of measures of war led him to refuse to participate in the regular "trainings" of these times, and he also refused to pay his "training tax." For this breach of law he was arrested and confined for a time in the county jail, where he found as some of his companions the well-known N. G. Cheesebore and other leading citizens of Western New York, who were at that time incarcerated upon the charge of having abducted the Masonic exposé, Morgan. Mr. Gardner became the confidant of his famous companions in chains, so that it is probable that by his death the last person perishes who has the secret of the remarkable affair which has become a tradition often revived in the fraternal world. Regarding war and its ac-

comparing terrors as unrighteous and refusing to obey the orders of military discipline he consistently contended that he had no legal right to franchise, nor to participate in political action of whatever nature, and for many years previous to his death he had never voted, although he showed himself to be entirely awake to the issues and greatly interested in the result of political controversies. During the latter days of his life, while he had lost none of the vim and energy which were such prominent features of his early manhood, he had not been so active nor so conspicuous in the work to which his life was given. He was the oldest of a family of twelve children, two only of whom now survive, one brother and one sister: E. W. Gardner of Canandaigua; and Mrs. Mariam Sheldon, of Barry, Orleans county. Mr. Gardner leaves a widow and three sons, Sunderland P. jr., Anson and Oscar, all of whom reside at the old homestead. The funeral services was held at the ancient Hicksite Meeting House, in Farmington, Friday morning, at 11 o'clock. Isaac Wilson, a well-known Friend preacher, of Canada, officiated in accordance with the expressed wish of the deceased.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In the course of a temperance sermon in Smith street Chapel, Rochdale, on Sunday, the Rev. E. A. Davies said that some little time since he had been round Sandringham, and was pleased to be informed that the Prince of Wales would not allow a public-house on his estate. In one cottage he was told by the mistress that her husband used to be given to drink, but since he had been living under the Prince and away from the temptation of the public-house he had been a sober man, and her home was a happy one. Mr. Davies added that from what he could gather from those most acquainted with the heir to the throne, he possessed some

fine qualities. He was not a bigot. There was now living on his estate an old couple, above eighty years of age, who had grown old in his service and who had been for more than fifty years members and lay preachers of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, and during all those years they had never suffered the slightest disfavor from not attending the Established Church; and they pointed out with pleasure the beautiful spot where the Prince allows them to hold their annual camp meeting. When Mr. Davies asked the old man, did he like the Prince? his face brightened up and he said, "I should think I do. When I open a gate for the Prince he smiles and thanks me so nicely that I feel it such a pleasure." All the old servants are pensioned off in good time and enjoy a mellow old age. He also much admired the graveyard where many of the old servants sleep, neat tombstones marking their resting places, on which are engraved beautiful texts of Scripture, with the number of years they have faithfully served the Royal household. The sick and infirm were cared for and visited by the Princess. Even the children would speak of the Princess with sparkling eyes, and would say, "She talks to us and tells us to be good." He felt sure the Prince of Wales would be glad for the people to have the power which he himself used so wisely—of prohibiting the drink traffic in their respective localities.—*Alliance News.*

MARIETTA YOUNG FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

The Young Friends' Association of Marietta met at the residence of Lewis Pyle, 3rd mo. 5th, 1893.

Harry Pyle read a portion of scripture, after which we listened to select readings by Clara Pyle and Minnie Pyle. A review of the second and third chapters of "Janney's History of Friends" was read by Della Cory, and a review of the fourth chapter of the

same work was read by Ruth Packer. Nathan Edsall and John Cory made some very interesting remarks, the latter telling how he had seen Friends and other religious people treated in England some 50 years ago. After a few moments silence, we adjourned to meet at J. T. Packer's 3d mo. 26th.

DELLA CORY, Marietta, Iowa.

Our hearts are the thrones and Christ is the King. So long as we are loyal subjects and his reign is undisputed there will be peace and happiness in the realm, but if we allow an enemy to slip in and dethrone Him, there will be misrule and unhappiness until the lawful king is restored to His place.

M. V.

WORLD'S FAIR!

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We are desirous for a largely increased circulation of the "Young Friends' Review." It is really essential to its proper maintenance. Its primary object is to encourage and benefit the young people of the Society of Friends. In our efforts in that direction we think we have succeeded in making it helpful and interesting to both old and young. We purpose, during this year, sending out hundreds of sample copies to non-subscribers, and we wish these to be to each receiver a direct personal invitation to become a subscriber. To such we will send the "Review" to 12th Mo., 1893, at the rate of 3c. a number—that is, 9 mos., 27c.; 8 mos., 24c., etc. This offer is to new subscribers only. Its object—to increase its usefulness. Send stamps. Send now. Address—

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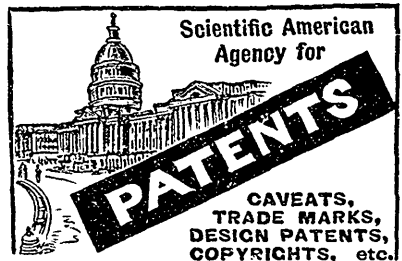
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